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CONDUCTED BY E. LITTELL.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved and the chaff thrown away."

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And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

SECOND SERIES, VOLUME I.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOLUME XXXVII.

Harvard Library

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, 1853.

LITTELL, SON AND COMPANY:
BOSTON, NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

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УРАССУ, ОНОМЪАТЪ

DEAR READER!

Herewith we present to you the first volume of the New Series. If you will examine the Table of Contents, which is prefixed to the Index, we hope you will think it superior to any other *quarterly* in the world. Each volume is our quarterly number.

The Eight Hundred and Twenty-four pages which are before you contain as much matter as sixteen hundred and fifty pages of the Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews. Each of our pages contains as much as two pages of the other works.

There is no question of the abundant *quantity* of reading contained in "The Living Age," and as to its *quality*, it is "made up of every creature's best."

The General Index to the First Series is considerably advanced, but we cannot yet promise when it shall be completed. The gentleman engaged in the matter finds it an ever-growing labor; for as he goes on he is continually obliged to enlarge his plan. We think that all who have a complete set bound, will testify to the continued and growing interest of the back volumes.

From the great field which is before us we shall continue to present to you, once a week, an abundant supply of matter, — matter for memory and thought, — refreshed and quickened by as much spirit and life as we can gather.

Excuse us if we copy here ("business is business") a notice of the Second Series, from the New York Times, written by the editor, Mr. Raymond, who is now in Europe, making extensive arrangements for the greater perfection of that full and vigorous paper, which we have from the beginning taken great delight in.

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After founding and editing any number of periodicals, all of which have enjoyed their heyday of fame and success, we have him once more remodeling and renewing the *Living Age* for a fresh campaign, and still higher claims upon popular favor. The size, for one thing, has been changed from a large to a medium octavo; a decided amendment. The number of pages has been increased to sixty-four; which, it is needless to say, will always be filled with the choicest selections, so long as Mr. LITTELL prepares copy. Prose and verse; fact and fiction; opinion and speculation; the best things in all those periodicals whose portraits decorate the cover; the noteworthy leaders of the foreign and domestic news press; and, indeed, a fair résumé of the literature and creed of the time, will crowd each weekly number. With a programme so extended, and the undoubted good faith wherewith all its engagements are made, there can be no question about the value and popularity of the magazine. It cannot have more of the latter commodity than it merits."

We copy the above just as it appeared, — although there are some phrases which speak of us as rather elderly, — trusting that none of our regular readers will suspect us of growing "too old and wise." It is cheering to find that our labors receive the commendation of good judges.

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TO THE READER.

IN beginning a Second Series, it is proper for us to thank the numerous readers of the First—many of whom have kept company with us from the beginning. Thirty-six volumes make a long row on your shelves ; but there are very few pages in the whole which may not be read now with nearly as much interest as at first, and some with more, being of the nature of fulfilled prophecy.

Our circulation is now greatly increased, and we have endeavored to make some improvement in the form of the work, and have added to the quantity of matter.

This number begins with an article on Lord John Russell's memoirs of Moore, which we have copied from four different numbers of *The Times*. It created considerable sensation in England, and was thought to have induced his lordship to delay the third volume. It is edifying to see the lofty condescension of *The Times* in regard to noble authors and lecturers.

As a specimen number of the Second Series, we regret that a considerable variety of poetry and short notices has been crowded out. It is not so good as the average in this respect.

We have left ourselves room for much
CCCLXIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 1

more than we have to say ; but intend in this part of the work to make a note occasionally for your perusal.

If the cover should be printed as well as we hope, it will do credit to Mr. Billings, of this city, who designed it, and to the Engravers, Messrs. Baker, Smith & Andrew.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE following passage from Rev. A. L. Stone's sermon, upon the death-bed scene of the great statesman, will give an idea of the whole :—

Let us gather now closer within that central scene, around which all these reflections group and cluster. The chimes of midnight have died away on the ear, and the young morning of the Sabbath is ushered in—though the night still holds its reign. It is the chamber of death. There, on that couch of death, lies that form whose port and presence became so well the mighty crown of greatness it upheld. The marble of death is settling on that broad, capacious brow, beneath which wrought and triumphed the grandest intellect of our country's history. The life-hues are fading out from those lips which have dropped upon us, through the times of a generation, such great, earnest, massive truths. The voice seems altogether hushed, whose grand and majestic oratory was but the fitting garniture of the regal thoughts that marched forth in their own kingliness and sceptred power. A dimness creeping up from the shades of the valley veils that deep-set, full-

orbed, glorious eye, that flashed its splendors upon senates, and mighty crowds led captive at its will. Powerless lies the hand whose lifted tokens shielded the sailor on the sea—the humblest son of the soil wherever he wandered. The idol of so many souls—the victor in so many triumphs in that wonderful and unparalleled combination of the statesman, the lawyer, the orator, the first man among men—is on the threshold of the uplifted portals of eternity.

We have followed the flight of that soaring mind in the marches of many an argument, whose stepping stones were set as the continents, in many a burst of eloquence, that swept every spirit with its resistless mastery; but who can follow it now, as the ranges of the infinite open around it, and the unseen becomes visible? Its own proper wings, no longer clogged by clay, the shadowing wings of a great spirit departing are unfolding—the earth-chords are well-nigh sundered; but the lips move yet once more—the failing heart rallies once again—and the legacy of last words is bequeathed to the watchers;—words that may well be called prophetic of an enduring place in the affections of his countrymen—prophetic of an undying memory in the histories of earth—prophetic, let us hope, of a fadeless immortality.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine, No. 2. This Magazine, which seems to aim at uniting an American and an English literary interest, has only reached its second number. It is called a "Magazine of American Literature," but an edition of it appears over here. We can speak in favorable terms of its excellent promise. "Our Best Society" is an admirable paper, and the paper on Melville very interesting. But the most remarkable contribution is an essay which we have read with much curiosity, called "Have we a Bourbon among us?" This essay professes to establish the existence, in the person of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, an American missionary, of no less a potentate than Louis XVII., heir of the throne of France—in other words, the young dauphin whom Simon, the gaoler, treated with such brutality, and whom historians relate to have died in his childhood. We are aware that the success of certain fantastic literary impostures by the gifted Edgar Poe may have tempted other writers to try their hands at hoaxing the public, and that this article may be a specimen of *vraisemblable* inventions. But at any rate, this would leave it the merit of much ingenuity and readableness, while it would be open to condemnation for the impertinent use of the names of living persons, amongst others of the Prince de Joinville. —*Morn. Chron.*

The Restoration of Belief. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.

This is a new argument in behalf of the Christian religion, which has created much sensation in England by the force of its views and the earnest style of the learned anonymous author. It is impossible to read it without benefit, and it will prove a most powerful antagonist of infidelity. The work is as yet incomplete. This volume contains the only two parts yet published.

The first is entitled "Christianity in relation to its ancient and modern antagonists." The second is "on the Supernatural Element in the Epistles, and its bearing on the argument." — *Bulletin.*

Reprint of the Original Letters from Washington to Joseph Reed, during the American Revolution, referred to in the pamphlets of Lord Mahon and Mr. Sparks. By William B. Reed. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

In consequence of a controversy about the text of these letters, Mr. Reed has issued this very handsome edition. For this he deserves the thanks of all historical students. The work is printed in the nicest and neatest way, and reminds us more of those cleverly-printed pamphlets that are issued for the sake of the public nowhere else but in London. It is a fortunate thing that Mr. Reed has been willing to incur the hazard of the cost and outlay of such a work; for, had he not done so, there would always have been an unadjusted question as to the fidelity with which these letters have been hitherto published, and their authority would have been blemished and hurt, not only as to the truth and fairness of their text, but they would have been open to the surmise that some improper liberties had been taken with them, and important parts of them unwarrantably suppressed. Now we have them all—not only the original, but also side by side with them the additions, corrections, and alterations, as they were before this was published. This is as it should be, and will close the door on all future cavil and dispute.

By themselves the letters would be of little value, but taken in connection with some historical controversies that have been heretofore agitated with harshness and bitterness of manner and feeling, they possess great interest and go far to clear away the doubts that have rested upon these questions. — *Bulletin.*

The Friends of Christ in the New Testament. Thirteen discourses; by Nehemiah Adams, D. D. Second Edition: S. K. Whipple & Co. Boston, 1858.

We have been reading with unaffected delight the volume of thirteen discourses, recently published by Rev. Dr. Adams of the Essex street church in this city, with the above title.

Those who neglect to place this volume upon one of the selectest shelves of their library, will miss doing justice to the most original, most affluent, and most useful volume of sermons which the American press has—at least, for a long time—given to the world. — *Congregationalist.*

LETTERS from M. Victor Langlois—travelling in Lower Armenia, on a scientific mission from the French government—have been received in Paris, announcing valuable results from his research. He has, he says, transcribed a great number of inscriptions found in the Christian Churches converted into mosques since the Mussulman Conquest, and collected in the Armenian convents many important manuscripts and hitherto unpublished medals.

From the Times.

MEMOIRS OF THOMAS MOORE.*

It goes against the grain to find fault with Lord John. It is most ungracious to rebuke the admirable spirit with which men of his order have set to work of late, identifying themselves with the literary taste of the age, descending from their social eminence in order to win still higher honor from intellectual labor, and borrowing lustre from pursuits that add to the dignity of the noblest, as they give refinement and grace to the meanest, of men. The homage paid by the rulers of our country within the last few years to the literary profession is among the most remarkable features of our remarkable time. An aristocratic chieftain sitting at the same council-table with a tribune of the people is surely a less marvellous sight than a prime minister discoursing before the busy operatives of a manufacturing city upon the universality of Shakespeare and the tutored elegance of Pope. Hitherto it has been a grievance, no less than a reproach, to the literary man, that for him no niche had been assigned in the social fabric. Assuredly it will be his own fault now if he does not discover his rightful place, and take rank with his fellows.

We declare that no praise can exaggerate the merits of the dukes, earls, and barons who have fairly confessed to assembled multitudes that civilized man has something yet nobler to boast of than magnificent descent, and who by their acts have vindicated a glory surpassing that achieved on the battle-field by fire and sword. But, let us be permitted to say, something more is required than the bare recognition of the dignity of a profession from him who undertakes to follow it for his own credit and the public advantage. If literature reveals occasionally the preternatural signs of inspired genius, it also includes the more numerous productions of instructed and painstaking art. There is no royal road to science, and certainly no ducal avenue to philosophy or verse. Welcome, noble lords, to the workshop, but do not scorn the tools! Labor with us if you will—take your fair portion of the wages earned, but grudge not the sweat that sweetens toil and makes it fructify. Wear the laurel in your coronet, but show your title to the leaf!

* *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* Edited by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M. P. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Longmans, 1852.

Lord John Russell has *not* edited the memoirs of Thomas Moore. He has not even done the next best thing. He is a minister of state, and knows the worth of those unseen hands which undergo official drudgery for the service of their betters. He has not availed himself of the knowledge and experience of a man of letters, whose advice might have been usefully taken in the back-room, while his lordship was acquiring all possible respect for his undertaking in the front. It is only too evident that his lordship has suffered his materials to pass through his hands to the press unexamined and unsifted. The two volumes issued comprise the fragment of an autobiography, which, unfortunately, comes suddenly to a close before the writer has reached his twentieth year; four hundred letters, dating from 1793 to 1818, and the beginning of a diary, the first entry of which is made on the 18th of August, 1818, and the last on the 30th of August of the year following. We have no hesitation in stating, that of the four hundred letters at least three hundred might have been dispensed with, and that of the diary a considerable portion might have been omitted without disappointment to the reader or disadvantage to the fame of Thomas Moore. It is very clear that if Lord John intends to proceed with his subsequent volumes on the plan he has adopted with the first two, no ordinary bookshelf will suffice for his contribution; and it is equally certain that, after all, we shall be as ill off for a true life of the poet as we were before his lordship undertook to edit his memoirs.

If it be not too late, we would respectfully volunteer to Lord John Russell a very simple suggestion. The stuff which yet remains in his hands must be abundant, and no doubt contains the elements of a good biographical work. The public are not solicitous for all the letters of a deceased poet, unless such letters have intrinsic value as records of noteworthy facts, or are remarkable and instructive specimens of prose composition. When Southey published the life of Cowper, and made the letters of that poet the most prominent feature of his work, he had justification for his act, for more charming epistles had never appeared in ancient or modern times, and Englishmen could not peruse them without lasting edification and delight. Southey's own letters, subsequently communicated to the world by the Laureate's son, came to us in profusion; but

they also found an apology in the exquisite playfulness of their style, in the learning which they occasionally revealed, and in the fine English with which they were invariably clothed. Now, let us admire the poetry of Tom Moore as we may, it is impossible to assert that his letters—judging from the specimens already given—add anything to his fame, or very much to the information which Englishmen are anxious to obtain concerning the public life or private doings of the author of *Lalla Rookh*. Out of the four hundred published letters, there are positively not a dozen that communicate anything worth recording of his inner or outer self, that have reference to the current public events of his time, that teach us anything of the poet's struggles, aspirations, difficulties, and triumphs. All of them, no doubt, are full of warmth, feeling, goodness; but of such qualities all men know Moore to have been possessed, and hundreds of assurances were not required to reach our conviction on the point, especially if the unnecessary evidence could not be accompanied with some morsels of substantial knowledge and historical illustration. Simple, pleasant utterances of a man's gay spirit have no permanent interest, and weary by their frequency and repetition, even though they proceed from the bosom of a minstrel. Light, moreover, as Moore's correspondence is, we are compelled to say that it loses even what little weight legitimately belongs to it from a carelessness that is really without excuse. Three letters following upon each other's heels, but all addressed to different individuals, contain a pretty fancy about "snow, pioneers, and shovels." It was lawful enough for Moore to excite a smile by one and the same joke on the countenances of three distinct correspondents; but it is most unwise in Lord John to awaken a feeling of impatience by the reiteration of light wit upon the ears of one and the same reader. Again. If letters have no sensible substance in themselves, in the hands of a skilful editor importance may be lent to them by a line or two of connection and explanation. Not one solitary link is supplied by Lord John Russell; so that if interest is here and there by accident awakened, it expires almost as soon as born for the want of a sentence to denote the character, position, and relationship of the correspondent—the exciting cause of the writer's transient inspiration. Letter after letter is addressed to individuals of whom

no mention is made throughout the volumes, except at the heads of the letters themselves.

Our suggestion is, that Lord John Russell, either with his own hand, or, if that be now too gravely employed on business of state, with the aid of a competent assistant, shall deal with the remaining letters of the poet as so much raw material for biography rather than as biography itself. Heaps of bricks are not a house; and no architect contemplates unhewn stone and rough timber with superstitious and unmeaning affection. If it be really of vital consequence to print all that a poet has prosaically written, good or bad, to the purpose or away from it, we cannot see why biographers should not go a little further, and publish a particular account of all the colds and influenzas his hero has suffered, illustrated by the prescriptions made up in order to remove them. Letters, diaries, memoranda, or whatever else the illustrious leave behind them, are sacred relics, of which the surviving trustees are bound to make the best use in the interests of society as well as of the departed. Those interests are wholly neglected when the documents are delivered over without examination, and irrespectively of the public need. What is the duty of a biographer, if it be not to discover, not only from the diaries, letters, and acknowledged writings of an author, but from every other attainable source, the true character of his subject, in order that he may present to the world, out of his own mind, a complete, truthful, and harmonious picture—a living lesson snatched from the grave, for the service of humanity to the latest time?

Space is not thrown away, and time is not lost, by emphatically calling attention to these points. On the contrary, we gladly seize the present opportunity to impress once more upon our writers the necessity of dealing with biography as with any other branch of literature and art, and of bringing to bear upon this most important department of writing the same conscientiousness and skill as are deemed indispensable in other kinds of composition. It is certainly due to Lord John Russell to state, that if he has not surpassed in efficiency the majority of our recent biographers, he has also not fallen much below them. He has stumbled, it is true, upon the same path as his predecessors, but with a better excuse, it may be, than they can show for going lazily into the old track. We are aware that Thomas Moore consigned all his

papers to Lord John Russell for the benefit of his widow, and we can well understand that Lord John might consider his stewardship most satisfactorily performed when he had secured the largest possible price for his wares. Poor Tom Moore was scarcely in his grave before it was announced that the princely house of Longman had handed over to Lord John Russell 3,000*l.* for the precious papers; and we rejoiced at the increasing value of literary labor. But we can rejoice no longer if we are to be told that Messrs. Longman are "to bring themselves home" by the publication of some dozen volumes, which, interesting, in many respects, as they must be, are not called for by the public, and from which readers will not derive the information they are promised, and for which they are anxious. It will be a reflection upon editor and publisher if, after all the volumes have appeared, it shall be found—as we fear must be the case—that the poet's life actually remains to be written; and we cannot but think that even the pecuniary interests of Messrs. Longman would, so far from suffering, have been advanced, had these gentlemen taken courage to deal with the posthumous papers of Moore as the genuine and valuable ingredients of a moderately sized and perfect history, rather than as a complete and all-sufficient work in itself.

In the *preface* to the two volumes before us Lord J. Russell states that two embarrassments chiefly weighed upon him while preparing these papers for the press. In the first place, he was embarrassed by the fear of overloading his work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving; and, secondly, deeming that the poet had left much to his biographer's discretion, he was visited by an anxiety "to preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected." Truth compels us to remark, that the amount of "embarrassment," whatever it might be, was manifestly insufficient to save his lordship from the commission of the very errors which he tried to avoid; for, not only are the two volumes, as already intimated, fearfully overladen with letters that are altogether valueless; but "private and hallowed feelings" are by no means respected to the extent that sincere piety would suggest. Had Lord John been visited with profitable compunctions, he

would unquestionably have omitted from the diary much that had reference to the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Had he perused his documents with ordinary care he would have expunged much that bears upon the history of Thomas Moore himself. That the editor has not taken extraordinary trouble with his interesting occupation is made singularly evident by one instance of carelessness, which we strongly recommend to the notice of Messrs. Longman whenever they publish a second edition. In the second page of his autobiography written in his early manhood, Thomas Moore deliberately states that "on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born." In vol. 2, page 253, Lord John Russell writes in a note—there are not half a dozen notes in the two volumes—that "it must be recollected that Mr. Moore always supposed he was born in the year 1780."

It must be borne in mind, that although the *Life of Sheridan* was not published by Moore until 1825, yet, as he states in the preface to that work, the first four chapters of the life were written as far back as 1818; and it is now clear from the diary that the years 1818 and 1819 were to some extent occupied in the collection of facts and anecdotes relating to this biographical undertaking. In truth, the diary, as far as it reaches, is, for the most part, a commonplace book for the reception of *Sheridaniana*. Moore pays visits, makes calls, dines out mainly to collect gossip for his future publication; and the reader will not be astonished to learn that a plentiful harvest of scandal was gathered and duly garnered up in the notebook in question. We are forced to inquire whether it did not once occur to Lord John Russell that justice to the living as well as to the dead might demand the erasure of passages never, we are convinced, written down for permanent record, and only admitted at the time into the poet's diary as recollections of gossip idly dropped, though industriously picked up, at the dinner-table! Poor Sherry! Has the grave covered over, these forty years, the faults and foibles of your melancholy life, only that they may be now dragged to light again with a more offensive odor by your self-styled friends! Are there no hearts still throbbing to whom the memory of Sheridan may be dear and precious, who have "private and hallowed feelings" worthy of respect, and who may not be disposed to prove, as easily they might, the inconsistency of the idle tale writ down

in the diary, with the solemn judgment pronounced by Moore himself in the published life of Richard Brinsley! The impression of Sheridan derived by the reader of Moore's diary, as Lord John Russell has suffered it to go forth to the world, unstripped of any of its light and idle gossip, is that the author of the *School for Scandal* was a swindler and a scoundrel. But that such was Moore's opinion of his eloquent countryman we have the best reason in the world for disbelieving — to wit, the evidence submitted by Moore himself in his life of the orator and dramatist. Those memoirs, albeit written at the time rather with the view of meeting the prepossessions of his Whig patrons than of apologizing for the frailties of the dead and defenceless man of genius, contain deliberate and frank admissions wholly incompatible with the feeling inspired by the stories that are left to blast Sheridan's memory in the diary — admissions which, if they prove anything at all, show, beyond a doubt, that although in his search for materials Moore did not hesitate to note down for remembrance every anecdote and piece of information, indifferent or good, that came in his way, yet eventually, after seven years' investigation of the whole case, he felt bound to dismiss from his mind all the calumnies that envy and hatred had engendered, and all the scandal which, unfortunately, a too lax career had provoked. Was it, we ask, for Lord John to expose in such a case as this what Moore himself had suppressed? We find it stated in the diary that "*the conduct of Sheridan was of the meanest and most swindling kind*," and that "*his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism*." Hard measure this for poor Sheridan! Did not the memoirs, seven years subsequently, give the lie broadly to the whole assertion? Those memoirs distinctly state — we entreat Lord J. Russell at his leisure to refer to them — that, although it was only during the last few years of his life that Sheridan behaved recklessly, yet, even "amid all the distresses of these latter years, he appears but rarely to have had recourse to pecuniary assistance from friends;" they aver that, whatever may have been the faults of the man, the tremendous sufferings of his last days were more than a sufficient expiation for his sins; that his sense of what was right survived his ability to practise it; that he "*always meant fairly and honorably, and that to the inevita-*

ble pressure of circumstances alone any failure that occurred in his engagements was to be imputed;" that, "so far from never paying his debts, as is often asserted of him, he was, in fact, *always* paying;" that, "his debts were by no means so considerable as has been supposed;" that he often paid a debt twice over rather than run the risk of not paying it at all; that, "if his pecuniary irregularities are to be considered in reference to the injury they inflicted upon others, the quantum of evil for which he is responsible becomes, after all, not so great;" that "one actually wonders at the unlucky management which contrived to found so extensive a reputation for bad pay upon so small an amount of debt;" that "there are few to whose kind and affectionate conduct, in some of the most interesting relations of domestic life, so many strong and honorable testimonies remain;" that, "it is impossible to regard his career otherwise than with the most charitable allowances;" and that, finally, "had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded the means of being independent and respectable in private — he might have died a rich apostate, instead of closing a life of patriotism in beggary — he might have hid his head in a coronet, instead of earning for it but the barren wreath of public gratitude."

We do not murmur because "noble associates," who never moved a finger to help the living, took delight in blackening the good name of the dead; but we do complain that Lord John Russell, when he met with the slanders heaped upon the head of a man who, though from the ranks, still, like himself, loved literature with the same ardor that he cherished popular rights, did not hesitate to inflict upon his memory bitter wounds. Oh, how much easier to open than to heal! One hour spent in the study of the *Life of Sheridan*, by Thomas Moore, would have sufficed to prove to Lord John Russell the propriety and absolute necessity of drawing his pen across the unauthenticated passages in the diary, which are fatal to the reader's good opinion of Sheridan. That hour was too much, and the present generation are, accordingly, left by his lordship, without one syllable of counsel or of warning, to believe that Richard Brinsley Sheridan was a swindler, a debauchee, and a libertine, with not one solitary redeeming virtue to raise him from the dust in which he lies.

But Moore, himself, suffers almost as much as Sheridan, from his editor's want of thought and care. The mother of the poet had a laudable ambition. She was the wife of a man who kept a small wine-store in Dublin; but she was also the mother of a lad, who, from his childhood, had exhibited remarkable ability, and her strongest passion was to raise the youth as high as she could in the social scale. Tom was placed as early as possible in the way of great people, and, we must add, the youth took to his company as cordially and easily as it took to him. It is no wonder that the larger portion of Moore's letters should be addressed to a fond mother; and it is not a matter of surprise that the greater number of these letters should be filled with childish expressions of delight and vanity at the condescension of the fine society to which the poet — because he could sing and otherwise amuse it — had found instant admittance. But it certainly is astonishing that such epistles, which could have been intended only for the mother's heart, should be now offensively thrust before the stranger's eye, which cannot choose but turn involuntarily from communications with which it has no concern, and which it can never properly appreciate. Had Lord John Russell desired to create a feeling of disgust in the minds of his readers, he could not have set about the task in a more business-like manner than by the publication of such letters as the following. We will give a brief specimen, at length; there are unfortunately dozens to match:—

Chatsworth, Jan. 25, 1815.

MY DEAREST MOTHER:—I snatch a moment from the whirl of lords and ladies I am in here, to write a scrambling line or two to you; they are all chattering at this moment about me — dukes, countesses, &c., &c. It is, to be sure, a most princely establishment, and the following are the company that sat down the first day I came:—Lord and Lady Harrowby and their daughter (he is a minister, you know), Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Boringdon, Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Kinriard, the Duke himself, and the poet *myself*, with one or two more inferior personages. I could have wished Bessy were here, but that I know she would not have been comfortable in it. She does not like *any* strangers, and least of all would she like such grand and mighty strangers as are assembled here.

I hope, my own dear mother, I shall find a letter at home from you, with better accounts than my father gave us in his last.

Ever your own,

TOM.

We can see the flush of maternal pride that suffuses the old lady's cheek as she reads this valuable communication for the twentieth time. We can also understand the unsatisfactory feeling with which the indulgent reader peruses it for the first. Why is it necessary to perpetuate such documents? What do they show us of the poet's life which we care to look at? What characteristic do they illustrate which we are solicitous to admire? Why should we, page after page, be annoyed when no annoyance was intended?—and why are the sacred communications of mother and child to be thrown indiscriminately before a world that makes no allowances for the extravagances of affection when it is severely appealed to as a critic and a judge?

Let no man henceforth leave his papers to the discretion of an editor, until he has prudently reduced to ashes whatever documents a decent regard to his character for consistency renders it necessary to destroy. Tom Moore is not generally a moralist, whether in his diary or in his letters; but one entry in the former is too remarkable for the distinct enunciation of a fine moral sentiment to be overlooked. The question is concerning the paternity of Scott's novels. "Another argument," writes Moore, "between us (Rogers and myself), was on the justifiableness of a man asserting solemnly that a book was *not his*, when it really *was*. *I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it.* Rogers quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question, and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last Rogers acknowledged that saying 'on his honor' was going too far; AS IF THE SIMPLE, SOLEMN ASSERTION WAS NOT EQUALLY SACRED!" We recommend Lord John to compare this stern entry in the diary with the following looser passage, from letter 218, vol. 2, p. 331. It is addressed to Mr. Power, the publisher of Moore's music:—"I have collected all the little squibs in the political way which I have written for two or three years past, and am adding a few new ones to them for publication. . . . *I shall, of course, deny the trifles I am now doing; yet, if they are liked, I shall be sure to get the credit of them.*"

What imaginable need was there to retain either of these observations, and what, at all events, but downright madness or premeditated malice could have suggested the printing of both?

But Lord John is not content with exhibiting this single evidence of self-contradiction! He keeps back nothing likely to damage his hero. What editor but his lordship would have thought it necessary to transmit to posterity the following letter, addressed by Moore to his mother?—

There is so much call for the opera that I have made a present of it to little Power, to publish; that is, nominally, I have made a present of it, but I am to have the greater part of the profits, notwithstanding. I do it in this way, however, for two reasons,—one, that it looks more dignified, and, the second, that I do not mean to give anything more to Carpenter; yet, do not think it worth breaking with him till I have something of consequence to give Longman.

Or the following to Mr. Power!—

I told you a little *fib* about the *Examiner*, and the reason was, I had no idea it would have taken notice of what I thought a very foolish thing, and was ashamed to acknowledge even to you. That is, however, the only squib I have sent Perry since I left town.

Or the following to Mr. Longman, which puts forth an announcement quite as dishonorable—if dishonor there be at all—as Sir Walter's half-serious denial of authorship! Moore is speaking of *Lalla Rookh*, which is not yet completed,—

I mean, with your permission, to say in town that *the work is finished*; and merely withheld from publication on account of the lateness of the season. This I do in order to get rid of all the teasing wonderment of the literary quidnucs at my being so long about it, &c.

It would be easy to repeat these instances *ad nauseam*. But we forbear. None but the most indifferent hand would have permitted them to remain, without one syllable of comment or explanation, in the teeth of such paragraphs as those we have quoted from the diary; for, standing in their nakedness, they indicate a prevailing state of mind which we are convinced did not belong to Thomas Moore, and convey a seriousness which the writer never intended to attach to the syllables. Thomas Moore was not an habitual liar, yet we must conclude from the above gravely recorded passages that he was a hypocrite and liar both. We repeat, a very little trouble and time only were necessary to

qualify the force of expressions uttered in lightness of heart, and with no disposition to deceive. But the trouble and time are not vouchsafed. Tom Moore left part of an autobiography behind him; he left piles of letters behind him; he left a huge diary behind him; and here the whole cartload is cast in a confused and undistinguished heap before us, in order that we may ourselves extract, as best we may, the jewel that lies imbedded there.

We shall humbly endeavor to perform this office. An interesting life is that of Thomas Moore, and not without its uses. It shall be our part to trace its course, for the advantage of the reader, from its origin until the period at which the present volumes leave it. Grateful as we are for the spirit in which Lord John Russell has undertaken his service of love, and eager as we are to welcome the spirit of literary brotherhood that has exhibited itself in high places, we can only lament that these volumes are less satisfactory than we know it to be in the power of Lord John Russell to have rendered them.

When Izaak Walton apologized to the reader for his life of Donne, he sought to disarm criticism by frankly avowing that, having once commenced to take notes for his undertaking, he “became like those men that enter easily into a lawsuit or a quarrel, and, having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet when they desire it.” Our more recent autobiographers have unfortunately felt no such necessity to persevere to the end of their labors. They have timidly retired from the suit before it was well commenced, and have shown no heart for the public verdict. Sir Walter Scott, born in 1771, left behind him, in an old cabinet at Abbotsford, an autobiographical sketch, which tells pleasantly enough of the writer's doings from infancy down to the year 1792, and then suddenly breaks off. Southey, the most industrious and indefatigable of scribes, whose histories are voluminous, and whose poems are endless, bravely determined, in his forty-sixth year, to write the history of his life, and went to work with a vigor and success that left nothing to be desired. Vain effort! The exquisite fragment deposits the writer at the age of fifteen in Westminster School, and there leaves him. With his own hand the door of that school is never again opened. Tom Moore, whose lively pen could not possibly

have been better engaged than in the narration of his own vivacious story, seizes his quill in the prime of life, resolved to do for himself and the public what nobody can do half so well for either; and charmingly details the course of his history, from its dawn in 1779 until its noon in the year of grace 1799, cruelly leaving the afternoon, the twilight, and the black night, to be described by other and less capable hands. He, like the rest, withdraws from his great enterprise before it is fairly begun, content to add another to the many monuments of the world as expressive of the human weakness of the builders as of their ingenuity and skill.

Why is it that the hearts of these writers, which beat so stoutly at the beginning of the journey, suddenly flag even before the heat of the day has come on? Can it be simply that sunlight rests upon the distant scenes of boyhood; that memory has hoarded up the recollection of the unclouded time, and revels in it; that the spirit becomes depressed as the golden region is gradually quitted, and utterly beaten in presence of the storms which first give note of vicissitude, and indicate the struggles, the battles, and the sufferings of life? Or is it that youth, which is the season of the imagination, may lawfully be painted in the colors of fancy, while manhood must content itself with the soberer hues of reason and judgment? Or is it, after all, that when a distinguished poet or novelist describes his own childhood, he disports in a field exclusively his own, and that when he ventures upon times familiar to his contemporaries he is subdued by the knowledge that his once all-credulous listeners have suddenly become his well-informed and exacting critics? Be the explanation what it may, the fact is here. Our chief modern writers generously promise us an account of their lives, and they put us off with a meagre chapter. The rule is invariable, and admits of no exception. As certainly as they begin, so surely they stumble on the threshold. Thomas Moore tells us that he was born in Dublin on the twenty-eighth of May, 1779. He was of the humblest origin. His grandfather on his mother's side, who lived in Wexford, was engaged in the provision trade, and had something to do with weaving; but of his paternal grandfather he knew literally nothing, never having heard his name mentioned. His own father kept a small wine-store in Dublin; so that the poet is indebted to no one but him-

self for the celebrity he won, and for the social rank which he was not slow to attain. Humble, however, as the parents of Moore might be, his mother, at least, seems to have been possessed of talents highly serviceable to her son. In many respects she was a remarkable woman. At a very early age the child exhibited undoubted genius, and she took extraordinary pains to cultivate the gift. She sent him early to school, and at home encouraged his talents by every available means as they developed themselves. Two mistakes, in her very pardonable and amiable anxiety to advance the interests of her child, Mrs. Moore committed. She was, perhaps, too eager to force him into the society of the great, and somewhat too desirous to see him ministering to the amusement of his betters. The effect of such maternal teaching Moore, with all his admirable qualities, never thoroughly outgrew. It is manifest in his diary, and overflows in his correspondence. At every period, as we shall see, he was much too solicitous for a seat at the high tables, and for the privilege of winning approval from exclusive lips by means of his accomplishments. Before he rhymed Tom was an actor; as a mere child, he informs us, he was singled out by the master of the Dublin grammar school on days of public examination as one of the most popular and successful exhibitors in the academy. As a child, also, he put forth his first pretensions to poetry, since in the year 1789 he remembered to have written his earliest verses. No wonder that the vintner's wife felt proud of her son; more marvellous that, with all her love and pride, she did not utterly spoil the susceptible and ardent mind that submitted to her training. Indulgence, though excessive, happily stopped short of neglect of duty, or rather comprehended the performance of the very first of duties. Mrs. Moore, quick to discern that, without solid acquirements, her boy could never retain the popularity won by his histrionic and other feats, evinced the greatest solicitude to promote his school studies. She herself examined him daily in his lessons, and was vigilant to note his progress. Some curious instances of her affectionate zeal Moore records. On more than one occasion, when the lad had gone to bed, the mother being away from home, the latter would take care to visit the bedside on her return, and, waking up the sleeper, induce him to repeat the lessons he had prepared for the following

day. Moore, who, to his last hour, loved his mother with a fine and manly affection, vividly remembered in his age how cheerfully and happily he had obeyed in his childhood the mother's nocturnal summons, and how peacefully he slept after pleasing her with the performance of his task.

A third faculty made itself evident. While still a child Moore discovered a taste for music, as well as for recitation and poetic composition. The mother, quick to make the most of the talent, possessed herself of an old harpsichord, employed a youth, who was in the service of a tuner in the neighborhood, to give her son instruction, and encouraged the child — as was her wont — to exhibit his musical powers to all her visitors — his taste for singing corresponding with his passion for music. In due time, by dint of great economy, the good lady contrived to save money enough to exchange the old harpsichord for a new pianoforte; pleasant gatherings then took place in the private apartments of the wine-store, at which, after supper, the song went round, and little Tom would give, with general applause, the best of Dibdin's songs, while his mother delighted all listeners with such approved ditties as "How sweet in the woodlands!"

But, as before stated, the main object of a useful life was still paramount in the sensible mother's mind. In 1793, when Tom was fourteen years old, an act of enfranchisement was passed which enabled Roman Catholics thenceforward to enter the University and to go to the bar, and Mrs. Moore resolved at once that her boy should receive such an education as would enable him to distinguish himself in the profession of the law. In the Dublin school there was a Latin usher. Mrs. Moore, in pursuance of her system, loaded this teacher with civilities, invited him to her house, and induced him, by other acts of kindness, to regard his pupil with somewhat of the affection she felt for her son. The consequence of this excusable diplomacy was the rapid advance of Tom not only in the learned languages, but in all the other studies of the school. He was well prepared when he entered Trinity College, in 1794, a year after his first printed poem had been published in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, in the form of "Verses to Zelia, on her charging the author with writing too much on love."

At the University Tom followed the bent of his genius; he worked steadily, acquiring

knowledge, and occasionally wrote poetry for the gratification of his mother and the wonder of her acquaintance. His college companions were the ardent spirits of the time, and his best beloved friends those who were most deeply implicated in revolutionary designs. It is well for Moore that he contrived to escape the subsequent fate of his less fortunate companions; there can be little doubt that but for the strong maternal injunctions, and his own good sense, his excitable soul must have been drawn into the troubles that proved so fatal to his fellows. Once only he identified himself with the Irish conspirators by contributing a letter to the columns of their organ; but the horror of his mother at the discovery of his rashness was sufficient to arrest the pen forever afterwards. Better employment was that found by Moore in Marsh's library, to which, through his acquaintance with the son of the librarian, our student obtained admittance during the months it was closed to the public, and where, by hunting through the old bookshelves, he tells us he acquired "much of the odd, out-of-the-way sort of reading, that may be found scattered through some of his earlier works." It was here that he accumulated notes for the work upon which, at a very early period of his academical career, he had set his heart — namely, the translation of the whole of the odes attributed to Anacreon.

While Moore was thus occupied in the legitimate studies of the University his sensible mother continued her exertions on his behalf out of doors. It was necessary that he should read French, and the indefatigable lady accordingly procured the services of a French refugee, who, like, all the teachers of the youthful poet, was forthwith made a friend of the house, and a partaker of the family cheer. In the course of five months Tom made rapid progress under the hands of the kindly treated and grateful M. La Fosse.

Moore was nineteen years old when he took his degree. At this period he had made considerable advance in his *Anacreon*, and he ventured to hope that he might obtain for it a classical premium from the University. The Provost, however, shook his head solemnly at the amatory and convivial production, and Moore was fain to reserve his translation for a more extended audience. He looked towards London. The scholastic apprenticeship over, it was time to begin the battle. The lad was to be entered at the Temple, and

then to help himself on as best he might. Slender was the purse which the adventurer carried with him to the great city. The family resources were scanty at the best, and the boy's inevitable expenses proved a serious drain. But every penny was joyfully scraped together, and the loving and dutiful son went forth. Part of the small sum which he carried with him was in guineas, and these the solicitous mother carefully sewed up in the waistband of his pantaloons. Sewed up in another part of his clothes was a soapula, or small bit of cloth—an unfailing remedy against all harm—duly blessed by the priest. Fortified by this, by his devoted mother's prayers, and by his own consciousness of power, he first trod the streets of London.

London was a dangerous scene for so warm a nature as that of the young candidate for its applause. From his very childhood Moore had lived in gay society, had been flattered for his acting, for his singing, and for his own original songs. His mother had made him what is called “a show child,” and perfect success had attended all his exhibitions. Still, Moore was protected from the most baneful kind of dissipation by two fortunate circumstances. From the commencement of his musical displays he had accompanied himself on the pianoforte, so that he had become absolutely dependent upon his instrument, even in his convivial songs. This fact, and his natural disposition, which induced him always to prefer the society of women to that of men, constituted his best defence against the coarser seductions of the metropolis, and no doubt preserved the refinement of his mind. Arrived in London, introductions to the best people were easy. In Ireland the lad had mixed, much to his mother's satisfaction, familiarly in society from which she and her husband were, of course, rigidly excluded. From his Irish friends and patrons letters were taken, and, although young Moore had no better lodgings than “a front room up two-pair of stairs at No. 44, George-street, Portman-square, for which he paid six shillings a week,” and although he lived with all the economy his affection for the dear ones at home induced him to exercise, he stepped at once into high regions, secured his footing, and remained there welcome to the last.

The first visit to the metropolis must have been a brief one, for, after going through the forms of initiation at the Temple, and arrang-

ing with Stockdale, of Piccadilly, for the publication of *Anacreon*, Moore made the best of his way back to his “dear Dublin home.” Not, however, to remain.

It was (Moore writes himself) on my next visit to England, that having, through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donington-park, on my way to London. This was, of course, at that time, a great event in my life, and among the most vivid of my early English recollections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me himself to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage, stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment.

With this fine historical picture of the great Lord Moira lighting the little poet to his magnificent bed at Donington, we grieve to say the brief autobiography closes. No doubt the imaginative youth had dreams that night as rich and Oriental as his own perfumed Eastern tale. What wonder that, falling gratefully and sweetly to sleep upon his silken pillow, oblivious of wine-stores and London booksellers and coming struggles, the blissful poet should be loath to rouse himself again! We are remorseless, and must wake him.

Brilliant, indeed, were the prospects of Tom Moore when he quitted Donington for London, and said “Good by” to Lord Moira, only to say “How do you do?” to the Prince of Wales. *Anacreon* was to be published by subscription: numberless were the fine people who subscribed for the work, and, to crown all, George, Prince of Wales, consented, in person, to receive the dedication. The affability of the said George towards the young songster was overwhelming, and one only marvels that Tom could have found the heart at any time to satirize his once gracious patron. “I was yesterday,” writes the lad of twenty-one,

Introduced to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He is, beyond doubt, a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a *man of my abilities*; and when I thanked him for the honor he did me in permitting the dedication of *Anacreon*, he stopped me, and said the honor was *entirely* his, in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped, when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of *enjoying each other's society*; that he was passionately

fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine?"

Fine! It is superb. But familiarity increases. A few months afterwards prince and poet meet at a ball. The salutation was, "How do you do, Moore? I am glad to see you;" just as Tom's father would have said to the vintner over the way. And the thing goes on! Tom on one occasion has only time to write a few lines to his mother. But what lines they are—every one a volume in itself!—

The prince was extremely kind to me last night at a small supper party at which I met him; every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me. His words were these:—"I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I have heard I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you"—laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time—"it was a subject of general concern." Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment.

If Moore did not feel not only happy, but supremely blest, during the whole of his early London career, he was not the lad we think him. Never was aspirant for public favor so fêted and caressed. Never had the deliberate plans of a fond mother been crowned so speedily with the most triumphant success! We literally envy the feelings with which the absorbed lady must have contemplated letter after letter, all bearing witness to the value of her early arrangements and to the marvellous wisdom of her educational system. Tom has hardly a shirt to his back, yet the great world lies at his feet. We call the reader's attention to the following proofs, gathered at random from the letters:—January 27, 1801.—"What do you think? Lord Moira, who came to town but yesterday, called on me in person to-day, and left his card: is not this excellent?" March 1st.—"Last night I had six invitations. Everything goes on swimmingly with me. I dined with the Bishop of Meath on Friday last, and went to a party at Mrs. Crewe's in the evening." By the 6th of March, things have got to such a height that there is not a single night for which the young Irishman has not three invitations, but he "takes Hammersley's advice, and sends showers of apologies." On the 4th of March Lady Harrington had sent her servant after the lad to two or three places, with a ticket for the "Ancient Music," which is the King's concert, and which is so select that those "who go to it ought to

have been at court before." Lady Harrington had got the ticket from one of the princesses, and her ladyship's servant never rested until he had discovered the general favorite and deposited the precious talisman in his hands. "You may be assured I hurried home and dressed for the 'Ancient Music' immediately." March 24th.—"What do you think? Young Lord Forbes and another young nobleman dine with me to-morrow. This was a thing put on me, and I shall do it with a good grace." June 16th.—"Lord Moira goes a great round out of his way to set the lad down "at Sir Watkin's, from Mrs. Duff's, where we met a large rout." The new year begins quite as splendidly as the old year goes out. January 30, 1802.—"I go this evening to a *Blue Stocking* supper, at Lady Mount-Edgcombe's: it is the first this season, and I shall be initiated. I met all my old fashionable friends at a rout last night, the opening of the season; three hundred people." A year's experience, and Tom gives himself airs. March 4, 1802, just one twelvemonth after Lady Harrington's servant had rushed through the town after Moore with the "Ancient Music" ticket in his hand, our young gentleman assumes the style and language of his set. "*The people!*" the young coxcomb writes to the vintner's lady, whose head must really have become bewildered by this time, "the people will not let me stay at home as much as I wish, and I sometimes wish all the duchesses and marchionesses *chez le diable!*" Have we no painter who will draw, for the next exhibition, good Mrs. Moore spelling this epistle to her friends in the small drawing-room of Aungier-street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford-street, Dublin?

We can afford space for only two more extracts; but these will speak for all the rest. On the 2d of June, 1802, Moore writes to his mother an account of one day's occupations:—"I breakfasted with the Lord Mayor, dined with Lord Moira, and went in the evening to Mrs. Butler's, the Duchess of Athol's, Lady Mount-Edgcombe's and Lady Call's, which was a ball, where I danced till five o'clock in the morning." On the 17th of April following he gives her to understand that "there are no less than three families about this country who are teasing me to spend the spring at their houses." The lucky *litterateur* monopolizes the favor of country as of town!

Yet rack not your souls with envy, scribes

of the present time! We admit that duchesses and marchionesses do not plague you with invitations until you are forced to wish the inviters *chez le diable*. We grant that no countess' lacqueys are seeking you in all the haunts of fashion in order to conduct you to places still more select. We will take your word for it that great lords do not earn honor by lighting you to your couch, and that royal princes do not lean on your shoulder while they assure you that your temporary absence from the metropolis has been "a subject of general concern;" but we entreat you never to forget that the great among us are traffickers of their favors, as the small are dealers in the commodities by which they live. One acknowledgment creeps out again and again in the dazzling epistles of Thomas Moore. If honor is conferred upon *him*, he communicates still more delight to the givers. With the same breath that he announces having dined with the Bishop of Meath he states that "his songs have taken such a rage; even surpassing what they did in Dublin." While he makes a vaunt of shaking hands with the prince at Lady Harrington's supper, he also boasts that at that supper prince and lady, hostess and guests, are charmed beyond expression with his displays. "Monk Lewis," he writes, "was 'in the greatest agonies' the other night at Lady Donegall's, at having come in after my songs. 'Pon his honor, he had come for the express purpose of hearing me.'" As time wore on, Moore himself became gradually aware of the tacit understanding that existed between him and his magnificent entertainers. Whatever may have been his first impressions, he was obliged to learn at last that the favors dispensed to him were matters of sale and bargain, just as if he had received them like so much gold over the counter. Although Moore sang exquisitely, and with a pathos and expression that cannot be understood by those who were not privileged to hear him, yet, being a scholar and a gentleman, it was impossible to hire him like an opera singer. Aristocratic countenance was more precious to the poet in his youth than any other coin, and for such countenance he sold to earthly buyers his heavenly gifts. How, as he grew older, he grew also weary of the hollow and barren remuneration, we gather from more than one significant passage in his letters. "It is strange," he once pathet-

ically writes to his mother, "that people who value the *silk* so much should not feed the *poor worm* who wastes himself in spinning it out to them." Five years after penning these syllables he writes to the same correspondent: "I have often said I was careless about the attractions of gay society, but I think, for the first time, I begin to *feel really* so. I pass through the rows of fine carriages in Bond-street without the slightest impatience to renew my acquaintance with those inside of them." The feeling of equanimity was, however, less fixed in the bosom of the ardent poet than it appears to have been in the breasts of his patrons. He continued to minister to the enjoyments of the great until it pleased God to darken his fine intellect, and to render him unconscious equally of the good and the evil of this world. The great forgot him utterly before he died; for at his grave there stood of them all not one solitary representative, even to mourn the loss of the music that had once lent such enchantment to their halls.

In his youth Moore justly looked for advancement from his princely entertainers. The majority of them were men of mark, of influence, and of power. He was poor; and, beyond the necessity he felt for providing as securely as possible for his own maintenance, he had always a commendable anxiety to administer to the wants and comforts of those at home, who had sacrificed already so largely for him. He was well-informed — a scholar — a poet. If patronage should fall to his aristocratic friends he was willing to receive his fair share of the goods of fortune. One piece of patronage came in his way in 1803, at which, for a moment, he was ready to clutch, although a minute afterwards he as eagerly rejected it. We learn dimly from a letter, dated May 20, 1803 — which, as usual, is left to tell its own tale darkly without one line of comment from the editor — that the poet laureateship was at this time offered to Moore in a manner that "would disgust any man with the least spirit of independence about him" — that poor Tom, thinking his parents were in immediate want of money, instantly accepted it nevertheless, and then, hearing that his father had no instant necessity for assistance, threw the situation up after enclosing an "Ode for the Birthday," written in desolation of heart, we presume, by command of the authorities.

Three months afterwards a more inviting

prospect opened. On the 7th of August, Moore, being on a visit to Lord Moira at Donington, is informed by that important personage that Tierney had offered him the gift of a place which government had left at his (Tierney's) disposal, and now Lord Moira offered it to Moore. Tom, knowing whose heart the intelligence will chiefly delight, writes off to his mother at once:—"It must be something far from contemptible, as Lord M. told me in confidence Tierney was under obligations to him, and that this was the first opportunity he had of in any manner repaying them." Moore is only twenty-four, and his fortune is made outright. There is only one drawback to his otherwise unqualified satisfaction. The gold-mine is far off,—neither in England nor in Ireland, but across the seas. Well, what matter? An appointment which the government gives to Tierney, and which Tierney gives to Lord Moira to wipe off obligations, and which Lord Moira gives to Moore as a high mark of favor, must surely be considerable enough to enable the whole Moore family to emigrate together. So Tom thinks, and so he writes to his mother. Mr. Moore, senior, is full of becoming gratitude and approval. "For his particular part, he thinks, with his son, that there is a singular chance, as well as a special interference of Providence in getting so honorable a situation at this very critical time." Tom goes to town from Donington with a letter from Lord Moira to Mr. Tierney, and is informed that the valuable office is as distant as Bermuda, and that the duties of the poet will be those of a registrar—to examine all the skippers, mates and seamen, who are produced as witnesses in the causes of captured vessels. Still Moore consoles himself. He "finds Bermuda is a place where physicians order their patients when no other air will keep them alive;"—how tempting a spot for a lively young gentleman, carolling from morning till night in the silken lap of London fashion! Well! within a month of his appointment Moore sails. He reaches America on his way. The business-like character of the whole proceeding peeps out in a letter addressed by Moore to his mother from Norfolk, Virginia, Dec. 2, 1803:—"It is extraordinary," he writes, "that I cannot, even here, acquire any accurate information with respect to the profits of my registrarship." The ladies cry when Tom leaves America, and say "they never parted with any one so

reluctantly;" but depart he must, if only to ascertain the value of the appointment given by Mr. Tierney to wipe out "obligations." The registrar reaches Bermuda, and on the 19th of January, 1804, just four months after Moore sailed from Portsmouth, he writes home thus:—"Dear mother, I shall tell you at once that it is *not* worth my while to remain here. I shall just stop to finish my work for Carpenter (the London publisher), which will occupy me till the spring months come in, when the passages home are always delightfully pleasant, and then I shall get upon the wing to see my dear friends once more." Before the year is out Tom, thoroughly disgusted with his occupation, is again on British shores. But, like a prudent young gentleman, he takes steps, both in Bermuda and at home, for securing his future welfare. "I have no doubt," he writes to his mother after his return, "that my situation at Bermuda will turn out something for me; the men I have appointed are of the most respectable in the island." And as to his own employments, Lord Moira, of course, will take care of them. "He assured me in the kindest manner that he had not for an instant lost sight of me. He could *now* give me a situation immediately, but it would require residence abroad, and he added, 'We must not banish you to a foreign garrison.' I answered, 'that as to occupations, I was ready to undertake any kind of business whatever.' 'Yes,' says he, 'but we must find that business *at home* for you.'"

Two words of comment upon the above interesting paragraph before we stop. The "respectable" deputy whom Moore left to do his work in Bermuda turned out a scoundrel, and all but ruined his principal; and Lord Moira, oppressed with dignities himself, never once raised a finger to help the sanguine client who had unwisely built upon his lordly promises.

Tom Moore was always a Liberal. He began life, as we have seen, the sympathizing companion of the ill-fated conspirators of Trinity College, Dublin, and he continued to the last an adherent of the school of which his present noble biographer must now be accounted the head. The poet was, however, too much petted by the great families to keep his liberality as fresh and wholesome as it might have been. Tom was a Liberal and something *less*. He had popular views with a decidedly aristocratic bias. He was a man

of the people, initiated into the rites by a sprinkling of rose-water. No man living could be more offended at Tory jobbery than Tom Moore; yet he, alas! on the very first opportunity, took, as we have read, a situation from the government, performed its duties for a month or two, and then quitted his post forever, leaving behind him a deputy, about whom he made no further inquiries until the victims of the said deputy's misconduct thought proper to make the most urgent inquiries respecting him, Thomas Moore, the principal. The immediate fruit of the Bermuda trip was the publication in the early spring of 1806 of *Epistle, Odes, and other Poems*, dedicated to "Francis, Earl of Moira, General in His Majesty's forces, Master-General of the Ordnance, Constable of the Tower, &c.," and it is amusing enough to compare the sublime inscription with the preface that immediately follows it, and with the accents of disgust at Lord Moira's subsequent neglect, which reveal themselves in the correspondence, and to which we shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to refer. It was impossible to panegyrize Lord Moira, wrote Tom in the dedication, because, as an honest Spartan once said of Hercules, no one had ever thought of blaming him. It was very much easier to abuse the Americans in the preface, because, we presume, no classic authority had in their case ever furnished a precedent for withholding censure. It is not to be wondered that Moore, passing from the dazzling scenes of London fashion, in which he had reason to believe himself idolized, should have been struck and amazed by the fierce and resolute aspect of masculine life that suddenly encountered him in the United States; but we must express some concern when we find the friend of Emmet, the admirer of Fitzgerald, and the sympathizer with struggling freedom in every land, affecting to be shocked with "the rude familiarity of the lower orders in America," with "the unpolished state of society in general," and to believe that because the hardy Republicans were in 1806—not quite thirty years after independence had been won—"still remote from the elegant characteristics of freedom, every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America" must immediately be repressed. Had Moore acquired his liberal creed in the depths, and not in the heights, of London society, he would not so readily have despaired of a country too intent at the time

upon the daily business of life to bestow even a passing thought upon its silken frivolities.

The impression which the mind of Moore "received from the character and manner of these Republicans" suggested the chief epistles found in the volumes of which we speak. But the publication contained, also, poems of a very different order. If we do not mistake, Moore, in the last edition of his collected works, separated the transatlantic sketches from the other verses, and gave to the "Epistles and Odes" the new title of *Poems relating to America*. But in the original edition the labors of Juvenal were frequently relieved by the strains of Catullus, and it is by no means certain that the ingenuous youth of 1806 did not take quite as much harm from the poet's amorous suggestions as they derived profit from his more sonorous anti-Republican couplets. To the abuse which Moore received on account of the lighter compositions we are happily indebted for the most interesting chapter in the poet's posthumous publication—an inimitable chapter, for the sake of which we willingly pardon the shortcomings of all the rest. Many solemn and instructive discourses have been written against the bloody practice of duelling; but we question whether any treatise ever published is so calculated to convince mankind of the utter absurdity of the unholy custom as Moore's simple narrative of his warlike meeting with Jeffrey, who had openly declared in the *Edinburgh Review*, that "Thomas Moore, in his *Epistles and Odes*, had made a deliberate attempt to corrupt the minds of his readers."

Moore was twenty-seven years old at the time—an Irishman and a very fine gentleman, as we must all admit. The month was July, and he had just "come up to London from a visit to Donington Park, having promised my dear and most kind friend, the late Dowager Lady Donegal, to join her and her sister at Worthing." To Worthing he went, and put up at the inn; and there, in bed, the book with the blue and yellow cover reached him, containing the attack. The first impulse of the offended poet was to hasten to Edinburgh, and to demand satisfaction on the very spot where the insult had been offered. One contemptible but also very serious obstacle prevented this design from being carried out. The knight had not money enough to pay the journey. In fact, the emptiness of Moore's pockets, and his magnificent mode of life in spite of it, give to his portrait a

fine Rembrandt effect on all occasions. We remember that when he was first introduced to the Prince of Wales we were very nearly losing the important ceremony altogether, simply because Tom's coat had "grown confoundedly shabby;" and he had not money enough to buy another. What would have happened if a speculative tailor had not consented to make a new coat for two guineas and an old one, we fear to think. In the midst of his fashionable whirl we find him praying that his poems may sell fast enough to enable him to buy a few necessary shirts and cravats; and he makes protracted visits to great houses, where he stays "much longer than he wished or intended, simply from not having a shilling in his pockets to give the servants on going away," being forced at last to beg the necessary gratuity as a temporary loan from his publisher in town. But to the duel. Not being able to travel to Edinburgh, the angry poet goes moodily to London, and there, as the fates contrive, Jeffrey arrives at the very same time. Moore writes to a friend to join him in town as soon as possible, and tells the reason why. The friend is a sensible man, and will not stir. Tom has then recourse to another, who, not being sensible, undertakes his delicate mission. Tom provided him with his credentials. The "friend" was to be the bearer of a letter to Mr. Jeffrey containing the reviewer's imputations, and the following unmistakable reply to them by Moore himself:—

You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt, for your own satisfaction, that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine.

The satisfaction required by the fiery little man was, the reader will allow, that of a "gentleman;" but the language in which it was demanded is decidedly that of a vintner. Poor Mr. Jeffrey, fifty years ago, had but one course to take. He referred Moore's friend to his own friend (Mr. Horner); arrangements for mortal combat were instantly made, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning at Chalk Farm. Moore dined alone on the preceding evening, and after his meal went forth and purchased, at a shop in Bond street, powder and bullets enough for a score of duels. This business

done, and the pistols secured, he proceeded to a friend's house, and there, in order to avoid suspicion, passed the night.

Tom slept pretty well, and the morning dawned. His friend, Mr. Hume (not Joseph), had taken care to provide a surgeon, and in good time both were on the ground. Jeffrey and his party were, however, before them. The Edinburgh reviewer was not only accompanied by his second, but by a group of anxious friends, who hovered uneasily about the spot, miserable on his account. Moore and Jeffrey met face to face. They had never seen each other before, and they might never see each other again. Dreadful moment! Jeffrey "was standing with the bag which contained the pistols in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around."

A few minutes more and the preliminaries were arranged. Horner thought he detected some suspicious-looking fellows lurking about the farm; but they vanished, and he prepared for the horrible business. A snug place for the intended butchery was found, in front of some large trees, and behind these Hume and Horner retired to load the deadly instruments, leaving Jeffrey and Moore together.

What could the two creatures do, thus left to amuse each other, and so capable of affording mutual entertainment? Both were men of ardent imagination, of strong feelings and generous impulses; the time was an exciting one; and it would have been strange indeed if they had permitted the solemn character of their meeting to interfere at all with the current of their kindly natures. "We, of course," writes Moore—

Had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, "What a beautiful morning it is!" "Yes," I answered with a slight smile, "a morning made for better purposes;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together we came once in sight of their operations; upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground, "Don't make yourself uneasy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose without being by at the mixing up?"

Jeffrey had scarcely time to give a sickly

smile at the story before the two seconds issued forth, placed their men, and deposited the weapons in their hands. The friends retired—the pistols were raised—blood was about to flow—rivers of ink were about to be spared, when some police officers, at a given signal, rushed out from behind the trees, knocked the pistols into the next field, seized the combatants, conducted them to their carriages, and, acting in the interests of humanity and the booksellers, conveyed them instantly to Bow street. One important fact was elicited by Moore on the way. Poor Horner, who knew nothing about pistols, had asked Hume to load both weapons, and Hume had accordingly performed the two operations.

Arrived at Bow street, all the offenders were shown into a sitting-room, while messengers were despatched for "bail." The police officers, supposing that dire malignity burnt in the bosoms of the antagonists, offered to separate them; but they had taken an enormous fancy to each other on the field, and desired nothing so much as to continue the interrupted discourse. Every man has experienced the gush of pleasant emotion that follows upon escape from visible and imminent danger. It overflowed in the breast of the released and happy Jeffrey. Fluent at all times, he became voluble at Bow street, and fairly charmed his new-found friend by "dressing his subjects out in every variety of array that an ever rich and ready wardrobe of phraseology could supply." The bail being forthcoming, the culprits were free to depart; but before they could do so another cause of detention had arisen. On examining the pistols it was found that Moore's had a bullet in it, but in Jeffrey's there was none. It was a horrible discovery; for had not Hume, Moore's second, confided to his principal on his way to Bow street the important secret that with his own hand he had loaded both? Fortunately for all parties, Horner had seen Hume put the bullet into Jeffrey's pistol—the lead had, no doubt, fallen out of the pistol into the field; explanations were deemed satisfactory, and Moore and Jeffrey became fast friends forever. The worst that happened was, that the newspapers of the day cruelly announced that "in the pistol of one of the parties a *pellet* was found, and nothing at all in the pistol of the other," and that Moore had to burn a series of sentimental effusions which he had written, to

be delivered to some of his aristocratic friends in the event of his being left dead at Chalk Farm.

In April, 1807, Moore's friends were out of office, and he was miserable in consequence. He had not yet perfect faith in himself, but hung ignobly at the skirts of the great, literally singing his best in order to induce the powerful to drop their superfluous crumbs into his basket. It was a fruitless effort, as it deserved to be. For why should genius such as his sell itself for dross? The majority of Moore's letters in 1807 are dated "Donington Park;" but the burden of them is still mournful enough in spite of the locality. "I am made very comfortable," he writes, "but the main point is still wanting—*il me donne des manchettes*"—he is speaking of Lord Moira—"et je n'ai point de chemise." In 1807 the publication of the *Irish Melodies* commenced. In 1808 Moore magnified the offence he had already committed in the volumes of *Epistles, Odes, &c.*, by publishing, under the name of Thomas Little, a collection of verses, the best apology for which is "that they were all productions of an age when the passions very often give a coloring too warm to the imagination." In 1811 the poet took a desperate step, and—married. This certainly not unimportant fact in the poet's life is communicated to the reader *en passant* at the foot of the page, and not another syllable is said on the subject. "Mr. Moore," writes Lord John Russell in a note, "was married to Miss Dyke on March 25, 1811, at St. Martin's church, in London." His lordship might have written as much had he been editing the life and correspondence of Bowles, of Rogers, or of any other man of Moore's acquaintance. Do we complain unreasonably when we assert that greater dereliction of editorial duty never was committed than in such instances as this? The wife of Thomas Moore proved a solace, a support, and a joy to her husband throughout his life—his best and fondest companion in the days of his strength—a priceless comforter in the time of calamity and during the last hours of mental gloom. She survives her illustrious partner, and merits something more than the mere record which Lord John Russell would surely have vouchsafed to Moore's merest acquaintance. There was the greater reason for a few words of explanatory comment, inasmuch as the very letter that follows the editor's an-

nouncement of Moore's marriage contains a suspicion avowed by the poet, that his choice had not proved agreeable to his humble parents, who, up to this very time, had been sharers in the small earnings of their gifted son. What marriage can this be, upon which the vintner and his wife look coldly and without the cordiality and interest which they owe to their child and benefactor? We refer for an answer to the biographer, who should be the best vindicator of his friend's memory, and his lips are sealed. We are sorry to say that we can find a better reason for old Mr. Moore's coldness than for Lord John Russell's silence. Tom had taken unto himself a girl after his own heart, but without a penny in her pocket. No wonder that the old couple, who had looked for a countess at least for their distinguished and much flattered boy, and who had regularly received a portion of his scanty gains, should have taken alarm at the step which threatened to cut off the supplies, and which decided forever—as marriage does decide—the social position of the newly-married pair. It is due to Moore to say that such alarm was not suffered to exist for an instant in the minds of his parents, for he writes off at once, bidding them rely upon him for the future, and to draw immediately upon his publishers for money if they stand in need of present assistance. We are loath to search for reasons for neglect of duty in one particular when the whole publication before us exhibits negligence of no common order; but when we remember how much space is generally devoted by biographers to prove the creditable descents of their heroines and heroes, we cannot but suspect that, had Mrs. Moore belonged to any one of the families whom Moore delighted to honor, we should have had from Lord John Russell something more than the brief and, because brief, disparaging notice of the poet's marriage with a lady who was only a stage dancer, although remarkable for her beauty and esteemed for her virtues.

In due time a little girl is born to Moore, and the natural anxieties of a parent warn him of the necessity of buckling on his armor manfully for the fight of life. He has wealth within him if he will but turn his gaze inward and withdraw it utterly from the gewgaws which have hitherto dazzled his eyes only to mislead his judgment. In 1812 glimpses of his duty come to him.

Thirteen years have elapsed since the eventful evening when Lord Moira lighted him to his couch, and substantial aid from that high quarter is still as far off as ever. His lordship is still excluded from power, and in that fact—

I see an end (writes Moore) to the long hope of my life. My intention is to go far away into the country, there to devote the remainder of my life to the dear circle I am forming around me, to the quiet pursuit of literature, and, I hope, of goodness.

He repeats the manly and becoming determination to another correspondent,—

The truth is (he says), I feel as if a load were taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me in for so many years. It has been a sort of Will-o'-the-wisp to me all my life, and the only thing I regret is that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance. My intention now is to live in the country upon the earnings of my brains, and to be as happy as love, literature and liberty can make me; and, though I shall have but few to talk to me, I will try to make many talk of me.

It was a wise resolve, and the poet acted bravely upon the suggestions of his better genius. He hired a small cottage at Kegworth, in Leicestershire, at no great distance from Castle Donington—a vicinity to be valued for the sake of a good library, if for no other reason—entered into an agreement with the Messrs. Power, of London, the publishers of his songs, in virtue of which he was to receive 500*l.* a year for the space of seven years—and from time to time to send forth into the world from his happy retreat those exquisite strains which will render the name of Moore famous wherever music enchants and the perfect language of song can find its way to the human heart. Now and then the modest retirement of the cottage was exchanged for magnificent visits to the castle itself, and then, you may be sure, the felicity of Tom was at its height. Hear the poor fellow when he writes to his mother, after having accompanied his "sweet Bessy" for a drive in one of my lord's own carriages!—

I think (he says), it would have pleased you to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady London's crimson travelling cloak round her to keep her comfortable. It is a glorious triumph of good conduct on both sides, and makes my heart happier and prouder *than all the best worldly connexions* could possibly have done. The dear

girl and I sometimes look at each other with astonishment in our splendid room here, and she says she is quite sure it must be all a dream.

And who shall say that the lady was wrong! Do men never "dream" with eyes wide open and in the glaring sun? When Thomas Moore first fell asleep on his downy pillow at Donington he did not dream more wildly and unmeaningly than when in that same coroneted carriage he built his airy castles, imagining himself the proud possessor of honors which no more belonged to him than "Lady Loudon's crimson travelling cloak" was the lawful goods of Bessy.

On the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Perceval, the prime minister, was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons. Shortly before this event, Tom Moore, being on a visit to Lord Moira, was taken aside by that nobleman and politely asked about the state of his pecuniary affairs. Tom replied that he had "every prospect of being comfortable;" whereupon his lordship added,—"I merely inquired with respect to any *present* exigence, as I have no doubt there will soon be a change of politics which will set us all on our legs." It was an injudicious speech to a son of the Muses, who had just made up his mind to be "as happy as love, literature and liberty" could make him in a cottage; but Tom confesses it "was very pleasant, as being a renewal of his pledge to me, though I fear the change he alludes to is further off than he thinks." Moore is mistaken. As far as Lord Moira is concerned there is "change," and that speedily. It is true, that upon the death of Perceval, the Regent contrived, through the intractability of the Whigs, to retain the old Tory ministers; but it is also true that Lord Moira, before the year was out, agreed to take office under his political opponents, and to go to India as Governor-General. The news reached Tom in his retirement at Kegworth, and "the quiet pursuit of literature" was again temporarily forsaken for that "Will-o'-the-wisp" which had already made its victim dance so much and to so little purpose.

The curtain rises upon the last act of Tom's instructive drama of *Ambition*. Like all last acts, the interest accumulates at every step, and the *dénouement* contains a striking moral. The moment Moore hears that his noble patron is "on his legs" he feels his own limbs stronger and prepares to walk. His earliest letters after Lord Moira's promo-

tion show the spirit of a man who has all the Indian appointments at his feet, and is rather puzzled as to the office which shall enjoy the honor of selection. "It must be something very tempting indeed," he loftily writes, "which would take me so far from all I have hitherto loved and cultivated. He could, of course, get me something at home by exchange of patronage; but I cannot brook the idea of taking anything under the present men, and, therefore, it will be either *India* or *nothing* with me." Fortunate poet, who could thus look down upon a whole administration and carve his honors for himself! Tom is calmly waiting "to be sent for" when a letter reaches him. The postmark is London, and the cover has the well-known signature of "Moira" in the corner. Ah, faithful found among the faithless! It is the order, no doubt, to prepare. "Love, literature and liberty" must, alas! be given up at the bidding of our country, and the tranquillity of Kegworth exchanged for the blazing heat of Calcutta. It is "*India* or *nothing*." Tom opens the letter and finds—"nothing." Not a single word does it convey about Moore or his expectations; but an elaborate explanation is given of the reasons why Lord Moira himself accepted his appointment from the existing administration. "I cannot but think it very singular," writes the innocent poet, "that after the renewed pledges and promises he made me so late at the last time he was here, he should not give the remotest hint of either an intention, or even a wish, to do anything for me. I shall be exceedingly mortified indeed," he gravely adds, falling down whole miles from his grand elevation, "if he should go away without giving me an opportunity of at least *refusing* something. I should like to have at least this gratification. However, he will be here the beginning of this week, and I must suspend all further opinion till he comes."

Next week arrives, and with it Lord Moira. Tom announces the fact to his mother, telling her that he "shall soon be put out of suspense," though he has "made up his mind pretty well to expecting *very little*. Indeed, when I say I expect *very little*, I mean that I expect *nothing*." It is clear Moore cannot be his lordship's private secretary, for that berth has been already given to Captain Thomson, an old American comrade. Well, we shall see what an interview will do. But an interview is not so easy. For a moment Tom

catches sight of Lord Moria shooting in the fields, and Lord Moira catches sight of him. "You see a schoolboy taking his holiday," said his lordship, affectingly, and then proceeds to pop at the birds. From this moment, to use the poet's own expression, the Governor-General "fights shy" of his client; "his manner is even worse than his deficiencies of matter." He is always busy, and never "i' the vein." But Tom grows sick of suspense and determines to bring his business to a crisis. "At last!" he gets an interview. His lordship began by telling his friend, whom he had solemnly promised "to set on his legs," that he had not been "*oblivious* of him." "*Oblivious* of me!" shrieks Moore, in a letter to one of his friends; "after this devil of a word what heart or soul was to be expected from him!" His lordship continued: He was sorry to say that all the Indian patronage he was allowed to exercise *here* had been exhausted; but if on reaching India he should find anything worth Moore's acceptance, he would — let him know. In the mean time he would *try* to get something from the government at home, who were bound to help his friends during his absence; and if anything else —. Luckless poet! Tom saw desertion in every word, in every look, in every tone. He went home to his little cot at Kegworth, kicked his Will-o'-the-wisp once for all out of the house, no doubt kissed his wife and child, and, like a brave little fellow, wrote a parting word to his Excellency the Governor-General. He begged his lordship not to trouble the ministry on his account; not to look out for "anything good" in India; not to distress himself any further with the worldly interests of Thomas Moore; that it was too late in the day for the said Thomas "to go on expecting;" and that he must forthwith think of working out his own independence by his own industry. That letter Thomas despatched, and from that moment did his duty, as we all know, in that station of life to which it had pleased God to call him. We do not learn that Lord Moira replied to this farewell epistle; but it is right to this great man to record that he did not sail for India before he had handsomely despatched to the little family at Kegworth "a large basket of hares, venison, and peafowl."

A great lesson, that needs to be enforced, is to be gathered from the memorials that lie before us, or else assuredly we should not have dwelt so long upon the early career of a man who has but reached his meridian in the two volumes furnished to the world by his noble biographer. Before we attempt to dilate upon that lesson we call the reader's attention for a moment to another and a companion picture.

Thomas Moore was the contemporary of a man who, subjected to the same solicitations

as himself, had less ability to overcome temptation, and exemplified in his history the last effects of a system the hollowness of which Moore had the grace to detect before it was too late for the discovery to be of use. The early career of Theodore Hook has a marvellous resemblance to that of the more fortunate, but scarcely more richly endowed, poet of the sister isle. Theodore Hook was born with brilliant talents, and "lived," as one of his biographers has said of him, "from the cradle in a musical atmosphere." He, too, had an exquisite ear, could play untaught upon the piano; and, as a child, astonished and delighted every eager listener. Like Tom Moore, he was scarcely breeched before he became "a show child," singing exquisitely to his own accompaniment ballads of his own writing — music of his own composing. What Moore's mother did for her favored child when she discovered the treasure which Providence had enshrined within him, we have already seen. Hook had the misfortune to lose his mother while he was yet a school-boy at Harrow, and his father, finding himself the possessor of a veritable prodigy, determined at once to take him home and make the most of his property. All the difference in the fates of these two men, who began the journey of life and travelled some distance on one and the same track, may possibly be attributed to the fact that the motherless boy was sent alone into the world with his impassioned soul to guide him as best it might, while Moore, well fortified at starting by the instruction maternal anxiety had procured him, labored beneath the influence of the mother's eye almost to the end.

As Hook grew up his genius expanded. Removed from school at his mother's death, and being both comely and precocious, he was flattered by musicians and players, and before he was sixteen he was a successful and distinguished author. One faculty he had to perfection. His talents as an improvisatore were miraculous. Mr. Lockhart, in his brief but admirable and most just biography of Hook, affirms that in this particular he stands alone in his own country, and Coleridge declared he was as true a genius as Dante.

It is singular how exactly the early histories of these two youths correspond. The marchionesses get hold of Hook precisely as they take possession of Moore. He also is invited to the supper parties of the great, in order to sing for their amusement; and he, too, is introduced to the Prince Regent, who, just as he had done to Moore, places his hand on the brilliant improvisatore's shoulder, telling him he is delighted to make his acquaintance, and that he hopes to see and hear him again, and frequently. On one occasion we are told that the prince said with feeling, "Something must be done for Hook!" and

accordingly something was done for him, as something had been done for Moore. Tom, the poet, in his 24th year, had been sent to Bermuda to examine all skippers, mates, and seamen who might be forthcoming as witnesses in the cause of captured vessels; Theodore, the improvisatore, in the very same year of his age, was forwarded to the Mauritius to undertake the not very lively and æsthetical duties of accountant-general and treasurer to the colony. The result in both cases was very similar. Moore was nearly ruined by his carelessness in leaving a subordinate to do his work; Hook was wholly destroyed by allowing all his subordinates to do as they pleased. Both men returned to England to mix in its fashionable dissipation, and both were never so happy as when they were parting with their manly independence in order to give zest to the idlest hours of their aristocratic and too exacting entertainers.

But we must note a difference. Moore suffered a heavy loss by his official imprudence; but to his honor let it be known to all the world that he manfully resolved to pay every pound by the labor of his own capable brain, and steadily refused all help from sympathizing and ready friends. Literature owes the strong-hearted poet a debt of gratitude for that brave determination, which was as heroically carried out; and, in the name of his brethren, we tender to his memory the tribute due to it; for it compensates for affronts to literature most unworthy of the poet's fame, and otherwise inexcusable. Hook was not so scrupulous. He earned large sums by his intellectual exertions, but he died at last a beggar, with his debt undiminished by one farthing. We have made the reader acquainted with the fashionable proceedings of Thomas Moore; with his flutterings at lordly tables, with his pursuit of ministers of state, in order to wring from them an acknowledgment of the pleasure they had derived from his vocal powers somewhat more substantial than laudatory froth; with his untiring attendance in the halls of the powerful, and with his frequent and affecting complaints of his unrequited poverty, in the midst of all the hollow splendor by which he was surrounded, but which he could not touch. Hook was far more desperate in his assaults upon the high-born. With a debt of 12,000*l.* hanging over his head, and with no means save those derived from the public by his literary labors, he took a fine house in Cleveland-row, became a member of many clubs, visited all the great houses of the country, dined regularly with all the great people (including the royal princes), was promoted to the intimate friendship of all the Tory leaders, was times out of number the only untitled guest in the whole houseful of coronets, a lion where almost every beast was a king of the forest — and, in fact,

represented in his own person to perfection a wealthy patrician chief without money and without rank. As Moore looked to the whigs for promotion and position, so Hook relied upon the tories for eventual release from all his difficulties; and, in the very same spirit that Moore returned from the magnificent saloons in which he had won applause and flattery from every beautiful and distinguished guest, in order to breathe forth in his diary bitter sighs at the insufficiency and barrenness of his social triumphs, Theodore Hook retired from his gratified and dazzling assemblies in order secretly to curse the fate which had rendered him, with all his gifts and successes, after all, only the first jack-pudding of his time.

Moore weeps to think that no mulberry leaves can be dealt out to the poor worm who so willingly spins his much valued silk for his magnificent masters, and makes no attempt to disguise the nature of the relation existing between him and his superiors. He sings his best in the hope of reward; and, if disgust rises in his vocal breast, it is not that he has condescended to the trade of the opera singer, but that the looked-for recompense is never forthcoming. Hook notifies in his journal that he “dines at Lord Harrington's, to meet the Duke of Wellington,” and that he finds as his fellow-guests “the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord Canterbury, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Redesdale, Lord Sprangford, and Lord Chesterfield;” but, the party being over, and his performances concluded, he has the candor to confess that “between *diners-out* and the common mountebanks of the theatres the only difference is, that the witting of the drawing-room wears not the Merry Andrew's jacket, and is paid in *vol-au-vents*, *fricandeaux*, Silleri, and Laffitte, instead of receiving the wages of tumbling in pounds, shillings, and pence.” The confession and knowledge, however, led to no good practical result. Hook clung pertinaciously to the skirts of the aristocracy, in the vain expectation of solid assistance from his titled associates, and died, as we have said, a beggar at last. He left a family of unprovided children behind him, on whose behalf a subscription was set on foot; but, of all the fine company, who had so frequently been charmed with his strains — who had again and again plied him with strong drinks to raise a flagging soul, which was in duty bound to give jocundness to theirs — who had sucked this grateful fruit so long as a drop of juice remained to slake their morbid thirst — scarcely one put out a finger to raise the helpless ones from the dust. The father found a humble grave at Fulham, and his children were left by his noble friends — to live, if they could — to starve, if they could not.

Is this a state of things creditable to either party, honorable to the patron, reputable to the client? Steele has declared that "the man who takes up another's time in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit towards him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes goods of a tradesman without the intention or ability to pay for them." We are no apologists for the fine people who could see the children of the "friend" who had once ministered to their ephemeral happiness pining for help, and turn aside as though they saw them not; but we are bound to admit, though even against Steele, that the case of Moore and Hook was fairly stated when the latter frankly allowed that he had received the value of his songs in *fricandeaux*, and a receipt for his music in Sillier and Laffitte. When Moore found himself alone with his marchionesses and dukes — when he looked up and down the sumptuous table, and discovered in all the brilliant company no poet but the charming author of the *Irish Melodies*, and no vintner's son but Thomas Moore, did it never occur to him to inquire how it came to pass that he constituted the one enviable exception? What had he done for his haughty associates that they should acknowledge him as an equal, and treat him as a friend? Men of humble origin, though endowed with rare intellectual power, have too frequently an inordinate regard for worldly splendor. Aristocrats have occasionally an equal and more commendable taste for the society of fine talkers, or rare singers, as the case may be. The humble man sells his brains for the splendor, the aristocrat lends the splendor for the brains, and there is an end to the transaction. If the man of genius looks for more than his hire, he is exorbitant in his demands, and should, at all events, have made a better bargain at starting.

When Moore flourished, the time had gone by forever when it was necessary for an author to look to a patron for the means of advancement; a miserable expedient at the best, since it has been admitted that fewer cripples have come out of the wars than out of such a service. Mr. Macaulay recalls to mind with melancholy regret the days when Horace was forced to invoke Augustus in the most enthusiastic language of religious veneration — when Statius was doomed to flatter a tyrant for a morsel of bread — when Tasso extolled the heroic virtues of a wretched creature who locked him up in a madhouse; but these were times when readers were scarce — when patronage was essential to save the needy writer from starvation, and when men exercised intellectual independence at the risk of their lives. Hook and Moore lived at a happier epoch, and never once appealed to the people in vain. The latter had only to devote himself exclusively to his art

in order to fix his own price upon his precious labors. We have read that for his *Melodies* alone Power, the publisher, guaranteed him 500*l.* a-year; we know that for *Lalla Rookh* he received 3,000 guineas, that for the *Loves of the Angels* he received a proportionately large sum, and that for all his other works he was equally well paid. What business he to play the suitor at the festive boards of grand people, who valued him solely for the pleasure he could give them, when he had already secured the worship of the whole country and the homage of nations! What elevation, dignity, or ease could any poet afford him, beyond that which he already enjoyed by the united suffrages of his countrymen? We do not blame the coronetted entertainers for getting as much delight out of Tom Moore as they were able to extract, but we do blame him for being weak enough to suppose that the fine folks were fervently attached to him when they were only in love with his singing. It was a fair game on either side, but, being played out, Tom had certainly no more claim upon the hearts of the fine folks than they had upon the affections of Tom. What would he have said had they presented their bill of costs for all the feasts! Would he have paid it? If not, with what face can he demand extra payment for performances for which he has already given a discharge in full? Let poets hanker after great people if they will; but let them never complain if a lifelong pursuit of a most unworthy object meets with the ignoble reward it has earned, and with not a sixpence more. Racine was sought after by the great, who would not admit Corneille to their gilded saloons; but Racine was shrewd enough to pay the fine people in their own pinchbeck coin, and Corneille surely gained more than he lost by the lofty neglect when the theatre rose as a man to greet his appearance upon the scene of his legitimate triumphs.

When Tom had parted company forever with his will-o'-the-wisp, which had done him no good since he first made its acquaintance, it would appear that he began to enter society with a much more practical and useful object than that of merely hobnobbing with his superiors. In order to make his songs popular, and to render them a source of profit to the writer, it was necessary that they should be sung in the assemblies of the "first circles." Generally speaking, the author or publisher of a ballad will make friends with a favorite professional singer, whose performances are sufficient to bring a composition into vogue. Now, Pasta or Catalani could not do for Moore in this respect half as much as Moore could do for himself; and, accordingly, Tom, in a very business-like and commendable spirit, took his wares in his own

person to Grosvenor-square, just as Messrs. Nicol might take their coats and pantaloons on their bodies to the same place, if they were only lucky enough to gain admittance. "It was only on my representing to Bessy," writes Moore to Mr. Power in 1813, "that my songs would all remain a *dead letter* with you if I did not go up in the gay time of the year, and give them life by singing them about, that she agreed to my leaving her. This is quite my object. I shall make it a whole month of company and *exhibition*, which will do more service to the sale of the songs than a whole year's advertising." Who shall complain that the poet carries his own board on his back instead of hiring a whole troop of advertising vans? Economy is a virtue, let it be of money or of time. But—shall we confess it!—there reveals itself in the correspondence something too much of deliberate bargaining with society, at all times, to please the unsophisticated reader, who would fain discover in the poet of his adoration some faint resemblance to the *man* fashioned by his own generous imagination. In 1813 Moore removes to the neighborhood of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, where he hires a cottage, "secluded among the fields—just the sort of thing he likes." He is not there long before he makes the acquaintance of a wealthy Derby family, also "just the sort of thing he likes;" and the seclusion of the fields is relieved occasionally by the bustle and excitement of a warm and well-provided mansion. Tom, in fact, hardly smells his fields before he is corresponding with his friends in his old style about his "carriages," his "elegancies," and his "good company." He gives up Lord Moira to patronize a millionaire. "We have just been on a visit," runs a letter dated October 23, 1813, "to Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four for us and back again with us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with." Bessy came back full of presents—*rings, fans, &c.* A letter written a few months subsequently informs us that the poet "likes the Strutts exceedingly." We have no doubt of it; for the epistle goes on to say that "they have fine pianofortes, magnificent organs, splendid houses, and most excellent white soup;" that Tom "does not think he wrote half so well" as the young Strutts at their age, and that Bessy, as before, "came away loaded with presents of rings, fans, and bronze candlesticks." Had Mr. Strutt been Governor-General of India, instead of Lord Moira, that munificent gentleman would have certainly

poured all the treasures of the East into the lap of Thomas Moore, and, what is more, Thomas would not have been too proud to accept them. Tom goes over to Derby to buy a sofa, and, of course, pays the generous Strutt a passing visit. A sofa does not appear to have been handy at the time, but "Mr. Strutt, who never sees me without giving me something," insisted upon making Tom "a present of a very snug and handsome easy-chair for his study," which Tom did not refuse. In the warmth of acceptance, Moore pronounces the Strutts "most excellent and friendly people." We believe he does them justice; but we had rather that Tom had got his candlesticks, rings, and easy-chairs at the proper shops, and in the regular way of business, nevertheless.

It was at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, that *Lalla Rookh* was written. The poem was the result of two or three winters' study; and when it appeared, in 1817, the reputation of Moore was made forever. Three thousand guineas was the price paid for the work, and of this sum Moore drew immediately one thousand for the discharge of his debts, leaving the remaining two thousand in the hands of the publishers, who were requested by the poet to pay the interest (100*l.* per annum) over to his father. Let us repeat, whatever were the weaknesses of Moore, his filial conduct was without a flaw, and his remembrance of home claims not darkened by one cloud of selfishness throughout his life.

When the praises of *Lalla Rookh* were at their height, Moore and his Bessy moved southward in search of another home, the damp, smokiness, and smallness of the Derbyshire cot proving no longer tolerable. It was a proud journey for Moore, and his heart beat stoutly, we may be sure, as he knocked at all the big houses with his good wife upon his arm. He had done more for his fame than a whole army of Moiras could have achieved, and had carved for himself a niche upon which all eyes will be turned years after the very name of his false patron shall have been forgotten. "Bessy," writes Moore to his mother from London, "took a round with me to return calls—Lady Besborough, Asgill, Cork, Hastings, &c. *We were let in at almost all!*" Beatified Tom! "Let in!" What condescension on the one hand—what silly ecstasy on the other!

A new home was speedily found in Wiltshire, close to Bowood, the residence of the Marquis of Lansdowne. It was a small thatched cottage, of which Moore took possession on the 19th of November, 1817, and in which he died at the end of February, 1852. The vicinity of the great house was of course a great recommendation to the poet, whose hours were divided at all periods, as far as possible, between the Muses and the House of

Lords. Moore is once quite disgusted with Crabbe, because the latter maintained that Murray, the publisher, deserved a higher place at a public dinner than Phillips, the artist and academician, inasmuch as the former kept his carriage. "This," says Tom indignantly, "is inconceivable." But what to us seems equally inconceivable is Moore's own appreciation of high birth over every other consideration. Honest Crabbe made a mistake, no doubt. A carriage is certainly no absolute proof of moral or mental worth, nor is a coronet, Mr. Moore — as you suppose — invariably the crown of human greatness. Moore professes himself horrified because this same Mr. Murray is familiarly addressed in a letter from Lord Byron, and exclaims, "*Murray, a bookseller, a person so out of his caste!*" — trying to persuade himself, though he can never succeed — that *his* caste is not questioned for a moment in the very highest circles! This is bad enough; but the paragraph that follows reaches to the height of absurdity. Moore has dined at Bowood, and thus speaks of the dinner in his diary: — "*Sat between Mackintosh and Lord Lansdowne. Talked of Fearon and Birkbeck. The singularity of two such men being produced out of the middling class of society at the same time; proof of the intelligence now spread through that rank of Englishmen. . . . WHAT IT WILL COME TO God knows.*" When Elliston played George the Fourth in the coronation pageant at Drury-lane, he was so overcome by the applause of the audience that he quitted the procession, approached the foot-lights, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "God bless you, my people!" In like manner, Thomas Moore acts his part of fine gentleman so admirably, that he positively forgets his own identity. What does he mean by proclaiming as "a singular fact" the production at the same time of two such men from "*the middling class of society*" as Fearon and Birkbeck? The words are arrant nonsense. Have all our great men stepped from the ranks of the nobility, that Thomas Moore should express absolute astonishment at the appearance of Birkbeck, and feign alarm at the phenomenon! To be sure the said Thomas had brevet-rank at Bowood, but, if we cannot claim for the "middling class" a poet whose grandfather, on the mother's side, was in the "provision line," and whose grandfather on the other side is utterly lost in the ocean of time, we are certainly not disposed to hand over the author of the *Irish Melodies* as a present to the Peerage. The "middling class" has given us our poets, our philosophers, our discoverers — all that we value most in our nationality — all that has made us what we are. Newton was the son of a small farmer; Shakspeare of a woolstapler, and Milton's father was a scrivener. It is an insult to the reader's understanding to insist

upon the point, for we believe no man in the full possession of his senses is disposed to contest it. Moore, when he wrote the words, knew himself to be the son of a publican in Dublin, Southey to be the son of a tradesman in Bristol, Crabbe to be the son of a collector of salt duties in Suffolk. Had he *thought* for half the time it took him to insert such trash in the diary, it could never have been reproduced here to his disadvantage. He must have known that the wonder is, not that the "middling class" furnishes the country with the staple of its intellect and energy, but that occasionally "a proof of the intelligence" of the class above it presents itself to give variety to the general rule. Oh, that white soup, gold plates, silver-laced lacqueys, and velvet chairs should rob — though but for an hour — a fine soul of its manliness, and induce it to put on the flaunting and degrading livery of funkneyism!

Thomas makes frequent excursions from Wiltshire to London, and exciting enough is the life he leads in the metropolis. He generally arrives in town "just in time to dress for dinner," and he continues dressing and undressing until he finds his way back to the cottage. His published works are voluminous, and it is really astonishing how he found leisure and tranquillity of spirit for his labors. He has not a moment to himself in London; and in the country he spends quite as much time with the great folks as in his own study. His appetite for pleasure is gluttonous. He is an inveterate play-goer, delighting in Astley's and finding infinite amusement at the Coburg. He dances away at "Lady Grey's" ball, which is always of the best kind," and, as a matter of course, so fashionable a character finds instant admittance to Almack's. Indeed, he is so constant a visitor at this exclusive entertainment that Lord Morpeth, meeting him "at the regular assembly" on the 25th of May, 1819, said to him "You and I live at Almack's." Moore records the observation in his diary, and we will be sworn he never wrote a line that gave him greater pleasure.

The year was 1819, and Tom was, as usual, dining, dancing, singing, and playing, when he received the disagreeable, but not altogether unexpected, intelligence, that either the defalcations of the dishonest deputy in Bermuda (or rather, out of it — for the fellow had absconded) must be made good, or the poet bid adieu to Lord Morpeth and Almack's and go to prison. Moore had made friends in his progress, and now they ran to the rescue. He took counsel of some of the wisest. Dr. Lushington advised the unfortunate registrar to keep out of the way until he could make a compromise with the merchants. Somebody recommended Ireland as a good place for concealment, but Rogers thought better of France.

Longmans come forward and offer to advance any sum in the way of business; the defalcations amount to 6,000*l.*, and Leigh Hunt urges the instant opening of a public subscription. Perry thinks a private subscription more advisable, and cites the case of Charles James Fox as a precedent. Tom remembers that one of Fox's friends complained of that statesman's *hauteur*, though "by God, he was one of those who gave 300*l.*, towards his maintenance," and declines private subscription altogether. Rogers has no notion of Moore's making himself a slave to the booksellers, and offers 500*l.*, saying that Power will give 500*l.* more. Offers still more munificent pour in. Lord John Russell, the present biographer, places at once at his friend's disposal all the profits of "the future editions of his *Life of Lord Russell*," just published, and the authoress, whoever she may be, of "*Come, Stella, arouse thee*," full "of sorrow at my misfortune, offers the copyright of a volume of poems which she has ripe for publication." Strange creatures we are. In the midst of his agitation and alarm Moore dines at Holland-house. "I sang in the evening," he writes in his journal, "and was rather glad I had an opportunity of making the Hollands feel a little what I could do in this way, for they never heard me properly before. Lady Holland, evidently much pleased, told me afterwards that my articulation was the most beautiful she had ever heard." Pity Tom cannot sing the disgusted merchants into a compromise, and make them "feel what he can do in that way." But the feat is not easy. Negotiations still go on. Lord Lansdowne and Lady Holland prefer Scotland to France. They think Holyrood-house will afford all needful protection, and the banishment will not be so complete. Mackintosh writes—"You will find in Edinburgh as many friends and admirers as even *you* could find anywhere." Moore is puzzled, but prepares, at all events, for flight; he regulates his papers, destroys his letters, and makes his arrangements with his "darling Bessy, who bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me." His mind is at length made up. He will fly to France; and Lord Lansdowne, who is going to Paris, will give him his company. Bessy and the little ones are to follow if the negotiations with the merchants are protracted. Time for leave-taking draws on. On the 17th of August Moore gives "a tea-drinking party," dancing and pianoforte in the evening. On Tom's health being drunk at supper, he "makes them a short speech, alluding to the probability of his soon being obliged to leave them, which drew tears from most of the women." Thrice happy Moore—commanding money from the men, sobs and tears from the women—privileged even in his misfortune!

The second volume closes while Moore is in London, on the eve, we presume, of departure; but he lingers amid the fascinations of the metropolis—one night going to the Haymarket "to see Liston speak a speech on an ass;" another, dining at Lady Blessington's; a third, "dining at a coffee-house in Spring-gardens, and thence to Astley's." When he has gone the usual round he will no doubt depart. Joy go with you, Thomas Moore! You are a mature man of forty years of age, but, be you in London, in Edinburgh, in Paris, or among the celestials, yours will still be a jocund soul, and communicate pleasure and delight to all the spirits that surround it.

From the Spectator.

THE PLAINT OF FREEDOM.*

A QUARTO form, a handsome style of printing, and a generally expensive mode of "getting up," distinguish this volume, which appears without author's or publisher's name; the law, we believe, requires an acknowledged printer; who is found beyond the Finis—"Newcastle-upon-Tyne, imprinted by G. Bouchier Richardson." Yet there is nothing to require this mystery. *The Plaint of Freedom* is animated by poetical spirit; its sentiments are lofty, and of the old English heroic cast, when men willingly throw fortune and life into the balance of a high or worldly enterprise. The poetry will not be popular with "the Manchester school" or "the Peace party," though some of them, by the by, seemed to favor a war for Hungary, or at least to hold language which if supported must have ended in war. *The Plaint of Freedom* contains opinions of extreme Republicanism, in relation to our great civil war and the execution of Charles the First, of which many may not approve. The only bit in the volume that could induce the author to prefer concealment, unless from whim or from some professional motive, are four stanzas on Paine, as author of "The Rights of Man."

The framework of the poem may be described as a complaint uttered by Freedom on the spiritless supineness of England at the present day, and the sordid spirit which possesses her people. In reality, it is a series of poems on English history, always having some reference to the great question of the defences, or rather to the truckling spirit that opposes their execution. After a few dedicatory stanzas to Milton, Freedom—or the poet—addresses some Tyrtæan strains to England, provocative not only of a defensive but of a warlike feeling. In a series of poems not unlike the sonnet in singleness of subject and brevity, but of

* *The Plaint of Freedom*. No Publisher's name.

different structure, the poet then runs over the leading men and events of English history — as Caractacus, Alfred, Robin Hood, Magna Carta, the worthies of the Elizabethan and Commonwealth times; a general conclusion glancing at the present, but also dealing with the future, in the form of a prophecy on what a gallant and self-denying people might effect for mankind.

The form and metre of the work resemble Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Something of the Laureate's manner there may also be — possibly imitated, with an occasional carelessness of versification, and sometimes a prosaic character, as well as a construction grammatically harsh. However, poetry is better judged of by specimen than by criticism. This is the opening picture of the actual state of the world.

Revolt his storm-flag hath unfurled
And New and Old (like giant foes
Who, tired of distant threatenings, close)
With desperate grapplings shake the world.

And thunder-voices rend the air —
For God and Right, for Elder Wrong :
The clangor of a battle-song
Flung heavenward in the lightning's glare.

And Change leaps like a springtide o'er
The landmarks of the ancient sway :
The fierce waves hunger for their prey ;
And monarchs tremble at their roar.

Their echoes break upon our coast —
The isle that freedom loved so well :
But stir not Freedom's Sentinel,
Asleep on his neglected post.

Freedom, or the poet, proceeds as follows, with historical logic — for undoubtedly, in past times, the late commotions abroad would have seen England in the van of the strife — but scarcely with sound reason, at least if this is to be read as an exhortation to *offensive* war, not to merely defensive preparations.

Of old my name had been a spell
To rouse thee from profoundest trance :
The shadow of a winged lance
Had warned thy slumber, ere it fell.

Then blazed upon thy haughtiest cliffs
My fires, reflected in the tide
Which gulfed the Armada's lofty pride —
Scattered before our English skiffs.

Yet higher soared the flame divine,
Whose rays illumined distant lands,
When Milton uttered my commands,
And Cromwell set his foot by mine.

But now no beacon marks thy shore ;
The old, undaunted soul is fled :
White Land ! canst thou be pale with dread
That Freedom needeth thee once more ?

Why tarriest thou ? Till sting of pain
Excite thy tamed Berserkir rage ;
Or till our foe cast down a gauge
Not even thy strength can lift again ?

What waitest thou ? Till Cossack feet
Spur thy slow courage ; till the war
Our sires had led to Trafalgar
Back desperately from street to street ?

Till London croucheth to its doom ;
When strangers, stepping through our walls,
Chant French Te Deums in St. Paul's,
And pile their arms on Nelson's tomb ?

What sloth of heart, or brain, or limb,
What count of fears, what doubt of right,
Hath hid thy spirit in this night,
Whose clouds thy starriest honor dim ?

Can Wickliffe's heirs permit the Pope ?
May Cromwell's lieges court the Tsar ?
Or Alfred's lineage shrink from war,
With shameful peace for only hope ?

And yet, thy sword a liar's tongue,
Thy highest faith some trick of trade —
What marvel England's name is made
A synonym for Coward Wrong ?

The land that boldly judged a king,
And slew the traitor for his crimes,
Now stoopeth to the poorest mimes
Of tyranny — an abject thing.

Passages similar in power and passing application might be quoted from the opening and close, as well as from the historical stanzas. One will suffice as a specimen. It is the death of Sir Richard Grenville, an Elizabethan worthy, who singly and successfully resisted the whole fleet of Spain, and when his powder was spent, the greater part of his crew killed or wounded, and himself disabled, "commanded the master's gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards."

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

A hundred men for fifteen hours
Beat back ten thousand ; morn shall see
One bark defying fifty-three,
And, shattered, foiling all their powers.

For warily distant in a ring
Spain's great armadas baffled lie :
Like dogs, far-watching till he die,
Around the dying forest king.

And "with a glad and quiet mind
Here die I Richard Grenville, who
Have done what I was bound to do,
Leaving a soldier's fame behind."

A soldier's fame ! What else, while Life
Must battle momentarily with Wrong ?
Gird on thy sword, be true and strong —
And God absolve thee from the strife !

From the New York Daily Times.

THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

This rich quarry of historic wealth is now, in completed state, accessible to every American, and certainly every American should dig in its ample mines. Mr. Loessing has come to the rescue at the right period. Ten years more and it would have been too late. Every year or month was sweeping away some tene-ment around which gathered revolutionary associations, some ancient record or furrowed face, and which soon would have been lost forever to the world, but which are now securely embalmed by the pen and pencil of this artist author. Our countrymen were so absorbed in the present that they were forgetting the past. Progress was striding over our ancient battlefields, regardless of the bones that bleached beneath her feet. Agriculture drove her remorseless coulter through the mossy ramparts that once sheltered the gallant heroes of our liberty. The time-honored structures that kept off the dew and the rain from many a patriot head, were tumbling indiscriminately before the blows of that improvement, which would destroy an association as ruthlessly as it would crush a weed. The mound, the wall, the ditch, that had witnessed the intensest suffering, the bravest endeavor, the most heroic defenses and assaults, over which the whistling balls had cut the air, and almost yet echoing with the clang of battle and the shouts of victory, were yielding to friendly strokes what they refused to hostile arms, and surrendering their ancient forms to the desecrating plough. Why should they longer remain to remind a people of the struggles their freedom had cost? Wheat would not grow in the ditch, nor corn spring out of the wall. And in a country so crowded for room, hitting its elbows against the oceans as it turned round on its narrow base of sixty degrees of latitude, it could not afford to let an old tree stand, though its rough bark held the testimony of a terrible conflict, nor permit the remnants of a venerable fortification, to mark to the eye of posterity some spot hallowed with patriot blood. Rapidly, rapidly were these glorious mementos disappearing before the utilitarian spirit of the age, and oblivion would soon have rolled her waters over them all. But the time so often gives what its necessities require. A historian of a new stamp appears as he is wanted; not confining himself within the four walls of a library, nor satisfied with collating, in new forms, the researches of others, he sallies forth to a personal inspection of every scene of revolutionary interest: he searches out the hoary actors that yet remain; he follows their tottering steps over fields of slaughter; sketches the physical features that were con-

nected with the contest; and as his pen takes the narration from the trembling lips of these venerable partakers and witnesses, and transcribes their mouldy documents, his faithful and ready pencil transfers their features and figures to the enduring page. Thus we have fac-similes of the autographs of Washington and Jefferson, of Columbus and Cotton Mather, of Uncas and Brant, of Burgoyne and Gates, of Arnold and Andre, and of most of those stern men whose shoulders upheld the ark of our liberty. Thus, too, their lineaments look out from these life-like pages, and even the deep wrinkles that a century had worn in the cheeks of old John Battin, and the frosts that time had sprinkled on his locks, revealed the truthfulness of the artist's skill. The benignant features of Pocahontas beam with affection, and the countenances of Kosciusko and Lafayette, of Montgomery and Putnam, Stark, Wayne, Mercer, Marion, Sumter, and a host of others equally worthy of preservation, show the reader what cast of men led our armies to victory in the heroic days of the republic. Accurate maps of battle-fields, and monuments that gratitude has erected to the memory of our heroes, the habitations that were the scenes of stirring interest, are here truthfully depicted.

But for this all would soon become vague; important localities intangible; indefiniteness would conceal our consecrated places, and the roads encrimsoned by the bleeding feet of our warriors — their long marches and frosty bivouacs — would, in many instances, become indistinct and legendary. Dates and localities are the eyes of history, through which its truths are made manifest and steadfast. As we read these clear and beautiful pages, we feel a sentiment of nationality glow in our veins, and look with honest pride upon those inflexible, upright physiognomies, and with melancholy interest upon those quaint old specimens of architecture that held the living, and upon those tombstones that protect and mark the sleeping-places of the illustrious dead. Our author does not believe that the antiquarian spirit should be devoted only to unfolding the mysterious ciphers that decorate the sarcophagus of an Egyptian princess; but he would seize those hieroglyphics of our past — those frail memorials, so swiftly crumbling into dust — and enshrine them on his ample leaves; the record, the evidence, and the illustration of a great and triumphant struggle.

Accordingly we see our historic pilgrim traversing and retraversing the broad field of the revolution — touching at every memorable place — in trackless forests — amid mountain ridges — over fruitful plains — pursuing the devious windings of rivers — in thronging cities tracing the revolutionary relics, around which the multitude heedlessly tramped — in

solitary walks hunting the footprints of our armies — suddenly performing some distant journey to save the impress of a fort or building about to be defaced by sacrilegious hands, following wherever the progress of American story beckoned him — till, compassing more than eight thousand miles, and transferring from fading reality to perpetual forms, many hundred cherished scenes and portraits, he consummates his interesting narrative of more than fourteen hundred large and compact pages, and gives the invaluable contribution to the descendants of those whose deeds he thus nobly commemorates and preserves.

These volumes are, hereafter, to perform an important part in educating the people in the details of American history. Certainly no work is so well calculated to lure the minds of the young through the different stages of the great drama of our independence. Uniting the two attractions of engaging narrative and pictorial representation, it interests the reader in a double sense, and will tend, we do not doubt, to imbue the generation now rising to manliness, with a deeper and fuller knowledge than it would else have had, of the labors, hardships, dangers and triumphs of the first sons of the republic.

In the modesty of his preface the author regrets that others, more competent, had not gone forth to this undertaking. But he is the competent man who does the work; and surely no one could have accomplished it with greater fidelity, truthfulness or skill, infused more freshness and vivacity into the current of his narrative, or poured out the enthusiastic devotion of a more thoroughly American heart. It was a task that indifference could not achieve. It required not merely the determination to write a book, but also the promptings of an ardent desire, a burning love of country, familiarity with her history, and an irresistible impulse to gather and preserve whatever might be subject to demolition or decay of all those things that could throw light upon, or that became memorable in the progress of this country from dependence to freedom. The patriotism that thus sacredly collects, guards and perpetuates the proof of American valor, is of the stamp that would perform deeds, themselves, worthy of record, when the time requires.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

WE have been waiting some time for an eligible opportunity to say a few words respecting this journal. It is about the best written paper in the country, and in point of intellectual labor, copiousness of information, general and comprehensive ability, and the power of handling gracefully and with fine

effect a large variety of subjects, it is without precedent or compeer in American journalism. It comes nearer to our ideal of an American newspaper than anything before undertaken on this continent. And yet there are serious defects, not in the design, but in the execution of the enterprise. The *Times* is frequently too abstract and magazinish; too fond of dissertation and disquisition; too much in the habit of settling controverted questions with an *ex cathedra* air; not sufficiently tolerant when its views are opposed, and at times both supercilious and pragmatical. It sometimes lacks candor, too; and we have known it to be exceedingly disingenuous and unfair in a controversial discussion. Then it is occasionally inconsiderate in mounting a popular hobby, and never gets off with grace when the creature is jaded or crippled—take the Kossuth furor for example. We doubt whether the *Times*, even now, when the whole thing has as little life as a collapsed tradition, does not regard the visionary Hungarian as a wiser, more discreet, and practical statesman, and possessing higher qualifications for building up a government than Alexander Hamilton. All these blemishes which disfigure the fair face of the *Times*, however, are incidental to the plan upon which it was established; inevitable, most of them, in the present state of journalism in this country, and the immature age of the paper. It is not to be denied that Raymond has made an enormous stride in the improvement and elevation of the press. He has subsidized more able pens, a greater amount of intellect, cultivation, and diversified knowledge, than was ever before dreamed of by an editor in the United States.

We have before referred to the attempt of Mr. Raymond, in founding the *Times*, to unite the currency of the cheap, or penny press, with the intellectual power of papers of superior pretensions and higher price. The experiment, thoroughly made, under the most favorable circumstances, proved unsuccessful, and the result must be regarded as conclusive against the feasibility of the scheme. The circulation of a sheet so costly and so attractive as the *Times* was made from the start, must constitute a source of revenue to render the enterprise remunerative. The *Sun* is a profitable speculation at a cent a copy; for its great circulation attracts a large amount of advertisements, and the limited quantity of reading matter leaves ample room for their insertion. Besides, it costs very little to conduct the paper. The expense of the original matter furnished to the *Times* has always been enormous; and we apprehend that it will ever be found impossible to combine the features of extreme cheapness and commanding influence to one journal. When the *Times*, on entering upon

its second year, doubled its price, we felt certain of its entire success. Since that time, it has grown steadily in popularity and influence, and now it wears an appearance of strength and permanence that leaves no room for doubting that it will soon become one of the best paying newspaper establishments in the country. It is now one of the best mediums for every description of advertising, and it will not be long before it is crowded with that species of business.

We had intended, in this connexion, to notice somewhat in detail, a series of articles now in course of publication in the *Times*, under the title of "The Great Conversationists," but we have left ourselves little room for the fulfilment of our purpose. We recognize in them the hand of an esteemed friend—a man of the finest literary attainments, and an elegant writer. He has already treated of Jefferson, Calhoun, and several other of the great lights of the South. His last number is devoted to the "Lesser Lights of South Carolina." As a specimen of his style, we give an extract from his sketch of George McDuffee. The fidelity of his limning will be recognized by all who have had an opportunity to hear that very able man and powerful orator.

From the Examiner.

HOW TO HANDLE A BOAT AMONGST ROLLERS.

A SCIENTIFIC lesson upon the handling of a boat is of interest, for more than its novelty, for humanity. And let it not be imagined that the lesson is practically not needed. There is as much difference of skill in handling a boat as in handling a horse, and it is notorious that men-of-war's men are most deficient in this art. Captain Ward, of the Shipwreck Institution, observing that another life-boat under sail has been lost, offers these judicious and instructive remarks:—

It is a well-known thing to the seamen on the most exposed parts of our coasts, that the chief danger to a boat does not occur when going off against a heavy sea, but on returning before it, at which time the greatest skill and carefulness are necessary, even under oars, to prevent a boat from broaching to and turning broadside on to the sea. Their experience has taught them that, when seeing a heavy breaker following their boat up from astern, instead of yielding to the natural impulse of giving her all possible speed away from it, and so, as might be expected, to lessen the violence of the shock, their only safety lies in checking the boat's way through the water, and keeping her end on to the sea till it has passed them, to effect which they back their oars, or even face a portion of the crew round the reverse way, who row backwards with all their force against

the heaviest of the seas as they approach. If this precaution be neglected, it is almost a matter of certainty that the boat will broach to broadside to the sea and be capsized. In truth, in this manner nearly all the crews of distressed vessels who take to their boats, and attempt to land through a heavy surf, are drowned.

The circulation of this information among merchant seamen may, I believe, be instrumental in saving many lives. It is not, of course, pretended that it is an infallible rule of safety. A boat may be so short or small in proportion to the magnitude of the waves, that they may break over her bow and stern (whichever is to seaward) and fill her at once, or throw her "end over end;" but in such a case it is their only chance.

With a boat under the command of oars this management may be readily effected, but not so under sail, since, even if the sails be lowered, the boat will probably still retain too much speed, and if she broach to with the top weight of a mast and sail, nothing can prevent her capsizing if the sea be very heavy.

Without the top weight of a mast and sail, and with a considerable amount of ballast, a lifeboat may, in the like circumstances, go no further than her beam-ends, merely half filling with water, and then turning round head to the sea.

It cannot, I conceive, be too urgently forced on the attention of the crews of such lifeboats as have the means of both rowing and sailing, that if they have been off to a distant wreck under sail, their proper course, on nearing the land and before getting into broken water, even if it be daylight, will be to get down their mast and sail, and to take their boat carefully in under oars. In the night time, as was the case in this instance, when the breakers cannot be seen until the boat is among them, to run over the bar of a river, or through any heavy broken water, under sail, I consider to be an act of extreme imprudence.

It may not be uninteresting, even to the general reader, to point out what is evidently the cause of this unexpected effect of the action of the sea, which requires a treatment the reverse of that which we should pursue on an impending collision between two opposite forces upon the land, and which makes it safer to boldly charge the danger than to flee from it.

It would be unsuitable here to enter on the theory of the waves, as far as it is understood; and the fact is observed by every one, that, as they approach the shore, and meet the rebound of those which have preceded them, their violence is increased, and, acquiring now an actually progressive motion, their upper stratum rushes onward, and falls over like a cataract, while a constant undercurrent, or backwater, at the same time setting off against them, serves but to increase their fury, and adds greatly to their dangerous effects.

On a boat advancing against one of these waves, or, as they are now denominated, rollers, from their rolling or tumbling motion, or breakers, from their broken surface, she receives the concussion of the blow, parts the wave with her bow, by her own *inertia* retains her position, and the immediate danger is past. To be sure, if she be

too short and small in proportion to the height of the wave, she may be thrown almost into a perpendicular position, and turned "end over end," as it is termed. Or, again, if she be too cumbersome, or her bow present too broad or bluff a surface to the water, she may, in a very heavy sea, lose her headway and be driven astern, when, if she be straight sheered and have but little height at her ends, she may be forced down stern foremost or be turned over quarter ways. If, however, she have sufficient height of bow to prevent the sea from breaking in a large body over it, and enough power to retain her headway over the crest of the wave, she has nothing to fear.

On returning to the shore, however, if she attempts to run from a heavy breaker or roller, it soon catches her, throws her stern up, and carries her away with it; she cannot get away from it; she and it together are running along at a frightful pace over the ground, yet she has not steerage way through the water, and is quite unmanageable; it hugs her and crowds on her more and more; it runs her bow under water; the under current, acting on her fore foot, turns her round broadside to the sea, which still presses on her; her whole lee side is under water, and, if an ordinary open boat, she is instantly upset. Even if she be a lifeboat, unless she has a large amount of well-secured ballast, and although she have no mast or sail up, she will probably be turned quite over either by the same wave or else by the following one, which will fall on her before she can recover her position.

It may, therefore, be considered an axiom in the management of all boats in a heavy sea and shoal water, when going to windward to give the boat the greatest possible speed against each sea as it approaches, and when rowing to leeward to check her way and back her against each wave until it has passed.

These last propositions may perhaps require some qualifications. The Brighton fishing boats, for example, run in under sail in the worst weather, and with a heavy sea on and broken water, and it is seldom that an accident happens. They are, as every one knows, of the shape of half a walnut shell, and have good free board.

We cannot quite assent to the axiom of giving the utmost way to a boat in meeting a heavy sea, especially if it be short and breaking. In such case it is more prudent to diminish the speed, for the same reason that, in sailing craft beating to windward in bad weather and a heavy sea, it is often advisable to haul a headsail to weather to deaden the way, and meet the sea more easily. In hard westerly gales, pilot-boats and small craft, beating through the Needles on the falling weather tide, can only make their passage over the Bridge with their foresails hauled to windward, not hove to, but keeping way on but diminished way. The same principle must apply to rowing boats, especially if strongly manned, as life-boats generally are.

From Poems by Elizabeth Barrett.

THE SLEEP.

Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Or all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep —
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this —
"He giveth His beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved —
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep —
The senate's shout to patriot vows —
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved —
A little dust, to overweep —
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake?
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep!

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

Yea! men wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say — and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard —
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

For me my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved, sleep!

And friends! dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep —
Let one, most loving of you all —
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!" —
"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

From Henry Taylor's "Notes from Life."

ON CHOICE IN MARRIAGE.

MANAGEMENT IN PROMOTING MARRIAGE.

If an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management—not more than they very often do use, but more than they are wont to avow or than society is wont to countenance—with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name—probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married—which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves (which is not desirable), or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations, where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be not improbably such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplate with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind when other such cases have come under my observation: "We have no reason to be surprised, unless we know what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in with Ferdinand, she would have been in love with Caliban."

But management, if it is to be recommended, must be good management, and not the management by which young ladies are hurried from ball-room to ball-room, so that a hundred preliterations may give one chance to be swallowed. A very few ball-rooms will afford the means of introduction and selection of acquaintances; and the intercourse which, by imparting a real knowledge of the dispositions, will give the best facilities for choice, will be that which is withdrawn, by one remove and another, from gay metropolitan assemblies—first, to intercourse in country places; secondly, to domestic society. Our present manners admit, perhaps, too much freedom of intercourse in public, too little in private. The light familiarity of festive meetings is carried far enough, further than tends to attach; but the graver intimacy is wanting. Milton complained that in his time, choice in marriage was difficult, because there was not "that freedom of access, granted or pre-

sumed, as may suffice for a perfect discerning till too late."* In our age the freedom of access is sufficient; but the access is, for the most part, at times and places where nothing can be discerned but the features of a restless and whirling life. And if Milton could say, "Who knows not that the bashful muteness of a virgin may oftentimes hide all the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation," we, on the other hand, who cannot reasonably complain of the bashful muteness of the virgins, may be in our own way perplexed in the attempt to discover what is the life that lies beneath those dancing and glancing outsides of which we see so much.

It may be observed, I think, that women of high intellectual endowments and much dignity of deportment have the greatest difficulty in marrying, and stand most in need of a mother's help. And this not because they are themselves fastidious, for they are often as little so as any, but because men are not humble enough to wish to have their superiors for their wives.

Great wealth in a woman tends to keep at a distance both the proud and the humble, leaving the unhappy live-bait to be snapped at by the hardy and the greedy. If the wealthy father of an only daughter could be gifted with a knowledge of what parental care and kindness really is, it is my assured belief that he would disinherit her. If he leaves her his wealth, the best thing for her to do is to marry the most respectable person she can find of the class of men who marry for money. An heiress remaining unmarried is a prey to all manner of extortion and imposition, and with the best intentions becomes, through ill-administered expenditure and misdirected bounty, a corruption to her neighborhood and a curse to the poor; or if experience shall put her on her guard, she will lead a life of resistance and suspicion, to the injury of her own mind and nature.

In the case, therefore, of either high endowments or great wealth in a daughter, the care of a parent is peculiarly needed to multiply her opportunities of making a good choice in marriage; and in no case can such care be properly pretermitted.

DUE MATURITY FOR MARRIAGE.

When the mother takes no pains, the marriage of the daughter, even if not in itself ineligible, is likely to be unduly deferred. For the age at which marriages are to be contracted, is a very material consideration. Aristotle was of opinion that the bridegroom should be thirty-seven years of age and the bride eighteen; alleging physical reasons, which I venture to think exceedingly inconclusive. Eighteen for the bride is the least

* Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, ch. 3.

to be objected to, and would yet be rather early in this climate. A girl of that age may be not absolutely unprepared for marriage : but she has hardly had time for that longing and yearning affection which is to be her best security after. Sir Thomas More, in accounting for Jane Shore's infidelity to her husband, observes, that " *foresmuch as they wer coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently loved for whom she never longed.*" But whether or not the girl be to be considered ripe at eighteen, I know no good reason, moral or physical, why the man should withhold himself till seven-and-thirty, and many excellent reasons against it. Some few years of seniority on the part of the man I do conceive to be desirable ; and on this, as well as on other grounds, the woman should marry young : for if the woman were to be past her first youth and the man to be some years older, it follows that the man would remain longer unmarried than it is good for him to be alone.

The woman should marry, therefore, rather before than after that culminating period of personal charm, which, varying much in different individuals, is but a short period in any, and occurs in early youth in almost all. She should marry between twenty and thirty years of age, but nearer the former than the latter period. Now the man at such an age would probably be too light for the man's part in marriage ; and the more so when marrying a wife equally young. For, when two very young people are joined together in matrimony, it is as if one sweet pea should be put as a prop to another. The man, therefore, may be considered most marriageable when he is nearer thirty than twenty, or perhaps when he is a little beyond thirty. If his marriage be deferred much longer there is some danger of his becoming hardened in celibacy. In the case of a serious and thoughtful man, it need not be deferred so long ; for, in such a case, a remark made in a letter of Lord Bacon's will probably be verified — that a man finds himself seven years older the day after his marriage.

There are other motives and circumstances besides those connected with prudence, which, in the case of men, militate against early marriages. If their first passion (as it happens with most first passions) have issued in a disappointment, and if they have passed through their disappointment without being betrayed, by the heart's abhorrence of its vacuum, into some immediate marriage of the *pis-aller* kind, resorted to for mere purposes of repose, they will probably find that a first seizure of the kind guarantees them for a certain number of years against a second. In the mean time, the many interests, aspirations, and alacrities of youth, its keen pursuits and its fresh hard-

ships, fill up the measure of life, and make the single heart sufficient to itself. It is when these things have partly passed away, and life has lost something of its original brightness, that men begin to feel an insufficiency and a want. I have known it to be remarked by a Roman Catholic priest, as the result of much observation of life amongst his brethren, that the pressure of their vow of celibacy was felt most severely towards forty years of age.

If a man have fairly passed that period without marrying or attempting marriage, then, I think, or very soon after, he may conclude that there is no better fortune in store for him, and dispose himself finally for the life celibate.

Till age, refrain not ; but if old, refrain,

says one of the shrewdest of the unpoetical poets.*

UNNATURAL ALLIANCE.

The marriages of old men to young women are, for the most part, as objectionable in their motives as in their results ; and the mistake of such marriages is generally as great as the moral misfeasance. There is no greater error of age than to suppose that it can recover the enjoyment of youth by possessing itself of what youth only can enjoy ; and age will never appear so unlovely as when it is seen with such an ill-sorted accompaniment—

A chaplet of forced flowers on Winter's brow
Seems not less inharmonious to me
Than the untimely snow on the green leaf.

For the young women who make such marriages there is sometimes more to be said than for the old men. When the motives are mercenary, there is nothing to be said for them ; and but little when the case is one of weak consent to the mercenary baseness of parents, or when they sacrifice themselves (as they will sometimes allege) in a rich alliance for the relief of a large family of destitute brothers and sisters. These are but beggarly considerations, and might be eagerly plead in defence of a less disguised prostitution. But a case will sometimes occur in which a young woman is dazzled by great achievements or renown ; and what is heroic or illustrious may inspire a feeling which, distinct though it be from that which youth inspires in youth, is yet not unimaginative, and may suffice to sanctify the marriage vow. And there is another case, not certainly to be altogether vindicated and yet not to be visited with much harshness of censure, in which a woman who has had her heart broken, seeks, in this sort of marriage, such an asylum as, had she been a Roman Catholic, she might have found in a convent.

* Crabbe.

From the Boston Atlas.

LEPROSY IN NORWAY.

Messrs. Editors:—Much has been said of late in the papers relative to this disease, both as to its being "contagious," not contagious, "a misnomer to call it leprosy," "a scrofula," "curable," "incurable," and also that "its publication is made at the instigation of the Norwegian government, for the purpose of throwing impediments in the way of emigration." As a native of that country, permit me to state a few facts derived from many years' personal observation, and full five years' frequent intercourse with the diseased, being at that time connected with one of the establishments in Bergen, which furnished medicines to the hospital for that disease, the only one in the country, which was established many years ago, to which is attached one physician, one minister, and a church, in which is held weekly religious services.

The appearance of the disease is generally very loathsome. The parts of their bodies exposed to view are often covered with large knots on the face, eyes affected, with loss of nose, of fingers, of toes, limbs swollen, voice hoarse, amounting in many to a faint whisper, and those whose appearance shows less disease, suffer more internally from pains, to alleviate which, with internal and external applications, is the most that medical science has as yet affected.

This disease does not show itself at any particular age, but appears in children from the age of ten, up to the aged of sixty. Its first symptoms, I believe, are hoarseness and the knotty appearance of the skin, and when this shows itself, the person is generally provided with a certificate from the physician, the parish minister, or a magistrate, to the trustees of the hospital, where, after examination, he is admitted.

Bergen is situated on the south-west coast of Norway, in latitude sixty degrees and forty-eight minutes, near the North sea, and the diseased come from a little more south of Bergen, and northerly all along the coast, as high up as to the seventieth degree.

The occupation of these people is mostly connected with the fisheries, but also with the forest and agriculture. It is, as before observed, not confined to any particular age, nor is it frequent that more than one member of a family is afflicted. A father, a mother, a child may be diseased, but none else in the family; and again, the disease disappears in one or two generations, when it reappears. Those less diseased are permitted to walk abroad in the city, and dispose of the few articles made by their fellow-sufferers, and to the disagreeable sight of these unfortunate beings, the citizens have been accustomed from childhood.

The hospital is, in part, supported by the government. The number of its inmates has varied from eighty to one hundred and twenty, the average being about one hundred, some of whom arrive at old age. When I left Bergen, twenty-three years ago, I was not aware that any serious attempt had been made to cure this disease, but I remember some quacks in the medical profession made unsuccessful attempts.

A number of years ago, the attending physician, Dr. Danielsen, who had made this subject his study, was sent by the government to Paris and other parts of Europe, where diseases of similar symptoms had formerly existed, to study and collect every fact that could aid him in his investigation. He returned in due time, with fair prospects of beneficial results. A large edifice has been erected outside the city, in a healthy and beautiful location, under his superintendence, furnished with many of the modern improvements. I went over the whole building, with a medical friend, four years ago, and found it far more comfortable than the old one, in which I had been a frequent visitor. In this, Dr. D., who was then out of town, has greater facilities to accomplish his object, to which he has devoted himself, and from which I have been expecting to hear happy results.

The cause of this disease is yet unknown. The generally adopted opinion is, that it is caused by the constant living on fish, too frequently badly prepared, together with the too little attention paid to personal cleanliness, which characterizes some of the districts in which this disease mostly prevails. For this supposition there is some foundation. Bergen, and Bergenhuus Stift (State) derives its prosperity from the great fisheries all along its coast and in its numerous bays; and to that part of the country this frightful disease is mostly confined; it is not often found in the interior.

Norway is an independent kingdom. Its nominal head is the King of Sweden, who is also king of Norway. She has her own flag, is republican in principles, has a most excellent and liberal constitution, to which her independent but law-abiding sons are much attached. There is no nobility, and every farmer is master of his own soil. Most of the municipal authorities in the cities and in the country are elected by the people, who also elect their representatives to the Storting (Congress), consisting of two houses, which makes the laws, regulates the financial affairs of the country, and meets every three years—for about six months—and oftener, if convened by the king on extraordinary occasions. His power is very limited; he possesses, however, the veto power—but if the Storting passes the same bill at three successive sessions, then it becomes a law without his approval.

I heard great regret expressed at the leaving of so many able-bodied men for this country, which a sparsely peopled country, like that of Norway, of one million and a half of inhabitants, could ill afford to lose; whom she has nursed and educated in their younger days, and now, when they have arrived at manhood and should reward her with usefulness, they dispose of their farms and property, and with the precious metal in their pockets, leave their native land, where honest industry is rewarded, religion is respected, schools are established everywhere, knowledge is extended, and the benefits of their good constitution are daily developing themselves, and go to a distant land to meet uncertainties, and from where conflicting reports are received as to their improved condition. Such are the common expressions heard there. In order to ascertain from a reliable source their true condition here, the government instituted, a few years ago, thorough inquiries through her diplomatic agent here, with the view of spreading correct information among the people, in case erroneous ideas existed there of their being able to better their condition here.

From the long connection with Denmark — from which country Norway was separated in 1814 — she has been governed by Danish laws, many of which are antiquated, but essentially altered in the latter years; still, when a person will leave the country permanently for a foreign land, the laws require certain forms to be gone through, which are tedious, and thus far act as an impediment to his leaving.

From the foregoing the reader may form some idea of the disease, and how far the government interferes with emigration.

Lowell, February 12th, 1853.

From a Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH MANNERS, &C.

A LETTER from Moscow speaks of the apparition of a French translation of *Uncle Tom* there. The book has not been authorized by the police, but its circulation is, nevertheless, not prohibited. It seems that the word *Uncle*, used in America as a term of attachment towards a faithful slave, exists also in the Russian language, and is employed by a master when speaking of, or to, a favorite serf. Copies of the book are rare there, and they pass from hand to hand, to be returned again in two hours. They are carried, says the letter in question, by confidential servants, wrapped up in silk or muslin, like a newly born baby. A Russian translation is spoken of, the sale of which would be authorized by the Czar.

In connection with the great negro romance, I notice a singular piece of affectation among

the Parisians. It is the fashion to call it by its English name, and not by its French title. No one speaks of it as *La Case de l'Oncle Tom*. Everybody seeks to give it its appellation in the vernacular. The favorite method of pronunciation seems to be this: "Onkle's Tom's Cabin's" — with a plural or a possessive case at the end of each word. In this way, the speaker passes for an accomplished linguist.

The Palais Royal produces a parody of the novel almost immediately. Uncle Tom is to be a white man, wrecked on the coast of Africa, and reduced to slavery by the natives.

Newly arrived Americans always express an unmingled surprise at contrasting a ball-room here with the ball-rooms they have left behind. The distinguishing features of difference are the form and manners of the young unmarried ladies at home, and their retiring demeanor here. This difference is worth making a note of. Married ladies upon the Continent sway and give a tone to society, while in America, it is to those ladies whose youth and extent of experience render their conversation and manners anything but instructive or interesting, that the task of sustaining social intercourse is committed. True, you all know what a young lady in a ball-room is at home. Let me say in a few words what she is in a ball-room here.

In the first place, a young unmarried lady is expected to dress modestly and simply. She cannot wear velvet or lace; she cannot dress in yellow; she cannot wear jewelry, except perhaps ear-rings, containing each a single diamond, with as little setting as possible. It is only of late that she has been allowed to have flounces to her gowns, and to arrange her hair with artificial flowers. She may wear false pearls, but not real ones — may wear necklaces and bracelets of coral, ivory, Venice, small agates, &c., but not of precious stones. She cannot go to a ball without her mother or an elderly lady to chaperon her; she cannot go alone with her father. She stays with her mother or chaperon throughout the evening, except when she dances; and then does not leave her place till the music gives the signal, and returns to it the moment the dance is over. She cannot promenade with her partner — a tête-à-tête is hopeless; a private interview in a corner, or behind a curtain, would compromise her forever. The free and easy manners of an American parlor transported into the Faubourg St. Germain, would make a Frenchman imagine he was in a bedlam broke loose.

This restraint is necessary for many reasons. A gentleman, invited by the lady of a house, is considered authorized to ask any lady present to dance, without introduction. It is evident, however, that he cannot expect to become an acquaintance, or to claim anything

further than the honor of the dance. Again, if the same facilities were allowed in France for the intimacy of young women and young men that are permitted in America, the most disorganizing consequences would ensue. At home I believe that the freedom of intercourse between the sexes leads to but little disorder and laxity of morals. I have heard that our young ladies go alone to the theatre with young men, go to walk with them, to ride with them (sleigh-riding even), and come home no wiser than they went, or perhaps only a kiss or two the worse. This would be utterly out of the question here. A young lady, seen walking or riding with a gentleman in Paris, would be at once supposed to have lost all she had worth keeping; and probably the supposition would be correct. If insurmountable obstacles are thrown in the way by a greater familiarity between masters and misses, it is because they have been found indispensable.

American families that live here as residents, are of course obliged to bring up their daughters in the French fashion. They never leave their mother's side, and walking, driving and theatre-going with them is as much out of the question as keeping company with the stars.

But families not familiar with Paris, sometimes make a very strange appearance without knowing it. I remember to have seen, some time since, a very beautiful young lady walking arm-in-arm with a daring-looking New Yorker, on the Champs Elysées! They had been accustomed to do so, I believe, on Fifth-avenue. I thought it my duty to go straight to the fair offender's mother, and remonstrate against a proceeding so inadmissible. The young lady hates me to this day, though she now knows enough of French manners to blush scarlet whenever she thinks of the appearance she must have made, on her first and last promenade. In an American parlor, too, one night, I saw a Boston girl, who supposed herself still in Summer-street, get behind a door and talk through the crack with a Baltimore boy! Two French ladies who were in the room, seriously contemplated rushing out of the house, as they were hardly sure that the place was respectable. Not wishing to earn this girl's hatred, too, I got somebody else to immolate himself, and to restore the two French ladies' composure.

SECOND AMERICAN EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THE new Grinnell Arctic expedition, which is shortly to proceed in search of Sir John Franklin, is to be commanded by Dr. Kane, an officer eminently qualified for the task. Though serving previously in only a subordinate capacity, he greatly distinguished him-

self by his intelligence and the energy he displayed. He stands especially preëminent in one essential qualification—confidence. That Sir John Franklin still exists, and can be rescued by human means, is Dr. Kane's firm belief. His heart is thoroughly in the enterprise, and as long as a vestige of hope remains his hand will not fail to adopt those measures most necessary to discover the missing navigator and his party.

Although success has not attended previous expeditions, there are yet many grounds for further and continued efforts being made. The discoveries up to the present time afford conclusive proofs that Sir John Franklin passed the winter of 1845-6 on Beechy Island, at the mouth of Wellington Channel. Whether in the spring he proceeded up this channel westward or northward is doubtful. The former course was enjoined by his instructions, but a search by means of sledges in that direction, extending along the south shore to long. 103° 25', and along the north shore to long. 114° 20', has afforded no indication that such was the course actually pursued. That the two missing ships may be blocked up in some of the passages or inlets not yet explored is still very possible. Both the English and the American officers entertain the opinion that Sir John Franklin proceeded by the open sea north-west of Wellington and Victoria Channels, and is closed in by the almost unlimited region of water, ice, and land, extending between Victoria Channel and the lofty and immense tracts of land north of West Georgia, considered by some as a continuation of a range of mountains seen off Cape Jakan, on the coast of Asia. Two years ago Captain Penny stated it to be his decided conviction that there is a great polar basin with a higher temperature than that of the Arctic zone, abounding with animal life and ample means for human subsistence. Captain Englefield, who lately returned from a short cruise in the Arctic Ocean, substantiates this opinion of Penny's. He attained the latitude of 78° 35', or one hundred and twenty miles further to the northward than the highest point ever before reached. Having passed through a channel, the width of thirty-five miles, he found before him a vast expanse of open water. He endeavored to proceed further, but was obliged to desist in consequence of a terrific gale of wind, which his steamer was inadequately adapted to encounter. Captain Englefield is of opinion that Baffin's Bay is a wrong term—that it is, in reality, an arm of communication between the Atlantic and Arctic Oceans.

The past explorations tend rather to strengthen than weaken the chances of the safety of Sir John Franklin's expedition. If, at the outset, it was improbable that the two ships should have simultaneously perished, it

is still more improbable that they should have been so utterly lost as not to leave behind some remnant of wreck to tell their fate. No such remnant, however, has been found, either by the vessels in search, or by the parties who, on sledges, have explored the coasts for hundreds of miles. There is no satisfactory proof that the disappearance of the *Erebus* and *Terror* is to be attributed to storms, or to the want of sufficient food to support the existence of their crews. We rejoice, therefore, to find that this humane search has not been abandoned—that, through the liberality of Mr. Henry Grinnell and Mr. George Peabody, a second expedition is fitting out, reflecting honor on the name of America and much credit on the American government for the interest it evinces in, and the active coöperation it has afforded to, the enterprise. May the undertaking be as successful in its result as it has been noble in its aim! — *Times*.

From the *Times*.

ENGLISH DULNESS AND STUBBORNNESS.

THE proper description of human progress may be said to be from the impossible to the possible, from the possible to the probable, and from the probable to the actual. These different stages are, however, by no means of the same length. The great difficulty with those who would innovate and improve is to persuade the English mind that such innovations and improvements are possible. This point once gained we may be sure success is near at hand; for it seems to be a habit of the public stubbornly to deny the practicability of anything which is not about immediately to take place. Napoleon told Bourienne never to mention to him "that beast of a word," and we heartily wish that a similar exclusion could be enforced in favor of the English vocabulary. A man's life in these days is spent in the realization of impossibilities, in fervently denying one week what he sees put in practice the next. So wedded are we to custom, so hampered by precedent, so enslaved by habit, that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that what is wrong in our proceedings can possibly be corrected, or what is right in the practices of our neighbors can possibly be adopted. The Committee of the House of Commons which pronounced railways "impossible," scoffed at the draining of Chat-moss, and rejected the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill out of mercy to the demented projectors, was too faithful a type of the English mind. Active and indefatigable within its own range it recoils with a pusillanimous horror before whatever is new and untried.

Few of our readers will probably agree to remarks at once so sweeping and so paradoxical

cal; but let them suspend their judgment till they have heard us out, and then deny the truth of our assertion if they can. To begin with the objects nearest to us. The atmosphere we breathe is contaminated by the smoke of a hundred and fifty thousand chimneys. We live in the contact and under the influence of dirt, because it is "impossible" to apply well known scientific principles to the purification of our atmosphere. We submit to boundless imposition and insolence from a legion of privileged ruffians called cabmen, because it is "impossible" to place them under police regulations. Of six bridges over the Thames three must bear the whole traffic and be prematurely worn out in the service, because it is "impossible" to buy up the tolls and throw the others open to the public.—Hundreds of thousands of the poorer classes perish annually because it is "impossible" to enforce the most ordinary cleanliness or carry out the most obvious sanitary regulations. The Thames is converted from a noble river into a putrid ditch, because it is "impossible," in this poverty-stricken metropolis, to find money to carry out a complete system of drainage. The air is poisoned by intramural interments, because it is "impossible" to deal with the vested interests involved in piling up our pestilential churchyards with fresh heaps of festering mortality. We are condemned to drink water full of filthy elements, which filtration may clarify but cannot purify, because it is "impossible" to fix on one out of half-a-dozen excellent sites from which the pure fluid might be brought into the metropolis. It was long "impossible" to remove Smithfield, and that possibility has only been recognized on condition of its transference to a spot which will soon be as objectionable for a cattle market as its present position, and from which of course it will be equally "impossible" to remove it. Nineteen-twentieths of this city of London are denied the privilege of corporate self-government, and a twentieth has that privilege in such a way as to make one regret the exception, and wish the deprivation universal. But this absurdity cannot be remedied, because it is "impossible" to alter the constitution of the Corporation of the City of London. Everybody feels that it is a disgrace, an anomaly, and an anachronism that its resources are wasted and its offices disgraced; but it is "impossible" to reform it. This same corporation, has, by a succession of clauses fraudulently introduced into private acts of Parliament, and, lastly, by the barefaced trick of smuggling four words into an interpretation clause, rendering tributary to its revenues the rural population residing within twenty miles of St. Paul's; but the rural population must bear it as they may, for it is "impossible" to undo any iniquity which the Corporation of London has once

perpetrated. Travellers by railway never feel confident when they start whether they shall reach their journey's end or be ground to powder in the process of locomotion; but travellers must be content to take their chance, for it is "impossible" to meddle with the management of railways. Directors advertise time tables, and give notice, fully carried out in fact, that they do not mean to adhere to their promise; but such divinity doth hedge a director that it is "impossible" to make him keep his word. Excursion trains have been proved to have a decidedly homicidal tendency, and goods' trains, sent to find their way as they can, to be the constant cause of destruction and of death. But it is "impossible" to prohibit excursion trains and oblige luggage trains, like those which carry passengers, to start and arrive at a particular hour. We have a coinage made as if on purpose to render computation difficult and intricate; but it is "impossible" to do violence to the habits of the people by introducing the simple remedy of a decimal system. A penny cannot be anything except the twelfth part of a shilling, or a farthing anything but the fourth part of a penny. Our usual heaped measures are peculiarly liable to fraud; but it would be "impossible" to sell by weight. Pint and quart bottles are rapidly receding into the regions of ancient, or even mythical, history; but it is "impossible" to enact that all bottled liquors which are sold shall contain an aliquot part of a gallon. There is no stronger wish in the public mind than to be allowed to form partnerships with limited liability; but this, though it can be done everywhere else, is "impossible" in England. France and America have reduced their laws to a code; but the English law cannot be codified. Our statutes are a mass of verbiage, contradiction, and repetition; but, though everybody is bound to understand them, it is "impossible" for anybody to simplify them or reduce them to common sense. Ancient Rome and modern America could assess the whole property of the country at its actual value, and levy taxes upon it with ease and simplicity; but, though it is quite feasible in England to tax income, which is one kind of property—land, which is another—or legacies, which are a third, it is "impossible" to assess all property and make the tax just by making it uniform. We are afraid of invasion, but it is "impossible" to recall our troops from Canada, where they are useless; or from the West Indies, where they perish ingloriously of the yellow fever; or from the Cape, where they are worse than useless, to defend the citadel and centre of our empire. Something might, indeed, be done by our fleet; but it is "impossible" to keep a fleet in the Channel, or recall from the Mediterranean a squadron alternately engaged in frightening the kings of Naples and of

Greece. In another column will be found a sample of Indian impossibilities. It is "impossible" to spend fifty pounds a-year to keep a channel open and preserve a revenue of four thousand a-year. There appear to be public works in Madras which would yield from fifty to a hundred per cent.; but it is "impossible" to execute them. The extract will show that India is the very paradise of impossibilities.

We apprehend, that we have made out our case, though we have by no means exhausted our subject—a feat which we believe to be, among all the "impossibilities" we have mentioned, the only real and insuperable impossibility.

From the Athenæum.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.

ONE of the most important and interesting archæological discoveries that has for some time been made has been effected in that part of the Kingdom of Naples commonly known by the name of Puglia (Apulia), which formed a portion of Magna Græcia. I believe it is known to many that Cavalier Carlo Bonucci, architect and director-general of antiquities and excavations in this kingdom for twenty-five years, has recently discovered, near Canosa, founded by Diomedes, a subterranean necropolis, quite entire. Its principal entrance is decorated with four doric columns, two niches for statues, and a second line of Ionic columns, all of slight and elegant proportions, and of a workmanship which recalls the best age of art—that between Pericles and Alexander. This elegant entrance was painted in various colors, which produced an effect not less pleasing than surprising. This specimen of the polychromatic architecture is valuable for its high state of preservation, its freshness, and for the classic time to which it belongs. Entering the city in question, over which time and death have spread an eternal silence, we find streets which lead to various groups of dwellings. The gates are decorated with elegant ionic columns, whose capitals present the accessory ornament of a festoon. Signor Bonucci tells me, that on entering the chambers he found everything arranged in its place as it had been left twelve centuries ago. The walls were covered with linen embroidered in gold;—garlands of flowers, withered it is true, but preserving all their forms, hung in festoons from the ceiling. All kinds of furniture and precious vases were distributed about in the most varied and graceful manner. Here were to be seen statues of marble—busts of deities and priestesses in terra cotta, beautifully painted—vases of "creta" of an extraordinary size, on which are represented the most interesting scenes of private life, and the most classical traditions of mythology. Of these I spoke

in a recent letter as having just arrived at the Museo Borbonico. They are not yet arranged, but yesterday I was favored with a nearer and a longer inspection. On the larger vase, which is of gigantic size and is still unpacked, though lying exposed, Homer is painted with the lyre in his hands, as if he were singing some passage of the Iliad or the Odyssey. In the midst of all these treasures and miracles of art of every form, lay the mistress of the house reposing tranquilly as though she slept. So great was the illusion, that one might have almost said "She is not dead, but sleepeth." She rested on a gilt bronze bed, supported by friezes, figures, and genii, exquisitely carved in ivory. In the adjoining chambers, which were all filled with the same wealth, lay her daughters and servants. These young girls were still clothed with dresses embroidered with gold. Their heads were surrounded with garlands of gold which represented the sacred flowers of Proserpine, in the midst of which were sporting, as it were, birds and insects. Other garlands there were of roses:—some wore diadems covered with precious stones finished in the highest style of art. One of these I saw yesterday in private hands, and nothing can exceed its extreme beauty. The ears of these children of death were all ornamented with pendants of various forms, and their necks with necklaces in which emeralds and hyacinths were interwoven with chains of gold. Two of these, which were obtained by contraband means, I have also seen. The arms were ornamented with bracelets of a spiral form, or winding as a serpent. An abundant and sumptuous table was laid by their side. The fruits consisted of pomegranates, pines, the corns of the fir pine, and apples—whilst the flowers were narcissuses, hyacinths and asphodels, apparently fresh. They were made either of painted "creta," of colored glass, or of rock crystal. Their styles were made of metal threads, with green smalt, or simply gilt. The plates, basins, cups and every other article necessary for dinner, and the lamps which were to shed their light upon it, were of an extraordinary size, and all of glass. This glass was formed of a kind of paste worked in mosaic, with the most beautiful designs, in which were interspersed small bits, or dice, of gold. On some of the plates were painted landscapes, and others were ornamented with lines of gold representing elegant and sumptuous edifices. These discoveries were terminated only about the middle of last year; and it has occurred to me that, now while we are seeking for all the wonders of art with which to adorn the crystal palace at Sydenham, it is right to make known to the British public the above extraordinary facts. The plans and the designs are all in the hands of Cavalier Carlo

Bonucci;—and I am not aware that they came under the notice of the Commissioners from the Crystal Palace Company during their hurried visit to the capital.

In sending you the above notices, I feel almost as if they would be received with incredulity;—indeed, as I write it appears that I am wandering again among fairy scenery. But I have seen at least a portion of the objects which have been recovered,—and surely nothing so exquisite or graceful have I ever beheld.

CLING TO THY MOTHER.

CLING to thy mother, for she was the first

To know thy being and to feel thy life;

The hope of thee through many a pang she nursed,

And when, 'midst anguish like the parting strife,

The babe was in her arms, the agony

Was all forgot for bliss of loving thee.

Be gentle to thy mother! long she bore

Thine infant fretfulness and silly youth;

Nor rudely scorn the faithful voice that o'er

Thy cradle played, and taught thy lisping truth.

Yes, she is old, yet on thy manly brow

She looks, and claims thee as her child e'en now.

Uphold thy mother! close to her warm heart

She carried, fed thee, lulled thee to thy rest;

Then taught thy tottering limbs their untried art,

Exulting in the fledgling from her nest;

And now her steps are feeble, be her stay,
Whose strength was thine in thy most feeble day.

Cherish thy mother! brief perchance the time

May be that she will claim the care she gave

Passed are her hopes of youth, her harvest prime

Of joy on earth; her friends are in the grave.

But for her children she could lay her head

Gladly to rest among the precious dead.

Be tender with thy mother! words unkind,

Or light neglect from thee, would give a pang

To that fond bosom, where thou art enshrined

In love unutterable, more than fang

Of venom'd serpent. Wound not her strong trust,

As thou would'st hope for peace when she is dust.

Oh! mother mine! God grant I ne'er forget,

Whatever be my grief, or what my joy,

The untreaured, the inextinguishable debt

I owe thy love; but find my sweet employ

Ever, through thy remaining days, to be

To thee as faithful as thou wert to me.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DUEL.

How I became acquainted with the circumstances I am about to narrate, or when they occurred, the reader must not inquire. I have taken the liberty of arranging the incidents, so that their narration will afford no clue whatever to the solution of these questions. The reader must be content to accept of the assurance of an old friend, that the narrative of this chapter is a true account of events which, to my own knowledge, did actually occur.

Ellen Irving was the only child of a clergyman, well known and respected in the neighborhood of Dublin; a man distinguished in the church by every quality calculated to ensure popularity and command respect, he filled for many years a prominent position in the public eye. By the mysterious dispensations of that Providence which so often takes away "the excellent of the earth," just when earth seems to want their excellence most, he was removed in the very prime of his life, and the very height of his usefulness. A beautiful monument in the parish church of —, erected by his surviving parishioners, bears record that they felt his removal as a bereavement. Just over the costly memorial of his people's grief, a small marble tablet, plain and unadorned, except a deep sable border can be called an ornament, records, in a few simple and expressive lines, the sorrow of his widow—a sorrow far transcending the grief, the tale of which is inscribed on the proud monument below.

I might have taken another and a shorter method of telling my readers that his wife survived him; but I confess I have never gazed on that tablet without feeling my heart touched—as if there was something in its erection that told better than many words the character of her that placed it there. In the monument below there was enough, more than enough, to satisfy the vanity of grief. The public tribute to public worth—the long inscription where the sculptured figures bear the storied urn, and art has chiselled with her choicest imitation the forms of mourning—here there was more than enough to satisfy the vanity of woe—the only sacred vanity of the heart; but over and above it all, more precious in its simplicity, more touching in its unpretending sorrow, is placed the simple tablet, which is the offering to the memory of the dead, of her to whom that memory was most hallowed. The heart of the widow demands for its memories a tribute peculiar to themselves. The grief with which no stranger can intermeddle, would not unite in its record with the sorrows of the multitude.

At the time of her father's death, Ellen was about seven years of age. With this child of many hopes and many prayers, Mrs. Irving

retired to a secluded residence near the village of Clontarf. Her husband, unlike but too many of the clergy, had left his family in a competence which amounted almost to affluence. Mrs. Irving was induced to select Clontarf as her place of residence, by the vicinity of her husband's only brother, a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune as a merchant. He had never married. His sister, a lady who had some time passed the period when ill-nature attaches to unmarried ladies the name of old maid, had lived with him for many years. He made no secret of his resolution to die an old bachelor; and, being warmly attached to his brother, he had declared his intention of leaving the great mass of his large fortune to Ellen. After Mr. Irving's death he had earnestly pressed Mrs. Irving to make his house her home. This offer, however, that lady had declined. With all that was amiable and upright in his character, the merchant united a deep respect for religion; neither he, however, nor his sister seemed to feel its importance, as Mrs. Irving had been taught by her husband to do. She knew that the first wish of his heart was that Ellen should be trained up with more than a respect for religion, and Mrs. Irving believed that she could better fulfil his wishes by keeping Ellen in a home, over all the management of which she herself should have the full control. A beautifully situated cottage, as it was called, was procured for her in the immediate neighborhood of her brother-in-law's residence. This arrangement gave her all the advantages of his society and his counsel, while it left her still to bring up her child in a home where she should learn to see piety the regulating principle of every movement.

My readers must suppose some years to have elapsed, and time, of course, to have brought its change on all parties. The old maid, Miss Irving, had become Mrs.—not by the regular title of matrimony, but by that unauthorized assumption of maternal dignity, which some one has facetiously termed brevet-rank. The merchant had grown older and richer, and as his hairs grew whiter, his disposition appeared to grow still more kind. Ellen's mother was beginning to sink with years; sorrow had hastened on the steps of old age; and Ellen herself had become a woman, and, without flattery, a lovely woman. Descriptions of female beauty are justly excluded from all narratives of which the writers desire to pretend to the reputation of common sense. Without any piratical interference with the peculiar property of fashionable novel-writers—an interference which would be as cruel as dishonest—I may perhaps be permitted to say that Ellen was now about twenty-two years of age, rather low of stature, with black hair, features full of intelligence and good-humor, a very white and high fore-

head, and eyes through which "her soul looked," and that soul was full of softness and affection. My readers may fill up the description as they choose.

I must, too, introduce them to a new character, with whom it is desirable, for the progress of my narrative, that they should make acquaintance. Mrs. Irving's brother had been also a clergyman in the north of Ireland. He too had died, leaving an only child, but he left him nearly altogether unprovided for. Charles Wilson had just completed his first year in college, with distinguished success, when the unexpected death of his father left him parentless and almost penniless in the world. His mother was many years in her grave, and all he inherited from his father was a good name, and a few hundred pounds, to struggle through a world where a good name is said to be but a poor inheritance, and merit and talents without wealth are but too frequently despised.

As Charles stood by the grave of his father, he felt the bitterness of all this. He heard the clods of dust fall with a deep echo on the coffin of his parent, and it seemed like a knell to proclaim to him that he was alone in a cold and heartless world. In bitterness of soul he returned from the grave, which seemed to have covered all his hopes and prospects on earth.

It was necessary for him to remain a few days at his father's late abode. He was there alone; and during these days of solitude, it is easier to conceive than to describe the feelings that passed through his bosom. Few persons but those who have experienced them can ever conceive the mingled feelings which enter into the pride and the ambition of a young man, successful in his first entrance into college. Indistinct hopes of the future grow upon the imagination, and mix themselves up with the hallowed recollections of the past. Many a one that will read these pages will remember that the sweetest and most sacred ingredient in that honorable pride is the joy that success may bring to a parent's heart—the knowledge that a father's and a mother's eye will grow brighter at the news of the distinction of a son. Charles had felt all this. Many a time had his mind been excited in the laborious struggle of competition, by the thought of his father. Many a time had the satisfaction of his success been enhanced by the pride that glistened in his father's eye. It was a union in which the purest sympathies and emotions of our nature hallowed and beautified the passion for personal distinction, and the pride of personal success. But his father was now gone, never more to be glad at the honors of his boy—he felt his heart to be stricken down—the stay of his pride and his ambition was broken, and the feelings that leaned upon it hung drooping on the ground.

The violence of grief subsided into the cold and cheerless feeling of desolation. He regarded himself as an outcast on the world. He was poor, and he fancied himself friendless. His pride could not bear the notion of struggling with the real ills of poverty, and with a thousand others which he imagined to belong to it. He had confidence enough in his own talents to believe that he might depend on them, but when he thought of raising himself by their exercise, he felt as if he was a penniless adventurer, and his spirit could ill brook the taking of a character which the proud ones of the earth regard at once with suspicion and contempt. He was ready to give up all his prospects rather than meet the sneers and the repulses of a world which he pictured to himself all that was selfish and cold. A simple incident taught him a lesson, if not of truth, certainly one of usefulness.

The evening before he was to leave forever the place of his birth, he went alone to take a last farewell of his father's grave. Unseen, as he thought, by any eye, he threw himself upon its new laid turf, and he sobbed as if his heart would break.

All the feelings which I have attempted to describe rushed through his bosom. In bitterness of soul he wandered from tomb to tomb, until he came to the low wall by which the church-yard was separated from the parsonage where his infant days had been passed, but which never must be his home again. He had now no home. Every spot called back some recollection of former days—and the brown hues of a cloudy March evening, which was rapidly closing in, shed over each familiar spot a sombre character, that was suited to his state of mind. The little stream still purled through the grove, where many a time he had searched for the blue-bell or the May-flower. The old thorn still rose in its rude and jagged antiquity, behind the rustic seat, where his father had often taught him the lessons of religion. Every shrub was familiar; he could tell almost every blade of grass within the precincts of the place that "should know him no more." No wonder that his heart was full;—he leaned against the grave-yard wall, and again gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears.

He was startled by a step close beside him—he turned round, unwilling that a stranger should have surprised him in his grief. It was a relief to him to find that it was old Robert Browne, sexton, who had known him from his childhood. He had been long a servant in his father's family; when appointed to the office of sexton, he occupied a cottage on the glebe land, and still regarded himself as a servant of "his reverence." There was something in his appearance suited to his office. His dress was sombre, and, without being threadbare, its shape and fashion was of

the olden time. In one hand he carried a shovel, in the other the huge key of the church-yard gate. There was a slight hobble in his gait, which was perceptible as he trod upon each of the grave mounds with which the yard was full. He transferred the key to the hand which held the shovel, and touched his hat to Charles, with a respect that seemed accorded as much to his grief as his station.

"Master Charles," said the old man, "I don't wonder that you should take this sore to heart; but it's God's will, and the poor master was ready for it; he's happier in his grave to-night than many are out of it."

Charles muttered an indistinct assent.

"We must all submit to the will of God," continued the old man. "I ask your pardon, sir," he added, after a pause, "for being so bold; but let an old man that loved the poor master speak to you. I seen you, sir, when you were sobbing on the grave beyant. I thought your grief was more violent than a Christian's ought to be—more than your father would like to see. . . . We must all submit to God's will."

"It is not always easy," replied Charles. "You don't know, Robert, what it is to be left a lonely orphan in the world."

"Indeed, sir," replied the old man, "I knew it once;" and a sigh escaped him as he spoke. "Just at your age I was left without father and mother in one week; and what was more, I did n't know where to get my dinner the day after they were buried; and I thought my heart would sink in my bosom. But my mother's last words were to me, that God was the father of the fatherless—and they gave me comfort; and from that day to this I never knew what it was to want. And I have brought up a goodly family, and seen them all well settled in the world but Sally, that's with me yet, and is a comfort to my old age, and her mother's. Thank God, Master Charles, you're good at the learning, and got on well in the college; there is no fear but you'll come to good, though I often heard the poor master say he had nothing to leave you but a good name; but, indeed, as I said to his reverence, that was better than riches with a bad one."

"But Robert," said the other, "the world does not think so. It's a cold and heartless world for a person to go through; a good name is little thought of without money. It's a selfish world, Robert," said Charles, bitterly.

"Master Charles," replied the old man, "it's not for an ignorant man like me to teach a college-bred gentleman like yourself; but old men sometimes know things. Now, it's odd enough that a great many ladies and gentlemen, I've remarked, are fond of speaking that way of the world; but, in throth, I don't just think it's all out so bad; it's

wicked enough, God help it, but ~~there~~ are many kind and good people in it; and us to selfish, why, every one looks to their own, as it's only proper they should; but, indeed, Master Charles, I believe that in the world there are plenty of people to do a good turn in reason to a neighbor. I never could understand them that was always complaining of the selfishness of the world, unless, may be, that they would expect that every one would put themselves out of their own way for them they might know nothing about, which to my mind would not be reasonable at all; but for kindness within reason, I think the world is far better than you might think, considering the wickedness that's in it."

There was something in the shrewd common sense of the old sexton that jarred upon the gloomy philosophy in which Charles had been indulging. Still he felt that there was truth in what he said; he mused for some time; at last he replied,

"I'm afraid, Robert, it's but a poor world for one without either money or friends to get on."

"Don't say that, Master Charles; if a man will stay complaining of the world, it's the long odds but he'll make reason for himself to find fault with it; but, if one will only just think nothing about whether the world's good or bad, but see what, with God's help, he can do for himself, and do it—and if he will trust, Master Charles, in One who is far better than any one on this earth, he'll find, I'm thinking, that the world's nothing to complain of, and wonder how ever he could have thought it so bad. Many persons, I'm thinking, complain of the world because it won't do for them that will do nothing for themselves."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Sally, the old man's daughter, of whom he had spoken. She came bounding over the graves as lightly as if nothing of death were under the sod—her long black hair flowing down upon her shoulders, and her black eyes laughing with the glee of youth. It was impossible to avoid being attracted by her singularly handsome figure, which her light step showed off to great advantage. On perceiving Charles she stopped and seemed confused; her confusion appeared to proceed from the feeling that her levity of manner was inconsistent with his grief. With a natural propriety of feeling, which often in persons of an humbler rank anticipates the effect of those conventional rules which bind their superiors, she stopped and sobered down her manner to a suitable gravity. With a blushing hesitation she offered her simple condolence.

"Master Charles, I'm sorry for your trouble, sir."

Charles' reply was anticipated by the re-

proof of her father for climbing over the church-yard wall. Sally, it seemed, had been sent by her mother to call the sexton to his supper, and had found a short way to fulfil her message over a part of the wall which had partly fallen down.

"Indeed, Sally," said the old man, "you are too wild; you are getting a woman now, and must not be getting on with the ways of a wild girl."

His reproof, however, was delivered in a mild tone, and he could not conceal the satisfaction with which he looked on the sylph-like form of his really handsome daughter. She looked up archly and said,

"Father, I'll get old and sober time enough. I'm only a wild girl yet. They say," she added thoughtfully, "that none know sorrow sooner than those that are born with a light heart; so I may make the most of mine;"

"Sally," said Robert, "Master Charles is leaving us to-morrow, for good and all," — his voice faltered as he spoke, — "the last of the old stock is going away" — and he struck the spade deep into the ground, and folded his arms across it. Sally's eyes filled with tears. "Well, God bless him wherever he goes. Master Charles," she added, "will you ever think of Glenvale, and the poor old parsonage here!"

Charles felt his emotions overcome him; large tears streamed down his cheeks. The little party were silent for some time; Charles leaned with his back to the wall, old Robert still resting on his spade, and Sally standing, looking wistfully up into the boughs of an old hawthorn that shot out its gnarled and straggling branches over the graves of the dead. The sexton was the first to break the silence; he spoke as if unconscious of the presence of his companions.

"Well, many a grave I have dug in this church-yard, and many a one, gentle and simple, I have seen laid low; but never did I grieve for mortal as for him that I last put in. I hope those that come after him may be like him."

He dropped the spade on which he had been leaning; he advanced towards Charles, and grasped both his hands. "Master Charles, God Almighty bless you, and keep you wherever you go; and maybe, when you are a great man in the college, you would sometimes be coming back to look at his reverence's grave; and I'm thinking, Master Charles, you'll be a very great man before you're too proud to come to see old Robert Browne; it would do my old eyes good if I could once see you in your father's pulpit, and yet, maybe I might live to see you made provost or some other post as good, in the college."

"Sally," said the old man, "bid Master Charles good-by; the old master was always

fond of you — fonder nor one would think from your wild ways. I hope, when Master Charles sees you next, you'll not be as wild as you are now."

"I'm thinking maybe he'd find me wilder; but I pray God, he may see me as light-hearted, though indeed my heart is sore for the old master; but, father," she added thoughtfully, "they say that when a light-headed body comes under this old thorn they can spee; so I heard the people tell. Maybe it was speeing of me, that put into my head; so mind, Master Charles, when next we meet I may be wilder, but not so light-hearted."

She said these words in a half-solemn, half-cheerful tone of voice; there was the superstition she mentioned connected with the tree — that half-witted persons, when standing under it, became endowed with the gift of speeing or prophecy. She took Charles' offered hand — "Good-by, master Charles," she said, "God bless you and keep you; and maybe," she added, looking up at the tree, "when next we meet you'd have much need of his blessing."

Her father rebuked her for what he deemed her ill-timed levity.

"Indeed, father," she said, "I could not help it. Master Charles knows my heart is sad, God help me, for them that's gone; indeed, father, there is no lightness in my words; they come into my head, as if I could not help to say them; maybe they have their meaning. God bless you again, Master Charles."

Charles took her extended hand; he almost involuntarily imprinted on it a kiss; "Good-by, Sally, and God bless you."

As he grasped the rough hand of the old sexton he felt a warm tear fall on his own. "God bless you again," said the old man. "Mind, Master Charles, don't mind abusing the world, but see what you can do for yourself in it, and trust in God, sir. I'm like David, Master Charles; I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed — no, never, Master Charles, never" — He did not finish the quotation; he could not bear to use an expression that would even imply the possibility of his old pastor's son being brought to beggary.

This conversation the reader must suppose to have occurred a few years previous to the time at which I have chosen to commence my narrative. Charles had taken the old man's advice. He had not abused the world, but tried what he could do for himself in it, and old Robert's words had turned out true. He obtained a scholarship in the university, and with the help of this, and the few hundred pounds which his father had left him, he was able to make his way to the bar; the profession to which he had chosen to devote him-

self. His prospects were now fair of advancement in life. He had made many friends, and had met with much kindness, and began seriously to wonder how ever he had believed the world to be so bad.

Other hopes too had come in to animate his efforts. When children, he and Ellen Irving had been playmates; and the recollections of her childish beauty had never wholly lost their influence on his mind. When his collegiate pursuits fixed his residence in Dublin, it was of course natural that he should be frequently at his aunt's, and in the society of his cousin; perhaps equally natural that he should form for her an affection which he persuaded himself was returned. Not that ever a word of love had passed between them; Charles' pride prevented this. He knew that Ellen was the heiress to a large fortune; he determined that he would not seek her hand until he could appear not altogether to seek it as an adventurer. With the natural enthusiasm of youth, he imagined that the attainment of his profession would immediately place him in a position in which he might honorably seek it. He knew that Ellen felt for him as he did for her, and on this assurance he was content to rest.

Mrs. Irving was not unaware of Charles' feelings towards Ellen, and she more than suspected these feelings to be returned. She did not, however, feel it right or necessary to discourage him. In Charles' principles she had the fullest confidence. She was not one of those who sought for her daughter a good match; or rather she had different notions of what constituted a good match. She did not covet great wealth for her child, but happiness, and she believed that with a competence happiness might be found. She feared, however, that her brother-in-law might entertain different feelings; and, although she was determined to act as she thought right, whenever her daughter's happiness would be concerned, she rather desired that she might not be obliged to act contrary to the wishes of one whom she naturally regarded as her protector.

Charles' father had been succeeded at Glenvale by a Mr. Leeson, who had been recommended to the appointment by the possession of some aristocratic connections. At the time of Mr. Wilson's death, Mr. Irving had very kindly undertaken to settle some matters of business with the new incumbent. This created an acquaintance between these gentlemen, which was subsequently kept up.

Mr. Leeson had a nephew, a young man who had just succeeded to the family property, and was heir presumptive to a title now in the possession of some very distant relative. He had been educated at Oxford, which learned place he left with the enviable reputation of being the most dissipated man, the

best pistol shot, and the idlest fellow in the university. After leaving the university with these valuable acquirements, he spent a few months with his cousin at his living; after this he visited Dublin; during his stay there Mr. Irving showed him some attention; at his house he met Ellen; he was struck by her beauty, and understanding that she would certainly be left a large fortune by her uncle, he began to think, as he himself expressed it in a letter to one of his companions, "that he might do worse than give over raking for a little while, and commit matrimony with a devilish good fortune, and a devilish fine girl."

An unexpected summons from England, the nature of which he did not disclose, and which no one of course inquired, prevented him from taking any steps, at that period in his schemes. The following year, however, he accepted Mr. Irving's invitation to renew his visit. And as he had learned, on accurate authority, that Mr. Irving's wealth exceeded even the sum that common report had assigned to him, he did so with the full intention of carrying his matrimonial speculation into effect.

Charles was, at this time, just at the eve of being called to the bar. Every day confirmed him in his belief that Ellen was not indifferent to him. His ardent spirit, too, fancied that every obstacle would be soon removed, and that his prospects in his profession would soon assume so brilliant a coloring, as to present his proposal for Ellen's hand in an unobjectionable light even to Mr. Irving. Poor fellow! he knew little of the profession he had chosen — of "the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick!"

It was just then that the gay and fashionable Mr. Leeson presented himself as his rival. He was a young man of polished exterior, and of prepossessing manners. And having, of course, tact enough to conceal his real character, he was a favorite with Mr. Irving. Without much difficulty he obtained that gentleman's sanction for his addresses to his niece. Mr. Irving was flattered by the prospect of a coronet, and imagined that there would be but little difficulty in procuring Ellen's consent to become Lady —.

Mrs. Irving did not regard this matter with the same composure as she had looked on the attentions of her nephew. Her first wish was, that her daughter's husband should be a religious character. She told her brother-in-law, however, that she had made up her mind not to exercise any undue influence over Ellen's choice; she had great confidence, and justly so, in the judgment and feeling of her child; and if she thought she would be happy with Mr. Leeson she would give her full consent to her marriage with him.

Leeson had been an open scoffer at religion.

at Oxford he had narrowly escaped a heavy collegiate censure for his daring avowal of infidel opinions. With wonderful tact, however, he now accommodated himself to the feelings of those whom it was his object to conciliate. He professed a deep respect for religion; with great candor, however, he acknowledged that it had hitherto occupied but little of his attention. He assumed the attitude of an inquirer, and, if things must be called by their right names, he played the part of the hypocrite most admirably. On Mrs. Irving he completely imposed — on her daughter partially.

Ellen and Charles had never interchanged a word on the subject of their mutual attachment, and yet, in the inmost recesses of their souls, each had long regarded the other as the object of a conscious love. To Ellen's pure mind this feeling carried with it all the sanctity of an engagement; and, although she could not plead this in reply to her uncle's persuasions to encourage the addresses of Mr. Leeson, to her own heart it was in itself a sufficient reason why she should refuse them.

Not that she needed this motive to determine her. With that intuitive perception of character which often seems an instinct of the female heart, she felt that there was an undefinable something about him which she could not like, and, with all his winning manners, and even his appearance of regard for religion, she distrusted him. She felt, or fancied, her dislike was an unreasonable one, and, therefore, an unjust one; and, therefore, she tried to overcome it, but in vain; there are untaught and unreasoning antipathies of the heart, which are under the guidance of something higher than either reason or experience.

Charles, however, could not see what was passing in her mind. It was natural that he should feel a jealousy of the addresses of one who had over him so much advantage in external circumstances — in all that men regard as calculated to bribe the female heart into regard. Born of a family far higher than his circumstances, Charles had all that sensitiveness of pride which such a position is calculated to nurture. He dreaded the character of an adventurer above all things. Had Ellen been destitute of fortune he would long since have plighted to her, in words, those vows of constancy and love which he had registered in his heart.

Upon such a disposition, the sensitiveness of which was aggravated by a morbid nervousness of temperament, the result of sleepless midnight hours, and intense application to study, the presence of a rival like Mr. Leeson produced effects almost amounting to madness. He fancied that Ellen encouraged his addresses, perhaps because he thought it most probable that any woman in her circum-

stances would do so. His pride could not bear the thought that ever he had offered the homage of his heart where it had been rejected. He determined to appear indifferent — he rejoiced that never had a distinct avowal of his affection passed his lips. He resolved to make Ellen believe that any past attentions had not been serious upon his part; he wished her to believe that he had trifled with her affections, so false is the passion which men call pride; he had rather that she should have a just cause for reproach, than an unjust cause of triumph.

And he almost succeeded in conveying to her the impression he desired, and he made her miserable; his visits gradually became fewer and fewer at the cottage, until even his aunt remarked to him that he was neglectful of his friends. Occupation, and the necessity of intense study, furnished him with an excuse.

In the mean time her uncle, and even her mother, urged upon her the propriety of receiving the attentions of Mr. Leeson, which were so marked as no longer to be capable of being misunderstood. Mrs. Irving had been imposed on by the artfulness of his hypocrisy; she believed that he was such a man as her father would have chosen for Ellen; and, while she was not altogether dazzled by the worldly advantages of the match, so as to overlook higher considerations, she certainly did feel proud of seeing her daughter occupy that exalted station which she knew she was qualified to adorn.

Poor Ellen was greatly perplexed; she feared that Charles, if he had ever loved her, no longer regarded her with feelings of affection. She could find no rational grounds for her dislike, or rather distrust of Mr. Leeson; but she felt that she could not love him. Had she been a girl of less high principles, she would not long have hesitated; but she shrunk from solemnly pledging, at the altar of her God, the tender of feelings which her heart told her she could not fulfil.

She told her feelings to her mother; Mrs. Irving was not altogether capable of understanding their depth. "My child," she said, "if your heart tells you that it will not go with the vows you make, let nothing ever tempt you to make them; but Ellen, my dear, do not be led away by the notions of a romantic attachment which young people so often believe should be the foundation of marriage. Esteem is the real source of the only love that will last; it is almost in itself the love that a wife owes to her husband. Do not, Ellen dear, refuse a man whom you esteem, because you do not feel that wild, girlish sentiment which perhaps your education has not fitted you to form; but consult your own heart, and pray to God to guide you to what is right."

The mother affectionately kissed her child; Ellen made no reply. She might have answered her mother's argument by analyzing her feelings towards Mr. Leeson, and questioning whether the distrust she felt for him was consistent with esteem. But her own heart suggested a more sufficient reply; she had but to compare her sentiments towards him with those with which she still regarded her cousin, to know that she did not love him.

In sadness and sorrow she went out alone to a favorite seat which overhung the sea.

Clontarf is a little village on the sea-shore, at the distance of about two miles from Dublin. The magnificent bay spreads its broad waters before it; far across them, on the opposite side, rise the romantic hills of Killiney, and further still behind them, the Wicklow mountains repose upon the sky; the city itself lies to the westward, like a German metaphysician, almost always obscured in the dun atmosphere of its own smoke; a little to the north-east rises the Hill of Howth, and far away to the eastward you can discern nothing but the blue and apparently boundless billows of the Irish channel; except, indeed, at eventide, when, like a solitary star on that wild waste of waters, you can see glimmering afar off, the lantern of the light-ship, a vessel which is moored on a sand-bank many miles out at sea; bearing, even on the bosom of the perilous element itself, the starlike signal of safety, or, to speak more correctly, of danger to the mariner, presenting this really romantic object, and performing these important services under the unromantic and unpretending designation of "the Kish Light."

The residence to which Mrs. Irving had retired was situated on the sea-shore, some little way farther down than the village of Clontarf. The grounds, confined as they were, reached down to the beach. Just on some rocks which breasted the billows of the deep, a rustic seat had been constructed, so as to command a view of all the scenery of the bay. It was a favorite retreat of Ellen's; and, in her present frame of mind, there was something attractive in its sequestered situation.

It was almost the dusk of an autumn evening; the clouds hung heavily in the sky, and cast their dark shadows over the sea, along which the waves were running in troubled and irregular succession. The tide was near its height, and the spray was dashed high upon the rocks. One or two leaves from the trees, which grew down to the water's edge, were now and then whirled round and round in the eddies of the rude blast. Ellen wrapped her cloak close round her, as she walked rapidly along the gravel walk. There was a melancholy in the aspect of nature, suited to the state of her own mind. She sat down on the seat, and, leaning her head on

her hand, she looked over the sea, where the wind was sleeping along the waves.

She had sat for some time; the shadows of the clouds were getting darker on the waters, and the Kish light, shining distinctly on the black horizon around. Ellen was just thinking of returning home, when her attention was attracted by a female figure that had been apparently making its way along the rocks upon the sea-shore, and was moving up to the cultivated grounds about the cottage. The female stopped, and looked earnestly at the cottage, for a few minutes, not many yards from where Ellen sat; she had, therefore, concealed herself by the trellised paling that surrounded her, an opportunity of scanning the singular figure that presented itself.

The figure was tall, and, even amid the disfigurement of a large gray cloak that was wrapped around her, singularly handsome. The head was fastened round with a red band, and a profusion of the most luxuriant black hair streamed half way down the back, outside the cloak. Her feet and legs were quite bare; the cloak was manifestly intended for a shorter figure, and so, indeed, it appeared was the red petticoat which appeared under it, for the legs were uncovered nearly to the knee, and the skin, which was of a delicate whiteness, appeared torn by brambles. Her back was partly turned towards Ellen, so that she could not see the face; but the form appeared to have her finger in her mouth, and to be gazing intently on the cottage, and muttering to herself. Ellen thought she distinguished her own name.

"Ay," cried the figure in a louder tone, "ay; little she knows about him; little — little — little —" The rest of the sentence was lost in muttering.

The beating of Ellen's heart was so loud as almost to prevent her from listening; she caught by the trunk of the beech tree which was close to her.

"Little she knows; little — little;" again resumed the stranger, "maybe, little she cares that he has forsaken one; and made the light heart a sad one;" again she fell into the low muttering. Ellen could distinguish nothing but the word "Glenvale." A mist came over her eyes; she thought she should have fallen. Her mind instantly reverted to Charles: she knew not what to fear; a thousand thoughts were in that moment. Her agitation made her move so as to attract the notice of her mysterious visitant. She turned round with a glance of fire from eyes of the deepest black. There was an expression of wildness in the countenance. Ellen felt as if she had seen the features before. Indeed, even through its wildness, there was a beauty that made it not easy to have seen and have forgotten. She rushed, or

rather sprung, towards Ellen — “Ay, then, Miss Ellen, I’m glad — glad to see you; it is for you I’m looking; maybe, darlint, to save you from a sore heart — a sore heart, Miss Ellen, it’s a sore thing. Maybe you don’t know; — put your hand here, Miss Ellen;” and the poor creature flung open her bosom, and placed Ellen’s hand upon her heart.

“Miss Ellen, you don’t know me;” she continued, looking up earnestly in her face, and in the earnest gaze Ellen recognized a face which she had not seen for years. My readers, perhaps, have before this recognized Sally Browne.

“I did not know you at first, Sally; I did not expect to see you here,” replied Ellen, startled at the manner and appearance of her old friend; still more startled at a thousand terrible thoughts with which her appearance was associated.

“No wonder,” replied the other; “no wonder. I’m not like what I was when I used to catch the lambs for you at Glenvale. I used to be light-hearted. I am light-headed now — my brain’s not right, Miss Ellen, dear.”

It needed not these words to assure Ellen of the truth. The poor maniac put her hand to her head and tapped several times with her finger on her forehead.

“I might tap long, Miss Ellen,” she said; “but they’re in it — whirling about — ay — ever since the day I saw them both — the sod’s over them — and white daisies are on them — you know his hair was white — white, white — like the snow;” and she walked away, apparently forgetting her companion altogether.

Ellen recalled her with a voice trembling with agitation. She raised its tone almost to a scream, before the other heard it. She started.

“Who says Sally? O, ah, Miss Ellen, dear!”

“Did you not say, Sally, you had something to tell me?” said Ellen, scarcely knowing what she said.

“Oh, Miss Ellen!” replied Sally, “I have to tell you — look at me, darlint; you would n’t like to be like me — you would n’t like to wander the world — you would n’t, Miss Ellen, dear — now take care, Miss Ellen, don’t trust him — he loved me too.”

“Who?” interrupted Ellen, in violent emotion.

“Who!” exclaimed the other, looking with a piercing stare into her features; “are not you to be his bride — won’t he make you a grand countess — did n’t he say it to me?”

The maniac paused; Ellen breathed freely.

“Ay, Miss Ellen, he will put diamonds in your hair, but they will turn to serpents, and they will get about your heart — so don’t take them — they’re here;” and again

she bared her bosom and pointed to her heart.

She sat down at Ellen’s feet, and seemed more collected.

“I’ve wandered far to-day, Miss Ellen, to tell you this story; and when I did come I wandered in my mind — I can’t think of anything.”

“How is your father, Sally?” inquired Ellen, hoping that the question might recall the scattered recollections of the poor creature.

She looked up full in her face, and an expression of deep meaning passed across the wildness of her features. She clasped her long, lank hands; and her only reply was by a troubled moan. For some minutes she continued this low and dismal sound, while she rocked herself backwards and forwards with a motion that kept a sort of time to her moans.

She continued this motion for some time: at last she started to her feet. She grasped her head wildly with her hands, and then caught Ellen’s with a violence that made her shrink. A sudden fire seemed to light up the maniac’s eye. “Listen to me, Miss Ellen,” she cried, while her voice appeared to assume new energy; “listen to me — I must tell it. A woman does not like to tell her shame; but the vow of the dead is upon me;” and as she continued to speak, her breathing rose higher and higher. “Be warned, Miss Ellen; it was Edward Leeson that made me what I am; it was he that broke my father’s heart; be warned, Miss Ellen. He wants to marry you; I know he does. Come, listen to me; there is no one near us, but them that you don’t see. Come, now, here give me your solemn oath that you’ll never marry him.” She paused — an unearthly fire lit up her eye — she squeezed Ellen’s wrists with a painful and convulsive grasp. “Swear it, swear it,” she repeated, with a violence that was becoming alarming, “as you would miss the curse — the curse — the curse, Miss Ellen!” she screamed. “They’re here to curse you — do you see him — there, there — swear — look at him — he’s beckoning me — his hair is all white — swear.” Her eyeballs were straining on some point by the seaside. A cold shudder passed over all her frame, while Ellen was literally compelled to give the required vow. The maniac became calm. “Did you see him, Miss Ellen?” she said, in a low and fearful whisper — “my father — he was there;” and she pointed in the direction in which her eyes had been previously directed. “I saw him standing on that rock.”

She paused for a long time, overcome by excitement; she resumed, in a subdued tone: “Poor old man! he was always fond of you, Miss Ellen. Do you remember, long ago, when you were at Glenvale; and we

were both children; and then I was the bonniest child in all the country except yourself; and Master Charles used to vex you, saying I had blacker eyes than you, and the old man would take you on his knee, when you would begin to look downcast, and tell you that you had the sweetest face in all the country side; and that you would yet make a nice wife for Master Charles. Even in death he did not forget you. You have all my story, Miss Ellen, darlint. My father and my child are in one grave; his white hairs are in it; but when he was cold under the sod he came to me in his winding-sheet, and he sent me to you; and I have to tell you—he—he—Miss Ellen—he forsook me—he left me to die by the road-side, if I chose, when my father put me out; ay, and the old man's heart was broke, and he never looked up more. I bore it all until I saw him die—and my child, too. I was with him when he died; I saw him as the breath went from him; and he forgave me, and he blessed me; ay, and he blessed the baby; but that, Miss Ellen, went hard with him; but he did bless it, and he died; and I sat day and night beside the corpse. I talked to it all night. They wanted me to quit it; and before the morning light the child had gone to him. The dead man's blessing was on it; and it took fits and died. Then something passed through my head; and from that morning out—they say I'm mad—but I saw him that's gone. He came to me in his white shroud; and he laid the vow upon me to come to you, and then I was to wander the wide world, a desolate creature, to go near neither kith nor kin—to disgrace them—that was what he put upon me. But maybe there's good for me in the next world; there's none in this. But I've done one vow, and I'll keep the other, though it's a hard one too, to be desolate in the earth—desolate—desolate—desolate!" and, repeating the word with bitter emphasis, she turned to depart down towards the sea.

It was now almost dark, and the tide had risen so high that there was no passage along the rocks. The mad girl stood just upon the edge of the water; her dark figure clearly discernible amid the white spray that was dashing round her. "Look, Miss Ellen!" she cried; "look!" pointing out towards the light that glimmered on the horizon from the light ship; "look! it's all black but that one star—all, all, all!"

She stood for a moment gazing on the light; then turned round, having discovered that there was no egress by the way she had come.

She once more advanced towards Ellen. "Good-by, Miss Ellen; if I have said anything queer don't be angry with me—remember my poor brain is turned. I've told

you all, Miss Ellen; and keep your promise, darlint, and sometimes think of me. Maybe, Miss Ellen," she added doubtfully, "you would sometimes pray for me; pray that my wanderings may be short." She hesitated, as if it were almost impious in her to ask prayer for the only blessing she seemed to regard as possible for her.

"The tide's full in," she began again; "and one might fall in along the rocks, but I'll be watched; my time's not all in yet. Would n't I make a pretty corpse, Miss Ellen, dear, if they found me with my long hair all wet with the salt water!"

They were startled by the sound of Mrs. Irving's voice, in gentle tones, exclaiming, "Ellen, my love, why are you out so late!"

Sally started; "I must be off," she cried wildly; "my business was with you."

Ellen almost mechanically held her.

"It is my mother, Sally—tell—tell her all."

Mrs. Irving was now quite close to them. She was surprised at the strangeness of the figure which she saw wildly held by her daughter; she had no time, however, for inquiry. The maniac suddenly disengaged herself with violence from the gentle grasp that had detained her. Her eyes glared with fire; she raised herself up with proud dignity to an elevation that gave her fine figure a look of commanding energy; and while she raised her voice to a shriek, expressing the mingled emotions of terror and triumph, she cried out in an unearthly tone, "There!"

Ellen looked in the direction to which her out-stretched arm pointed; there stood, motionless and breathless, Mr. Leeson; her uncle was following a few paces behind.

There was, perhaps, fortunately for all parties, little time for thought or reflection. The maniac moved towards the object of her hate, as if she would have scorched him with her just indignation.

"Edward Leeson," she cried, "I have found you! Edward, do you know me; do you know the mother of your child? When last you saw me you told me I might go with it to hell; but it's in heaven, where you'll never be. Listen to me, villain, listen! The very dead have come to warn me about you. The blessed dead don't come back for nothing. If there is a God in heaven, vengeance will overtake you. You broke my father's heart. Let this lady ask what of the old sexton of Glenvale. Well she knew poor Sally when she was a child; she would not know her now; but she's promised; and listen—the curse of the light heart that you have made heavy is with you wherever you go!"

A wild peal of laughter, such as none but maniacs laugh, closed this address, in which no one had ventured to interrupt her. She

rushed down towards the sea, and disappeared apparently into the wave.

"Good God, she'll be drowned!" exclaimed Mr. Irving, as he rushed to stop her; but her movements were too rapid; she had passed with a light step along rocks that seemed almost impassable; and before he reached the water's edge the same fearful laugh was echoing from a place which he knew to be one of safety.

From the incoherent ravings of poor Sally, my readers will gather as much as they can wish to learn of the dismal tale of the transactions in which she was concerned. They can have no difficulty in conceiving the natural result of her terrible disclosures.

Of all these occurrences I knew nothing at the time. My readers may therefore conceive my astonishment, as I was accidentally present at the scene which I must now describe.

Charles Wilson, I have already mentioned, had obtained a scholarship in the University; and he made his rooms his residence up to the time of his being called to the bar. An intimacy subsisted between him and me for some time. I remember, it must have been within some days of this strange interview, we had made a plan for a day's excursion into the county Wicklow: we returned late in the day by one of the evening coaches; we both were tired, and as we passed a tavern in — street, Charles proposed that we should have supper.

I do not now remember by what accident we were shown, not into the coffee room, but into a small room set apart for more private parties. There were two tables in it; at one of which Charles and I seated ourselves, and were soon engaged in the discussion of our supper with the appetite of hungry men.

While we were thus engaged, a second party entered the room and took possession of the other table. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, was a handsome young man; at least he would have been both handsome and gentlemanly in his appearance, if he had not both the manner and look of a *roué*. He was accompanied by a dandy-looking young officer, who was smoking a cigar, and a bluff and vulgar-looking, middle-aged man, who had something the look of a dog-stealer, but was also engaged in the gentlemanly occupation of the cigar.

A strange glance passed from the leader to Charles. Charles was evidently confused; there was, however, no sign of recognition.

"Do you know those chaps?" I asked, thoughtlessly.

"I don't want to know them," he answered, shortly, and began vehemently to pick the leg of a turkey, which had constituted a portion of our supper; he showed, however, no other symptom of agitation.

I understood the shortness of his reply as a reproof of my impertinent inquiry; and like most persons who have received a deserved rebuke, I was very well inclined to be silent. Conversation altogether flagged at our table; but the others appeared well inclined to make up for it by their noisiness.

Their leader commenced calling for champagne; and I could not help thinking that he did so in a pointed manner, as if to ridicule the less aristocratic call which Charles had just that instant made for two tumblers of punch. It was not, however, pointed enough to justify a notice. Charles' face colored, and he again vehemently picked a bone.

The others commenced a conversation in a tone so loud that most of what they said could be heard at our table, particularly as our humble beverage by no means appeared as exalating in its effects as the champagne, of which their libations were certainly not stinted.

The officer talked of cock-fights and horse-races; the fat-faced gentleman of fighting bull-dogs, in a tone, and with a zest that seemed to confirm my guess as to his occupation. The other was generally silent, although occasionally he joined with the others in boasting of exploits of a character even more disgraceful than those of the heroes of the cockpit and the dog-fight.

At last he said to his companions, "Boys, I must tell you of my last adventure. Only think of it; an old rascal thought to hook me into matrimony with his niece."

"Into matrimony!" exclaimed the officer, incredulously.

"Ay," he said, "an old Jew of a Dublin merchant, who thought his money would be well spent in buying even the contingency of a coronet for a vulgar-looking niece that he has taken as his child; she was the daughter of some country curate; but I humored the thing, and had a month's sport out of it, feasting with the uncle and flirting with the niece. I had them all in high tune; but, egad, the plebeian wretches took the matter too seriously, and I have been forced to cut it short."

Charles' features underwent a thousand changes of color and position during this speech, which the speaker rendered still more disgusting by language and insinuations of which no gentleman could be capable. I felt anxious to escape the contamination of such society.

"Who were the wretches that had the impudence to try to take in *your lordship*?" exclaimed the dog-stealer, as he thrust repeated spoonfuls of some made dish down a throat which gaped like the crater of a volcano, which, indeed, he made it resemble in other respects by being guilty of a certain practice to which volcanoes are said to be addicted.

"Honor bright," exclaimed the officer, in

a tone of jest with which much of seriousness was mingled.

"By——!" said the other, striking his clenched fist on the table, "there is no 'honor bright' in it; their name is Irving."

It was the work of an instant for Charles to rise from his seat and move towards the blustering bully. He was calm and collected. In tones of thunder he said, "You are a liar and a scoundrel!" burst from his lips; and his clenched fist had stretched Mr. Leeson beside his chair.

I now rose to interfere; for the dog-stealer had grasped a bottle of champagne, apparently with the intention of breaking it on Charles' head; the officer, however, dashed it from his hand, and raised up his fallen companion. Charles kept his ground unmoved. Mr. Leeson very soon revived. "This," said the officer, "must of course be settled elsewhere."

"Sir," cried Charles, "Mr. Leeson knows me. I am nephew to the gentleman of whom he has dared to speak with disrespect; I am cousin to the young lady whose name he has dared to pollute with his ruffian lips; he was for months the guest of that gentleman; he sought that young lady's hand; he has been rejected because he was found out to be a scoundrel; and you know sir," he added, emphatically, "if what I say be true, his conduct to-night has been that of a liar, a ruffian, and a coward."

"You shall answer for this, sir," cried the infuriate Leeson. "Fortescue, the matter must be settled soon," he added, with a cold, sneering expression, to his companion; "the sooner the better—you will be my friend."

"I'm damned if I do," was the quick reply of the other, "in this or anything else to a man who has acted so."

The young officer rose in violent agitation and pulled the bell; he asked for his share of the bill; and with a significant "Leeson, you know where to find me," he left the room.

Charles flung his card most contemptuously on the table; and we followed his example. Mr. Fortescue was apparently waiting for us in the passage; he addressed Charles—"Sir," he said, "I feel it right to apologize to you for having been in any way a party to the wanton insult that was offered to you to-night; but I have done what I could in the way of reparation."

Charles assured him that he had more than exculpated himself. The young officer walked down with us towards college. As we went along, he said, "We are both in for a shot from him; I may put you on an equal footing with myself. Leeson is a professed duellist; he can snuff a candle at twelve paces; this accounts for his conduct to-night; these bullies are always cowards at heart; but perhaps one or other of us might bore him;

if the first of us does it, it will save the second: but I fear it's a blue look-out."

At parting, he shook hands with Charles. I could not help thinking, pretty much as two men would do, who found a source of sympathy in being both condemned to death.

"O'Brien," said the poor fellow to me, "will you stand by and see me shot? It is but little trouble; but I must get some one to do it."

I scarcely knew how to act in taking this office upon myself. I was utterly unacquainted with the laws and usages of duelling; and it seemed a matter in which a knowledge of them might be essential. At last I thought of consulting a relative of my own, an officer whose regiment was then quartered in Dublin. Charles and I had spent some evenings with him in barracks; and having obtained Charles' permission to communicate all the circumstances to him, I set off without losing a moment to ask his advice.

At the time of which I write, the law of public opinion did not bear so strongly against the practice of duelling as it does now. A duel, even where its termination was fatal, was esteemed a light matter. In this, as in every other instance, the tone of general feeling influences that of individuals. I confess I looked upon the matter in which I was engaged in a light very different from what I would now regard it. This much I may just hint in extenuation of myself to those who may be disposed to try my conduct by a rule more unerring than the fluctuating laws of public opinion. The world has grown wiser upon the subject since—the same years have taught me much. No one, perhaps, has ever passed through the changes and chances of a varied life without feeling that much of wisdom lies in the lessons of experience.

With some difficulty I made my way to Major Williams, in his apartments at George's-street barracks. He listened calmly to my story.

"The fellow escaped too lightly," he said, when I had concluded. "Of course he will send a challenge. Wilson must, of course, meet him; but he is not to receive his fire; he may shoot him the first time if he can."

I mentioned to him what I had heard of the skill of the other. He started and betrayed visible emotion. "Poor fellow," he cried, "this is a cursed system—this villain will shoot him like a dog—fellows like him insult society—damn the bully!" he repeated, bitterly, at the conclusion of the broken sentences which he had uttered half as an address to me, and half soliloquizing.

"Are you up to such matters?" he said eagerly.

"I can't say I am," I replied.

"Did you ever load a pistol?"

"I have," said I.

"What for?" he said, with a smile.

"To shoot sparrows," I replied, catching at the moment from him an expression of gaiety that was far from my heart.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "his chance is not worth a groat; this noble young fellow will be shot by that scoundrel; it is a cursed system—damnable—damnable—if it could be done without."

He paced up and down the room for an instant. "He shan't be murdered—no, by,—" he added, with an oath. "Will he let me be his second, O'Brien?—will you give me your place?" A smile played on his features as he spoke.

"Are you serious, major?" I asked.

"Perfectly serious," he replied; "his only chance is in an experienced second. I have seen some affairs of the kind," he continued, with a melancholy air; "they are horrible businesses; but this poor young fellow must not be shot without a fair chance."

It was not difficult to obtain Charles' consent to the proposed substitution. "I do not, however," he added, with a ghastly smile, "release you from your promise; you must come and see me shot."

Contrary to our expectation, we heard nothing from Mr. Leeson that night. I felt a kind of regret; I thought it would have been all over the next morning. There was a horrible suspense that was worse than the most terrible certainty; and yet I could not but feel that it was a day's reprieve to the poor victim of the system, by which a coward first insults and then murders, and calls this satisfaction to injured society.

Next morning, however, a gentleman waited on Charles, from Mr. Leeson. There was no apology asked or offered. The gentleman was referred at once to Major Williams to "arrange" everything.

The place chosen was the celebrated spot in the Phoenix Park, known by the name of the Fifteen Acres; the hour fixed was as early on the next morning as there could be sufficient light for the work of death. All these arrangements were made, and communicated to Charles before twelve o'clock in the day.

"I have the rest of the day to myself," he said, bitterly, as Major Williams left him, promising to call for him at five in the morning; and telling him that he would settle all other matters, so that he need think no more about it.

My readers have of course—that is, if, as I am bound to believe, they be possessed of an ordinary degree of intelligence—understood the results of the disclosures of the unfortunate Sally. It may be imagined that Mr. Leeson very speedily took his departure from the cottage. Mrs. Irving fervently thanked God that

her daughter had been preserved from misery. Mr. Irving appeared hurt at his own want of discrimination; he consoled himself, however, by the reflection that "the rascal was a most accomplished hypocrite;" but, he added, "I might have suspected him when he took so suddenly to religion."

Upon Ellen the effects of the extraordinary scene she had witnessed were such as might have been expected from its agitating nature. An illness, that confined her for some days to her room, was the consequence. Charles had heard something of the occurrence from her uncle, who told him at the same time that Ellen showed more sense than they all. She never could endure the fellow, though she could give no reason for her dislike.

These few words excited a tumult of feeling in Charles' breast. His agitation could not escape the notice of the other.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, with the air of one who had just made a discovery; "maybe the secret's out—maybe she liked her cousin best, ho, ho!"

There was nothing of displeasure in the tone in which he spoke. Charles' heart beat too violently to permit him instantly to reply, and, something having called off Mr. Irving, the conversation dropped.

Brief, however, as it had been, it had a deep import to Charles' heart. Ellen had rejected Mr. Leeson. How deeply had he wronged her by his unmeaning jealousy! Her uncle, too, had alluded to the possibility of her loving him, in a tone that conveyed no disapprobation. How did he long to ask her forgiveness, and declare his own love! Something told him that he should find it no hard matter to obtain the one, and induce her to accept the other.

It was in this state of mind that he had met Mr. Leeson in the manner I have described. He had not yet seen Ellen, as she was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave her room. When he found that he had one day, perhaps his last day, to himself, he almost mechanically bent his steps to Clontarf.

The face of nature wore a gladness that could not but throw its hues of cheerfulness over one who felt that he might never look upon that face again. The keen air of autumn gave a clear blueness to the sky and the sea—and the bright sunshine colored every object with a tinge of joyousness. As Charles passed along the shore, he paused to gaze upon the scene. The white sails of a hundred skiffs moved joyously along the little billows that danced in gladness on the bosom of the sea—the white clouds sailed slowly over the sky—and far away the mountains raised their summits, standing out in unusual distinctness from the blue line of the horizon. All nature was in harmony with life—life and gladness—but that time to-morrow, what

might he be? There was something sickening in the thought.

He thought, too, of her who had been the vision of his dreams. He felt assured she loved him. Then could she bear his death? What right had he to sear the heart that was devoted to him? But it was now too late. It must be; and with this thought he quieted the emotions which, despite of himself, rose in his soul.

He thought, too, of another world, and of Him, before whom, perhaps, he must shortly stand. The recollections of his childhood rushed back upon his mind. He thought of the act in which he was about to engage. A cold shudder passed through his frame as conscience whispered that it was a violation of God's law.

"And yet," he reasoned with himself, "am I not risking my life in a cause that conscience must approve — to defend the peace and sacredness of a happy home, against injuries perhaps as deep and deadly as those of which the law takes cognizance? The soldier on the field of battle may look for protection while he defends his home and his country from his foe; why may not he who singly defends the peace of society against the enemy that would invade it?"

His conscience distrusted the soundness of the reasoning, but it satisfied him.

On arriving at the cottage, he found that Ellen was so much better as to have altogether left the confinement of her room. A deep blush crimsoned her entire features when she met him; both their manners were embarrassed. Persons are always embarrassed when each is conscious of their own acquaintance with a subject of common interest upon which they have never spoken.

Mrs. Irving insisted that Charles should remain there for dinner. Her brother and sister-in-law were to come and take share of a family dinner, and Mr. Irving would be glad to meet Charles.

Charles fancied there was some significance in the manner in which she spoke. He thought it might be his last day. He did not regret that it would be spent with Ellen.

Her cheek was pale from the effects of recent illness. When he gazed upon that pale cheek, and thought that before the morrow was over, sorrow might blanch it to a more ghastly hue, he felt as if his heart would break.

And yet, when he looked upon her, and thought of her so free from guile, so pure and upright, he felt as if she was not to suffer for his sake.

The Bible was lying open on the table, when he entered. His arm involuntarily rested on the sacred page.

"Charles," said his aunt, "will you finish for us a chapter we were reading when you came in?"

It was that chapter in the book of Genesis, in which Abraham prays for Sodom. When he came to the remarkable verse, "That be far from thee, O Lord, to punish the innocent with the guilty," his voice faltered; he could not go on.

Both his aunt and cousin fixed their eyes on him. He pleaded nervousness as an excuse for his emotion. He could not but remark the anxious glance his cousin cast at him, and the anxious tone of voice with which she told him to take care and not injure his health by study.

My readers must conceive an interview which I confess I am utterly inadequate to describe. He dare not allude to the feelings of his heart. Indeed, he had no opportunity as Mrs. Irving remained constantly with him until the hour of dinner.

Mr. Irving came in great spirits, at the unexpected success of some mercantile speculation. He rallied both Ellen and Charles on their paleness.

"Why, man," said he to the latter; "you look like a man going to be shot." Fortunately, he turned away too quick to remark the effect his chance words produced.

Dinner passed away, and Charles and Mr. Irving were left alone. Their conversation was on indifferent subjects, until, just as they were rising to join the ladies, Mr. Irving said, standing—

"Charles, you never told me if I was not right. There is something between you and your cousin, is n't there?"

"Indeed, sir," said Charles, "if ever we had spoken to each other as you seem to suppose, it would not be concealed from you."

"Well, well," said the other, "that's very right; but I see plain enough you've a liking for each other." He moved off towards the door, and, putting his hand on Charles' shoulder, he added—"She's my child, Charles, and, believe me, I would rather see her married to you without a penny, than to some we know of with a title and estates."

Charles' heart was touched. He felt as if he should communicate to Mr. Irving the perilous adventure in which he was next morning to be engaged. He attempted to speak, but his voice was choked in his throat; and, while he was hesitating, the other had passed on, humming a tune.

The state of his feelings during the rest of the evening was bordering on agony, but he felt a mysterious assurance that he would be safe. The words "Thou wilt not punish the innocent with the guilty," rested on his soul. When he looked on Ellen, he felt that there was a safeguard in her interest in him. Even when taking leave, the only sign of emotion he manifested was, that he mechanically retained her hand and pressed it for some

time. She reddened and withdrew it, with something like an expression of anger.

Mr. Irving's carriage was at the door; he pressed Charles to accompany him, and remain all night. Charles pleaded business as an excuse.

"Well," said the other, "come out to breakfast with me; get up early, and do your business first. Nine o'clock," he shouted, as the carriage rolled off.

"Yes," answered Charles, and proceeded to make his way home, with some rather gloomy reflections as to the probability of his keeping his engagement.

That night he addressed two letters, one to Mr. Irving, and the other to Ellen, both of which he entrusted to my care to deliver, in case he should fall.

The college gates had just opened next morning, when Major Williams, true to his appointment, came to Charles Wilson's rooms. Charles and I were both waiting for him. He was wrapped up in a military cloak, under which he carried a box, which, of course, I conjectured to contain a case of pistols.

"Make haste, Wilson," he said. "I have been kept waiting at these cursed gates until the hour for opening came. Your college clock is, like everything else about it, infernally slow."

Charles put out the candle which was burning on the table, and we moved down stairs. It was a rainy morning; a thick mizzling rain was drifted in our faces. As we passed through the college gates, two or three half-sleeping porters eyed us suspiciously, and yawned. Outside the gate, a hack car was waiting; on one side of it a gentleman sat, beside whom the major desired me to get. Charles and he got upon the other.

"Where now, yer honor?" said the driver, touching his hat with a leer that implied that he anticipated the answer.

"Up Dame Street," said the major, sternly, anxious to avoid the inquisitiveness of a porter who loitered lazily after us.

The driver applied the whip to the thing of skin and bones which supplied the place of a horse, and the animal dashed forwards with a speed which his appearance did not promise.

"To the Acres, yer honor!" said the driver, when he had gone far enough to need fresh directions. The major nodded assent.

"Gee up, my ould play-boy," said the fellow to his horse; and he applied the lash with a zest that seemed to indicate that he expected some sport and good pay.

The first dawn of day was scarcely discernible. The lamps were all burning in the streets. Scarcely any one was astir. It was altogether a dismal morning, and, wrapped up in our cloaks, on the crazy vehicle on which we sat, we seemed a dismal party. Not a word was spoken. The gentleman who

sat next me, I presumed to be a surgeon; but we had enough to do to keep the rain and foggy air out of our mouths, by keeping our mufflers close to them, and neither of us spoke.

We had reached that part of the Phoenix Park where the road winds at the bottom of the glen, the sides of which are thickly covered with hawthorns. I do not know whether it has any particular name. A lady of my acquaintance has assured me that it is called "The Valley of Thorns;" but I more than suspect that her own poetical taste has been the source of this appropriate name. About one hundred yards above the magazine, the major desired the car to stop. We were then just in the very heart of the Valley of Thorns; we struck off the roads at once. The light was by this time so clear that we could distinctly discern objects. Just as we passed an old hawthorn tree, a most extraordinary apparition burst upon our sight. I need not tax my reader's patience by circumlocution. It was that of Sally Browne. None of the entire party knew her except Charles, and even he at first did not recognize her. She presented, certainly, a most singular appearance, standing in our path in that sequestered situation. Her long hair was streaming behind—the red band could not confine it to her head. She rushed down, and looked from one to another of the party. She soon recognized the object of her search.

"Master Charles," said she, looking steadily in his face, "do you remember when last I saw you I speyed, Master Charles, and my speying is come true."

Even the coolness of Major Williams was completely disconcerted by this singular interruption.

"Sally Browne," said Charles, "what in the name of Heaven brings you here?"

"What brings me here? I know what brings you here. Did you not revenge me long ago—long, long ago?—and now—he's gone up there—he would have taken my life but for them that were with him, who said it was a sin to harm the mad girl. I stood in his road like his wraith, and I cursed him—and he trembled like that tree that the wind's shaking. It's a morning, Master Charles, that one would fear to meet their bad conscience; I cursed him—here—cursed—cursed."

"What, in the name of Heaven, is the meaning of this?" said Major Williams, in a whisper to Charles.

"The curse be upon him," said Charles, earnestly; "this—this is his doing."

"The speying's come out, Master Charles, when they that heard it are with the dead. I'm wilder now, but not so light-hearted."

"Poor, poor soul!" said the major, feelingly.

"Sally," said Charles, "we have not time to talk now; go back home again; this is no place for you at this hour."

"Home!" she cried, with an hysterical scream, that was something like a whoop; "home! I have no home—I must wander the wide world till I meet with the old man—the dead man with the white hairs—my home's the home of the wind—but I'll go—I'll not stop you as I stopped him—I tracked him these three days, and I found out that he was coming here, and I met him to curse him—and I saw his heart all wither up, and now I'm gone to wander for the dead man—the old man with the gray head—my father—father—father!" and, still muttering these words, she passed us at a rapid step, and disappeared among the white-thorns.

The delay had kept us so much that we had not time to ask for explanation of this singular occurrence. I heard Charles say to the major, "A victim of his perfidy." The major sighed heavily, and we walked on.

A few minutes more brought us to the ground. Mr. Leeson and his second were there before us; and a third person, whom I recognized as the gentleman to whom I had attributed the office of dog-stealer. Mr. Leeson had brought no surgeon. By this time the light was clear enough for all our purposes. The gentleman who was to act as Mr. Leeson's second stepped out to Major Williams:—

"You have taken proper precautions—a professional gentleman, I presume," said he, in a tone that seemed to imply that his friend had no need of such precautions.

"I have done all, sir," said the veteran, "that I thought right," with a dignified tone.

"Very probably," said the other, dryly.

"We are now ready for business," said the major in a tone approaching to haughtiness.

"Quite," replied the other, in a voice of imperturbable composure.

They moved a little further from their principals to settle preliminaries.

"Twelve paces," said Mr. Leeson's second, with an appearance of sang froid.

"No, sir," said the major, sternly.

"It's the usual distance."

"I believe, sir," said the major, "the challenged party has a right to some discretion; I wish fifteen."

The other retired to consult his principal; they talked awhile in visible agitation.

The major eyed them with a look, of which the scorn was not concealed.

"Major Williams," said the other, returning, "my friend seeks satisfaction for an outrageous insult—the distance you propose is too great."

"Then, sir," said the major, "you can have no objection to nine?"

I felt my blood run cold.

"It would be little better than murder," said the other.

"Nine, sir," taking no notice of what he said, said the major; "you have refused fifteen; I am anxious, on the part of my friend, to give you every satisfaction."

After some few words, the ground was measured at nine paces. When Mr. Leeson was placed, he became deadly pale. His coat was open, so as to expose a part of his linen on his breast. He attempted to button it; but his hand trembled so violently that he could not. The dog-stealer remarked it, and buttoned it for him.

The seconds loaded the pistols, and handed each to his respective friend. Some few words had previously passed between Major Williams and Charles, at which I moved off, that I might not overhear. He now handed him his pistol, and we all moved off.

The word was given—there was first one report—an instant afterwards the other. I trembled to look round. I heard some one exclaim, with an oath, "He's killed!" I looked towards the spot where Charles stood, certain that my eyes would be blasted by the sight of his bleeding corpse. But he stood, just in the attitude in which he had fired. Opposite to him his friends had raised up his unfortunate antagonist.

I ran towards him. Our surgeon was beside him. The wounded man had his hand upon his left side, indicating the direction the ball had taken. He had opened up his coat and waistcoat to search for the wound—the ball had carried in a portion of his dress into the wound. The surgeon shook his head.

The dying man perceived it. "I know it," he cried; "I'm done—curse it—I wanted his blood, and he has mine—curse him!" he cried, as he clenched his fist. "Nine paces—it should have been three—then we would have gone together—curse that mad banshee—CURSE YOU ALL!" he roared with a fiendish energy. A few more terrible imprecations, a few gnashes of the teeth, and that ferocious spirit had passed away.

There was silence for some seconds; the surgeon was the first to break it.

"Fly, gentlemen," he said; "it's all over here."

The admonition to fly was quickened by the appearance of a party rapidly moving towards us. All dispersed in different directions—Major Williams almost dragging with him his unheeding principal. There was something terrible in thus leaving the corpse of a fellow-creature, who, but a few minutes before, had come with us in health and strength. I felt I could not fly. I was amazed when

I found that the party approaching was that of Mr. Fortescue.

"It's all over," I said, pointing to the spot where the dead body lay.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Fortescue, "it is Leeson!"

I answered in the affirmative. He walked over where he lay stiff upon the sod. He gazed upon the dead body with a strange expression of features. I thought there was something of satisfaction in the consciousness that he had himself escaped. He said nothing, however, but merely asked me the distance they had been placed.

"Ah," said he, "he had a second up to his business. He saved his life—perhaps mine too. Leeson would have hit his heart at twelve—but he was unaccustomed to nine; besides, he was at heart a coward, and he got afraid."

He turned away from the corpse, apparently well satisfied that he was not occupying its place.

"It's a nice morning's work," he said, with an expression half of gayety, half melancholy. He took his intended second's arm and they walked off.

Charles kept his appointment with Mr. Irving that morning. "He had gotten up early and done his business." Of course he communicated to him the transaction. Mr. Irving was greatly shocked. The entire matter, however, ruined Charles in his estimation. When he had a little recovered from the shock, he began to question Charles about the particulars of the quarrel.

"Did the fellow say I wanted to hook him in?—bad luck to his impudence!—did he dare to say it? Well, Charles, you are a brave fellow; a pity your name's not Irving; you would be worthy of it. Maybe, Charles, you might take it yet," he added, significantly. "You must hide, Charles, for a little while. I suppose there will be a coroner's jury. You will not be prosecuted, but you had better keep out of the way just now. I know no better hiding-place than just where you are. You must not let yourself be seen by daylight; you can take out one of the horses, and have a gallop by moonlight for exercise. The search will not be very diligent for you; and this, very likely, is the last place they will think of looking. I remember the old woman in the country used constantly to put you in the chimney-corner to avoid the smoke, when the whole house was full of it. And sometimes you may avoid danger by staying near to it. Even if you are taken, the worst is a few weeks in jail, and of course a verdict of not guilty."

Thus lightly did he talk of a transaction in

which a fellow-creature had been sent to his last account—

With all his imperfections on his head.

The coroner's jury, after examining one or two witnesses, found a verdict—"That deceased came by his death by a shot fired by Charles Wilson, Edward Williams and another being assisting thereat, and that the value of said pistol was twenty shillings." The coroner, on this very grammatical verdict, issued his warrant for the apprehension of Charles Wilson, and Edward Williams.

It was generally said that there was gross mismanagement in allowing a coroner's inquest at all. I could not help thinking it a very natural result of leaving a body, with a pistol bullet in its side, lying in his majesty's park.

Major Williams obtained six weeks' leave of absence the very day the duel was fought.

Mr. Irving made very light of the legal proceedings; but Charles, in his own mind, could not divest himself of anxiety. The duel had been fought at an irregular distance; he had overheard the expression of Mr. Leeson's second, "It will be regular murder;" and just before the pistol had been placed in his hand, Major Williams had said to him, "Remember, there is no time for foolery now;" words which Charles feared that others might have overheard, and which, manifestly, were meant as advice to shoot his antagonist if he could; for I believe he was correct in his opinion, that when two gentlemen challenge each other to deadly combat, and fire loaded pistols, each towards the other, with the best aim they can, it alters quite the character of the transaction if anything has occurred, which would give reasonable ground of suspicion that either of them did all this with any intention of shooting the other.

Charles, therefore, entertained reasonable fears that all the circumstances I have mentioned, by furnishing grounds for such a suspicion, would tell against him on his trial. His imagination was haunted with the most dismal visions of the future; perhaps only the reflection of remorse for the past.

He could not but feel remorse. None of my readers can know—I pray they may never know—the feelings of the man that has ever, under any circumstances, taken away a life. Blood, no matter how justly shed, leaves a stain upon the hand that sheds it. The shadow of the murderer's curse darkens where the curse itself does not fall. "He who sheddeth man's blood," still walks in the gloom of that shadow. It is a terrible consciousness to feel that you have been forced to cut short a fellow-being's days. The soul darkens under the solemn sanction by which He who gave it guards the awful sacredness of human life.

If this feeling attaches itself to the mere act of taking away human life, even where the necessity that justifies it is most plain, much more did it exist in all its bitterness, when Charles had shed a fellow-creature's blood under circumstances, the propriety of which he could not help feeling questionable. Not but that he reasoned himself into the belief that it was an act of self-defence; in truth, it was so when he was engaged in combat; but why had he thus placed himself in a position in which he was forced to take another's life to save his own? In defence, he reasoned with himself, of those charities of social life, which it is the first duty of every man to guard from aggression.

He might have calmed all the secret upbraidings of his conscience by this reasoning, if it had not been that he saw, in the glance of Ellen, her judgment that he had done wrong. He dare not allude to the subject in her presence; but there was an air of calm and resigned melancholy about her, which seemed to denote that a wound was rankling at her heart. The bloom of health had fled from her pale cheek, and often did the large tear fall unbidden from her eye.

Charles could not but mark the change. Day after day he passed in her society, until his whole soul became absorbed in the passion that preyed on it. Yet there was something in the calm and settled melancholy of her look—in the quiet sorrow that dimmed her eye—in the meek paleness of her cheek, which, while it added to her loveliness, seemed to awe into silence even love.

A few weeks thus passed, and the time came when Charles and his companion surrendered themselves to trial. A previous intimation from Mr. Leeson's friends had assured Mr. Irving that they would take no steps to prosecute. The trial was a mere matter of form—the prisoners were arraigned for the murder of Edward Leeson—a jury were impanelled—no witnesses appeared—and a verdict of not guilty was pronounced.

The day of his trial he drove home with Mr. Irving in his carriage. The joy of that gentleman manifested itself in a manner more expressive than was usual. He repeatedly shook Charles' hand.

"Well, my boy," he cried, "it's all over now—not guilty—it can never come against you again. It was far better for you to stand a trial—not guilty—huzza, my boy!"

His joy subsided a little into a reflective mood. "Well, this is a glorious constitution under which we live—no man can be twice tried for the same offence. Quit forever, my boy—it is a glorious constitution."

Charles heartily concurred in the eulogium on the free genius of British law.

"Your aunt must see you a free man," cried the good-hearted old gentleman, as he

desired the coachman to drive to the cottage. Charles' heart fluttered in his bosom at the direction.

Mr. Irving's delight at Charles' acquittal appeared to have carried him quite away from his usual sobriety of demeanor. "Jane," he cried, as soon as he entered the cottage, "come and see your nephew quite free—not guilty, huzza!"

Mrs. Irving heartily embraced Charles, and welcomed him, as she said, back to liberty. Her congratulations, however, were mixed with tears. There was one, however, who met him pale and trembling. She had no congratulations either on her countenance or her lips. Faintly she held out her hand, and with an effort she murmured, "Charles, I am glad—you are—acquitted."

"Come, come, Ellen," cried her uncle, the ardent character of whose joy deemed such cold congratulations peculiarly inappropriate: "come, Miss, you are more glad than any of us. No pretence," he added, in a significant tone. Charles' face became scarlet—a slight tinge passed over the paleness of Ellen's cheek. She sat down without speaking, and took up her work, which was lying on the table.

"Well, well," said her uncle, "you women are the queerest beings in creation; it's well for them," he added, smiling, "that keep clear of you. There she is, happy in her heart to see her cousin back, and she looks as if she was just ready to cry—women always cry on their wedding day—I suppose it's the best method of expressing joy. Here, here," he added impatiently; "I know it all, Ellen," and he caught her hand. "Here, Charles, take her hand—I know it all." But the hand was sternly withdrawn. The old gentleman was surprised. "Perverse, perverse," he muttered. "Here, Jane, we'll leave them to themselves. Charles may make something of her; I can't."

Without giving her time for resistance, he hurried Mrs. Irving through an open casement into the garden, leaving the young people alone. Ellen did not raise her eyes from her work, but her face was deadly pale. Charles stood leaning on the mantel-piece. For some minutes he was silent.

"Ellen," he said at last, "Ellen, there is no need of affectation between us; you know I have loved you long—don't you, Ellen, know that I have loved you for years?"

"I do, Charles," replied the other calmly, without raising her eyes. Charles drew a chair close to her; she was trembling violently. "And, Ellen," he added, softly, "may I not believe that you have loved me?"

The other made no reply: tears fell large and fast upon the embroidery at which she was working.

Charles laid his hand upon her arm; his

own heart was throbbing violently; she started — she looked full in his face.

"Charles," she said, "there is no need of affectation; I have loved you, but never, never speak to me on the subject again!"

There was an expression of agony mingled with determination, in the manner she made the request, that gave it more the appearance of a command.

"Ellen, dear," said Charles, but he knew not what to add; it was a pause of deep and painful embarrassment to both — "will you not be mine — mine forever?"

She had risen from her seat, pale and breathless; she seemed like some marble statue, chiselled with incomparable skill; her hair, black as the raven's wing, fell down in glossy ringlets; the blood had left her lips.

"Charles," she said, evidently with an effort; "Charles, never, never speak to me on this subject again; it must not be; I dare not — no, I dare not. You have taken away a fellow-creature's life; I dare not — I would share with you poverty and suffering, but I dare not share God's displeasure."

As she uttered these words, she looked up to heaven, as if for support. Charles reasoned with her; he addressed to her the arguments by which he had silenced his own conscience — "It was self-defence," he said.

"Self-defence!" she answered; "Charles, dear, do not deceive yourself; why did you meet him in mortal combat? It was not self-defence that took you to the place."

"No, Ellen," he answered, "but it was the defence of what is dearer to me than life; I could not hear you spoken lightly of; I risked my life first."

"Charles, dear," she answered, in a tone of tenderness, "Charles, will this be a good excuse to your God for taking away the life he gave? What harm did those words do me? Were they worth being washed out in the blood of an immortal being?"

Charles was awed by the solemnity of her manner. "No man could listen to it, Ellen, and not punish it."

"Vengeance is mine, Charles, God says; it was not for you to take it from him — it was not for you to send a sinner to his presence."

In vain did Charles reason, and argue, and entreat. The simple girl answered every argument by an appeal to the words of the Bible, "Thou shalt not kill." Sternly did she refuse to be entreated. "I did love you," she said, "but my duty demands that I should forget that. I would have borne anything, but I dare not displease my God; perhaps it is a mercy. My foolish head had its dreams of happiness here below; they are gone forever. I will now think only of God."

She uttered those words in the spirit of one of those religionists who, in the Catholic church, solemnly dedicate themselves to God; indeed, as she spoke — her hands clasped in the attitude of attention; the calmness of resignation settling with a lovely radiance on her pale and sorrowful features; her eyes turned upwards, as if to gaze henceforward only on heavenly things — she might, but for her dress, have been the original of the beautiful picture of "the Nun."

Charles still hoped that time would wear away, in Ellen's mind, the stern resolution which now alone seemed to interfere between him and perfect happiness. But when weeks had passed away, and no change came over the spirit of that dream of duty, he gave himself up to the hopelessness of despair; he looked upon it as a judgment from God for having taken life. I might tell of scenes of suffering such as seemed enough to atone for guilt far worse than his. There was in the dark and gloomy history of the next few months, a chapter of truth which many might pronounce too highly colored even for romance; it is time, however, that I should bring this chapter to a close.

Ellen's health and spirits declined so much, that her mother removed to the south of England, in hopes that the change might restore her. Mr. Irving, who was deeply attached to his niece, accompanied her. Some short time afterwards, Charles Wilson left the country without bidding me farewell. I supposed that he had gone to some foreign climate, in the hopes of finding an early grave. I heard nothing of any of the party until, some months afterwards, casting my eye over one of the English papers, I met the following announcement, under the head of marriages:—

"In the church of South Molton, Devonshire, by the Venerable the Archdeacon of —, Charles Wilson, Esq., Barrister at Law, to Ellen, only daughter of the Reverend Charles Irving, late rector of —, in the diocese of Dublin."

Many years had elapsed, when I saw them both happy and honored in the midst of a growing family. Mrs. Irving was sitting by their fireside in a venerable arm-chair, smiling on the domestic circle. Mr. Irving had died full of years and honor, and left all his wealth to his nephew and niece, with the exception of an annuity to his maiden sister, who spent the rest of her life wheeling about in a wheel-chair, and drinking the waters at Bath. Charles had taken the name of Irving, and transferred himself to the English bar, where he had settled down into a snug situation.

From Chambers' Journal.

SLEEPERS AWAKENED.

THE phenomenon of trance is a subject almost equally interesting to the imaginative and the scientific. The world, when in its infancy, recorded the marvel in the myths of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the hundred years' repose of the Beauty of Faërydom; and as these dreams of imagination faded before the awakening power of knowledge, philosophers and grave physicians took up the tale, and sought to explain a mystery still full of darkness and awe.

Now, although of late the philosophic public have appeared more interested in sending people to sleep than in waking them up—as in mesmerism and electro-biology—it is possible that two or three incidents of the natural resurrection of the supposed dead, may not be void of interest to the general reader. We will begin with a winter's tale, to which we listened, under a most favorable conjunction of domestic and friendly planets, this last Christmas; the narrator being grandson to the heroine, and of course able to vouch for its authenticity.

Once upon a time—somewhere in the reign of George II.—a certain German colonel, in the service of the house of Hanover married a young English lady of great beauty and little fortune. In accordance with a courteous modern fashion, not common, however, in those days, some noble friends of the bride offered the young couple a home during the honeymoon, in their ancient and splendid castle in the north of England. The hospitality was accepted; and, as at the end of that period the soldier was suddenly compelled to rejoin his regiment, and embark for Germany, then the scene of war, the lady's stay was to be prolonged, at the request of her hostess, till his return. That period never came. He fell in battle a few months after his departure, and his wife did not long survive him. She died after giving birth to a daughter, whom on her death-bed she commended to the guardianship and care of Lady P——.

The trust was accepted. The orphan thus cast upon their protection was reared by Lord and Lady P—— as their own child in all things save one. They were Romanists; but her mother having been of the Church of England, their sense of honor prevailed, and they had her educated in the reformed faith, sending her every Sunday to the clergyman of the parish for religious instruction. She grew up a beautiful woman, accomplished also beyond her sex in those days; and so it chanced that Lord P——'s third son, returning from his continental tour, was struck by the change time had wrought in his heretofore playmate, and forthwith fell in love with the portionless but bewitching little heretic. Now, it might

fairly be imagined, that they who had loved and reared the young girl as their own daughter, and who had proved themselves so generous, just, and honorable, would have gladly sanctioned this union; but it was not so. Her religion—albeit she owed it to themselves—was an objection not to be overcome, even although she offered to change her faith, which, taught only at intervals, and contradicted by the habits and tone of thought of her daily associates, had not taken very firm root. Such a conversion, in truth, might justly be suspected under the circumstances, and the usual plan, therefore, was adopted—the lovers were separated. Lord P—— procured a commission for his son in the army of Frederick the Great of Prussia, and sent the young lady on a trip to Portugal, under the care of the English ambassador, who was his intimate friend, trusting that she might meet with somebody abroad who would prove a successful rival to the young soldier.

If worldly prudence was not one of William P——'s virtues, its lack was not apparent in his new position. He was serving a master who was not at all inclined to think discretion the better part of valor, and who watched with admiration through his telescope the desperate and daring courage with which the young Englishman carried a difficult post in his second battle. Turning to one of the officers of his staff when the day was won, Frederick desired him to summon "that brave English captain" to his presence. He was respectfully reminded that the young soldier did not hold that rank. "He has done so from the moment I remarked his conduct," was the reply. In the same summary style of promotion, the king greeted the Englishman at the close of another battle as "Major P——," adding a gracious wish to know if there were anything the young officer desired which he, Frederick, could grant. No more unwelcome reply could have been devised than the one made to this royal kindness. Major P—— respectfully requested permission to quit the service! Frederick heard him with as much surprise as displeasure; but after his implied promise to grant the request, he could not refuse. An order of dismissal was therefore drawn out officially, ending, according to the usual form, thus: "Major P—— is therefore at liberty to go —," the blank being left for the king to fill in. The angry Frederick added these words: "*au diable*, Frederick Rex." This curious dismissal and royal autograph are still preserved in Major P——'s family.

The officer did not go in the direction indicated; he merely proceeded to a country, the fends of which are, according to a sailor's proverb, "too civil by half." He went to Portugal; and, shortly after his arrival in Lisbon, renewed, as a matter of course, his family intimacy with the English ambassador,

who having never heard of the forbidden love-passages between his fair charge and the younger son of the P——s, made him always welcome at the Embassy; and so the days glided happily away, till a letter from the ambassador communicated to Lord P—— the startling intelligence of his son's presence in Lisbon, and his frequent visits to his old friend. The reply to this missive was a positive prohibition to the intercourse of the lovers, with which the good-natured envoy was obliged to comply. Their enforced estrangement fell heavily on both, especially on the lady, whose delicate spirits became suddenly and strangely affected. She grew faint and languid, without apparently suffering pain; and finally, to all appearance, died. The ambassador's daughters, young women of her own age, were greatly touched by this tragic catastrophe of the romance. The corpse was kept beyond the usual time in warm countries; and at their earnest and tearful entreaty, the despairing lover was permitted once more to behold his fair betrothed before the grave closed over her. It was the night preceding the intended interment; the coffin, which had already received its cold, still inmate, was placed upon a table covered with a black pall; the chamber was hung with black, and dimly lighted by large wax tapers, placed at the head of the bier. Tremblingly, the young man raised the veil which covered the face of the dead, and gazed upon the calm, fixed, colorless features in silent agony; then, bending down, he kissed the white lips fervently again and again — and oh, strange marvel of nature! the tale of the Sleeping Beauty, became a reality;

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt;

the lips trembled slightly, the eyelids moved; and the truth — enough to have turned a weaker head — flashed on him: she was not dead, but in a trance! With wonderful presence of mind, he extinguished the lights, lifted the sleeper from her coffin, and bore her into the next room, thus saving her from perhaps a fatal shock. Gradually the vital powers were restored; but no commands could now keep William P—— from her whom he had thus restored from the grave.

There had been no possibility of doubting the reality of the trance. The young lady had been insensible, cold, motionless, and, in the judgment of her physicians, dead for more than a week; and a full and faithful account of this strange incident was forwarded by the ambassador — now an intercessor for the lovers — to Lord P——. But, singular and touching as the incident was, it wrought no change in the sternness of the parents' determination; and feeling that he could not again expose his betrothed to such suffering, and hoping that when the deed was irrevocable they should be pardoned, William married the fair sleeper in

defiance of all prohibitions, and carried her with him to England.

If happiness were to be estimated by worldly prosperity, it had been better perchance for her to have slept on. They wrote a supplication for pardon to Lord and Lady P—— as soon as they reached London; but no reply was vouchsafed, no pardon ever granted, and the rash young couple found themselves in the great city friendless and destitute, the younger son's allowance having been discontinued by his father. What was to be done? Never were moral courage and energy more needed. But the fair sleeper possessed both; she was, moreover, an excellent artist, painting flowers admirably, and in those days the market for talent was not overstocked: perhaps, also, her story may have been whispered abroad, and the secret interest of the ambassador exerted in her behalf. She sold her paintings and little fancy articles — the fashion of the times — screens, and baskets, and painted fans, successfully, and thus supported her husband and herself. Strange contrast must their life have presented from its earlier years! Instead of the stateliest of England's homes — the poor obscure lodging; instead of all luxury and ease, appliances and means to boot of grandeur — the toil and the struggle for daily bread. Yet they were very happy. Both had doubtless learned the insufficiency of wealth and station to confer bliss, and found pleasures undreamed of before in the exercise of talent, in the pretty, needful toil, in the thousand little ties of sympathy and mutual hopes and fears, comfortings and encouragements. The fancy loves to dwell upon the interior of that home: the quaint little room with its old-fashioned furniture, the few stiff chairs, the polished table, the worked fire-screen, partially protecting the fair young artist from the blaze of the cheerful fire as she bends over her task, and groups of roses and lilies, and all the sweet old-world flowers, upon her paper, or on the velvet or tiffany destined for her lady-employers; whilst her husband, seated at her side, beguiles the incessant toil of its weariness by reading to her in a low sweet voice, or telling her of the great Frederick, and of the battles fought beneath the Prussian eagle. This is the fairest side of the picture. Many a real care and harassing anxiety must, nevertheless, have haunted the mind of the sleeper awakened, especially when the birth of her child, a daughter, demanded greater exertion and larger means. But there was no end to the ups and downs in the life of the honorable William P——. About this time, a distant relative, who had been interested by the romance of his love, died, and left him a large fortune — a greater trial than poverty to many a spirit. For a time, however, they enjoyed this sunshine of fortune — the more, indeed, from recent pri-

vation and poverty; but William was not—as his story thus far has shown—gifted with any great store of worldly prudence. There were numerous bubbles afloat in that day, marvellous contrivances for making—or, more certainly, marring—fortunes in an incredibly short space of time; and he was seized with the prevailing mania, entered into a wild speculation, and lost nearly all the wealth that had been so opportunely sent.

Once more the gaunt spectre, poverty, stood in the path of the sleeper, at a time, too, when the energy and spirit of youth had fled; and this time it forced the separation which nothing had been able to effect before. William P— resolved to return to Prussia, and reënter the service of Frederick; whilst his wife and their only daughter established a school for young ladies, with the money still remaining from their recent wealth. And thus years rolled by. The patient, industrious mother succeeded in retrieving some portion of their losses; the rash, eager, but generous husband, won laurels and wounds in still quicker succession. The daughter married, and became ultimately the grandmother of the narrator of the story; and, finally, General William P— returned, a few limbs minus, and very gray, but still fondly beloved, to his home, and died, full of years and honors, in the arms of his awakened sleeper.

Let us next introduce our reader to a small chamber in a country parsonage, a little later in the same century. The room presented a perfect picture of neatness, quiet, and repose. It was very plainly furnished, but manifested a certain elegance and refinement in the arrangement of the few simple ornaments on the chimney-piece, the flowers and books, and the old china cup of cooling drink that stood on a small round table by the open window, through which the warm air of summer stole softly, laden with perfume from the mignonette and stocks that flourished in the little garden beneath it. The sun's rays, broken by the fresh green leaves of a large walnut-tree, cast a clear, pleasant light through the snowy dimity-curtains of the bed on the face of an invalid who lay there, gazing with the listlessness of weakness, on the glimpse of blue sky visible from the open casement. It was a countenance that sunlight might be imagined to love, so good and gentle was it. Nor did its expression belie the heart within. A holy, charitable, unselfish man was that village pastor; but with the resemblance he bore—and it was a strong one—to Goldsmith's portrait of his brother, there mingled much of the thoughtlessness and improvidence of the poet himself; and the consequence of his boundless charities, and of his ignorance of money-matters, had led him into embarrassments, from which he saw no escape. He

would have cared little had his difficulties affected his own comfort only; but they fell likewise on those dearest to him, and anxiety for their sakes preying on his affectionate and rather timid spirit; the probable shame of an execution in his house, and the nervous horror he felt at the idea of being consigned to a prison, had brought on his present illness, and haunted his thoughts as he lay there in solitude after many restless nights of agonized and perplexed reflection, listening to the church-bells ringing for Sunday service, at which a stranger was to fill his place. From the days of Whittington to the present, the imagination has frequently given a language to those airy voices; and the poor pastor, as he lay overpowered and exhausted by long hours of painful and fruitless meditation, felt the nightmare, like a load of care which oppressed him, pass off as he listened, and a childlike faith in the goodness of Providence once more dawning on his mind. We do not pretend to interpret what they whispered, but it is certain that, soothed by the chimes, he yielded to a gentle and profound slumber, in which his wife found him shortly afterwards.

Care was at first taken not to break this desired repose; but as noon, evening, night, nay, a second day passed, and still it continued, his family became alarmed, and tried to rouse him. In vain! The awful slumber was as inexorable as that of death itself. It bound his senses in an iron forgetfulness. He could not be awakened by sound or touch. Sun after sun rose and set, and still the deep sleep continued. Meantime the evils he had dreaded gathered round his family. His physical condition preserved his personal freedom; but an execution was put in his house, and his wife and daughters were exposed to the direst evils of poverty. The rumor, however, of his trance-like slumber was noised abroad, and reached the lordly dwelling of a nobleman who resided near the spot, though he was not one of the clergyman's parishioners. Being much given to the study of physical science, he visited the parsonage to request permission to see the sleeper, and thus learned the varied sorrow that had fallen on its gentle inmates. With equal delicacy and generosity he proffered as a loan the means of paying the harsh creditors, assuring the poor wife that if her husband should ever wake, he would give him the means of repaying the pecuniary obligation. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the debt discharged. For the following two days, Lord E— was a regular visitor at the parsonage.

Sunday morning again dawned—once more the sun-light fell on the sleeper's pillow, and the bells called men to pray. Beside the couch were seated the miserable wife and her noble friend. The faint, regular breathings

of the trance-chained man deepened, and to her anxious ear the difference was perceptible, though Lord E—— shook his head, as she told him of it. She bent eagerly over the pillow: there was a slight flutter of the eyelids; she held her breath, and clasped her hands in an agony of expectation and dawning hope. The hand, so long motionless, stirred; the eyes opened: she could not speak for overpowering joy. The sleeper raised his head, slightly smiled on her, and observed; "I thought I had slept longer—the bell has not yet ceased ringing!"

He was unconscious that a whole week had elapsed since its tones had soothed him to rest. The wife fainted, and was conveyed from the chamber. The doctor was summoned; he found his patient weak, but not otherwise ill. A still more extraordinary mental cure had been effected by the genius of Sleep: he had totally forgotten his threatened difficulties, and from that hour recovered rapidly. Lord E—— conferred a living of some value on him; and when he was strong enough to bear the disclosure, his wife informed him of the loan so nobly bestowed on them, and the suffering from which he had been so marvellously preserved. The lesson was not lost. The new rector henceforward strove to unite prudence and generosity; and a career of worldly prosperity, as well as the far greater blessing of an implicit and cheerful faith in Providence, attended the renewed life of the sleeper awakened.

In both these instances, the sleep or trance was dreamless and unconscious. But there is one remarkable case on record,* in which the body only of the sleeper was subject to this death-like thralldom of slumber, the mind remaining awake; and the account given by the individual who endured this interval of life in death, is very singular and interesting. She was an attendant on a German princess; and, after being confined to her bed for a great length of time, with a nervous disorder, to all appearance died. She was laid in a coffin, and the day fixed for her interment arrived. In accordance with the custom of the place, funeral songs and hymns were sung outside the door of the chamber in which the fair corpse lay. Within they were preparing to nail on the lid of the coffin, when a slight moisture was observed on the brow of the dead. The supposed corpse was of course immediately removed to a different couch, and every means used to restore suspended vitality. She recovered, and gave the following singular account of her sensations:

* In an old magazine, dating 1798; and also in Dr. Crichton's Essays.

"She was perfectly conscious of all that passed around her; she distinctly heard her friends speaking and lamenting her death; she felt them clothe her in the garments of the grave, and place her in the coffin. This knowledge produced a mental anxiety she could not describe. She tried to speak or cry, but vainly; she had no power of utterance; it was equally impossible for her to raise her hand or open her eyes, as she vainly endeavored to do. She felt as if she were imprisoned in a dead body. But when she heard them talk of nailing the lid on her, and the mournful music of the funeral-hymns reached her ear, the anguish of her mind attained its height, and agony mastering that awful spell of unnatural slumber, produced the moisture on her brow, which saved her from being entombed alive."

One more little anecdote of a somewhat similar kind, which was related to us on the authority of a Hastings fisherman, and we will close our paper. It occurred during the cholera. The people of England have an especial horror of this terrible scourge, and nothing will induce them to believe that the infection is in the air, and not in the person affected by the complaint; consequently it was difficult, in some places, to persuade them to perform the last offices for the dead, and they hurried the interment of the victims of the pestilence with unseemly precipitation. A poor seafaring-man, who had been long absent from his native land, returning home at the time it was raging, found that his wife had been dead about three days, and that her coffin had been placed in a room with those of others, who, lodging in the same dwelling, had also perished of the disease. Greatly afflicted, the sailor insisted on seeing his dead wife. The neighbors would have dissuaded him, but his affection and grief disdained all fear, and he rushed into the chamber of death. There, forcing open the lid of the coffin, and bending over the beloved corpse, the rude mariner shed tears, which fell fast upon the pallid face, when suddenly a sound, something like a sigh, was emitted from the white lips, and the next instant the exhausted and death-like sleeper opened her eyes, and gazed up in his face! The joy of the poor fellow may be imagined.

We might multiply instances of this phenomenon, but as they would probably be familiar to the reader, or have at least been told before, we shall but add a wish that the old adage, "Too much of a good thing," may not be found a practical truth with regard to his sleep; and wish

To all and each a fair good-night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE BOOK.

I HAD been travelling all the weary night, aching on my saddle, and longing for repose. It was an October morning, crisped with frost, when I had to ford the Euphrates river, at that time about girth deep. I was strongly imbued with the impression that I was now entering upon the site of the reputed Garden of Eden; the traditionary lore of the Armenians now occupying the district was to this effect; they will have it that Adam was an Armenian, and that he was of their own color, though from whence the black race proceeded they never could make out. The stream was diverted into different channels, from one of which I drank, and would imagine it to be the spot where Father Adam had similarly refreshed himself, nearly six thousand years ago, though he had not the advantage of my drinking-cup.

What a wild and desolate aspect did this reputed Eden present to me! the low and swampy soil teeming with rushes. Desolation had swept it with her blasts; the cormorant and the bittern had here their hiding-place, but that sterner savage, man, was the most feared of any animal. Our little caravan was halted, the fire-arms were looked to, our chief, marshalling us in battle array, expecting every moment a surprise.

Some horsemen were seen in the distance. At rapid rate they came down upon us; but, instead of Koords, they were three Armenian bishops, with their attendants, from the little monastery of "Uch Kileseu," which was perched on a rock at the margin of the stream. The church is said to be the most ancient in Christendom, being built more than twelve hundred years ago. The whole is a remarkable-looking fabric, having the appearance of three churches, which its name implies. These worthies of the Armenian Church, instead of sporting cowl and cosnick, sported sword and pistol. Seeing travellers in the distance, their hospitality led them to come out to escort us to the refectory, and to warn us of those hidden dangers with which the country teemed. The monastery itself had been formerly converted into a fortress to protect them against the Koords; such was the excess of brigandage even in Eden! The worthy fathers had been often bearded by these Koords in their own entrenchments, and had withstood many a siege of chapel and battery.

The grim outline of the country bespoke sterility and waste in its harshest features; the low boggy soil which we were traversing was sandy, sedgy, and well stocked with wild boar; it did not suit our day's travel to accept the worthy monks' hospitality, so, with much

cordial exchange of greetings, and thanks on our part, they galloped off to a ravine in search of Koords. The bridle-rein seemed quite as familiar to them as the crosier, the high-peaked saddle as the pulpit cushion; they seemed to enjoy the sport of Koord-hunting, and, like old accustomed sportsmen, could almost scent their tracks.

Of all my Asiatic travel, which has occupied me so many thousands of hours, I scarcely recollect any place so utterly desolate and wasted as I was now going over, though great interest was attached to it as being reputed Bible ground. Mount Ararat was visible in the distance, towering in the sky with majestic grandeur, and a brilliant sun lit up the mass of snow on its summit, the clouds rolling visibly at the base. It was a glorious sight, and Little Ararat at the side, in mimic pomp, served as a sort of foil to the huge dimensions of one of nature's loftiest summits. An immense plain intervened, on which Noah's descendants might have located, and I could imagine creation, preservation, and all those glorious events to which Scripture testifies to have taken place there. There is a holy awe inspired on going over the soil which we imagine God to have personally visited; to see the mountain where he had evidently sheltered his chosen Noah from the raging of the mighty floods, and to be on the spot where was first seen his promised token, that he would no more drown the earth in her own waters, and where he had provided a spacious plain for his people to multiply, and from thence accomplish his great purposes of creation.

We are obliged to draw largely upon the imagination to "feather the wings of time" in Asiatic travel, and I was full of dreamy speculations respecting the earthly abode of our first parents until we arrived at the village of Diaden, which was occupied with Russian troops, the invasion of Turkey by the latter power being then in full force. I went to the citadel to pay my respects to the commandant (Prince Tchitchiwisouff), who was very gracious to the weary traveller. He commented immediately on the interest of my morning's ride, by saying, "*Vous avez passé par le véritable Paradis.*" I bowed my assent to his excellency, hoped it was so, felt rather incredulous, and having obtained permission to continue my journey (the country being then subject to Russian rule), I proceeded to a wretched mud-hovel, the best accommodation which we could procure, to cater amongst the villagers for food, as well as for Paradisiacal information. The Turkish villages are burrowed under ground, and small hillocks appear here and there, with a central hole for the ingress of air and the issue of smoke. To my great consternation and surprise, I once rode over a dwelling in this way, without being

aware of it until my horse's feet became plunged amongst the rafters (see *Three Years in Persia*, vol. I.); and in this instance, we were sadly inconvenienced by the dust, since the roof of the house where we were accommodated was the principal thoroughfare of the village. The rude villagers, ignorant as they were, were yet agreed on the point as to the locality of Eden, that the ground which I had come over was the site of the garden of our first parents; it was beyond all controversy with them, and I query if they had ever heard of any other. They are a remarkably ignorant race, having never learned letters; but few can read beyond the priests, for whom they have great veneration; their government is ecclesiastical, the chief patriarch residing at Etch Meizen on the other side the mountain. They spoke of the "Frat," or, as some call it, the "Hu Phrah," that ancient river Euphrates. This and Ararat are two undisputed points with all geographers, however much they may otherwise differ.

I had crossed it at different places; this river has its principal sources in the mountains of Armenia, one of which is about twelve miles from Erzuroume, the other is near Byzid; these two streams, pursuing a westerly direction, are near Mount Taurus turned into a south-east course by a range of mountains in that neighborhood; it is then joined by the Tigris, and these, when united, form one of the noblest rivers in the East, which falls into the gulf of Persia, fifty miles south-east of Bussorah, the whole course being about 1,600 miles. The Araxes, said to be the Gihon of Moses, takes its rise in a mountain called *Abbas*; it runs south-east across Armenia and a part of Persia, in a serpentine course of upwards of 500 miles, ultimately discharging itself into the Caspian Lake. This is a very rapid stream, and when swollen with the winter snows, nothing can withstand its violence. The Tigris is said to be the Hiddekel of Moses, and the other branch of the Euphrates to be the Pison of Moses; the latter flows into the Persian Gulf.

Having thus ascertained, from the best authorities which I can find, what are the four rivers mentioned by Moses, I will now briefly state what these authorities say as to the locality of the Garden of Eden.

Several of the fathers believed that there never was a local Paradise, and that all which the Scriptures say of it must be taken in an allegorical sense; and so preposterous have been the speculations respecting it, that some have planted it in the third heaven, within the orb of the moon, and under the equator. I will not recapitulate the absurdities, or rather the ribaldry of the Mahomedan superstitions on the subject; they merely testify to the concurrent belief that there was a terrestrial Paradise somewhere on the earth.

To show the wide latitude entertained by some writers, Josephus supposed that the Ganges and the Nile were two of the rivers mentioned by Moses. Other commentators have looked for it in Arabia, Syria, Chaldea, Palestine, and Armenia, near the cities of Damascus and Tripoli; and some have been so absurd as to suppose that it was on the spot now occupied by the Caspian Lake.

There are many places in the world which bear the name of Eden; there is one near Damascus, another near Thessaly in Chaldea, and again near Tripoli in Syria; and Aden, on the coast of Yemen, is construed into Eden; but this is straining a construction too far to meet any reasonable credence.

Opposed to all those chimerical absurdities, I will now state what appears to me the most reasonable conclusion as to the site of the Garden of Eden, and it agrees with the locality which I have traversed. A very eminent writer says: "Eden is as evidently a real country as Ararat, where the ark rested, and Shinaar, where the sons of Noah removed after the flood. We find it mentioned in Scripture as often as the other two, and there is the more reason to believe it, because the scenes of these three remarkable events are laid in the neighborhood of one another in the Mosaiical history; but the Jews, from their distractions, losing all remembrance of these localities, hence the Christian inquirers have lost their way for want of guides." Calmet, and some other ingenious writers, were of the same opinion, viz., that the terrestrial Paradise was in Armenia, near Mount Ararat, where Noah's ark was left. They imagined that they there discovered the sources of the four rivers which watered the garden of Eden. I can only say, that, with the exception of the Euphrates, they had dried up, or had disappeared, when I went over the ground, since I was many days near and under Ararat; the mountain was so huge, that, after travelling a whole day from it, it scarcely seemed to lose its dimensions.

Of this mountain, I learn from the same authority, "The situation of Ararat is very convenient for the journey of the sons of Noah from thence to Shinaar, the distance not being very great and the descent easy. We discover plainly, through the Mosaiic history, a neighborhood between the land of Eden, where man was created; that of Ararat, where the remains of mankind were saved; and that of Shinaar where they fixed the centre of their habitation."

I am the more confirmed in my opinion as to this locality of the Garden of Eden the farther I extend my researches, and, when I beheld this towering pillar, Ararat, standing on the frontiers of three mighty empires, Russia, Turkey, and Persia — this "mountain of the deluge," 16,000 feet high — it was a

most imposing monument of nature. Tradition sublimates it, and Bible associations give it a grandeur scarcely to be exceeded by any in the world; at the north, south, and east, it stands completely alone; in the west it is connected with the Adraigag chain, which stretches down to the Araxes. The village of Argicire, which once stood in a ravine of Ararat, 2,500 feet high, was according to tradition the oldest village in the world; here the vine was first planted by Noah, but it no longer exists. On the 20th June, 1840, after a hot and sultry day, at about dusk, the ground clave asunder, yielding up smoke and steam, the earth heaved, the mountains were rent, and hurling down immense masses of rock upon the village, the whole was buried! and, of nearly a thousand inhabitants, mostly Armenians, only about a hundred and forty escaped, in consequence of their absence. The next day Noah's mountain was as silent as the morning after the deluge; it may be truly said that "Ararat is not dead, but sleepeth."

Mr. Mylne says, that "in all ages learned men have labored to find out the situation of Paradise, which seems to be but a vague and uncertain inquiry; for the Mosaic description of it will not suit any place on the present globe. He mentions two rivers in its vicinity Pison and Gihon, of which no present traces can be found; the other two still remain, Hiddekel, supposed to be the Tigris, and the Euphrates, whose streams unite together at a considerable distance above the Persian Gulf, in some part of which it is probable the happy garden lay; but since the formation of the earth it has undergone great changes from earthquakes, inundations, and many other causes."

Where did Moses write his history, becomes a question. Some say that it was at Nineveh; others in the wilderness of Sinai; and, again, that it was written in Arabia Petrea, in some place nearly adjoining the river Pison, which bounds Havilah, and discharges itself in the Persian Gulf, this river being the nearest to him of the four which he named in the book of Genesis. The etymology of the word from "Poscha," to spread itself, corresponds to its situation, the waters of which are sometimes so high and violent that no sufficient defence can be formed against their irruption.

Havilah was at the eastern extremity of this part of Arabia; the land abounded with gold, bdellium, the onyx, &c. Writers have differed respecting the meaning of the term *bdellum* or *bedolaeh*, some supposing it to have been pearls, and others that it was gum. Moses takes his wife, Zipporah, from this country, and here his first son was born, *Gersham*, and here he takes leave of Jethro, his father-in-law, to visit his brethren in Egypt.

It has been argued that Moses, by saying that the garden was planted "eastward in

Eden," that it was designed to mark the particular spot where it was situated, which must have been at one of the turnings of the river, which goes from east to west, and which here branches into two streams, the Pison and the Euphrates; and, subsequently passing out of Eden, are divided into four heads. This hypothesis, which was first started by Calvin, is followed by many other writers. After all these speculations on the subject, the Mosaic description does not agree with the present state of things, for there is no common stream of which the four rivers are properly branches. Some say that Moses had a very imperfect knowledge of the world of which he wrote. How can this apply to the inspired Word! Others speculate on the changes which the flood had produced. Scarcely any two authorities do I find to agree, and the more I grope my way to the real Eden, the more difficult and intricate does it seem to be.

I will now trace a little further how these intricacies arise. Pastellus will have it that Paradise was under the North Pole; others contend that it was not limited to any particular place, but that it included the face of the whole earth, which was then one continued scene of pleasure until altered by Adam's transgression. Both Origen and Philo treat the Scripture account of Paradise as an allegory. Huet, Bochart, and others, place it beyond the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates, with both of which the Garden of Eden was watered. Pison was a branch arising out of one of them, and Gihon was another branch flowing from it on the side of Armenia. Huet thinks that it was situated in a valley between the mountains of Libanus and Anti-libanus, in that part of Syria of which Damascus was the capital. A town called Paradise was in this vicinity, which is mentioned by both Pliny and Ptolemy. There is a village called Eden in Tripoli, situated on Mount Libanus, near to the river Adonia and to the cedars of Libanus. Maundrell mentions this village as being in the vicinity of the terrestrial Paradise; but this seems to bear no analogy whatever to the description given by Moses. The term Eden is often used in Scripture (see Amos i. and v., and other Prophets).

Having wandered about in the mazes of speculation to find the terrestrial Paradise, I will now cursorily dwell on the etymology of the word "Paradise," which was primarily used to indicate the place in which Adam was seated during his innocence. The Greek word implies "orchard," or a place stored with apples and all sorts of fruits. It may be also called the "garden of delight," from the same language, "voluptus," or pleasure. It is likewise used in the New Testament for the final habitation of the blessed, or "Heaven." The word "Eden," according to its primary mean-

ing in the Hebrew language, likewise means "pleasure," or "delight;" and it has been imagined that this gave rise to those curious gardens in the East, which princes caused to be made to represent the most delightful spots. Even going back to Nimrod's time, he insisted that the Tower of Belus, erected by Nebuchadnezzar, was in structure and in size a typical Paradise, with its appurtenances of hanging gardens and quadruple watercourses, representing the four rivers which went round the garden planted eastward in Eden. These gardens are celebrated in Persia, and I have visited several of these delightful enclosures; the name "Baguy Soffre," the literal translation of which is "Garden of Delight," (see *Three Years in Persia*, vol. 1, p. 76). The Elysian Fields, the Gardens of the Hesperides, of Jupiter, and of Alceneus and Adonis, are supposed to have their origin from the Garden of Eden. Other curious speculations have arisen out of it, as to how far the ground of Eden was bituminous, since they say that a large portion of it to the eastward was on fire during the awful expulsion of Adam. God's judgments being executed by his angels, who are sometimes compared to flames of fire, it is supposed that the flaming sword was nothing more than the ground being ignited, and that at a distance it appeared like a brandished sword, turning every way with the wind. Others imagine the sword to have been no more than the torrid zone, or a region of flame inconceivably hot, like a furnace, and consequently impassable—its encompassing the whole earth sufficiently answering the Mosaic description that it turned every way.

What became of our first parents, after their expulsion from Paradise, I cannot find out. It is presumed that they did not remove far off. The corpse of Adam was said to have been carried by Noah into the ark, and to have

been afterwards buried by him; and I visited the reputed tomb of Noah's wife at Marand, a village about a hundred miles from Ararat. The period of their remaining in Paradise is very vaguely given. The sixth day, when God terminated his great work of creation, is mentioned as the day of transgression; but some think that a day and a year had at that time the same meaning. The juice of the forbidden fruit is said to have opened the eyes of the criminals by that awful mystery of sin! They felt the full degradation of their nature—they fell from innocence to shame—they shuddered at the presence of their Maker; the ground was cursed for their sake, as was all their posterity, and I feel in every pore of me that legacy of the divine vengeance which can only be cleansed by that precious blood "which cleanseth from all sin." The awful realities of the curse were before me of this reputed Garden of Eden. "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth." A few wretched huts were occupied by the most degraded species of the wild Koords; these were notorious brigands. Nothing remained of that once blissful garden of

Groves

Whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm.

Where was the place

— Chosen by the sov'ran-Planter

When he formed all things to man's delightful use!

And where was Eve's bower? Echo answers.
where! GERSHOM.

POSTSCRIPTUM. — If the Geographical Society were to offer their gold medal for the most approved and authenticated report of the terrestrial Paradise, the subject may be deemed worthy the prize, and there would be many competitors.—(Ed.)

DISCOVERY OF A BURIED CITY.—A buried city has been discovered in Egypt, named Saccakareh. It appears to be situated about five hours' journey from Cairo, near the first cataract. An Arab having observed what appeared to be the head of a sphynx appearing above the ground near this spot, drew the attention of a French gentleman to the circumstance, who commenced excavating, and laid open a long-buried street, which contained 38 granite sarcophagi, each of which weighed about 68 tons, and which formerly held evidently the ashes of sacred animals. The French gentleman has got a grant of the spot from the Egyptian Pacha, and has exhumed great quantities of curiosities, some of them ancient earthenware vessels of a diminutive size. This street, when lit up at night, forms a magnificent sight. It is upwards of 1,600 yards in length. Many of the curiosities dug out have to be kept buried in sand to preserve them from perishing.

The Miseries of Human Life,—an old friend in a new dress. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Co. have published in a neat form, a new edition of this work, which had great popularity when it first appeared some thirty-five years ago. The present editors have made some alterations in the work, judging it "best, in some cases, to substitute for certain dilemmas which are neither old enough nor new enough to be *piquant*, corresponding ones costumed for our own time and meridian, lest the Testys and Sensitives of to-day—it is a great family—should set us down as fellows of no mark or likelihood; a conclusion which might affect our market and livelihood, in the long run, by making it short."

It is sometimes a doubtful experiment to unearth the forgotten jokes of the last generation, but there is so much real wit in the "*Miseries*," and men and women are always so much the same, that in this instance we think it will prove successful.—*Daily Adv.*

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TO THE READER.

Don't skip "Sunday in the Nineteenth Century." Perhaps it is not so *good* as you think. There is a great deal of variety in it which will interest you. Some parts of the subject, which are generally neglected by *good people*, are brought out in a strong light; and the style and manner of the whole article are new, piquant, peculiar. Perhaps you may get entertainment enough out of it to make amends for the instruction you will get at the same time.

M. and Mad. Pulszky make a very free, and yet kind, use of a good many private names and houses. The Baroness D'Oberkirch gives a picture of the times of Louis XVI., which may serve as a *pendant*.

The great difficulty is to get grave old gentlemen to read the Tales. If they will try, they *can* do it, for these are good.

The number pleases us, though we hope to have generally a greater variety, especially of short articles.

THE promise that a second dramatic version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* should be produced at the Gaité on Saturday last was duly kept. The authors, MM. Wailly and Texier, so far differ

from their predecessors at the Ambigu-Comique, that they look upon the original story as a thing to follow, not as a thing to avoid. They, however, contrive to end the tale happily for Tom, since St. Clare lives to liberate all his slaves, instead of dying just as he is about to do a good action. Interest in the African race has even spread to the theatres of the banlieue, which have had a black drama of their own, *Le bœuf le Nègre*. So successful has this been, that it has wandered from the banlieue to the little Beaumarchais, situated on the boulevard of that name.

A VERY extensive collection, in eight folio volumes, of the published works of Mr. George Cruikshank — said to be complete, and containing upwards of 2,800 different designs, colored and uncolored — passed on Thursday last under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, for the sum of 87l. We had an opportunity of examining this collection with the attention which it deserved — and were indeed surprised at the fertility of invention and variety of observation visible throughout. In early life this really original artist was an imitator of Gillray — and worked in that great caricaturist's style with a masterly pencil. He soon, however, found out his strength, and became original. His middle, and perhaps best, period, was some twenty years ago; when he illustrated Fielding and Smollett — and caught that skill which has made his illustrations of "Oliver Twist" perhaps the happiest creations of his pencil. The collection which has led to these remarks will, we hope, find its way to the British Museum. — *Athenæum*

From Poems by Elisabeth Barnett.

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

I MIND me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun,
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanished quite ;
And wheresoe'er had fallen the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature led,
To sanctify her right.

I called it my wilderness,
For no one entered there but I.
The sheep looked in, the grass t' espy,
And passed ne'ertheless.

The trees were interwoven wild,
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep both sheep and shepherd out.
But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me !
I crept beneath the boughs, and found
A circle smooth of mossy ground
Beneath a poplar tree.

Old garden rose-trees hedged it in—
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
And careless to be seen.

Long years ago it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
The grave old gardener prided him
On these the most of all ;

And lady, stately overmuch,
Who moved with a silken noise,
Blushed near them, dreaming of the voice
That likened her to such !

And these to make a diadem,
She may have often plucked and twined ;
Half smiling as it came to mind,
That few would look at them.

Oh ! little thought that lady proud,
A child would watch her fair white rose,
When buried lay her whiter brows,
And silk was changed for shroud !

Nor thought that gardener, full of scorn
For men unlearned and simple phrase,
A child would bring it all its praise,
By creeping through the thorns.

To me upon my low moss seat,
Though never a dream the roses sent
Of science or love's compliment,
I ween they smelt as sweet.

Nor ever a grief was mine, to see
The trace of human step departed —
Because the garden was deserted,
The blither place for me !

Friends, blame me not ! a narrow ken
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and sward !
We draw the moral afterward —
We feel the gladness then !

And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall :
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.

Nor he nor I did e'er incline
To mar or pluck the blossoms white —
How should I know but that they might
Lead lives as glad as mine ?

To make my hermit-home complete,
I brought clear water from the spring,
Praised in its own low murmuring —
And cresses glossy wet.

And so, I thought my likeness grew
(Without the melancholy tale)
To gentle hermit of the dale,
And Angelina too !

For oft I read within my nook
Such minstrel stories ! till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees —
And then I shut the book.

If I shut this wherein I write,
I hear no more the wind athwart
Those trees ! — nor feel that childish heart
Delighting in delight !

My childhood from my life is parted ;
My footstep from the moss which drew
Its fair circle round : anew
The garden is deserted !

Another thrush may there rehearse
The madrigals which sweetest are —
No more for me ! — myself afar
Do sing a sadder verse !

Ah me ! ah me ! when erst I lay
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,
I laughed to myself and thought
" The time will pass away ! "

I laughed still, and did not fear
But that, whene'er was past away
The childish time, some happier play
My womanhood would cheer.

I knew time would pass away —
And yet beside the rose-tree wall,
Dear God ! — how seldom, if at all,
I looked up to pray !

The time is past — and now that grows
The cypress high among the trees,
And I behold white sepulchres
As well as the white rose —

When wiser, meeker, thoughts are given,
And I have learnt to lift my face,
Remembering earth's greenest place
The color draws from heaven —

It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for heavenly promise free,
That I who was, would shrink to be
That happy child again.

From the North British Review.

1. *Report from the Select Committee on the Observance of the Sabbath day; with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendix.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. August 6, 1832.
2. *The Duty of observing the Christian Sabbath, enforced in a Sermon, preached before the University of Cambridge, &c.* By SAMUEL LEE, D. D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University, &c. Second Edition. London, 1834.
3. *The Pearl of Days.* By a LABORER'S DAUGHTER. London, 1848.
4. *The Hendersonian Testimony.* Edinburgh, 1849.
5. *Memoirs of Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, Bart.* By THOMAS M'CRIE, D. D. Second Edition. Edinburgh, 1852.
6. *Statistics and Facts in Reference to the Lord's Day.* By the Rev. JOHN BAYLY, B. A., Clerical Secretary to the Society for Promoting the due Observance of the Lord's Day. London, 1852.

WHEN things are considered from the outside, the number Two is certainly the most apparent cipher of the world; and that owing to the very nature of existence. All things go flocking in pairs before hoary Proteus, that time-honored shepherd of the Dorian mythology, who continually drove his countless creatures over the fields of space, and was the symbol of the heaven-descended energy, or soul, of the visible universe. Every positive has its negative, every part its counterpart, every right its left, every surface its substance, every position its opposite, every yes its no. Each child of the Mighty Mother is united in marriage with another, and the two are one; but each is nothing without the other, or rather (not to state the point too curiously at present) each is quite another thing without the other. Sun and planet, earth and moon, night and day, cold and heat, plant and animal, animal and man, man and woman, soul and body, are so many instances of this duality. Yet the contemplation of these relations is unsatisfactory, so long as this external point of view is insisted upon. There must be some deeper law, underlying all this apparent duality; and so, indeed, there is; but it cannot be seen without looking at things from the inside, that is to say, not from the sensation of them (nor yet the judgment according to sense concerning them) but from the Idea; — for this is one of those weightier matters which yield their secret only to the eye of spiritual discernment.

Beheld from the ideal point of view, then, night is not night without day, nor day day without night. The thought of night implies that of day. Be it supposed that the earth did not turn on its axis, yet going round the

sun once a year, so that one hemisphere should bask in continual light, and the other lie in boundless shade. The imaginable Adam of the darkling side could never have called the unchanging state of his dreary gardens by the name of night; nor the restless denizen of the unshadowed and excessive paradise have ever known that the sun was the Lord of Day. It is impossible to pronounce the conception of Day, in the mind, without speaking that of Night at the same time, and also without (likewise in the same moment of thought) the intellectual sense of the likeness in unlikeness of Day and Night. Think Day, and you also think both Night and the Relation between Day and Night. In truth then the idea (call it that of Day, or that of Night) is threefold, not twofold; — Day, Night, and their Relation. Day is the thesis, Night the antithesis, their Relation the mesothesis of the triad — for triad it is, and not a mere pair or duad, after all. It is the same with all the other couples cited above, and with all couples, for every idea is a trinitarian. Positive pole, negative one, and that middle term wherein they are made one; sun, planet, their relation; solar atom, planetary one, their conjunction; and so forth. The term of relation, betwixt the opposites in these ideal pairs, is sometimes called the Point of Indifference, the mesoteric Point, the Mid-point. This mid-point is to be seen standing betwixt its right and left fellow-elements in every dictionary; for example, Men, Man, Women; or adjectively, male, human, female. "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

Now this threefold constitution of ideas is universal. As all things seem to go in pairs to sense, and to the understanding, so all are seen in threes by reason. This law of antinomy is no limited, no planetary law, nor yet peculiarly human; it is cosmical, all-embracing, ideal, divine. Not only is it impossible for man to think Beauty without simultaneously thinking Deformity, and their Point of Indifference, Justice without Injustice and theirs, Unity without Multiplicity and theirs; but those several theses (Beauty, Justice, Unity, namely) cannot be thought without these their antitheses, and without the respective middle terms of the pairs. As the eye of common-sense cannot have an inside without an outside, nor a solar orb without a planetary orbicle (inasmuch as it ceases to be solar the instant it is stript of its planet), so the eye of reason cannot see an inside without seeing an outside and also their connection as the inside and the outside of one and the same thing, nor a sun without his planet and their synthesis in the solar system. In short, three-in-one is the law of all thought and of all things. Nothing has been

created, nothing can be thought, except upon the principle of three-in-one. Three-in-one is the deepest-lying cipher of the universe.

It were irrelevant in the present connexion to enlarge on the significance of the number five, or rather of five-in-one — for such is the true formula of all those Pythagorean figures, which have so pleased and tantalized the mind of man in every age. It was on the fifth day of creation that the animal kingdom proper made its appearance; — but, of course, man is never to be included in that kingdom, seeing he is an animal and something more, that something more being his greater part. It were as philosophical, in fact, to class an animal with the vegetable world, merely because it is a plant and something more, as to call man an animal. He is in the kingdom, but not of it; he has a sphere all to himself, constituting and belonging to the fifth kingdom of terrestrial nature. Precisely as a mineral is a congeries of atoms and something more, as a plant is a mineral and something more, and as an animal is a vegetable and something more, is man (be it repeated aloud) an animal and something far more — the space between him and the highest of the brutes being immeasurably greater than what separates the ox from his pasture, or the heather from the rock to which it clings. It was therefore on the Fifth day that the animal world was made manifest in the beginning, according to the Scripture. Now, there are five kinds of sensible forms, five structures or tissues, in the general anatomy of the animal nature; there is the amorphous, exemplified by the earthy nature of the bones and the fatty matters of the cellular substance; there is the globular shown in the blood, "which is the life;" the cellular, particularly seen in the skinny parts, but shed through the whole frame, covering, protecting, and supporting; the fibrous, the specific tissue of the muscular system, and entering into all tubular structures; and, fifthly, there is the cerebral, the proper matter of the brain and nerves, which no man can yet describe or qualify. There are likewise five organic systems in the more exalted "moving creature that hath life;" the stomach and its assistant chyle-elaborating organs; the quickening and circulating system, namely, the heart, the lungs, and the vessels; the muscular and bony, or the locomotive apparatus; the reproductive one; and, fifthly, the nervous system — "the be-all and the end-all here." Then the higher animal trunk (even such as occurs in the cetaceous sea-brutes, or great whales of the fifth day), itself containing five well-marked compartments, sends out five limbs, two hind-legs, two fore legs or arms or wings, and one neck; — for the innocent reader must understand that these new anatomists consider the animal head as nothing more than the last

vertebra, or end-bone of the neck, developed to extravagance, as if it had been made of obstinate glass (like that in the well-known tale) and slowly expanded by some patient blow-pipe; and as for the tail, it is just the other end of the neck, and it can be done without, witness Man himself. Indeed, Man himself is the most perfect type, by way of inclusion always, of the animal form; just as a lion is really a more finished plant than any rooted palm in his jungle. It is therefore not out of place to take notice of his five senses, the five parts of which each of his legs and arms is composed, the five fingers of his hand, the five toes of his foot, and the five teeth in each of his four infantile jaws (those legs and arms of the face, the nose being the facial fifth or neck), not to mention any more of these fantastical, but obtrusive and innumerable fives. In short, the prevalence of this number Five in the animal domain has impressed the more recent mind of Europe with its image, just as it seized the imagination of the men of old; and an eminent continental naturalist founds his classification on the fact, taking Five as the cipher of animated nature.

To carry these cursory remarks about this number, and the fifth note of the weekly octave, a little farther (by way of curiosity, if not for much edification) it should be mentioned that an interesting and important proposition has been advanced and argued by Dr. Samuel Lee, the learned and authoritative Hebraist of Cambridge, which will be found to affect the present question in a touching manner.* That proposition is to the threefold effect; first, that the primitive Sabbath of those patriarchal epochs, which went before the Exodus of the rising Hebrew people from Egypt, was in reality put back a day by Moses, after and in commemoration of that outcome; secondly, that this was intended to be a temporary and purely Jewish change, or a mere deciduous graft, foreordained to fall off when the fulness of the time should come for making the whole world kin by and in Jesus Christ; and, thirdly, that the Sunday of Christendom is actually the Sabbath-day of Abraham. The professor pleads for this view with much erudition, and with a great show of reason; and he cites names no less redoubtable than Capellus, Ussher, and Gale in favor of the point, in whose researches the same result had come out. Now there is certainly no doubt, but that the all-conceiving editorial We are competent to the criticism of any and everything under the sun; but I, the present organ of that singular Plurality, know nothing of the Hebrew tongue and antiquities, and therefore refrain from venturing

* See the Sermon named in the heading of this article.

an opinion on the truth of this most ingenious and fruitful speculation.* But suppose it to be proved (and the extra-judicial mind will perhaps find it difficult to resist) then it follows that the Saviour arose, not on the first day of any but the Jewish, temporary, and purposely misdated week, but on the old, new, and sempiternal Sabbath of the world, as our divine observes.

To come down from those more solemn altitudes, and take up the numerical thread again: It might be charming, especially to such as are never afraid to inquire too curiously, to find out why Five follows Three with so much pertinacity everywhere; why it lays hold on us every time we shake hands; why it answers our eye from so many high places; what its ideal significance is; what it means; — in one word, what its rational ground can be; but Terminus forbids. It was both desirable and in keeping to bring out the secret of the tri-unity of all things and all thoughts, at the beginning of this criticism, and that because of its symbolical relation to the Divine Trinity; but these notes and queries about the natural and ideal Pentad or quincunx (to steal an illustration from the landscape-gardener) are intended partly to deepen the sense of numerical periodicity in the affairs of the constitution of man, and partly to serve as a bridge from the cosmical Triad to that peculiarly human cipher, number Seven, which is the proper object of Christian and civilized solicitude in this the nineteenth century.

According to the popular thought, finding its voice in poetry, the life of Man has seven ages. It is certain that his average æon, or proper period, is now threescore years and ten, being ten times seven years; and the climacteric periods of his length of days in any case, according to broad and general observation, are so many multiples of the same number. In the language of science, though not that of the nursery, the time of infancy lasts seven years. Then the first teeth have come laboriously out, during the six years; and had their little day of rest, in the seventh. Then the volume of the brain (not the head) is completed; at least, by the consent of the overwhelming majority of physiologists; and the fact, as it stands, has been heaved as a conclusive battering-ram against phrenology, by no less great a philosopher than Sir William Hamilton. Yet the proposition appears to be true only in a manner; and that a manner not incompatible with some actual or possible physiognomy of the

head, which phrenology is or may well become. From the measurements of a more experienced and accurate craniometer than any predecessor, Mr. Straton, it comes out that, while the general figure and bulk of the brain is finished within the first seven years of life, yet, in a large porportion of men, the thing swells and fills up in a measurable enough degree, and in the few it actually grows and alters its shape, till the end of the forty-ninth annual revolution, a period of seven sevens, and the real completion of a man.* It is not only allowed, however, but strongly affirmed by this observer, that the expansion taking place (even in a Napoleon or, let it be supposed, a Shakspeare or a Newton) betwixt seven and forty-nine is small, in comparison with not only the growth from zero to seven, but even with what occurs between one end and the other of any of the first seven years. To continue; — the boy or girl ceases, and the man or woman begins to appear, upon the close of the fourteenth or second seventh year. Adolescence is done by the end of twenty-one, the third seventh; manhood and womanhood are brought to perfection (as such) by the twenty-eighth or fourth seventh year; and so forth: — but it is always to be understood that these periods and figures are deduced from a generalization taken, not only from all climates, but also from both sexes; for if woman is earlier, man is later, and the balance must be struck between them for undivided humanity. If the hand is analyzed, you have seven pieces — five fingers, metacarpus, and carpus; the foot — five toes, tarsus, and metatarsus: and when the arm is examined more curiously, than in that first glance which divides it into five, it yields you seven parts — the shoulder-blade and collar-bone (composing the shoulder), the humerus, the ulna or ell-long bone of the forearm, the fibula or brooch-pin bone of the same (and the reason these are counted two is obvious — the latter is planetary to the former, it revolves round it, it has a purpose of its own, it and its muscular system turn the wrist on the ell-bone, which alone is the true forearm), the carpal system or wrist, the metacarpal or palm, and, seventhly, the digital one or bunch of fingers. In short, just as the first look at man divides him into three, and the second into fives, he falls into sevens at the third analysis; and pages might be filled with its results, but it is better to refrain from anatomical detail. It has to be observed, however, that the pious mediæval transcendentalists were so pungently impressed by the sevenness of the microcosm, as they denominated man, that, having descried seven planets, they thought there

* Having thus eliminated the *Ego* from the *Nos*, the distinction shall occasionally be kept in view during the progress of the present discussion, in order to save Our Majesty from the consequences of any opinion which may be deemed too personal and limited.

* Researches in Cerebral Development, &c. 'By James Straton. London, 1851.

could not possibly be any more, and therefore they made no more discoveries in that direction. They did the very same by their seven poor metals : and they associated these bright bodies, both in name and in the idea of mystical correspondence, with the days of the week and the planets, gold with Sunday and the Sun (for Sol was dethroned in the days of the Ptolemaic Astronomy, and degraded to the planetary estate), silver with Monday and the moon ; and so forth throughout the triple series. One can only say that the new Astronomy and Chemistry have exploded all this cunningly devised superstructure ; but the number of the planets is not yet determined, far less that of the metals, and therefore there is no saying what multiples of seven may come out in the long run. It is just possible, then, that the antique planetary and metallic Seven may turn out to be something more than fantastical jargon : — although it is certainly impossible not to laugh at the conceit of one of the latest ornaments of those old schools, who argued, against the earlier Copernicans, that it is beyond Omnipotence there should be more than seven planets, because there are only seven metals, and only seven holes in the head — two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and one mouth !

The majority of our readers, and all our critics (since even critics and critics' critics have critics, like the dogs' man's man's man of my Lord Harkaway's kennel) will think this all moonshine ; yet your positive, sceptical, and contemptuous Modern Science is not, dares not, and cannot be ashamed of Seven ; for moonshine itself is a web of seven-twisted thread, and the moon (that Penelope, who weaves the ever-vanishing fabric) goes on her way, and does all her stints of work, to the music of the same homely number, whereby the very sea, "and the dead that are in it," are rocked in their great cradle to the self-same tune. No sooner is a pencil of light made to pass through a prism, than it blabs its secret, and shows itself seven-twined and beautiful. It is to no purpose that the more refining optician avers, that there are only three primary colors. Possibly, nay certainly, there are ; but there are seven colors of the rainbow, for all that. It is here as elsewhere, in fact ; for the first analysis gives three, the second five, and the third seven ; the first, third, and fifth constituting the natural chord of this painted scale. Ever since God did set his bow in the cloud, that robed on the mountains of Ararat, over against Noah and his household, on the occasion of that first family-worship after the flood, the children of Light have been saying, We too are Seven, with speechful look, if not with still small voice. But if the eye is silent, the ear is not deaf to the seven-toned rhythm of the universe, nor the mouth dumb

to give it echo, nor yet the fingers without skill to fetch its antitype out of reeds and pipes and strings. Music, that catholic and published tongue, that speech of cherubim and seraphim, that poetry taken wing, that science passed into ecstasy, that transfiguration of the common state of man (whether in the body, or out of the body, one cannot tell) is also a system of sevens. Enough, in short, might be advanced to show that anatomy, physiology, optics, astronomy, and the science of music (which are surely not superstitious, nor mystical, nor transcendental, nor credulous of ancient authority) are all familiar with "the peculiarly human number Seven," as we have ventured to define it ; — and that not only because the body of man (that organization and summary of the known powers of nature) is figured all over, without and within, with Seven, but also because his thought has (sometimes instinctively, sometimes rationally, sometimes in superstition) embraced and sanctified it in all ages and lands, and likewise because it is the astronomical ratio of the sub-system to which his world belongs, namely, that of the earth-and-moon. It is a number which his spirit knows, which his soul loves, which his body like an illuminated missal shows forth ; and it is the very number of his house in the heavens ; an irresistible fact, which carries the mind right into the heart of the proper topic of this various, but not unproportioned, dissertation.

It is certain that the division of man's time into octaves, that is, into weeks of seven days each (the octave of one, being the first of the next week) is coextensive with history and tradition, and also coextensive with the world, except in those places where feeble races have gone prematurely down into dotage ; and such division has always been associated with the more or less serious consecration of one day, in the seven, as peculiar and supreme. Secular historians have never been slow to admit the fact ; the fathers of the church were forward to proclaim it ; and modern divines have not neglected to keep it forward. The day distinguished as festival, holiday, or high day of some sort, has invariably been that of the sun, the symbol of the creative energy of the invisible Godhead ; or at least the same day, with a corresponding name and significance. In truth, Dupuis, in his famous *Origine de tous les Cultes* (which presents an infamously shallow theory of human worship, however) insisted that the system of chronology, the mythologies of Egypt, India, old Greece, and even the mythology (as he considered it) of Christendom, have all sprung out of an elaborate scheme of Sun-worship and its Sundays ; and the book is so full of curious and important things, that the student of these matters might well study it with advantage, appropriate its

treasures, and then laugh at its presumption in trying to explain a deeper phenomenon by means of one lying nearer the surface—as if a great brass handle could unlock the gates of St. Paul's in London city without a key! When the sevenfold analysis of Time began, history cannot tell, inductive science cannot find out, and no conjectural Dupuis or Volney of them all can divine. Not only as a writer in a Christian Review; nor yet as one who makes bold to “claim the honorable style of a Christian,” after the manner of Sir Thomas Browne in his preamble to his account of the Religion of a Physician; but also as the humblest of the disciples of an older philosophy, drawn from profounder sources than that of Helvetius and the Encyclopedia, I have not a doubt upon the point. I believe that man knew this, and many a far deeper secret, in Paradise, during the true pre-historic epoch of human story;* and that, after the fall from the intuitive and holy life of Eden, these things could not be forgotten in a day. Such is the idea set forth in the opening of the Book of Genesis; and since it is impossible to argue so great a proposition within these limits, it is better just to alight at once on the plain fact, be its interpretation what it may, that the oldest written record in the world not only claims a pre-historic and all-conceiving epoch or angelic infancy for the life of humanity, but at once announces the measure of earthly time by Seven, and that from the divine side of the thing. Before going a step farther then, let us look into this miraculous account of the creation. It is a strange story, and every well-bred child in Christendom knows it by heart; but few bearded men can agree about it, although no one is willing to give it up, it is so strange and true.

IN THE BEGINNING (how high and awful an archway into the scene!)—IN THE BEGINNING God (not found out by arguments of design, nor deduced from first principles, but known without a doubt, as the father is known to his children) CREATED THE HEAVEN AND THE EARTH. In the beginning (wherein was the Word) the city of God had been founded; the solar system and our world had been set in motion; but “the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep,” which covered it round. But “the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters” once more; and then began that preparation of the world for the inhabitation of man, which is commonly called the Creation; but, in reality, the earth had been made unknown sons before, even “in the beginning.”

I. For unknown sons the sun had been

* Truly pre-historic, because not progressive, being full. History wants struggle, development, rise, advancement, as its objects. A narrative of innocent days among the perfect is not History.

standing in the midst of his planets and their satellites, but no ray of light had yet reached the face of our deep, either because the sun had not yet grown luminous, or more likely because the vaporous darkness, that brooded over our waters, was still too thick. But at last it came, though not in sudden and full enough blaze to show the figures of either sun or moon; and a sunless gray morning arose upon the earth, to be followed by a moonless evening; for “God divided the light from the darkness;” and “the morning and the evening,” namely, the day and the night, “were the first day;” the day of the coming of light, therefore of necessity the first; the day of the first glad tidings of the sun; the Sunday of the awakening week of time.

II. Under the impulse of this new-comer accession of muffled solar radiance, the waters divided; part arose, namely, the horrid mist, and fashioned itself into a spherul and unbroken cloud; part remained below, as it was, namely, the liquid element; and the atmospheric or skyey firmament stood between them. The day and night of this world-wide sublimation “were the second day.” One might well conjecture that the air was so far cleared in the course of the day-time of this day, that even the reflected light of the moon might penetrate, though still too faintly to reveal her form; and in that most impossible case, it has been appropriately invested with the name of Monday.

III. The next process was the standing out of the dry land or earth, and the gathering of the water into seas; followed by the springing of “tender grass,” or those seedless plants called acotyledons; of “the herb yielding seed,” or the monocotyledons; and of “the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth,” the crowning class or dicotyledons, capable of propagation by grafts and cuts, their seed being in themselves upon the earth. This was the third epoch; that of the coming forth of continents and islands, and their getting covered with the three kinds of plant, in their right order of succession; first, with stony lichens, muddy funguses, tender mosses, ferns, and the like; then, with reeds, grasses, palms, and all manner of herbs yielding seed, but whose seed is not in themselves; and, thirdly, with the completed vegetable, whose British type is the oak with its acorns. This is the Tuesday of our week; the day of the manifestation of vegetable organization and irritability, call it Life who will; sacred in that Scandinavian form of the old Pagan mythology, which cannot but be dear to the imagination of men who use the English tongue, to Tyr or Tuesco, the god of battle or conflict, the divine symbol of effort yet in process.

IV. While vegetation ran riot over the dripping earth (and that under a leaden sky, still unbroken by a streak of blue, or even traversed by a blood-red beamless orb) nature could not unfold her ulterior resources; but that vast exuberance of every kind of plant swiftly appropriated and solidified enormous volumes of the atmospheric moisture; and it is just possible that they also sucked in and assimilated opaque vapors or gases now not known so as to clear the way for the true arising of the sun on the morning of the fourth day, to be duly followed in the evening by the apparition of the moon and stars; the irradiations of the solar heat, as well as other obvious powers, having meanwhile been working towards the same magnificent result. Such was the splendid work of the paleontological Wednesday: now symbolized and known to us as the day of Woden, the Valorous Person of the multipersonal godhead of our Norse forefathers, corresponding with the Hercules of the Egyptian-Greek theosophy. Hercules, going through his twelve labors, was the sun, going through the signs of the Zodiac; so that our familiar name is a good one for this the day of the sun, moon, and stars.

V. The Thursday or fifth of this marvellous octave was made memorable by a new and strange display of creative power, more than worthy of our ancestral conception of Thor the Thunderer, or god of sheer might. It was then that animal life began to appear. The waters brought forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life or soul, and that up to the level of the great whales of those pre-adamic seas: while every winged fowl, also, was let fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. The cetacea or water-mammals (quadruple-hearted, lungsed, red-blooded, viviparous, breasted creatures) were the highest manifestations of this amazing period; and they belong to the noblest class of all, even that in which the animal body of Man himself is included. It is a touching thing, in the Mosaic narrative, that God is not represented as having even "seen that it was good," when he had said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" nor yet on the consummation of the purely separative work of second causes, which occurred during the second day: but when the Earth burst into unrestrainable vegetation, during the progress of the Tuesday or third age, "God saw that it was good;" and likewise, when the Sun had flashed for the first time upon the forest-green and ocean-blue of the world, and the moon had reëchoed the Memnon-tone of his ray in the evening, and the stars had joined the chorus at night, again "God saw that it was good." But now living things sported in the waters and in the open firmament; happy creatures, akin to Man, and therefore

nearer to the Creator himself: and so, it is written in the Scripture for us to read, "God blessed them."

VI. Next came the grand day of work. In the morning, the animal kingdom was carried to completion; the unapparent Maker seeing it to be good. But all those fish of the sea, and fowl of the air, and cattle upon the dry ground, and even all the creeping things that creep upon the earth, were unfinished till the coming of a greater than they. No order of things is complete till it have passed into union with a higher, any more than the seventh sound of an octave is complete till the eighth or first of a higher scale have struck. The atomic order is incomplete until embodied in the mineral, the mineral till taken up into the vegetable, the vegetable till lifted into the animal; and therefore all those goodly figures that rested in the coverts, and leaped upon the plains and mountain-sides of the fore-world, were but an uncrowned rabble (not even definable as the animal kingdom) until their nature should have passed into incorporation and unity with a nobler, that is to say, until the coming of their Lord. "So God created man in his own image: in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them: and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day." It is almost frivolous, after so sublime a quotation as this, to remark that the prime feature of the day, in so far as man and woman are concerned, is the divine command to be fruitful, or the extension of the law of animal propagation to man, notwithstanding that he is infinitely more than an animal (precisely as an animal is much more than a plant), having been made in the image of God. It is doubtless on that account that the day of our week, corresponding with this creative sixth, is dedicated to Frigga or Freya, the Scandinavian Venus, or goddess of love and generation. Be that as it may, certainly every Friday of the year, but Good Friday above all, must be dear to the Christian who is not overmuch afraid of the formalism of days and years, when he bethinks himself of the Crucifixion of his God manifest in Flesh, and of the mother who stood near the cross:—

*Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius.*

VII. On the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: not that the almighty will ever cease from working, since the sustaining of the universe is a standing and perpetual miracle; but that this particular series of operations, namely, what geolo-

gists call the palæontology of the world, or the preparation of its surface for the appearing of Man in the image of God, was done. That which the penman of this wondrous scroll set himself to describe was finished. The house was thoroughly furnished unto every good and perfect work, the man and his mate had come, and it now behoved their life to begin. "And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made." How daring a poetic license, yet what a touch of nature, to speak of our never-weary God resting, when the morning of the seventh terrestrial æon had arisen on the darling, for whom his Fatherhood had been creating and making during the six week-days of the world! What a sweet and altogether human, yet godlike thought, to bless the day as though it were a living thing—for no blessing was pronounced by the Word upon the dayspring from on high, nor on the dividing waters, nor on the seas and the earth with its leafy cover, nor yet on the sun and moon, but only upon the animal kingdom and its King! "And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it."

Such is the genesis of the present order of things in the world; told from the divine side of the phenomenon;—for it was the manner of patriarchal thought, not to look into nature for the godhead, but to behold both nature and man in God. Such was the Mosaic Cosmogony, or Moses' express idea of how this planet was got in readiness, and brought to the condition in which it now continues for a time. Next to its surpassing beauty is its philosophical accuracy, and next to that is its geological truth for our especial wonder; its sublimity being a thing apart, and yet arising out of all those particulars of its literary character. Yet it was not written as a poem to delight the world; it was not elaborated as a speculation on the ideal triad; and still less was it raised on the basis of observation among stratum and igneous rocks. On the one hand, it was not a logical deduction; on the other, not a geological, botanical, zoological induction of multitudinous instances. Above all, the day of the victorious observation of nature had not even dawned. Roger and Francis Bacon were yet afar off, the predestined sons of a new dispensation, which was not to begin till that of Moses and the prophets should be ended; Hutton and Werner were invisible in the distance, athwart a long and dreary Middle Age of Christian time; our geologists could not possibly have existed in any other age than this, for the growings of science are according to law, and the preliminary sciences were not ready for the success of their labors till the approach of the current century. Yet the narrative in Genesis, though making many exquisite distinctions, does not violate the ideas of causation, of classification,

and of geological series, brought out by the very latest science, in a single instance. That narrative must, therefore, have been written down from the traditions of the unfallen, all-naming state of man or its reminiscences; or else from direct insight, that is, from immediate beholding of the idea and the law; and that is, in either case, from inspiration, mediate or else undiminished by the traditinary medium, Adamic or Mosaic.

It must already be evident, from some of the phrases used above, that we follow those new and doubly protestant divines who confess themselves compelled, by the great results of geology, to acknowledge the days of this miraculous writing to be the symbolical representatives of mighty ages; and it therefore appears to us that we are now in the morning of the seventh day, the Sabaoth of the Lord, the day of the life of man, but not determined or constituted a day (philosophically speaking) until the sounding of its octave, that is to say, till the arising of an eighth morning, the first of a second week and higher scale of things; wherefore we do and must look for a new heavens and a new earth. These things we hold, without the discomfort of a doubt, but likewise with perfect respect for those who cherish the old opinion. It is not necessary to go with us in this, in order to accompany us with cordiality in our further argument. It is only desirable to admit that it is a questionable point, which faith and science may settle betwixt them some other day; and surely, when one considers the laboriousness and the rigor of geology, the thing deserves the compliment of an honest pause. Let the mere English reader of the Bible also remember that he is reading a translation from an antique, oriental tongue, into a modern, western, and quite unrelated language.

But aside from all this there still remains a fact of immense importance in favor of our view; and that fact consists in the difference between the spiritual and intellectual attitudes of the writer and intended first readers of Genesis, on one hand, and of us peeping literal quidnuncs, English and Scottish, in the last three centuries of Christianity after a thousand years of popish corruption. The difference between the psychological attitudes of Moses and the like of Liebig or Murchison, to speak the truth, is almost as great as if the former had stood on his feet like a man, with his eye heavenward, and the latter had learned to stand and run about on his hands, with vast agility and the advantage of finding out a thousand terrestrial secrets, counterbalanced by the costly damage of only remembering, if not forgetting, instead of ever anew beholding things celestial. The patriarchal and prophetic spirit not only saw everything in God, as has already been remarked, the pious modern soul (even Shakspeare himself) rather

striving to see God in everything; but its vision, when philosophical, was all for things in the idea, not in the concrete instance, the very reverse being the protestant English turn of mind. They were imaginative and poetic; we are the lovers of matter-of-fact, and the conquerors of common nature. Their spirit of inquiry took the way towards philosophy; ours has cut itself a road into inductive science. They were born-idealists; we are sensationists born and bred, the seekers and the finders of whole treasures of natural fact. Above all, it was their way to be continually putting the idea into some suitable symbol; it is ours to consider everything as the symbol of some idea or law, and to be forever hunting it up. Their whole manner of speech was symbolical and round; ours is literal, and deals in strait lines. Noticing, then, their characteristic, and following the bent of our own, the very first question it becomes us to ask in the present instance is, What is the idea put by that true Seer into this symbol of these seven days, and what was a cosmical day to him! Thus interrogated, Science, the seeker of ideas and the discoverer of laws, answers with modest decision, One of our geological Epochs; adding with astonishment, In other particulars the Scripture is a marvel, for we have found it all out again in our own way!

In conclusion of this short discussion of a long question, it must not be forgotten that those to whom the book of Genesis was and is addressed (exceptions going for nothing in history) could not have understood, and cannot understand, a discourse on geology. A geogenetic era would have been, to the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Greeks foolishness; and, in brief, it would have been a senseless sound in all Hebrew and Christian ears, until these present days; nay, to the overwhelming majority even now, and for many a long age to come. The Bible was not written for us otherwise and ridiculously few exceptions, but for the whole world, bond and free; and even more especially for the poor and otherwise unlettered. And as for the knowing and critical favorites of science, in the mean time, we have endeavored (though only by a hint) to show them how easily their geology may be taken in, assimilated, and glorified by their faith; and, if the time ever come when sanitary amelioration, social reform, improved policy, ecclesiastical reformation, theology made free by obedience, secular and religious education, and whatsoever other good spirit is in the world, shall have not only brought out the life of God in the soul of every son of man upon the earth, but also made all men familiar with the rich results of science—why, then, the whole world shall easily comprehend how a genetic Day

is only the Mosaic symbol for a geognostic Time.

Then it is simply impossible that a nobler or a homelier, (nay, or another!) symbolical expression for the idea intended could have been found or invented. The sevenness of the luminous or of the musical octave,* for example, is of another species; and, in fact, the only Seven in man's common world of sense, which has to do with time, is that of the division of the lunar month by two, as measured by the waxing and the waning of the moon, and then by two again, giving her quarters. This is the only symbol in the world for the idea; for a symbol must partake of the very nature of what is symbolized, as the etymology of the word plainly bears upon it yet. In truth, it is the characteristic of the greater Scripture symbols that they are the very symbols wanted, and the only symbols to be found. They are not arbitrary, not fanciful, not capricious; they are according to law. Hence the significance of the days of the succeeding weeks of the moon, and the sanctity of the seventh, to Moses and his people, and to all such as have drunk into their spirit, Jew or Gentile; and, what is far more astonishing, hence their sacredness in the eye of almost every Pagan mythology! No wonder, then, that we find so many indications that the Patriarchs, rich with the remainders of the lore of Paradise, ended and rested from the work which they had done during the six creating and working days of their week, and blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it—or set it weekly apart. But it was on Moses that the idea of this symbolical (if not literal) seventh, considered as a day of cessation from creating and making, seized with such divine force as eventually to move the greater part of the whole world to the thought. By him at length the blessed law of the Sabbath was formally announced, cut into stone, and published to the hosts of Israel at the foot of Mount Sinai; and thence it has already spread over Christendom, and all Moslem too; being sure to reach the uttermost parts of the earth in the long run. REMEMBER THE SABBATH-DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY.

Jesus of Nazareth, that greater than Moses, did not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it. He never abolished this patriarchal and Mosaic institution. On the contrary, the Church of Christ, though not founded on this rock, has been built, not in a little proportion, with stones fetched from no other quarry. It never appears that the early Jewish Christians (whether at Jerusalem,

* An exposition of the part that Number Seven plays in Music has unfortunately to be suppressed for sheer want of space. The musical reader will be able to supply the want perhaps.

about the towns and country-sides of Judea, or in foreign parts) forgot the Sabbath-day of their countrymen, while they did not forsake the assembling of themselves together on the Sunday or first day of the succeeding week, as the day of their Lord and Master's arising. The example of fidelity to the old ways, of loyalty to Moses and the prophets, of the tenderest patriotism in unison with charities so wide as to overflow the earth, shown by Jesus himself, might almost make one sure that they did not. Certainly the tenor of Paul's epistle to the Hebrews, and indeed of all the Pauline writings, was against any such self-assertion and insolence, if not impiety, as so divisive a course would have thrust upon the angry eye of those who did not believe their report; — and assuredly they would not be the worse of a true and whole Day of Rest and Old-Testament reading, followed by ever so partial and broken a day of New-Testament exercises. At the same time, the apostle of the other nations of the world always sternly insisted on the Jewish tests not being forced upon them; and a noble piece of charity and wisdom it was. They were to remain free, not only of all other particulars of the Mosaic ceremonial, but also of the particular day appointed by that authoritative lawgiver as the Seventh; — and the particularity of the days elected, it must be evident, was the only thing that was purely ceremonial in the Fourth Commandment. It was therefore among those foreign converts, first called Christians at Antioch, that the consecration of the Christian, not Sabaoth or rest, but Sabbath-day arose. Like all the disciples, Jew as well as Gentile, they came together on their Lord's day (not having rested the day before, however, like their Hebrew brethren); but that very day was the Sunday of their heathen neighbors and respective countrymen, and patriotism gladly united with expediency in making it at once their Lord's day and their Sabbath. Wherever Christianity appeared and triumphed and grew strong, accordingly, there the Day of the Sun became transformed, yea, transfigured into the Christian Sabbath-day; and, if our Cambridge Hebraist and his divines be right in their computation, that the Sabbath of the patriarchal dispensation was on one and the same day with the wild Solar holiday of all pagan times (the latter having, in reality, descended and degenerated from the former) then the restoration of the heaven-descended resting-day of Paradise, of Enoch, and of Abraham, was as beautiful as it was natural and easy. On the other hand, if this speculation be but a chapel in the air, and if the authority of the Church is to be ignored altogether by Protestants, there is no matter; because opportunity and common

expediency are surely argument enough for so ceremonial a change as the mere day of the week for the observance of the rest and holy convocation of the Jewish Sabbath. That primitive church, in fact, was shut up to the adoption of the Sunday — until it became established and supreme, when it was too late to make another alteration; and it was no irreverent nor undelightful thing to adopt it, inasmuch as the first day of the week was their own high-day at any rate; so that their compliance and civility were rewarded by the redoubled sanctity of their quiet festival. Perhaps the Patriarchal and Hebrew Sabbath needed this added charm to draw all the manifold nationalities, idiosyncrasies of race, and climatic temperaments of the vast and various heathen-world, to the love and obedience of it; and certainly the time-honored Sunday of our own forefathers is as good a Sabbath, just as it is as good a Seventh, as any other. Nor is it an easy thing to choose exclusively betwixt the two venerable names; for, while SABBATH is laden with the sweetest ideas of peace and repose and antiquity older than antiquity, SUNDAY is doubly glorious, inasmuch as it speaks of the arising of the Sun of Righteousness as well as of the Sun of common Light. Both these arisings were the beginnings of new divine epochs; both the openings of new creations; and they were both veiled, though effective, and hasting duly to be altogether revealed on the fourth days of Time. The latter was natural and symbolical; the former is spiritual and real; but the imagination marries and makes them one, and the new name of their union is Sunday; as dear to the conquering heart of England, as is its Sabbath-day to Scottish constancy and awe.

Thus, then, we stand before the patent and unavoidable, and really most curious fact, that at least all Christendom has for hundreds of years ended its work on the seventh day, and rested on the seventh day from its work, and blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it! Come it whence and how it may, that is the fact; and this were the proper place to inquire whether anything can be said concerning the rational ground, on which this institution of an ever-recurring day of rest has been erected, before going into the actual position of the institution, and state of the Sabbath-question, in our own age and country. If this question were to be answered in full, the reasonableness of the Biblical day of rest would be expounded as threefold. Its natural or scientific, its ideal or philosophical, its spiritual or religious reasonableness, in the strongest sense of that term, would be discussed in succession and together; but it would be ridiculous to try the reaping of so broad and thick (and also so white) a harvest within the time of a Quarterly reviewer. As

to the last of these heads, indeed, it is better to keep away from it altogether, than not to express one's whole mind in a roomy and leisurely manner; the religious part of the subject having been sorely vexed, almost ever since the Reformation. The Roman Catholics find this element in the authority of the Church: The Grecians and the majority of Protestants, in the authority of Moses in the moral law; and a large minority of Protestants, in the authority of Christian expediency and experience:—not to divide divided Christendom too much at present. For ourselves we cannot but think that the Fourth Commandment as standing in the moral law of an inspired lawgiver like Moses, the lifelong practice of the Church, and that Church's experimental knowledge of the benefits of compliance with the Mosaic idea and of keeping up the old day, make a threefold cord, to gird the week withal, which shall never be easily broken; but we also profess it our opinion, that all the three strands are necessary to its integrity, and that on account of the change from Saturday to Sunday. Such, in brief, is pretty nearly our notion of the Christian-religious reasonableness of this service; and it is obvious that the natural-religious reason of its fitness, from the nature of the case, must spring out of the stem of philosophy and science, tree and bark, like a fruit:—else it is non-existent altogether. The ideal, philosophical, or truly rational ground of the necessity of every seventh day being given to waking rest, in addition to the nightly sleep of every whole day, has never been opened up and demonstrated; and our own demonstration is too little elaborated, and therefore too long, for insertion here. The topic is merely mentioned in this connexion, partly to stimulate this high kind of investigation by the hint of deep-lying treasures, and partly to sound a note of defiance against all should-be philosophical sneerers at our hebdomadal pause.

The natural or scientific argument (for argument it is, and nothing more) is greatly more accessible; and it has very often been drawn upon, though by no means exhausted at any of its streams. Like the argument of design, and all purely scientific arguments, it goes up from the facts to the conclusion of the case, not down from principles to details. Like those arguments it is cumulative and a thing of increasing probability, not direct and matter of demonstration. The greater the numerical and qualitative strength of the probability, the nearer to the nature of certainty; until the amount of probability becomes so large as to be tantamount to demonstration. The Copernican astronomy, even as it stands now, is raised on an immeasurable mountainous foundation of mere probability; not on logical demonstration, but only on so huge a sum of probability as is, what Kant

denominates, an analogon of demonstration; and therefore we refuse to deal with a person who will not acknowledge it, as being an unreasonable fellow. Such precisely is the kind of service which science may one day be able to render to the cause of the weekly Sabbath, and that in full measure, heaped and running over; yet hitherto this great power has contributed only a few half-hewn and unplaced stones to the work. Unlike the religious and philosophical processes, this of science is a cumulative task, now fairly begun, necessarily slow, always to be going on; and every passing laborer may do his share of it, as he passes;—until some master-builder and his workmen take it all upon themselves, as in other departments. Revelation is like a coming of light; philosophical demonstration at least goes in a straight line; but the path of science, with its observations and inductions, is devious and very slow; and we have nothing better than a handful of uncut pebbles, fetched from no foreign brook, for our present offering.

I. The multifarious seven-someness that is so striking in the bodily life of man and in his immediate world, as has been shown above, should come in here as the van of the argument *a posteriori*; but it is needless to repeat the illustrations. Nor must too much weight be laid upon them. Taken altogether, and increased by as many more instances as science may know, they do no more than furnish a broad and reiterated hint, to the effect that the periodicity of seven is deeply natural to the movements of the human being. This pointed indication is only a preliminary business, though a thing that may well mean more than meets the eye; but it has no scientific (that is, intelligible) connection with the last or first day of the hebdomadal seven being spent in rest. All that science has yet done in this direction is probably summed up in the evidence of physiology and physicians, averring that the powers of the body need repose; that the bow of vitality must be unbent every now and then, if it is to keep its spring; that in these days of overextension during the six days the rest of the seventh has grown indispensable, in addition to the successive nights; and so forth. Now all this is undeniable, and the materialist will perhaps be the foremost to urge it home in his own way; but it is general, and cannot possibly condescend upon the proportion of time necessary or desirable for the kind of Sabbath it inculcates. When coupled with the Christian reason for the weekly rest, indeed, it is of much value; and it has been put before a parliamentary committee in that connexion. But when this general opinion of science, regarding the want of a daytime of rest now and then, is ingenuously viewed with the medium of the unflinching tendency to periodicity in the Con-

stitution of man, the presumption is strong that such daytime should recur at regular intervals; and then that particular seven-ness in human affairs, which has just been animadverted on, puts in its claim for the hebdomadal period as being at least peculiarly human, if not the best for the purpose. At all events, the combination of these three scientific considerations must be held to constitute a powerful moving barrier against all would-be rational encroachments on our sacred institute, not easily resistible when aggressive and not to be broken down when honorably assailed.

II. It has already been suggested that, when anything has to be said by science concerning man, it is man in the genus, or rather kingdom, not in the individual, the city, the nation, or the race: a broad average must be struck of the ways of man in all times, climes, and other circumstances. This cannot be done to perfection by the limited survey of fallen, and still growing and therefore boy-like, humanity as it now is; but a nearer approximation must be always being aimed at in researches of this sort. It is accordingly impossible to tell with accuracy, by induction, how many of the twenty-four hours should be spent in the state of rest by the normal or ideal man; nor yet how many have been and are passed in rest by the average or actual men of history. We say Rest advisedly, for this period needs not be altogether spent in sleep or the completed trance of animal repose, any more than the waking period ever is passed in absolute wakefulness and erection of the whole being: neither any more, nor any less; and this observation is important in the sequel. But it has here to be observed that the all-pervading law of dualism, which has been explained already, at once insinuates the hint that twelve hours are for work and twelve for rest, say rather, twelve for activity and the same for repose, for, of course, many modes of activity are neither creating nor making. Action and reaction are equal, except when free-will disturbs the balance. It is only in man and by him, that the law of equilibrium is broken. He is the sole sad occasion of either scale ever kicking the beam. Now, that in the present age, with his over-late and over-early hours; his coffees, teas, tobaccos, hops, alcohols, and opiums; his riotous eating of flesh on one side, and living on husks on the other; his frivolities and his toils; his unresting competitions, of the field, the workshop, the market, the theatre, the college, the forum, the church, the state, and even the drawing-room; his ambitions and fears; his grandiose anxieties and lowlived cares: in one word, that now, with his legion of follies and sins, not unaccompanied by noble though exaggerated aims, man does not (or cannot) allow himself daily rest enough,

is what nobody doubts; and it does not appear that the historical world was ever better, either here or anywhere else. Yet there is a natural indolence in him too, whereby he saves one part of himself to overstrain another; and the lazy trick preserves him from head-long ruin: the boxer does not use his brain, the student leaves his muscular system untaxed; and so things are kept as near the straight line as such an awkward squad can keep. Taking this variegated and extravagant creature all in all, however, considering eight hours as the average time he spends in sleep, and allowing him two for his meals and little unbent occasions, the poor fellow gets only ten hours of retributive quiet instead of twelve. In fact, fourteen hours of activity in the twenty-four is on all hands, in Parliament and out of it, counted a just average distribution of the daily life of man, at least in Great Britain and Ireland. It is true and sad, indeed, that multitudes do not and cannot secure more than eight of rest; but doubtless there are just as many who take their whole twelve, and unprofitable servants they are: and if not a few of us scarcely make out our six, there are not a few who deftly manage to suck up eighteen, not knowing what to do! But even human legislation, to say nothing of divine lawgiving, bethinks itself of nations, colonies, and planted continents of men and women; and the true average there is only ten hours of repose instead of twelve. Now the defect of two hours a day for six days of labor is exactly made up, to the comprehension of an infant-girl lisping her first Sunday-hymn, by the twelve of a weekly Sabbath day-time. It is, of course, understood that the whole twelve hours of the seventh night time are also sacred to rest; and this is the strong point of those Sabbatarians, who have been pleading with their countrymen, besieging corporations, and praying the legislature, for no canonical holiday, but for an undiminished rest and festival of the soul. In the meantime, however, it is but too clear, take it how one will, that in this overwakeful century, the stimulants and overaction have it all their own way; and hence—what do we see? Men not living half their days; men not reaching their legitimate fulness of development, in body or in being; men too fragmentary, too feverous, too one-sided, too busy and little-minded, excited but not strong, lively but not long-lived: and if men, then nations. Surely the sweet and solemn Sabbath-rest of yore were a true cordial, and the beginning of many subsidiary calmatives, for this chronic and outwearing fever of the world.

III. But is the Sabbath then, it will perhaps be retorted here, to be a day of sheer animal repose? Is it set apart for sluggish quiet? Must great Christendom imitate the frugality of the maid of all work, and spend

her weekly holiday in sleep? By no means. In the first place, excessive as is the activity of some one or more parts of the nature of almost all men during the week, the whole nature of almost none is ever awake an hour on end, from the beginning to the close of life. We are sleepy and conservative, as well as wild and wasteful, though not wisely. What is wanted, then, in a physiologically conceived Sabbath is the going to sleep of the weekday propensities, sentiments, and faculties; and the awaking, rather, of such as are too latent from busy day to day: and hence a natural right of each individual to the choice of his Sabbath occupations and enjoyments, always within proper social or sacred limits. Yet are there two principal things, common to nearly the whole race: firstly, the poor body, in one part of its organism or another, is overworked; and secondly, it is with secular things and forms of thought that men are overbusied during the week. Thence the two plain indications of bodily rest, on one hand, and the conversation of the mind with the higher order of ideas within the reach of man's apprehension, on the other, as the natural avocations of the seventh day of the week. It is change of occupation that is true rest. For the laborious artisan, for example, what a restful alternation to be sweetly attired, to sit at home, to open the family-classic leisurely morning and evening, to sing the immortal songs of King David and the other inspired psalmists with all his neighbors in church or chapel, to send his aspirations to heaven winged by his brethren's prayers, to caress and teach his Sunday-dressed children, to pray down the blessed Spirit of God into his lowly home, and, this low life almost forgotten, to take the sleep of the beloved in an unwearied bed this one dear night of the week! The student, too, possessed by the one thought of his work day after day, chased by it through his fitful day-sleep, pursued by it all the night, never without its image before him or ready and eager to come forward in a trice, his brain and nerves thrilling all over with it, rules of health given to the winds, many natural movements of the heart bidden away, a rush into society of an evening, his one unwilling and rarely pleasing change, were surely a whole world the better of the pause, the altered circumstance, the sociality, the homeliness, the common joys, the blessed associations, the church thoughts and feelings, the pure air, the moony evening peace, the less turbid sleep, the swift low-voiced parenthesis, of his and all men's predestined Sabbath-day. Or could the great minister of state forget his greatness, and his burdens, and his dread responsibilities, and his cares almost too heavy for a man to endure and live, commending them heartily to God for a day, as remembering that the beneficent elevation to which he is raised

above his fellows does not absolve him from the unescapable necessity, imposed on every man of woman born, of living two lives, an outer and an inner, a lower and a higher (or else a lower still) — it is never to be doubted but that the sight and companionship of wife and children, the soft extension of his allowable couch, the quiet, unattended meal, the high bible-reading, the serenity and depth of the public service, the canticle sung at home to the music of Handel, and the early hours of a Mosaic day of rest, might well be more than half the battle on the side of God and the Right; and England, with all her lands, would rise up and call him blessed.

Such is the sort of change or rest, not only prescribed by the commandment, and practised during at least two dispensations in the church, but deducible from the latest conceptions of physiological science; — not, indeed, that science would by this time have discovered the natural necessity of a seventh day of such rest, and drawn out its formula as a rule of life, but that the thing being almost as old as time, science comes into the world and sees that it is good, and can honestly plead for its conservation and extension. At the same time, we are disposed to go further than some of our Sabbatarian friends in behalf of the first element of the world-old Sabbath, namely, bodily rest, intending that of brain and nerve, as well as that of bone and muscle; and this is the element with which the state has to do, intent upon refreshed and healthy citizens against the day of need. The body has far less to do with the manifestation of humanity than the phrenologist supposes, but far more than anybody else suspects. It is mentioned with lyrical emphasis that, when Israel went forth of Egypt, "there was not one feeble person among their tribes."* The wild Sunday of the great Pagan nations of antiquity was no Sabbath, and they are gone; the Jews were always disobedient, idolatrous, and Sabbath-breaking, though singularly persistent too, being a living contradiction, and they are scattered; the gay and turbulent Sabbath of continental Christendom is liker the Pagan Sunday than the quiet feast of Christian people, and they are the prey of despotism, that many-headed vulture. In short and urgent fact, the nations want a genuine day of rest, else they perish; and we Britons need it more now than ever, being the advance-guard of humanity in Europe; and that almost alone now, needing all our self-possession and well-rested strength. The whole physiology of the country craves repose; and that man is no faithful keeper of the Sabbath-day, who expends it in an excess of even bible-studies, passionate communings in the closet, church-services and sermons, prayer-

* Ps. cv. 37.

meetings, Sunday-school labors, domestic solitude and unsociality, and untimely vigils. Such a day was never drawn from the Old Testament, and nobody ever pretended to draw it from the New. To listen to the re-reading of the well-known law, to tell the oft-told tale of Egypt and the wilderness, were quieting and easy exercises, alike to priest and people, to parents and children. By all means, let the Sabbath be maintained as "a day of holy convocation," as it certainly was from the very commencement of the Mosaic era; but let it also be remembered and kept holy as a day of much passivity and real repose, for such was its other, and, indeed, its primary use from the beginning.

—But we must stop midway in this *a posteriori* or afterhand discussion of the claims of the Christian Sunday on the attention and observance of the world. The adverse reader must understand, however, as the friendly one knows full well, that this is not a hundredth part of what has to be said; and the purpose of this article will be abundantly subverted, if it drive the former to the more secret and legitimate study of so national and momentous a subject. Even the little that has been advanced on the present occasion, has been put forth in a peculiar style, of set purpose; the commoner strain of argument has been avoided, or only alluded to; and there has rather been presented the individual view of a particular mind, living much aloof from others, than anything like the generic plea of ever so catholic a party. It is the humble contribution of a private student to the common cause. Such as it is, it is a distant and unfinished approximation to the adequate expression of one mode of thought concerning this patriarchal, Mosaic, and right Christian institute of the Sabbath-day:—an institute thoroughly paganized and vilified in the territories of the Greek and Roman churches already, and grievously imperilled in our own land at last. Last century there arose amongst doubters and unbelievers, this century there has actually arisen among professing Christians and well-wishers, a spirit of indifference and hostility to our most patriotic and politic, as well as world-old and sanctioned day of rest. Excitement cannot stop, pleasure cannot be stayed, cupidity will not withhold from gain, public and popular tyranny must and will have unrested slaves; the senses grudge the soul a day. Yet this reverted and fateful current of apathy, frivolity, and dissipation has by no means been suffered to run unstemmed. True-hearted men of every class of our composite society have lifted up their voices, and put forth their hands. Bishops and divines, noblemen and gentlemen, clergymen and scholars, physicians and men of science, preachers and teachers, book-reading and book-writing artisans

and peasants, even humble maids with workaday fingers round their pens, and thousands of dumb, but prayerful dwellers in palaces and in huts "where poor men lie," have come forward with their strong protest against the rapid and insidious changing of the old English and Scottish Sabbath into a Pagan Sunday, no better than the Roman Merry-Andrew's holiday of giddy France, or of wicked Austria and her cruel allies in belated Italy. Most prominent by parliamentary position, equal to any in the depth of the principle that quickened him, foremost in persistent constancy, and the favorite butt of popular as of polished scorn, stood and fell, in the thick of this unprosperous cause, the late Sir Andrew Agnew, the principled and steadfast member for Wigtonshire, during seven sessions of Parliament. Conceiving that his nature has been much misunderstood, and in order to come a little nearer the actual Sunday-question as it stands in the everyday world of London and Edinburgh, it may be an act of justice to inquire, in these pages, devoted by a *North British Review* to this urgent social and scientific, as well as religious, subject of Sunday in the nineteenth century, what manner of man the arch-sabbatarian of this century of Sabbath-loving Christianity really was. For a full-sized image of the man, the well-written and hearty biography by McCreie must be referred to by the more curious student;—a work already in its second edition, and too well known and approved for a regular review at this time of day.

The scion of a long-ascending line of baronets, constables, knights, untitled Scottish barons, and Norman soldiers of fortune in England and Ireland, a race remarkable for keeping to the purpose of their heart even in Scotland, the land of pertinacity, this obstinate and unflinching Sabbatarian was born at Kingsale in Ireland, just sixty years ago, the only child of a poor young father who died before the birth of this genuine Agnew. From the showing of his congenial biographer, one might well suppose that the old and aboriginal Agneaus must have been so-called (like Kirke's Lambs) on the principle of contraries. Yet combative, aggressive, and self-providing soldiers and constables as it behoved them to be (in order to suit the times, we fancy), they seem to have early displayed a religious turn of mind; and that quite compatible spirit could not fail to show itself indomitable, valiant, dogmatic, and ready alike for coercion or martyrdom, in such a race. Taken all in all, this ancient family of the Agnews seem to have approved themselves as soldierlike, loyal, steadfast, kindly, and prudent a house as any in the land; at once proud and homely, brave yet wary, pious, but by no means suffering their proper goods to

be spoiled, more capable of deep conviction than of wide toleration, and much more tenacious than ready to render a reason.

On the other hand the De Courcys, those old Earls of Ulster, with the head of whom the first authentically recorded Agneau planted himself in Ireland (whence a descendant eventually crossed in the reign of David II. to Wigton, and acquired Lochnaw, formerly a royal castle), probably underwent the softening, light-hearted, sprightlier, and less earnest influences of the Green Isle. Be this as it may, it is curious to find these long-parted lineages coming together again near the close of last century, in the marriage of Lieutenant Agnew to the Honorable Martha de Courcy, eldest daughter of John, twenty-sixth Lord Kingsale, premier baron of Ireland; a loving, sensitive, and most excellent woman, who would assuredly have been frightened out of her wits among the old Scottish Agnews. Their son Andrew and his sweet mother resided chiefly at Kingsale, under the guardianship of the maternal grandfather, until the death of Sir Stair in 1809, when he was summoned to take possession at Lochnaw. Then he was handed over to Edinburgh, Oxford, Cheltenham, and glorious London, for a season. A young baronet, of an uncommonly high and delicate spirit, elegant, accomplished (for that he was—especially in heraldry), and as amiable as his mother, though as stanch as old Sir Stair, this must have been a perilous time for the future friend of the workman;—and, certes, that gay youth was actually getting ready to be the workman-like friend of all who toil, us of the horny hand, and us also of the knitted brow! Well-principled and, what is equally to the purpose, well-natured, he escaped the dangers of youth and fashion. Nay, the steadfast and self-preserving blood of the Agnews moved easily and at once in his heart to the music of ideas more remote and fascinating than those of prudence and honor. The accents of antique gospel-lore fell on his ear like no foreign tongue. Such glowing oracles as Gerard Noel, M'Crie the historian, and Chalmers, had only to speak, that so prepared a spirit might hear and understand the sign; and in an Agnew to understand was to obey, when the subject-matter of intelligence was the saving of one's soul alive. In short, Sir Andrew solidified with the advance of manhood into an Evangelical Protestant, with a natural preference for episcopacy and the Church of England, derived from habit and early associations, but sturdily Scottish and Presbyterian at the core; and, in fact, he eventually identified himself heart and hand with what is called the Free Church of Scotland.

In 1830 Sir Andrew was sent to Parliament by the county of Wigton, and after some reluctance he went with the Reform Bill. But another sort of task, and a deeper Reforma-

tion was getting in readiness to try his mettle. Parliament was besieged in 1831 with petitions about the Sabbath. The out-of-doors leaders of the movement eventually fixed on him as their parliamentary chief; and a stout and obstinate battle he fought of it, in the house and on the platform, before both open and exclusive meetings, in season and out of it, till he died in the cause. The man became possessed by the idea of our blessed Sabbath; and that to such a pitch of inspiration that, if the age had not been at once averse to repose and incredulous of good, or even (with such fearful odds against him) if he had been as logical, imperious, and eloquent as he was otherwise able and heroic, he must have won the day. Yet this gallant and unyielding soldier of the Law and the Testimony wanted no laurels. It was his rare distinction to be indifferent to popular applause and not afraid of popular obloquy. Here, said he, is the last new ballad just sung under my windows: send it down to the North. When the Zanies were mocking Copernicus on the public stage, he said the same:—Let them have their fun: the things I know give no pleasure to the people, and I do not know the things that give them pleasure. For more than twenty years Sir Andrew waged a thankless and unpromising and (sooth to say) a little successful warfare, never fearing the face of clay, nor covetous of admiration and sweet voices, but trusting his convictions, and true to his secret God. We question whether any public character of recent times has done his stroke of work from such a depth of conviction, so unsustained by adventitious circumstances, even Clarkson, and certainly Wilberforce, not excepted. In the last result, this is his proper glory—to have been capable of doing without commensurate success and without applause! Yet Sir Andrew had respect unto the recompense of reward: he would scarcely have been a true Agnew if he had not. But he neared the goal before he died. "It is dangerous," he said in that great hour, "to speak of what we have done." "The instrument is nothing: God is all in all." It is what they all say, the good men and true, in one dialect or in another:—Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us!

Such is a faint image of the great Scottish Sabbatarian. The cause is left with us who remain, now that he has joined the majority at last; but we want a chief. In the meanwhile, this were a proper time and place to review the past procedure of the case in the spirit of searching and inexorable criticism, to see if it were not defeated or deferred by the errors of its friends; and also to discuss the broader and more politic principles on which the standard should be advanced anew. But these practical questions must be deferred till

another opportunity. The lawyers have decided that the People's Palace, as it is fondly called by the Proprietors, cannot be opened of a Sunday; and the recent ministerial and parliamentary changes render it unlikely that a special bill will be soon presented. After all, moreover, the true beginning of a National Reformation were the radical self-reform of the friendly. Above everything, let the professing Sabbatarian, whether Jew or Gentile, whether Popish or Protestant, Evangelical or Formularian, cease from mere opinion and denunciation, and begin to be a Sabbatarian in right earnest. That is to say, let him see that he really work like an honest man during the six days of the week; for no soft and sighing do-nothing, no minion of ease and pietistic self-enjoyment, no idle busybody whose soul has lost its original sense of the comeliness of industry, is obedient to the First Part of that most noble Fourth Commandment, or can even try to obey the Second. He must then make sure that, supposing him to have been faithful to the primeval pledge of honest labor, he really and truly rest on the Seventh Day, and all his household, nay, and all the world in so far as he is concerned. He must be no party to the overtasking of ministers and teachers, any more than to the mulcting of household or street servants of ever so small a part of their one day of rest, and freedom, and Christianlike self-disposal. In short, he must irremissibly determine that not only himself, but also every other man of woman born however humble (to the extent, that is, that he can help or withhold from hindering) shall actually be a gentleman of the grand old type of the Garden of Eden, at least for fifty-two days, or seven weeks and a half, of the Christian year. What an altered world it were, even in a secular point of view, if such a consummation could only be brought about! Then in very deed might the gentle poor man, a far nobler being than the poor gentleman of "the ignorant present time," look down without reserve into the welcoming eye of his loftiest brother man, were it a burdened prophet, a laurelled poet, a crowned discoverer, or a king sitting on his serviceable throne.

From the Spectator.—Parts of an article.

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THIS volume consists of treatises, essays, and biographical notices on men or matters

* Treatises and Essays on Subjects connected with Economical Policy; with Biographical Sketches of Quesnay, Adam Smith, and Ricardo. By J. R. M'Culloch, Esq., Member of the Institute of France. Published by A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.

connected with political economy; a few being original, but the majority revised and corrected reprints. The direct treatises embrace some of the most important questions with which political economy is concerned—money, exchange, the letting and occupation of land, interest and usury laws, with the celebrated paradox on Irish absenteeism. The essays at once historical and economical treat of the commerce of the ancient world and the middle ages; the rise, progress, and decline of the trade of Holland; the causes which created the Hanseatic League and subsequently destroyed its power; the origin of the compass, the progress of maritime law, and the colonial systems of the ancients. The notices are biographical sketches of Quesnay, Adam Smith, and Ricardo. A goodly variety of subjects, involving various knowledge and various accomplishments, and furnishing the means of considering the character of their author as a political economist.

Natural qualities of mind may be stimulated by circumstances or improved by culture, but can never be supplied by art or effort. The sound common sense, the penetrating sagacity, and the wide sympathy, though rather perhaps of the understanding than of the feelings, which distinguished the great founder of political economy, were the gift of nature. Adam Smith's education at Oxford, his employment at Edinburgh as a lecturer on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, his engagement at Glasgow, however brief, as Professor of Logic, and his subsequent elevation to the chair of Moral Philosophy, which originated the theory of Moral Sentiments, gave him that close and extensive knowledge of history, of man, and of man's feelings and doings, without which he never could have produced the *Wealth of Nations*. That unerring sagacity which never failed him when he had sufficient data in the form of facts to deduce his conclusions—the power of analysis, at once keen and profound, which enabled him not merely to lay down the laws conducing to the wealth of nations, but to present his reader with the essential principles of the defence of nations, of public expenditure, and other subjects of government—the wisdom applied alike to the history of society and to the most trivial individual expenditure—would all have been comparatively useless but for his vast and varied learning, and the attention he bestowed upon pursuits which his age avowed to be, and this age without avowing considers to be—vulgar.

Of the many successors of Adam Smith, M'Culloch comes the nearest to him in his variety of knowledge and his various sympathies; for although Mill had as varied knowledge, and perhaps deeper learning, his rigid logic and dryness of mind disordered from a subject everything which did not mathemati-

cally belong to it. The sympathy of M'Culloch, however, is even more decidedly of the head than that of the great master, and might perhaps more properly be called interest. He has none of the pervading pleasantness which animates the style of Smith, and brings the minds of the philosopher and the pupil into fellowship; but M'Culloch's style is plain and forcible — the latter quality, notwithstanding his hammerlike blow, being somewhat too uniform. His knowledge of what others have advanced on political economy is very great, not only extending to modern economists, but to old and obscure writers. He is greater as an expounder than as an original inquirer. In fact, from some deficiency of inventive logic, conjoined with a want of (to speak phrenologically) the "organ of cautiousness," his own opinions are often questionable, if not heretical. Such we consider are his theories on Irish absenteeism, the impossibility of gluts, and on there being no such thing as unproductive expenditure in the economical sense. The same want of cautiousness which induces him to push originality into paradox also induces him to state a paradox in the broadest and extremest manner. It is said that Queen Elizabeth insisted on having no shadow in her portrait; in like manner, Mr. M'Culloch will allow of no hesitation or question about his views, either to himself or others. What he sees he sees with wonderful distinctness; but he cannot, or he will not, see much at once, and he is too apt to require everybody else not only to see as he sees, but not to see anything else, either more or less. The endless shades and neutral tints which are found in nature are overlooked in the presentations of our limner; everything there is not only distinct but "stark staring." Neither is he very tolerant of those who differ from him even on difficult or abstruse subjects. Indeed, it is perhaps his *manner* of urging paradoxes, as much as the actual paradoxes, that raised up so many opponents, and for some years brought discredit on political economy itself. Even when he cannot resist an argument, he is apt to deny its importance or extent, on his mere ipse dixit.

As an expounder or enforcer of established truth, Mr. M'Culloch is very eminent. His peculiarity of genius renders him less certain as an applier of economical science — as witness some of his late propositions for the management of our fiscal system. His leading pursuit, his varied knowledge, and in a certain sense his catholic range of mind, together with his literary acquirements, render him eminent as an economical historian; for he combines, and in a high degree, that special knowledge which is not always found in the historical inquirer, with the various reading in which the mere economist is very often deficient. Hence, we think that the

summary reviews of commerce, from its origin with (so far as we know) the Phœnicians, till about the close of the last century, is not only the most attractive but really the best portion of this volume.

On the subject of the relations of the free press to the new French Empire, we put on record the first spirited answer that we have seen from any foreign power to the demand impudently made for a general literary proscription in Europe — all the more willingly as this rebuke comes from an inferior power in the immediate vicinity of France. In his zeal to prevent Europe from reading the passionate denunciation of M. Victor Hugo, "Napoléon le Petit," the new Emperor, has caused his minister to complain of the multiplication of copies "by the clandestine presses" of Berne, and to demand the suppression of these presses and the prosecution of the printers. The Department of Justice and Police of the canton reply with great spirit — that "according to the existing laws, neither a patent nor an authorization of the police is required to establish a printing-office in the canton of Berne; from which it follows that the expression, 'clandestine printing-office,' has no meaning in law. It must, besides, be mentioned," they add, as putting the case beyond the jurisdiction of the court, "that, according to the existing laws, the cantonal authorities cannot officially prosecute a publication offensive to a foreign government when sold or even printed in the canton." — *Athenæum*.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE LEASE. — An assault case came before the Birmingham magistrates last week, which, like the majority of matrimonial squabbles, would have been simply interesting in the eyes of those immediately concerned, but for a legal curiosity which was brought to light in the course of the hearing. A young fellow named William Charles Capas was charged with assaulting his wife. In giving her evidence, Mrs. Capas mentioned that her husband was not living with her, but was "leased" to a young woman named Hickson. This being a species of contract unknown to the magistrates, further inquiry into the matter was made, when it was elicited that a regular legal document had been drawn up, by which Capas and Hickson bound, or, as they termed it, "leased" themselves to each other for the term of their natural lives. The "lease" was produced in court and read. The girl Hickson was present at the time of the alleged assault. On being asked about the "lease," she admitted that she signed it, and stated that it was drawn up by Mr. Campbell, the lawyer, who told her at the time she signed it that if Capas' wife gave her any annoyance he would put in that paper as evidence. She, moreover, said that the paper was signed at his office, and that she believed Mr. Campbell charged 1*l.* 15*s.* for drawing it up. The magistrates fined Capas 2*s.* 6*d.* for the assault, and commented in very strong terms on the document which had that day been brought before them. — *Stamford Mercury*.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE BARONESS D'OBERKIRCH AND CITIZEN MERCIER.

If it were possible that the vexed spirit of the above-named illustrious lady could be conscious that her very noble name could have been mingled with that of a common *bourgeois* her indignation would be most intense. Had she ever reflected that her keeping a diary would have made of her a member of the republic of letters, she would have died rather than have belonged to such a commonwealth. The baroness was one of a class whose numbers were great and whose influence was unbounded. Their sympathies were given only to aristocratic sufferers; royalty they adored; the democracy they despised; and the very fine ladies of the class in question would, generally speaking, have preferred a *faux pas* with a prince to contracting honest marriage with an inferior.

The Baroness D'Oberkirch is a type rather of the follies than of the vices of the class, for having made her a member of which she prettily offered her best compliments to Heaven. She was the daughter of a poor Alsatian baron, whose shield had more quarterings than it is worth while to remember. Early in life she married a noble gentleman, old enough to be her father, and her best years were consumed in performing the functions of lady-in-waiting at the court of the Duke of Wurtemberg at Montbeliard, in visiting the more attractive court at Versailles, and in chronicling what she saw, and registering what she thought.

The diary which she kept, and subsequently enlarged, has been recently submitted to the public. It introduces us to the court and capital of France during the closing years of the reign of Louis XVI. It is interesting, as showing us both how the court acted and how the capital thereon commented; how the lady profoundly admired all the former did, and as profoundly despised all the thought devoted thereto by the *canaille*, who had no claim to stand upon red-heeled shoes, or to sit down on a *tabouret* in the face of royalty.

Now while this illustrious lady was taking notes, which her grandson has printed, a citizen was similarly occupied; and, had the Countess been aware of the circumstance, the impertinence of the commoner would have been soundly rated by the lady-in-waiting. The notes of the *bourgeois* were committed to the press three quarters of a century ago; those of the "Baroness-Countess" have only just seen the light.* The evidence of two such opposite witnesses is worth comparing; but the book of the lady will be ten fathom

deep in Lethe when men will be still addressing themselves with pleasure to the pages of Citizen Mercier.

Louis Sebastian Mercier was a Parisian, born in the year 1740. He had not yet attained his majority when he opened his literary career by poetical compositions in the style of Pope's "Heloise to Abelard." Upon poets, however, he soon looked as he subsequently did upon kings, and speedily addressed himself exclusively to works in prose. Racine and Boileau, according to him, had ruined the harmony of French verse, and he henceforward considered that if such harmony were to be found at all, it was in his own prose. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the college at Bordeaux, and was rather a prolific than a successful dramatic author. He threw the blame alike on the vitiated taste of actors and public, and, shaking the dust off his sandals against theatres and capital, he hastened to Rheims, with the intention of practising the law, in order to be better enabled to apply its rigors against the stage managers who had deprived him of his "free-admissions." In 1771 he printed his "L'An 2440, ou Rêve s'il en fut jamais," a rather clever piece of extravagance, which was imitated in England, half a century later, by the author of "The Mummy." In 1781 he published anonymously the first two volumes of his famous *Tableau de Paris*. He was disappointed that his labor was not deemed worthy of notice by the police authorities, and he retired, somewhat in disgust, to Switzerland, where he completed a work which has been far more highly esteemed abroad than in France, and which even there enjoyed a greater reputation in the provinces than in Paris. In it he showed himself a better sketcher of what lay before him than a discerner of what was beneath the surface; and he spoke of the impossibility of a revolution in France only a year before that revolution broke out. When the storm burst in fury he claimed the honors due to a magician who had provoked the tempest. He wrote vigorously on the popular side, but — and to his lasting honor be it spoken — he broke with the Jacobins, when he found that they hoped to walk to liberty through a pathway of blood. He voted in the Convention for saving the life of Louis XVI., and this and other offences against the sons of freedom, whose abiding-place was the Mountain, caused him to be arrested, and would have led to his execution but that his enemies were carried thither before him. At a later period he was a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and made himself remarkable by opposing the claims set up for Descartes for admission into the French Pantheon; and he also gained the approbation of all rightly-thinking men for taking the same adverse course against

* The Baroness d'Oberkirch's Memoirs. London, 1852. 3 vols. 8vo.

Voltaire, of whom he truly said that he (Voltaire) only attempted to overthrow superstition by undermining morality. His invectives were so bitter against philosophy and education that he acquired the surname of "the Ape of Jean Jacques!" He was a denouncer of the immoral system of lotteries until he was offered the lucrative place of "controller-general" of that gambling department. "All men," said he, by way of apology for his inconsistency, "all men are authorized to live at the expense of the enemy;" a maxim unsound in itself, and here altogether misapplied. Towards the end of the century he was appointed to the professorship of history in the central school of Paris, from the labors of which post he found relaxation in various literary works, among others in ridiculing Condillac and Locke, in laughing at Newton as a plagiarist, in denouncing science generally, and in maintaining that there was nothing new under the sun, and that all novel inventions were in truth but ancient discoveries. As a member of the Institute he put the assembly into a condition of profound somnolency by reading his ponderous paper on Cato of Utica, and he had a violent quarrel with the few who had remained awake, and who wished the angry author to put an end to his wearisome discourse. He liked the empire as little as he had loved royalty, and used to say in his pleasant way in the café wherein he reigned supreme, and where he was highly popular and ever welcome, that he should like to see how it would all end, and that he only desired to live from a motive of simple curiosity. He *did* live just long enough to witness the first Restoration of 1814, having then reached the age of 74 years.

Of all the works of this voluminous author we have now only to do with his famous "Tableau de Paris." In this, as in the *Memoirs* of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, we have a picture of what France was in the lifetime of many who are yet living—a picture so different from any that could represent present deeds, their actors, or the very stage on which they play out their little drama of intrigue and life, that, though to many it represents contemporary history, it reads like romance, the scene of which is in a far-off land, and the incidents too improbable to even require belief.

Wide apart as were the conditions, opposite as were the sympathies, and also the antipathies, of the baroness and the bourgeois, their respective testimony conduces to but one conclusion—that, when they wrote, the entire social state of France was rotten to the very core. The nobles were loyal only because they found their interests concerned in so being; the commons were rebellious of spirit, and careless of judgment to direct it.

Both were equally debased. All were partisans, none were patriots. The very priesthood was as corrupt in the mass as the multitude of the people generally, and God was dethroned in France long before the Goddess of Reason had been raised on the desecrated altars, by men not perhaps so much more wicked than their predecessors as more bold in their wickedness.

In the childhood of some yet living Paris paid to the king's purse one hundred million francs yearly in duties. The citizens grumbled, and when the murmur reached Versailles the powdered beaux were wont to say that "the frogs were croaking." It was alleged in return against those very beaux that *they* consumed more flour in hair powder than would feed many scores of the famished families of the capital. Into that capital the king never entered but a rise occurred in the price of provisions, and the fifty thousand barbers of the city fanned into flame the indignation of their customers while they shaved their beards and combed their perukes. Let what would occur, however, the court was ever gay. Madame d'Oberkirch speaks of the expectations of triumph held out by the Count d'Artois when he proceeded to the siege of Gibraltar. His failure was visited with a shower of witty epigrams. "Comment va le siège de Gibraltar? Assez bien *il se lève*," is one recorded by Mercier. Madame d'Oberkirch tells us of another made by the deceased count himself. A courtier was flattering him on the way he managed his batteries at the fatal rock—"My kitchen battery, particularly!" was the comment of the gastronomic prince, who at home had four servants to present him with one cup of chocolate, and to save whose ears, in common with those of the king and royal family, the church bells at Versailles never rang a peal during the residence of those great ones of the earth within the walls of the palace. But Eliza Bonaparte showed even greater sensitiveness than this. When in Italy she pulled down a church adjoining her palace, on the plea that the smell of the incense made her sick, and that the noise of the organ made her head ache.

The bourgeois of Versailles were probably less democratic than those of the capital, for tradesmen of repute vied with each other in purchasing the dishes that came untasted from the royal table. Commoner people bought as eagerly, but for superstitious purposes, the fat of the dead from the executioner, who was paid eighteen thousand francs yearly for performing his terrible duties. The executioner, in consequence, was himself something of an aristocrat. He was a potentate and was well paid. He kept less flaming fires on his hearth perhaps, and wore less fine linen, than the grave-diggers—

a class who found their fuel in coffins and who wore no shirts but such as they could steal out of aristocratic graves. It was a time when honesty consisted solely in being well-dressed. Clerks at forty pounds a year, says Mercier, walk abroad in velvet coats and lace frills — hence the proverb, "Gold-laced coat and belly of bran." As long as appearance was maintained, little else was cared for; but even the twenty thousand in the capital who professionally existed as "diners-out," might have taken exception to the custom of placing carved fruits and wooden joints upon otherwise scantily furnished tables. The wooden pears of Australia were not then known — they would have been the fashionable fruit at a Parisian *dessert* in the year 1780. There was another fashion of the day that was wittily inveighed against by the priests; that of ladies wearing on what was called their "necks," a cross held by the dove, typical of faith by the Holy Ghost. "Why suspend such symbols on your bosoms?" asked the ungallant churchmen, "do you not know that the cross is the sign of mortification, and the Holy Spirit that of virtuous thoughts?" The ladies smiled, and retained the insignia till all-powerful fashion motioned to a change. And then female coteries were absorbed in the merits of the respective shades of color implied by "dos de puce," or "ventre" of the same. Our ladies have more *nicely* retained the name of the animal in the catalogue of colors, without venturing to translate it; but their less susceptible sisters across the channel could, under the old monarchy, and even under the empire, unblushingly talk of their satins, using names for their colors which would have called up a blush even on the brow of the importurbable Dean Swift. If small delicacy prevailed, the luxury was astounding. A *fermier general* was served by twenty-four valets in livery, and never less than six "women" assisted at the toilet of "my lady." Two dozen cooks daily excited the palate of that self-denying priest the Cardinal de Rohan, while his eminence's very footmen looked doubly grand by appearing like "Tiddy Bob, with a watch in each fob." Gentlemen then dined in their swords, eat rapidly, and hastened from table when it suited them, without any formal leave-taking. This was felt more acutely by the cooks than by the ladies—in compliment to whom the cavaliers finally dropped their swords and assumed canes. The latter came in when the ladies wore such high-heeled shoes that without the support of a cane it was almost impossible to walk. The gentlemen, with "clouded heads" to their canes, tottered, or sauntered, along in company, while fans were furred and snuff-boxes carried, according to the instructions of masters, who thundered through Paris in gilded chariots,

bespattering the philosophers, mathematicians, and linguists that plodded basely by them on foot. "La Robe dine, Finance soupe," is a saying that also illustrates a fashion of the day. Of fashion at court, Madame d'Oberkirch tells us that at presentations the king was *obliged* to kiss duchesses and the cousins of kings, but not less noble persons. Louis XVI. was timid in the presence of ladies. Marie-Antoinette was ever self-possessed, whatever might be the occasion. It was etiquette to kiss the edge of her robe. The following is highly characteristic of the stilted fashion of the times.

I had an adventure this evening that at first embarrassed me a little, but from which I had the good fortune to come off, with honor. I wore on my arm a very handsome bracelet that had been given me by the Countess du Nord (wife of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, then travelling under the title of Count du Nord), and the value of which was greatly enhanced to me by having her portrait in its centre. The queen noticed it, and asked me to show it her. I immediately opened my fan, to present the bracelet on it to her majesty, according to etiquette. This is the only occasion on which a lady can open her fan before the queen. My fan, which was of ivory, and wrought like the most delicate lace, was not able to bear the weight of the bracelet, which sank through it to the ground. I was in a very awkward position. The queen's hand was held out, and I felt that every eye was on me; but I think that I got out of the dilemma very well — I stooped, which was very painful with my stiff petticoat, and, picking up the bracelet, immediately presented it to her majesty, saying, "Will the queen have the goodness to forget me, and think only of the grand duchess?" The queen smiled and bowed; and everybody admired my presence of mind.

When we read of such delicate homage as this paid to the divinity that hedged the queen, we can more fully sympathize with her in her fall when *she*, who had been so daintily worshipped, was unceasingly watched in her dungeon by the coarsest of men, and who was dragged to execution with no other sign than human love yet inclined to her than that afforded by the infant child of a poisoner, who, raised on her mother's shoulders to view the spectacle of a queen passing on her way to death, put her little fingers to her lips, and wafted a kiss to the meek pilgrim as she passed.

Madame d'Oberkirch, speaking of the Chevalier de Morney, notices his strong method of expression as one "which, except in the society of her husband, would be too broad for the ears of a modest woman" — a singular exception! But our fair diarist does not appear to be herself over particular. She is the warm apologist of the Duchess de Bourbon, the unworthy mother of the heroic Duc d'Enghien. She, however, tells the

following, "with great hesitation," as a sign of the depravity of the times—it is certainly rather *piquant*.

The Duchess of — had one day received a visit from her lover, M. Archambault de Talleyrand Perigord, when, the husband unexpectedly returning, the gallant was obliged to make his escape by the window. Some persons seeing him descend, made him prisoner, thinking he was a robber; but, having explained who he was, he was allowed to go, without being brought before the injured husband. The story soon became generally known, and the king reproved the lovely duchess for her coquetry; "You intend to imitate your mother, I perceive, madame," said he, in a very severe tone. The tale at last reached the ears of the duke, who complained to the mother-in-law of the conduct of his wife; but she coolly said to him, "You make a great noise about a trifle; your father was much more polite!"

This lady was of the quality of Madame de Matignon, who gave twenty-four thousand livres to Baillard, on condition that he would send her every morning a new head-dress. The people were at this period suffering from famine and high prices. Selfishness and other vices survived the period, however;—witness Madame Tronchin, who, in the Revolution, was daily losing her relatives by the guillotine, but who sympathizingly remarked to a friend, that if it were not for her darling little cup of *café à la crème*, she really did not know how she should survive such misfortunes! Such was the fine lady who wore a "Cadogan" and looked like a man, while the gallants took to English great-coats, with buttons on them larger than crown-pieces, and on every button the portrait of a mistress.

A curious and revolting custom prevailed at this same period. During Passion Week all theatres were closed; but more infamous places remained open; the royal family cut vegetables curiously arranged to represent fish and other food, and court chaplains enjoyed on Holy Thursday the privilege of unlimited liberty of speech in presence of the king. It was on a Holy Thursday that a court chaplain ventured to say from the pulpit, in the royal hearing of Louis XIV., that "we are all mortal," and when the monarch, who could not bear the sight of the towers of the cathedral of St. Denis, sternly looked up at the preacher, the latter, trembling for his chance of a bishopric, amended his phrase and its doctrine by adding, "Yes, sire; *almost* all of us!" The custom to which I have alluded at the beginning of this paragraph is narrated by Mercier, and is substantially to this effect. On the night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday a relic of the true cross was exposed for public adoration in the "Sainte Chapelle." Epileptic beggars, under the

name of possessed maniacs, flocked thither in crowds. They flung themselves before the relic in wild contortions; they grimaced, howled, swore, blasphemed, and struggled fiercely with the half-dozen men who seemed unable to restrain them. The better all this was acted the more money was showered on the actors. Mercier declares that all the imprecations that had ever been uttered against Christ and the Virgin could not amount to the mass of inexpressible infamy which he heard uttered by one particular blasphemer.

It was for me (he says) and for all the assembly, a novel and strange thing to hear a human being in a voice of thunder publicly cast defiance at the God of the very temple, insult His worship, provoke His wrath, and belch forth the most atrocious invectives—all of which were laid to the account, not of the energetic blasphemer, but of the Devil. The people present tremblingly made the sign of the cross, and prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground, muttering the while, "*It is the Demon who speaks!*" After eight men had with difficulty dragged him three times to the shrine which held the relic of the cross, his blasphemies became so outrageously filthy that he was cast out at the door of the church as one surrendered forever to the dominion of Satan, and unworthy of being cured by the miraculous cross. Imagine that a detachment of soldiers publicly mounted guard that night over this inconceivable *farce*—and that in an age like the present!

Such acts were not so much in advance of the age. Four years later the inquisitors of Seville publicly burned at the stake a girl charged with holding criminal intercourse with Satan. She was a very beautiful young creature, and, that her beauty might not excite too much sympathy for her fate, her nose was cut off previous to her being led to execution! Mercier relates this on the authority of an eye-witness. It occurred barely more than seventy years ago, and Dr. Cabill, of gloomy memory, may rejoice therefore to think that the *executive* hand of his Church can hardly yet be out of practice.

"An age like the present!" wrote Mercier, in the days only of our fathers. In that age it was deemed impossible to carry the shrines of St. Marcel and Genevieve at the same time through one street. Whenever the respective bearers ventured on such a feat they invariably beheld a miracle, exemplifying the attraction of cohesion. The two shrines were drawn to each other, in spite of all opposing human effort, and remained inseparable for the whole space of three days!

At this period Protestant marriages were accounted as concubinage by the law, while Jewish marriages were held legal. A Jew who purchased the estate of Pepuigny bought with it the undisputed right to nominate the curés and canons of the church. It is worth

recording also, as midnight masses have just been reestablished in Paris, that they were suppressed in that capital three quarters of a century ago, in consequence of the irreligious scenes which occurred in the churches. Mercier pertinently remarks on the singularity of the fact that Roman Catholics who believed in the ever real presence of Christ in their temples, behaved before that presence like unclean heathens, while Protestants, who denied the presence, behaved with decorum. The great attraction for many years at many of these masses was the organ-playing of the great Daquin. His imitation of the song of the nightingale used to elicit a whirlwind of applause from the so-called worshippers.

This mixture of delight and devotion was after all but natural in the people. The cleverest *abbés* of the day composed not only musical masses but operas.

Yet the Church and the Stage were ever in antagonism in France. Mercier tells a pleasant story, which recounts how the famous actress Clairon wrote a plea in claim of funeral rites being allowed to the bodies of deceased stage-players. With some difficulty she found an *avocat* bold enough to present and read this plea to the "parliament." The latter august body struck the lawyer off the rolls. Mlle. Clairon, out of gratitude, instructed him in elocution, and he adopted the stage as his future profession. On his first appearance, however, he proved himself so indifferent an actor that he was summarily condemned, amid an avalanche of hisses. He so took the failure to heart that he died — and, being an actor in the eye of the church, was pronounced excommunicate and was buried like Ophelia, with "maimed rites."

Mercier tells us that there were not less than five thousand special masses daily celebrated in Paris at the charge of sevenpence-halfpenny each! The Irish priests in the capital, he says, were not too scrupulous to celebrate two in one day, thus obtaining a second sevenpence-halfpenny by what their French *confrères* considered rank impiety. Among the poorer brotherhood was chosen the "Porte-Dieu." Such was the rather startling popular name for the penniless priest hired to sit up o' nights, and carry the "holy sacrament" to the sick or dying. In rainy weather "la bon Dieu" was conveyed by the reverend porter in a hackney coach, on which occasions the coachman always drove with his hat reverently under his arm. When the "Porte-Dieu" entered an apartment the inmates hurriedly covered the looking-glasses, in order that the "holy sacrament" might not be multiplied therein. There was a superstitious idea that it was impious.

I have stated above that Protestant marriages were not valid when Madame d'Oberkirch and M. Mercier were engaged on their

respective works — placed before the world at such wide intervals. That much-wished-for consummation was, however, supposed to be then "looming in the future!"

This day (says the lady) I heard a piece of news which gave me great pleasure. It was that the king had registered in the parliament an ordonnance by which all curés were enjoined to record the declarations of all persons who presented their children, without questioning them in any way. This was to prevent certain curés from trying to cast a doubt on the legitimacy of Protestant children. It did not recognize the validity of Protestant marriages, but it gave us hope for a better future.

But it is time to draw these rapid notices to a close. Those who will take the trouble to peruse the works which have suggested them will find their reward therein. The three volumes of Madame d'Oberkirch might indeed have been judiciously condensed into one. There is a superabundance in them of "what squires call potter and what men call prose," but there is much besides that is of interest. The writer is by far a more correct prophet of the future than Mercier. She saw that the society in which she gloried was falling into ruins. Mercier depicted its vices, but so little could he foresee the consequences of them, that he patriotically exulted that Paris was so secured by its police from such enormities as the Gordon riots, which had disgraced London, as to render revolution impossible. The opinions of the writers apart, their respective records are well worth reading. That of Mercier has been well-nigh forgotten, but its graphic power, its wit, and variety ill-deserved such oblivion. That of the baroness, prolix and ill-translated as it is, has also its certain value. Both are real mirrors of the times, and all that passed before their polished surface is represented thereon with a fidelity that sometimes terrifies as much as it amuses.

The following, from Mercier, may come under the first head; but it is far from being the worst case that might be cited. As an instance of the results of common hospital practice, it contrasts startlingly with what now occurs in the same locality.

The corpses daily vomited forth by the hospital of the Hôtel Dieu are carried to Clamart, a vast cemetery whose gulf is ever open. These bodies are uncoffined; they are simply sewed up in a winding sheet. They are hurriedly dragged from the beds, and more than one patient pronounced dead has awoke to life under the eager hand that was sewing him up in his shroud. Others have shrieked out that they were living, in the very cart that was conveying them to burial. The cart is drawn by twelve men; a dirty and bemired priest, a bell, and a crucifix — such is the sum of the honors paid to the poor. This gloomy cart starts every morning

from the Hôtel Dieu at four o'clock, and journeys amid a silence as of night. The bell which precedes it awakes some who slept; but you must meet this cart on the highway to correctly appreciate the effect produced on the mind both by its sight and sound. In sick seasons it has been seen performing the same journey four times in the twenty-four hours. It can contain fifty bodies. The corpses of children are squeezed in between the legs of adults. The whole freight is tossed into a deep and open pit, quick-lime is liberally poured in, and the horror-stricken eye of the observer plunges into an abyss yet spacious enough to hold all the living inhabitants of the capital. There is holiday here on All Souls' day. The populace contemplate the spot wherein so many of them are destined to lie; and kneeling and praying only precede the universal drinking and debauchery.

Let us turn, by way of conclusion, from burials to weddings. In the account given by Madame d'Oberkirch of the marriage of the Prince de Nassau Saarbruck with Mlle. de Montbarrey we recognize not only what the fair authoress calls "a very grand affair," but an infinitely amusing one to boot. We spare our readers the execrable poetry, by "a drawing-room poet," which was read with great avidity during the bridal festivities. It is necessary, however, to allude to the effusion, as will be seen from what follows:—

These verses are very stupid, but I quote them because they amused us exceedingly when we considered that this husband, "possessor of your charms," and who "to love's enchanting bliss shall wake," was a child of twelve years of age, who wept from morning to night, frantic at being made an object of universal curiosity, flying from his wife, and even repulsing her with the rudeness of an ill-bred child, and having no desire to claim a title whose signification he did not understand. . . . During the ball, the bridegroom could on no account consent to dance with the bride. He was at length threatened with a whipping in case of further refusal, and promised a deluge of sugar-plums and all sorts of amusements if he complied. Whereupon he consented to lead her through a minuet. Though he showed so great an aversion to her who had a legal claim upon his attentions, he manifested a great sympathy for little Louisa de Dietrich, a child of his own age, and returned to sit beside her as soon as he could free himself from the *ennuyeuse* ceremony of attending on his bride. This was the husband whose "rapt embrace" awaited the young princess. My brother undertook to console him, and was showing him some prints in a large book. Amongst them there happened to be one which represented a marriage procession, which, as soon as the child saw, he shut the book, exclaiming, "Take it away, sir, take it away! What have I to do with that? it is shocking— and hold," continued he, pointing out a tall figure in the group, "there is one that is like Mademoiselle de Montbarrey."

These last extracts will serve to show the different staple of which are composed the respective works of the Baroness and the Bourgeois. That of the former will be read merely to amuse the passing hour, but in the sketches of Mercier there will always be found something worthy of the attention, not only of the general reader, but of the statesman, the moralist, and the philosopher.

J. DORAN.

A TAME BUTTERFLY.—One cold, bleak November morning, when the sky, the air, and all nature wore that sullen and desponding look so peculiar to our climate at this season, a lady, who for the first time had risen from a bed of sickness, went into an adjoining apartment, where she perceived a gay and beautiful butterfly in the window. Astonished at finding this creature of flowers and sunshine in so uncongenial a situation, she watched its movements and operations. As the sun came out for a bright, brief space, it fluttered joyously about the window, and imparted to the sick-room an air of cheerfulness and hope. Towards evening, however, the tiny creature drooped its wings; the lady then placed it in a glass tumbler on the mantel-piece. During the night, hard frost came on, and the room was in consequence very cold. In the morning, the butterfly lay in the bottom of the tumbler apparently dead. The invalid, grieved that her gentle companion of the previous day should so soon perish, made some effort to restore its fragile existence. She put it on her own warm hand, and breathing upon it, perceived it give signs of returning animation; she then once more placed it in its glass-house on the rug before the fire. Soon the elegant little insect spread out its many-colored wings, and flew to the window, where the sun was shining brightly. By and by, the sun retired, and the window-panes getting cold, the creature sank down on the carpet again, apparently lifeless. The same means were used to restore animation, and with the same success. This alternation of life and death went on for many days, till at last the grateful little thing became quite tame, and seemed to be acquainted with its benefactress. When she went to the window, and held out her finger, it would, of its own accord, hop upon it; sometimes it would settle for an hour at a time upon her hand or neck, when she was reading or writing. Its food consisted of honey; a drop of which the lady would put upon her hand, when the butterfly would uncurl its sucker, and gradually sip it up; then it usually sipped up a drop of water in the same way. The feeding took place only once in three or four days. In this manner its existence was prolonged through the whole winter, and part of the following spring. As it approached the end of its career, its wings became quite transparent, and its spirits apparently dejected. It would rest quietly in its "crystal palace" even when the sun was wooing it to come out, and at last, one morning in April, it was found dead—quite dead.—*Chambers' Journal*.

From Household Words.

THE GAUGER'S POCKET.

POOR old Tristram Pentire! How he comes up before me as I pronounce his name! That light, active, half-stooping form; bent as though he had a brace of legs upon his shoulders still; those thin, gray, rusty locks that fell upon a forehead seamed with the wrinkles of threescore years and five; the cunning glance that questioned in his eye, and that nose carried always at half-cock, with a red blaze along its ridge, scorched by the departing footstep of the fierce fiend Alcohol, when he fled before the reinforcements of the Coast Guard.

He was the last of the smugglers; and when I took possession of my glebe, I hired him as my servant of all work, or rather no work, about the house, and there he rollicked away the last few years of his careless existence, in all the pomp and idleness of "The parson's man." He had taken a bold part in every landing on the coast, man and boy, full forty years; throughout which time, all kinds of men had largely trusted him with their brandy and their lives, and true and faithful had he been to them as sheath to steel.

Gradually he grew attached to me, and I could not but take an interest in him. I endeavored to work some softening change in him, and to awaken a certain sense of the errors of his former life. Sometimes, as a sort of condescension on his part, he brought himself to concede and to acknowledge in his own quaint rambling way:—

"Well, sir, I do think when I come to look back, and to consider what lives we used to live—drunk all night, and idle abed all day, cursing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying, and always prepared for to shet (shoot) the gauger—I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin!"

But, whatever contrite admissions to this extent were extorted from old Tristram by misty glimpses of a moral sense and by his desire to gratify his master, there were two points on which he was inexorably firm. The one was, that it was a very guilty practice in the authorities to demand taxes for what he called run goods; and the other settled dogma of his creed was, that it never could be a sin to make away with an exciseman. Battles between Tristram and myself on these themes were frequent and fierce; but I am bound to confess that he always managed, somehow or other, to remain master of the field. Indeed, what Chancellor of the Exchequer could be prepared to encounter the triumphant demand with which Tristram smashed to atoms my suggestions of morality, political economy, and finance! He would listen with apparent patience to all my solemn and secular

pleas for the revenue, and then down he came upon me with the unanswerable argument—

"But why should the king tax good liquor! If they *must* have taxes, why can't they tax something else?"

My efforts, moreover, to soften and remove his doctrinal prejudice as to the unimportance, in a moral point of view, of putting the officers of his Majesty's revenue to death, were equally unavailing. Indeed, to my infinite chagrin, I found that I had lowered myself exceedingly in his estimation by what he called standing up for the exciseman.

"There had been divers parsons," he assured me, "in his time in the parish, and very larned clargy they were; and some very strict; and some would preach one doctrine, and some another; and there was one that had very mean notions about running goods, and said 't was a wrong thing to do; but even he, and the rest, never took no part with the gauger—never! And besides," said old Trim, with another demolishing appeal, "Was n't the exciseman always ready to put us to death when he could?"

With such a theory it was not very astonishing—although it startled me at the time—that I was once suddenly assailed, in a pause of his spade, with the puzzling inquiry,— "Can you tell me the reason, sir, that no grass will ever grow upon the grave of a man that's hanged unjustly?"

"No, indeed, Tristram, I never heard of the fact before."

"Well, I thought every man know'd that from the Scripture; why, you can see it, sir, every Sabbath day. That grave on the right hand of the path as you go down to the porch-door, that heap of arth with no growth, not one blade of grass on it—that's Will Pooly's grave that was hanged unjustly."

"Indeed! but how came such a shocking deed to be done?"

"Why, you see, sir, they got poor Will down to Bodmin, all among strangers, and there was bribery, and false swearing; and an unjust judge came down—and the jury, all bad rascals, tin-and-copper-men—and so they all agreed together, and they hanged poor Will. But his friends begged the body and brought the corpse home here to his own parish; and they turfed the grave, and they sowed the grass twenty times over, but 't was all no use; nothing would ever grow—he was hanged unjustly."

"Well, but Tristram, you have not told me all this while what this man Pooly was accused of—what had he done?"

"Done, sir! Done! Nothing whatsoever but killed the exciseman!"

The glee, the chuckle, the cunning glance were inimitably characteristic of the hardened old smuggler; and then down went the spade with a plunge of defiance, and, as I turned

away, a snatch of his favorite song came carolling after me like the ballad of a victory.

On, through the ground-sea, shove !
Light on the larboard bow !
There 's a nine-knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below !

Hush ! for the beacon fails ;
The skulking gauger 's by.
Down with your studding sails,
Let jib and fore-sail fly !

Hurrah, for the light, once more !
Point her for Shark's Nose Head,
Our friends can keep the shore,
Or the skulking gauger 's dead.

On, through the ground-sea, shove !
Light on the larboard bow !
There 's a nine-knot breeze above,
And a sucking tide below !

Among the "King's men," whose achievements haunted the old man's memory with a sense of mingled terror and dislike, a certain Parminter and his dog occupied a principal place. This officer appeared to have been a kind of Frank Kennedy in his way, and to have chosen for his watchword the old Irish signal "Dare !"

"Sir," said old Tristram one day, with a burst of indignant wrath, "Sir, that villain Parminter and his dog murdered with their shetting-irons no less than seven of our people at divers times, and they peacefully at work in their calling all the while !"

I found on further inquiry that this man Parminter was a bold and determined officer, whom no threats could deter and no money bribe. He always went armed to the teeth, and was followed by a large, fierce, and dauntless dog, which he had thought fit to call Satan. This animal he had trained to carry in his mouth a carbine or a loaded club, which, at a signal from his master, Satan brought to the rescue. "Ay, they was bold audacious rascals—that Parminter and his dog—but he went rather too far one day, as I suppose," was old Tristram's chuckling remark as he leaned upon his spade, and I stood by.

"Did he, Trim ; in what way ?"

"Why, sir, the case was this. Our people had a landing down at Mellnach, in Johnnie Mathoy's hole ; and Parminter and his dog found it out. So they got into the cave at ebb tide, and laid in wait, and when the first boat-load came ashore, just as the keel took the ground, down storms Parminter, shouting for Satan to follow. But the dog knew better, and held back, they said, for the first time in all his life ; so in leaps Parminter smack into the boat, alone, with his cutlass drawn ; but" (with a kind of inward ecstasy), "he didn't do much harm to the boat's crew—"

"Because," as I interposed, "they took him off to their ship."

"No, not they ; not a bit of it. Their blood was up, poor fellows, so they just pulled Parminter down in the boat, and chopped off his head on the gunwale !"

The exclamation of horror with which I received this recital, elicited no kind of sympathy from Tristram. He went on quietly with his work, merely moralizing thus—"Ay, better Parminter and his dog had gone now and then to the gauger's pocket at Tidnacombe Cross, and held their peace, better far."

The term, "The Gauger's Pocket," in old Tristram's phraseology, had no kind of reference to any place of deposit in the apparel of the exciseman ; but to a certain large gray rock, which stands upon a neighboring moorland, not far from the cliffs which overhang the sea. It bears to this day, among the parish people, the name of the Witan-Stone, that is to say, in the language of our forefathers, the Rock of Wisdom ; because it was one of the places of usual assemblage for the Gray Eldermen of British or of Saxon times—a sort of speaker's chair or woolsock in the local Parliaments. It was, moreover, there is no doubt, one of the natural altars of the old religion ; and, as such, it is greeted with a fond and legendary reverence still. Hither Trim guided me one day to show, as he told me, "the great rock set up by the giants, so they said ; long, long ago, before there was any bad laws such as they make now." It was indeed a wild, strange, striking scene ; and one to lift and fill, and, moreover, to subdue, the thoughtful mind. Around me was the wild, half-cultured moor ; yonder, within reach of sight and ear, that boundless, breathing sea, with that shout of the waters, which came up ever and anon to recall the strong metre of the Greek,

Hark ! how old ocean laughs with all his waves !

and there, before me, stood the tall, vast, solemn stone, gray and awful with the myriad memoirs of ancient ages, when the white fathers bowed around the rocks and worshipped.

"And now, sir," clashed in a shrill, sharp voice, "let me show you the wonderfulest thing in all the place, and that is, the Gauger's Pocket."

Accordingly, I followed my guide, for it seems, "I had a dream which was not all a dream," as he led the way to the back of the Witan-Stone ; and there, grown over with moss and lichen, with a movable slice of rock to conceal its mouth, old Tristram pointed out, triumphantly, a dry and secret crevice about an arm's length deep. "There sir," said he, with a joyous twinkle in his eye,

"there have I dropped a little bag of gold, many and many a time, when our people wanted to have the shore quiet, and to keep the exciseman out of the way of trouble; and there he would go, if so be he was a reasonable officer; and the byword used to be, when 't was all right, one of us would go and meet him, and then say, 'Sir, your pocket is unbuttoned;' and he would smile and answer, 'Ay! ay! but never mind, my man, my money's safe enough;' and thereby we knew that he was a just man, and satisfied, and that the boats could take the roller in peace; and that was the very way, sir, it came to pass that this crack in the stone was called for evermore 'The Gauger's Pocket.'"

From Chambers' Journal.

A NIGHT IN CUNNEMARA.

THE evening of an autumn day in 1829 brought two young men, who had been engaged for several hours in shooting over the wilds of Cunnemara, to the vicinity of the lodgings of a priest, with whom one of them was on terms of intimate friendship. The day had been one of cheerless, unintermitting rain; the two sportsmen were drenched with wet; and one of them, a stranger in the district, and not accustomed to its rude exercises, was spent with fatigue. It was after a slow and toilsome march through a bog of various degrees of solidity, and being more than once soused almost to the shoulders in the black moreen or bog-water which lay at the bottoms of the hollows cut in it by the winter floods, that the young men reached the vicinity of the priest's mansion. A shot fired at this moment by Blake, the individual of the party to whom Cunnemara was native ground, caused the almost instant appearance, at the door of his hovel, of the good-humored face of Father Dennis, who no sooner distinguished his friend, than he issued forth, and gave him and his companion a hearty welcome.

"Father Dennis, Captain Clinton, of the —th. Clinton, Father Dennis Connelly," was the brief introduction by which Blake put the priest and his friend upon a footing of friendship. There was no need to inquire into the condition of the two sportsmen, and as little need to hint to the priest the line of conduct he ought to pursue towards them.

"Cold, wet, hungry and fatigued, I see you are," said he, taking a pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers after it. But there's none of you more so than I am myself. Up and out I've been from peep of day this morning; not a morsel inside my lips since the bit of breakfast I swallowed at six o'clock; and never sat down a minute, no, nor stood still either, only just while I stepped in where I

got calls, to buckle a pair in one place, and christen a couple of pausteens in another."

"What was it kept you so busy, Dennis!" said Blake.

"Pattthern day,* don't you know! And didn't you hear how the Heffernans and Conrys were killing aich other last year! Oh, then, if I hadn't enough to do with them this day, my name's not Dennis Connelly. God knows a heart-scald they are to any one that wants to keep paice and quiet among them. If you knew the pain I have in my shouldher this minute with leathering the scoundrels, and the tired legs I have pelting afther them; for as fast as I'd disperse them in one place, they'd gather in another." And Father Dennis, with grimaces expressive of extreme suffering, rubbed the ailing shoulder with his left hand, and the ailing legs with both.

"What! do you beat your parishioners!" cried the Englishman, in utter astonishment.

"To be sure I do—bate them while baiting's good for them, and that's long enough," replied the priest. "The poor ignorant cratures! sure, they're like wild Indians! It's the only way to get any good of them."

"And are none of them ever tempted to make a return in kind!"

"Sthrike me! is it! Ah, captain, you English have quare notions in your heads—no, but down on their knees to beg my pardon, and wouldn't think they'd have luck or grace if they didn't get it. When one dashes into the thick of a fight, then, to be sure, one may get an odd blow, but not on purpose; they'd think the hand would rot off them if they riz it on their clargy."

"In such a very wild district, all this may probably be necessary," said Clinton, making a polite effort.

"It is, my dear sir, quite necessary," cried the priest, taking Clinton's remark in perfect good faith; "only look at this delicate little switch I took from a fellow to-day. There can't be less than a pound's weight of lead in the ferral. A crack of that now would smash an ox's skull, let alone a Christian's; and the blackguard had it up, just ready to let fly at one that was n't thinking of him at all—(you know him, Isidore—Davy Gavan, from Rusvela, a quiet, poor man as ever lived.) I got a houl of the stick, but the fellow held it tight; he dar n't sthrike me, and he did n't like to let it go; so there we were at it, pully hauly, till I twisted it out of his grip, in spite of him. I had a great mind to give him a good clip then, but I did n't like to do it with such a walloper, so I makes a kick at him; and what do you

* A half-festive, half-religious meeting of the people in solitary places, common in the Highlands of Ireland, and at which much fighting sometimes takes place.

think!—the impudent scoundrel caught my foot in his hand. I felt I could not help going; but just as I was tumbling back, I tilts up the other foot with a spang, hit him just here under the butt of the ear, and knocked him over and over—you never seen a fellow take such a roll. Between ourselves," added the stalwart champion of good order, with a meaning compression of the lips, and a corresponding wink and nod, "he did n't get up quite so quick as I did."

The young men were by this time seated in the priest's parlor, where no time was lost in purveying for them, and for the priest himself, the solacements demanded by their worn-out condition. An hour must be supposed to have passed since their meal was concluded. They are seated round a blazing turf fire, and the corner of a large square table is drawn in between them, the more conveniently to bring within general reach the materials for compounding the smoking and smoky beverage that stands before each. The general appearance of the apartment is rather more decent than might be expected in a district so uncivilized. It is ceiled and whitewashed, and the earthen floor is covered with a "cautiugh," or carpet of rush matting. It moreover boasts a couple of little sashed windows, a painted wooden chimney-piece (no grate, however), and for ornament, a whole series of highly-colored prints of saints, angels and devils, varied by a coffee-colored whole-length of Napoleon Bonaparte, a view of the Bay of Naples, and a political caricature or two of some fifty years' standing. The priest's bed, it is true, as it stands against the wall, is rather a conspicuous object. But with its gay chintz curtains (quite new) and its patchwork quilt, it cannot well be deemed an eyesore, especially considering that the room is not otherwise very rich in furniture. Indeed, unless a great chest and a trunk or two may be counted as such, the inventory must be limited to a few chairs and an immense wooden press painted red (mahogany color intended), to which the woman of the house is paying constant visits, the upper compartments being her pantry, and the lower her repository for house linen, &c.

The trio at the fire sat for a time silent and unoccupied; the countenances and attitudes of each richly, though in different styles, expressive of the quiet, indolent satisfaction of rest after fatigue. At length, arousing himself, Father Dennis exclaimed:—"Come, another tumbler, gentlemen! A wet day in the hills calls for two, at any rate, to the one you'd take at any other time."

"Ay, that's the rule, Clinton; so fill, fill, my boy," cried Blake. "Do you know, I think you are getting reconciled to the poteen!"

"You are not far from the truth," returned Clinton, smiling. "I am truly grateful to the put—put—heen, or what do you call it! and with good reason, too, for I never swallowed a potion half so grateful as that tumbler you forced down my throat by way of a preparative to drying myself. Henceforward I shall ever account it as the very best of cordials, where cordials are needed."

"There's many a true word said in jest, captain," said Father Dennis, nodding, as he filled his own glass brimful, and with an air of practised dexterity, turned it into his tumbler.

"You fancy I'm jesting, Mr. Connelly, do you! Upon my honor you are wrong if you do. I literally think what I say of it."

"Then, upon my honor, and my conscience too, you're not far out in that anyway. And it's in such a place as this it is needed. Oh, the hardships I have to go through here in the winter saison, they're beyond belief! One can't even have a horse to help one out, for there's no riding. Look at my two elegant pair of boots that I brought with me, hanging up there against the wall, till they'd puzzle the rats themselves to make any use of them. And the foot work through the wet bogs is the sore work, though nothing at all to the boat work! Think, now, what it is to be out tossing on this contrary coast in all weathers—often with every tack about you as dripping wet as if you were keel-hauled, and knowing all the time that you have a great deal better chance of the bottom than of any other end to your voyage. How would you like that, captain?"

"Not at all, I confess. But I hardly think the perils of the sea can be much greater than the perils of the land in this quarter."

"Ah, the mooreen!" cried the priest. "Well, captain, I agree with you. As bad to be choked that way as with salt water."

"Ay, Dennis; but 'tis n't either of them you or I'd choose, if we were to be choked at all," said Blake, laughing; "water like this would be more to our taste. Come, will you tell the story of the cock and the tumbler to Clinton! Do, now—that's a good fellow."

"Oh, that ould story!—'t would be no pleasure to him."

"I beg your pardon, it would be a very great pleasure to me to hear a story of yours, if you will so far favor me," said the young officer politely.

"You're very kind to say so, captain, I'm sure. And if it was anything worth your hearing—"

Here both the young men broke in upon his disqualifying speech, with assurances that at length seemed to conquer his modesty. "Oh, if you ra'ally have a fancy for it, gentlemen, 'tis no throuble to me to tell it, to be sure. I

don't know, Captain Clinton, whether you have any idea of the sort of life a poor man lades, that's coadjuthor (what you'd call curate, you know), to a snug, dacent, worthy, gentale parish priest that loves his aiso. I'll tell you then. It's just the life of a pack-horse — no better. A sort of hand-ball he is, knocked about here and there, and up and down, and to and fro, wherever his shuparior places to think he's wanted. Then, afther slaving this way all day, routed out of his bed, maybe, half-a-dozen times in the coorse of the one night, to trot to the far ends of the parish at the bidding of every ould collioch that takes it into her crazy head she's booked for the other world, and she as tough all the time, maybe, as an old raven."

"I beg pardon for the interruption, Mr. Connelly," said Clinton, laughing heartily at the list of grievances, or rather at the manner in which they were set forth, tones and grimaces, inclusive; "but you must make allowance for my utter ignorance. Tell me, how is this very hard case different from yours at present, as a parish priest? You are liable to be called about in the same way, if I don't misunderstand you."

"True for you, my dear sir. I have most of the hardships as it is, sure enough. But then there's two little circumstances in the case that make a matarial difference. The poor coadjuthor, you see, does all the work, and gets only half, maybe only the third of the dues. Then, again, afther one of them unlucky calls, when he jogs back tired and disappointed, all the comfort there's for him is black looks, if it is n't hard words itself, from one that would n't wag a finger to save him a journey to Jericho and back again."

"All very true," cried Blake. "But where has the story slipped to, Dennis?"

"Patience, Isidore, I'm coming to it, all in good time, if you'll only let me. Well, you are to know, Captain Clinton, there was once upon a time a poor priest — as it might be myself — and he, afther a hard day's work, was just going to sit down to his little supper, of a Saturday night, of all nights in the week, when there comes a tantararara to his door, enough to waken up the dead; and before he had time to bless himself, he was packed off to ride seven miles up the mountain, through the rain and sleet and wind — (pitch dark it was too, into the bargain) — to anoint a crature that was n't expected.* Well, captain, I need n't tell you what a time he and his poor baste had of it, getting through the bogs such a night; but he did get through them at last. The man of the house was in bed, but he got up, and brought out a little cruiskeen of poteen; and another man that had come across from Joyce Country, he got up too, and they all three settled

themselves down by the fire, vory cosey and comfortable. The priest had just mixed his tumbler, when he sees the cock that was roosting upon the rafters above, lifting up the wings of him, this way" (acting the motion), "getting ready for the crow; a sign, mark you, that twelve o'clock was coming. Now, a priest can't touch bit or sup, you know, from twelve o'clock on Saturday night, till twelve o'clock next day — that's till afther last mass. So when he sees the lad preparing, he ups with the tumbler" (still acting,) "and down clean he had it, before the screech came. 'There now,' says he, ir Irish, as he set it down with a whack, 'was n't that well done? I took it off between the clapping and the crowing.'"

The lungs of the young Englishman did "crow like chanticleer" at this narrative; nor was he behindhand in the clapping.

"Ah, but it's better far in the Irish," resumed Father Dennis. "*Edir sgihan sehgub*, you know, Isidore, between the wing and the beak. By far more expressive."

Another hearty fit of laughter signalized the conclusion of the story. But, Clinton having for some time given tokens of a disposition to sleep, his friend now proposed that they should bid their kind host good-night. Dennis, though willing to prolong the entertainment, was too polite to resist their wishes; and he accordingly rose, and led the way across the kitchen to an apartment, which was certainly no favorable contrast to the one they had just quitted. The earthen floor, in its undisguised ruggedness — the unhinged door merely resting against its door-frame — the partition wall wanting at least two feet of reaching the loft of hurdles that formed the sole ceiling overhead — and the small dismantled window, one pane alone, out of its four, in proper order for excluding air and admitting light, displayed no inconsiderable sum total of discomfort. Nor was there much to balance the account, except a tolerably clear fire on the hearth, and the clean and good articles of bedding that furnished forth a wooden-roofed bedstead, sociably destined for the accommodation of the pair of wearied sportsmen. Clinton's glance did not fail to take in all these details. But the idea of a bivouac being uppermost in his mind, he was able, with a good grace, to make light of the subject-matter of the lamentations with which the parting compliments of the hospitable priest were rather profusely seasoned.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed, and the two youths were not half that time asleep, when Blake was awakened by Father Dennis' house-keeper, with the information that a marriage party had arrived, afther having followed the priest all day, and that, if he and his friend would rise, they might see the whole fun from the top of the partition wall, without

* Not expected to live.

being themselves seen. "It's Tom Conry's widdy, sir," she said, "Mary Duane, and the bridegroom is a boy from Lettermullin, Patsheen Halloran by name—a big mullet-headed somnochawn, the very moral of the first husband, just as soft-looking, as fat, and as foolish. Och, if your honor seen the pair, you would laugh if there was a laugh in you!"

Blake instantly rose, and roused his companion, who, though at first more disposed to lie still than to enjoy the finest fun in the world, was at last persuaded to get up. When both had dressed, they ascended by a ladder to the place which the housekeeper had pointed out as a place of observation for the survey of the next apartment, and there, sure enough, a very amusing scene met their eyes. The bridal party, easily distinguishable from the people of the house by their dripping garments, were (with one exception) clustered round the fire, which a half-dressed girl, evidently roused from her sleep for the occasion, had just replenished. This damsel was now squatted down before her handy-work, blowing it up with might and main by the alternate aid of her scanty red petticoat and her redder lips, and from time to time intermitting her occupation, to invite the approach of the straggler—a gentle dame—who, however, stoutly resisted all persuasives, whether verbal or manual, to move her from the spot near the door, where she had thought fit to establish herself. But the object that most immediately caught Clinton's observation, was a huge settle-bed near the fire, from which more than one head appeared, projecting like birds from the nest, to take observation of the company who had broken up their rest.

"Now I must be your Asmodeus, I suppose, Clinton," said Blake. "To begin, I must point out the bride to you."

"Needless, quite needless, my good friend," rejoined the other. "There is no mistaking that fair personification of bridal bashfulness, leaning against the wall there, aloof from the rest of the bevy."

"Truly, I believe you are right. The shrinking attitude, and the half-averted visage, and the hood of the blue cloak held so modestly close under the chin, for fear a glimpse at all could be had of her! 'tis capitally well got up altogether! There now is the beauty of practice to make perfect. Not one raw maiden in ten could top her part with the widow."

"Well, as you would say, joy be to her! But you are forgetting your office, Signor Diable; which is the happy man?"

"Why, to say truth, he is a stranger to me. But from Nelly's account, I opine, by the great red head, and red gills, and clumsy build, and sheepish look, we may identify him

in the person of the worthy beyond there, so busy with the toe of his brogue settling straws in crosses. Symbolical and ominous that, I am afraid! But hush! here comes Father Dennis. Not a whisper above your breath now, or he'll look up at us, for he knows my peephole of old."

There was a general movement among the groups below, as the priest made his appearance; but we may fairly confine our notice (as Blake did) to the bride and bridegroom. The former shrunk yet closer to the wall, while the gallant groom came forward, fumbling in his pockets, and looking to the right and the left, as if for escape or assistance. At length he lugged forth the foot of a stocking, and one by one extracted its contents, some eight-and-twenty lily-white shillings, of which he formed a goodly pile on the table, that had meanwhile been placed before the ecclesiastic. Father Dennis seemed to look on during this operation with much unconcern; and when it was completed, and the money pushed over to him, he measured its height with his thumb, and coolly pushed it back. "This won't do, my lady," cried he, addressing the bashful fair one, whose ogling of the wall became only the closer; "pay me the ten shillings you owe me for giving the rites of the church to your last husband, and then I'll marry you to another, and welcome—but the devil a bit of it till then."

Not a word issued from the blue hood; but the bridegroom's voice, with a chorus of three others, opened at once in Irish. The priest replied in the same language; they rejoined with interest (one little sharp-looking old woman being particularly vociferous), and the exchange of fire became every moment more close and continuous.

"Blake, all this is only dumb show to me; pray, pray favor me with an interpretation," whispered Clinton to his companion, who was almost convulsed with suppressed laughter.

"Oh, such a whimsical debate on the subject of the ten shillings! but I hardly know how to render it for you. That little bitter old woman there, is the first husband's mother; she is all but drowning poor Dennis' enumeration of his expenses of purse and person in coming by boat to her son, in a most plentiful torrent of abuse. Then there's the bride's mother, whining and trying to mollify; and the bride's brother, making out a long account of losses sustained, and a blank one of the balance-sheet; and the happy man himself, disputing his liability, and professing his inability, to answer the debts of his predecessor. Now, now, again Father Dennis strikes in—'A folly to talk! one score must be cleared off before another is begun.'"

"And his firmness caused a lull," said Clinton.

"Ay, and sends the bridegroom's hand into his pocket again, though he almost swore himself black in the face just now that he had not another shilling in the world. Out comes the silver. Ah, the sleeve of a fellow, see how he keeps the hand over it! I'd lay anything now he'll want to get off for part!"

"Heydey! what has raised the storm again!" exclaimed the Englishman, as the clamor commenced as spiritedly as ever.

"As I guessed. He has put down six shillings, and wants time for the other four. Time for a month—for a fortnight. Och! prayers and entreaties! Well, then, really Dennis is very tough—may be the poor fellow actually hasn't it."

"So it is your fashion in this country to marry without a shilling in the world, is it?" said Clinton.

"Too much so, I confess. But, in the present case, a man might have stock, cows, sheep, pigs, and goats, and still not silver for a present occasion. I have more than half a mind to discover myself and lend. Och! no need of it! he has found out a pocket he didn't know he had about him—two shillings. You may coin the other two, my tight lad, before I think again of helping you. Now he is trying to persuade Nelly's husband to go bail for him. A civil refusal—Father Dennis would n't take his bail. By my honor and credit, but this is too good! Another little pocket he has discovered, and out come the last two shillings! My blessing on—Hallo! mercy on us! is the woman electrified!"

This vehement exclamation was not uncalled for; since, the very moment the modest, shrinking bride saw the last coin deposited, she flung back her hood, and, bursting through the circle, stood before the priest with eyes flashing, cheeks glowing, and tongue ready to ring an alarm peal. "Since you've got my money, give me the worth of it!" cried she. "Say me a mass fur the sowl o' my poor man, that's gone! God knows it's chape arnin' fur ye!"

"Whisht, woman, whisht—stop your clatter—don't you know there's gentlemen in the house! Do you want to rouse them up?"

"Who cares for your gentlefolks!" cried she, screaming still louder, and stamping with passion. "Let me have something fur my money, I say—it's little you ever give, but let me have something!"

"Hut tut—sure it's none of your money I touched, maureen! Halloran did the thing handsome, afther all—ped me for himself and yourself, and poor Tom into the bargain. I've nothing at all to do with you ashore."

"You have something to do with me, and plenty to do with me. 'Twas my money he ped you down. Faith, I'd think twice afore

I'd marry widout the marriage money in my fist—to lave a man the right to sell me whin he'd got tired o' me!"

At this moment the virago started and paused in turn, the long-suppressed laughter from above breaking forth in an uncontrollable peal. Father Dennis' eye instantly sought the aperture. "Bother you, you scamp, is it there you are?" cried he, shaking his fist good-humoredly at his young friend; "and you've brought the English captain to spy at me too! By this and that, Isidore, I'll be even with you for this yet."

"Faith, you are even with me as it is, for I am more than half-choked with laughing," gasped Blake. "Oh, these sides of mine! they ought to be iron to stand it!"

"And the wall ought to be iron, to stand your wriggling; you'll have it a-top of us, I think," cried the priest. "Come down out of that, and don't be making a fool of yourself, and aggravating me! Come down, I tell you, both o' ye, and look on at the wedding like Christians."

"Here I am at your elbow," cried Blake, making a leap from the top of the partition wall, while his companion effected a more orderly entrance by the door. "Here we both are! And now let me settle the debate between you and Mary Duane. Mary will forgive your making her pay her old debts (and you know yourself, that is the greatest offence that can be given in this country), and you'll promise to say the mass for poor Tom Conry. You ought to do what you can for him, I'm sure, if it was only for old acquaintance sake. Many's the good drop of potheen of his making has helped to wet the whistle for you before now. And right good it was always—was n't it! It's the least you can do to give him a cast of your office, when he so often gave you one of his, before the puff was out of him."

"Well, well, sure I'll do it! No more words about it now," cried the priest; and the women hailed the promise in a torrent of thanks and blessings on "Misther Isidore."

When these were silenced, the ceremony proceeded. Bottles of the national cordial were then produced from the pockets of the men, and from under the cloaks of the women, supplying means for a deep pledge to the health and happiness of bride and bridegroom; which last important branch of the rites roused up even the tenants of the settled, who had fallen fast asleep during the lull.

The departure of the bridal company of course followed; but the priest and his two young guests continued chatting and laughing by the kitchen fire for some time after the dispersion.

"Well, Clinton," said Blake, "you have now seen a good specimen of an Irish wedding. Do you think it was worth getting out of bed for?"

"I would not have missed it for anything," was the reply. "It was a most original scene — comic beyond what I could have conceived, even of a Cunnemara wedding. The comic effect was admirable. The bridegroom, with his inimitable cruise of discovery through forgotten pockets, and the bashful bride, transformed by a magic touch into an amazon. Why, it would make no bad groundwork for a pantomime. By the bye, though, the lady dropped something that puzzled me. What was that she said about her husband's having a right to sell her!"

"How! — a right to sell her! Did she say that? Oh, I know now what you mean — that's if she did not pay the marriage money. A queer notion the people have here, that if the man pays the marriage fees, he in fact buys his wife, and may sell her again for the same, if he can find a purchaser. I have known it actually done in one instance — though I suppose Dennis would snap my nose off for mentioning it, as I own I cannot back it by a second. But so far as talk goes, all that priest or layman can say won't beat it out of their heads but that it is lawful. There's another item for your commonplace book, if you keep one. I think a good long list of Cunnemara characteristics have fallen under your eye in this ramble of ours."

"Yes; I have certainly been fortunate in that respect," said the young officer. "Whatever may be my future adventures, I am pretty sure they will never efface the memory of this 'Night in Cunnemara.'"

From Punch.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

BEING THE OLD BALLAD ALTERED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Would you hear a Spanish lady
How an emperor she won?
Very marked attentions paid he,
But she was not to be done.
The belle of all the Tuileries' balls was she,
And had a gross of titles and a mile of pedigree.

To be mistress of the Master
Of the Frenche she was too high;
Cupid's bonds did hold him faster
All the more that she fought shy:
In her charming company was all his joy,
But to favor him in anything he found her coy.

Till at last he gave commandment
At Compiègne a hunt should be;
To chase the deer was his intention —
But not the one spelt double e.
Then said the lady milde, "His game I see,
But mine is not a heart that's caught so easilie."

"Gentle ladye, show some pitie:
I'm an Emperor — no lease!"
But the ladye was too wittie
To be caughte with chaffe, I guesse;

"There's one way from my chains yourself to free,
My gallant Emperor — that is to marry me."

"Aught I'll swear, so thou but love me;

See, on marrow-bones I goe!"

"Sire, fair words no parsnips butter,
Swearing don't coste much, you knowe.

Some people I have known swear over nighte,
Who all their oaths next morning have forgoten quite.

"The Assemblée saw no reason
'Gainst your treading Gallic ground;
Then all traitors and all treason
How you swore, Sire, to confounde!
But now the Assemblée you have overthrowne,
And in their place you sit, as Emperor, alone."

"Hold your tongue, free-spoken ladye,
Hold your tongue, you are a bore:
Of fair ladies there are plentie,
France doth yield a wondrous store;
Spaniards to their own fortunes may be blinde,
But the French ladies to my prayer will be more kinde.

"Yet forgive me, lovely Spaniard,
You alone possess my heart;
And with thee, if so it must be,
My Imperial crowne I'll part.
With all the Royal houses to wedde I've done my best,
But all decline the honor — Coburgs 'mong the rest."

"I have neither golde nor silver,
To maintain me in such a place;
To be Empress is great charges,
As you know, in any case."
"My cash and jewels every one shall be thy owne,
The sums I've made by dabbling in the Funds are quite unknowne."

"On French thrones are many changes
Quick they fall who quickly rise;
Then the way you've been behaving —
Prisoning, shooting, telling lies!"
"A better man henceforth I mean to be,
And all the credit of the change they will set down to thee!"

"Then your friends, Sire, of both sexes,
Have a reputation sad;
Louis Quinze and his Dubarrys,
Other Louis are as bad."
"I'll set them all a packing, whate'er age, sex,
or claims,
Till your Court's dull and decorous as that of
sour St. James."

"Well, Sire, upon these conditions
I to share your throne consent;
Spanish ladies are no greenhorns,
With bare love to be content;
But Empress — though of such an Emperor —
to be,
Is a chance I can't resist, though a true blue-
blood grandee."

From the Tribune.

White, Red, Black: Sketches of American Society. By FRANCIS and THERESA PULSZKY. In Two Vols. 12mo. pp. 331, 342. Redfield.

WE are always glad to listen to the opinions of intelligent foreigners in regard to this country. If they often wound our self-love, they also furnish many wholesome lessons. We are enabled to know ourselves better, as mirrored in the reports of frank travellers. For our part, we have seldom met with any, even the grossest, caricatures of American manners that had not some foundation in truth. Even when the facts are distorted in the most grotesque manner, they at least show us what impressions we may give unconsciously. The general tone of society is usually described with more fidelity than the details of political or domestic life. This is the character of the present volumes. Frequent minute errors may be detected by readers familiar with the topic discussed; but, as a whole, they seize the most salient features of American society, and comment upon them with spirit and good faith. They are written with kindly feelings, but with no attempt at fulsome adulation. The authors, as they intimate in the preface, enjoyed some peculiar opportunities for becoming acquainted with the characteristics of the New World. They accompanied Kossuth in his extensive tour through the United States. They shared with him the enthusiasm or the prejudice which his advent called forth, according to the locality which he visited. They became acquainted with a great number of the leading men of the country. American communicativeness no doubt made them frequent victims to long-winded narratives, though they abstain from hinting at any such infictions. They were brought into intimate relations with various classes of people, who were ready to pour into their ears floods of gossip and anecdote, which were old stories to their familiar acquaintance. But their connection with Kossuth had also an unfavorable side, as regards obtaining correct impressions. They saw the people under the excitement of a holiday occasion, rather than in the ordinary routine of habitual life. It was a morbid, feverish aspect of society which was presented to their observation; not the normal expression of health. The Americans are quite a different generation when under the influence of one of the periodical enthusi-

asms to which the country is subject, from the cautious, plodding, care-worn race that ply their business in taciturn gravity on ordinary occasions. It was under the inspiration of Kossuth's presence that the Pulszkys saw our population. Their volumes must be read with this allowance.

Mrs. Pulszky kept a regular journal during their American tour, of which the greater part has been incorporated with this work. The political statements and speculations, with which it abounds, we presume are from her husband's pen. They, of course, will not be expected to give universal satisfaction. But they cannot be accused of partiality or prejudice. They bear the impress of honest intentions and practical sagacity. Still, most readers will find more to interest them in the descriptive sketches by Mrs. Pulszky, which are uniformly lively and agreeable, and often set off with piquant reflections, showing an acute intellect, as well as a habit of nice observation.

Here is her account of the reception of Kossuth and the Hungarian party in New York. The provoking annoyances of the occasion are well shown up, and also the impression produced on their minds by the first sight of an American city.

RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.

December 6th.

The sun shone this morning as splendidly as yesterday, but to-day I was so fortunate as not to see it rising, for our sleep was not disturbed by cannonades in our honor. When I approached the window I was fascinated with the view on the wonderful bay, peopled by the steamboats which carry commerce and life to and from its islands and cities. But soon voices were heard below, and I was summoned to breakfast. I found the parlor occupied by militia and navy officers, the former belonging to the Richmond County Guards, the same corps that received and attended La Fayette at his visit in the United States, the latter were of the Mississippi steam frigate which carried Kossuth and his family from Ghemlik to Gibraltar; the deputations of the reception committee from New York, and numbers of other visitors were likewise present, and introductions and speeches succeeded one another.

Most of the inhabitants of Staten Island, and many other gentlemen, among whom we were delighted to greet Mr. Stiles, late United States Minister at Vienna, accompanied us to the boat which was ready to convey us to New York. The presence of Mr. Stiles, and our conversation with him on by-gone times,

when Hungary sought his mediation before the entry of Windischgratz in Pesth, strongly brought before my mind our struggles and sufferings, and when I heard now the hurrahing shouts of joy, bursting from the masses, and reechoed by roars of cannon and peals of music, I could not help feeling very sad, and when I looked at Kossuth and his wife, close to whom I chanced to stand, I saw that their impression was similar to my own.

We were pushed hard before we could get through the crowd on board the Vanderbilt—a most elegant steamer, ornamented by the star-spangled banner, unfolding above the Hungarian tricolor, and the Turkish crescent. But we had little leisure to admire the sumptuous decorations, gildings, mirrors and tapestries of the boat which carried us; we were too much interested in the panorama along the shores, as we steamed about the bay, and in succession got the views of Jersey City, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh and New York, which proudly adorn the estuary of the Hudson, and are connected by the ever-running ferry-boats into one colossal city. As we moved on and passed the Navy Yard, with its stately men-of-war, we recognized among them the Mississippi. All the masts and all the yards were peopled with seamen and mariners, who shouted and hurrahsed uninterruptedly while our steamer came up; and the ferry-boats blew their whistles, and the flags of America and Hungary greeted us on every masthead and from many a sail. The animated groups of vessels incessantly roared with cannonades, which our ship returned, mingling this thundering bass to the loud music of the band on board. When we turned from Jersey City towards Castle Garden and the Battery, our eyes were caught by hundreds and hundreds of glittering swords and regimentals, and the masses of people seemed to swell all along the shore. A chaotic noise of vociferation received our steamer when it halted at some yards from the Castle Garden. In fact, the waters were shallow, and anxiety to be the first to step ashore kept so large a mass of passengers to one side, that it became impossible to land for a considerable time. At last many of the party got out in small boats, and about noon we debarked at the Battery, on Manhattan Island. The military formed an avenue through which we were to pass to the hall of Castle Garden, where the people assembled to hear Kossuth. But though our gentlemen, and several officers of the navy and the aldermen who accompanied us, did their very best to shield us, it proved all in vain. The military flourished their swords about to protect us; but the crowd pushed them so vigorously, that there was real danger that we should be hurt by that gallant defence. Nothing could resist

the pressure from without; even Lieutenant Nelson, endowed not only with a commanding Kentuckian frame, but likewise with the hardy spirit of his country, could not prevent Madame Kossuth from being repeatedly torn from his arm. At last we emerged on a platform, to which we were raised by invisible agencies. Before us stood Kossuth and the Mayor and several other gentlemen of the Committee; under us numberless heads moved to and fro, and above, people seemed intent to break down the rows of galleries which surrounded the hall, for they thronged and pressed forward, and then there seemed below and above and from all sides a rush towards Kossuth, so spontaneous as if an electric shock pushed every one ahead. The mayor attempted to speak, but his accents were drowned in thundering hurrahs; the aldermen gestured, and some of the marshals raised their sticks adorned with Hungarian rosettes; but all without effect; the rush continued and the cheers swelled to tumultuous uproar. "What do they want?" inquired I, from one of the gentlemen. "They are all so very anxious to hear the great Patriot," was the reply. "Then they do not apply the most direct means of getting what they want; how is any man to make himself heard in such turmoil?" This was my remark in a moment when the flood of excitement seemed to give way. But I had no leisure to hear or see what ensued, because one of the marshals said to us, "Now, ladies, you had better get out to the carriages; you will not be able to break through afterward." And as we had no inclination to "break through" again, we at once followed the advice, and by a back door safely got to the carriage, which we occupied with Mr. Pulzsky and Lieutenant Nelson. We had now time to survey all the decorations, and the spectators that assembled on the spot from whence the procession was to start.

A long row of carriages extended from the corner of the Battery, near Bowling Green, to the triumphal arch erected at the beginning of Broadway. The arch was decorated with the colors of Hungary, intermixed with the star-spangled banner and the Turkish crescent, which floated above the arms of New York, bequeathed to this city by its embryo, New Amsterdam. The Dutch sails of a windmill, two whiskey barrels, and the beaver skin—those emblems of the original Dutch settlement, and of the means by which the fur trade was carried on, and the extermination of the Indians was achieved—remain still the arms of the "Empire City." At our right the cavalry galloped to and fro along the alleys of Castle Garden, and the infantry drew up in long lines. The windows of all the houses before us were filled with people; the bricks of the roofs, and the twigs of the

trees seemed to have all become alive; on every branch perched scores of children. Great masses of gentlemen in black coats, others in workmen's attire, covered the whole extent of Battery-place, and crowded about the Garden, while the police and the marshals were incessantly shouting, "Room for carriages, gentlemen! Gentlemen, if you please, room for carriages!" Several ladies and gentlemen, and workmen, came up to our carriage, and almost every one of them addressed to us the question, "How do you like America? Is it not a great country?" To which we of course answered, that "what we see is very fine indeed, but that we landed only yesterday on American soil." But this conclusive answer seemed not to give satisfaction, because the by-standers repeatedly put the same question. One man came up to us and said that he likewise was a refugee, a German, driven to America in 1848; that he now kept a shop, and liked it very well, and should be glad to receive us at his shop, and to tell us all about New York; and he was anxious to know what we thought about it, and how we had borne the passage, and so on. We could not get rid of him till the alderman requested, with some authority, that he should leave us alone, and I thought, certainly, not only the Americans *born* are inquisitive! Either the emigrants at once become Americans, or there is in the very air across the ocean some influence that stimulates curiosity.

An alderman, who in the mean time was introduced to us, now pointed to the military forming into line, and joining the procession before us. I was struck by the soldier-like appearance of the militia; they certainly looked as if the regimentals were their daily garb; nothing stiff in their bearing, nothing awkward in their movements, they appeared fully disciplined. And when I glanced around on the vigorous, sturdy countenances of the young men, I noticed that every one of them looked quite as soldier-like as the militia; and therefore, when the alderman asked me whether I found the aspect of the masses different from that of the English, I replied, "Yes, this people look as if they were more generally pervaded by a military spirit." "And yet we are as fond of peace as the English," he said. "Well," answered I, "of that I cannot judge, but it is nothing to do with a military spirit; that is not necessarily aggressive, but is self-confident; and, therefore, people pervaded by it, look conscious that they can themselves defend their own rights, and need no large and expensive standing army." "England, likewise, has but a small standing army," remarked the alderman. "Yes," said I; "but she trusts, it appears to me, more to the acknowledged power of her fleet to prevent any attack, than

to the military spirit of her people, who look like citizens conscious of their commanding wealth and civilization, but quite convinced that they are not likely to be ever called upon to defend their hearths." "Have you been long in England? you speak English with great ease," again asked the alderman. "I was in England about two years." "And you?" he continued, turning to Mr. Pulzsky; who replied that he had resided there yet longer, and consequently was familiar with the language. "And do you also speak our language?" continued the inquisitive alderman, addressing Lieutenant Nelson. "I calculate I do," was the answer. "Certainly, you appear to talk with perfect facility; is it long since you have learnt it? and where have you been taught so well?" "In my father's house, about twenty-six years ago," retorted the officer. The alderman looked quite perplexed at the young man, and exclaimed, "How so! is English taught to infants in Hungary?" "This I don't know," replied Lieutenant Nelson, "but I learnt it in Kentucky;" and, pointing to his coat, said, "Don't you know your own navy?"

We laughed that our Kentuckian friend had, by his language, been mistaken for a Hungarian, and found that the alderman had certainly much flattered us for our knowledge of foreign tongues.

"Where is he! which is the governor?" was now shouted from all sides, and all eyes turned towards the alley from which Kossuth issued on horseback, accompanied by General Sandford and his staff, after their inspection of the troops. The whole procession preceded us, and therefore I could learn nothing more of it than the description given in the newspapers. But even had they not recorded its pompous length, I should have been fully aware of it by the time it lasted, before our carriage began to move, and then it only advanced a few paces, to stop and wait again. Yet, during the slow progress, we had enough to see; flags, with the most varied inscriptions of welcome and sympathy, waved from every roof and every window, and others were suspended across the way; evergreens, and red and white roses encircled the door-arches, while hundreds of stores were adorned with Hungarian colors, and the portraits of Kossuth, Washington and La Fayette. The American Eagle spread its wings over the numerous decorations in which the names of Washington and Kossuth were coupled. The Sultan, backed by the British Lion, was likewise triumphantly represented as the noble champion of liberty; and the Russian Bear, and the rescuing Mississippi, and the hospitable Humboldt, every one held a place in this public acknowledgment of universal interest in the fate of the great patriot.

The finest view of the city we got that day.

was, when we reached the American Museum. The open space of the Park then relieved the eye from the rows of high buildings through which we had passed. Before us extended the straight line of Broadway, second in length only to Oxford Street, but surpassing it in regularity of buildings, and especially in the magnificence of the hotels. The large square, called the Park, which extends before the City Hall, appeared as the centre of the crowd, which overflowed all the places and streets of New York.

On the steps of the City Hall was a tricolor canopy, to which Kossuth was led. Hardly had he stepped from the carriage, when such thronging and such tumultuous uproar began that I felt quite bewildered, and expected every moment to see our carriage, and all those which preceded us, swept away by the multitude. I hardly know what ensued, for the confusion and noise grew every moment, and the crowd obstructed our view in all directions. After a stormy hour we at last began to move again, and slowly passed along the line formed by the brilliant militia, offering a most striking variety of nationalities and regimentals. The American rifles, who never miss their aim, and never retreat before fire; English hussars on fine horses, and again, hussars with helmets and epaulets; Irish volunteers, with their animated countenances and dark hair, finely relieved by their green coats; the Washington guards, in the old style, with blue and buff coats, high boots, and powdered wigs and tails, recalling vividly bygone times, that we well might fancy they were relics of the revolutionary war; the German grenadiers, and stern black rifles, formed altogether a most impressive and varied picture.

It grew almost dark before we had achieved the whole circuit up Broadway and down Bowery. We reached the Irving House by a back door, for the front entrance was obstructed by the crowd. Yet the stairs and passages of this large hotel were likewise beset by gazers; it seemed as if gazing had become the business of the occasion, for everybody was everywhere on the look-out, even where I could not detect anything worth glancing at, and therefore I was much pleased to retire to the dining-room, where the mayor, as president of our meal, expected us.

Her first Sunday in New York affords her a glimpse of the look of the population.

December 9.

When on Sunday we drove to St. Bartholomew's Church, the fine streets of New York looked quiet and sober in comparison with what they had appeared on the previous day. The houses, before so gaudily and gayly apparelled, stood in silent uniformity, their long

lines now unbroken by decorations. Compared with London, but few squares and terraces refresh the eye, and no magnificent park breathes health around. It is very remarkable, that while the American cities generally command plenty of room, and therefore their houses could easily have been so disposed as to leave ample space for pleasure-grounds, they seem to be avoided as superfluous. And yet the trees along the avenues, and the creepers clustering up the walls of the most elegant houses, show that the Anglo-Saxon race is not less partial to green spots and fresh blossoms across the ocean, than their ancestors were in once merry old England.

The sermon in the Episcopal Church, which we attended, was dogmatical, and therefore appealing exclusively to the reasoning faculties, and neither calming the mind nor bedewing the feeling. Such sermons are very different from those we were accustomed to hear in Hungary, where they generally preach on moral topics addressed to the heart and imagination, thus leading to contemplation, instead of arousing ideas of controversy. After service was over, I had leisure to see the congregation, which was so numerous that people could get out but slowly. No characteristic costumes mark here the different grades of society, which, in Eastern Europe, impress the foreigner at once with the varied occupations and habits of the old country. There is the peasant girl with the gaudy ribbons interlaced in her long tresses, her bright corset and her richly-folded petticoat; there the Hungarian peasant with his white linen shirt, and his stately sheepskin; the Slovak in the closely-fitting jacket and the bright yellow buttons; the farmer with his high boots, and the Hungarian coat; old women with the black lace cap in the ancient national style, and none but the young ladies apparelled in French bonnets and modern dresses. But here all have submitted to the rule of Paris fashion, despotically swaying over Western Europe and across the Atlantic; they all wear the uniforms prescribed by English tailors and French milliners. One gentleman passes after the other, every one of them clad so exactly alike, that they seem cast in one and the same mould, and the ladies wear the same bonnets, the same silk dresses and furs, only varied in color, but equal in cut, equal in adornment. There is no individual turn of mind impressed on the outward appearance, and therefore such an assembly bears a manufactured, thoroughly unartistic stamp, in singular contrast to the poetical beauty of the ladies. In Europe, I always had understood that American women were very pretty up to twenty, but that their bloom was soon gone. Here, on the contrary, I beheld a whole congregation of attractive countenances, and though certainly many

of them had passed the prime of youth, the charm of beauty had by no means departed from their faces.

On arriving at Washington, the Hungarians received a cordial welcome from Gov. Seward, whose estimable character is at once appreciated, as will be seen in the following sketch. Some other senatorial celebrities are introduced into the same picture.

When, on the 30th of December, we reached Washington, the fog was as dense and as yellow as if it had been freshly imported from London. The first man who greeted us at the railway terminus was Mr. Seward, late Governor of New York, now senator for that state — one of the three gentlemen appointed by Congress to receive Kossuth. He made a most agreeable impression on me. His appearance is distinguished; — a noble forehead, light gray hair, penetrating eyes, pointed New England features, in which shrewdness and benevolence are blended; his elegant dress and easy manners convey at once the idea that he is at home in the drawing-room as well as in the Senate. His conversation is fluent and instructive, fascinating even to his political opponents. I had repeated opportunity of seeing that this gentleman, the heir of John Quincy Adams' principles and views, did in fact reconcile, by his personal amiability, all those southerners who came in personal contact with him. Senator Seward, though, by the unceasing denunciations of *The New York Herald*, he is the bugbear of the south, is yet highly respected by southern statesmen, and has never become an object of those violent parliamentary attacks with which John Quincy Adams, in spite of his eminent services as ambassador, secretary of state and president, was assailed, when, towards the close of his remarkable career, he again entered Congress as a member of the House.

Senator Seward is the most influential of the whig leaders. He has the instinct of the future, and never shrinks from taking up measures because they are unpopular, if he foresees that in time they will get the majority. When we arrived in America, his popularity was at an ebb, for he was known as unfriendly to the Fugitive Slave Law; but before we left the United States, he had won back the majority among the whigs, and commanded the esteem of the democrats.

We had hardly entered the drawing-room of Brown's Hotel, when the Secretary of State was announced. The countenance of Mr. Webster is well known in England. The vast bald forehead, the broad, thick, black eyebrows over the stern, large, dark eyes, the reserved countenance, the emphatic, deep voice, the measured gait, impart a gravity to

his demeanor, extended to every one of his movements, even to the cool hand-shaking with which he greets you. He was evidently surprised at Kossuth's mild, melancholy, dignified manner. The unmovable countenance of the silencing Secretary of State was lighted up for a moment, when he first beheld the oriental solemnity of the great Hungarian; he remembered, perhaps, the sunny time of his own manhood, when he was the warm advocate of struggling Greece. The cold statesman, the logical expounder of the interests of the United States, was ever open to noble impulses; but his calculating mind controlled the impressions of his heart. He had perhaps expected to meet in Kossuth a visionary agitator, a theoretical revolutionist; but a short interview obviously satisfied him of Kossuth's superiority. A few days later he was asked how he liked the "nation's guest." "He has the manners of a king; his is a royal nature," was the answer.

General Cass and General Shields, the members of the reception-committee of the Senate, were our next visitors.

The old explorer of the head-waters of the Mississippi, the celebrated ambassador at the Court of Louis Philippe, the most popular of the democratic leaders, has one resemblance in his fortunes with the whig Secretary of State — he has not been able to attain the highest position in his country, though inferior men have attained it.

It is indeed remarkable, that, for a series of years, the most prominent political men of both parties, Henry Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Cass, Buchanan, were not elected presidents. They were all ministers; but a prominent parliamentary career, and a high rank among the statesmen, is in America conducive to renown and respect, not to popularity. Military chiefs and statesmen of second order have more chances at the presidential elections. The masses require instinctively a stout heart and sound common sense in their chief, and they wish to see him surrounded by the men of first-rate talent, as his advisers, at the head of the departments. Democracy never did, and never does, think it safe to entrust the supreme power to men of genius, though it requires their exertions for the public weal.

General Cass, tall and stout, full of vivacity, and French politeness to the ladies, strikes by the frankness and cordiality of his manners.

General James Shields, the democratic senator of Illinois, is a "self-made" man. An Irish emigrant, he became a lawyer of influence in the West, and took a prominent part in the Mexican war, at the head of a regiment of volunteers. Bold and gallant, as his countrymen used to be, he distinguished himself in different battles, and when severely wounded, he attracted the general interest of his adopted country; so prominent and at-

tractive had been his gallantry. His physiognomy is very pleasant. Dark hair, dark brown eyes, dark complexion, lively demeanor and conversation, elegant manners and eloquence, recall his origin; acuteness and precision in expression, comprehensive, liberal views, unprejudiced research, were developed in his character on the free soil of America. Let those who revile the Irish as *Celts*, go to America for a different reply!

Mrs. Pulzsky gives her impressions of Boston society without the slightest reserve, — making the freest possible use of the names of her acquaintance in that city.

We had scarcely arrived at the elegant Revere House, where the Massachusetts Legislature had provided us with sumptuous apartments, when Dr. and Mrs. Howe, our excellent friend, whom we had known for many years, came to greet us. The doctor had, in his younger years, taken part in the Greek struggle of independence as a zealous Philhellen; he afterward became renowned as the philanthropic teacher of the blind, and has founded by his exertions the magnificent institution for them, which still occupies his time. His education of Laura Bridgeman, who is deaf, dumb, and blind, is a proof how genius can invent, not only machines for saving labor, but also means for instruction, even for those hapless beings to whom nature has blocked up nearly all the ways of external impression. Laura Bridgeman could neither hear, nor see, nor speak; it was by the sense of touch only that she was put into communication with the external world, that she learned to think, to understand, to read and to write. Doctor Howe now bestows his care on idiots, likewise to rouse in them the divine spark, buried in their defective physical constitution; and his efforts are, in this instance, too, attended with success. Though he is a man of eminent talent and keen observation, it is yet not to his abilities alone that we can trace the blessed results of his labors. Skill, experience, knowledge, suffice for brilliant success, but the earnest faith in the divine origin of human nature, and the deepest sympathy with human misery, can alone impart that devotedness to the exhausting task which characterizes Dr. Howe and truly makes him the regenerator of many a child which, without him, would not only be lost for the world without, but would likewise remain blind to the light within, which brightens its dreary pilgrimage on this earth, and sheds brilliancy over the path which opens into a better world.

Mrs. Howe, the lovely wife of this distinguished man, combines the genuine simplicity of an original mind with striking social qualities, with deep thought, and sparkling

imagination, elegance of manners, and warmth of feeling. Their house at the extremity of Boston, on the sea-shore, with a choice library, some good Italian paintings, a few model marble busts, and some pieces of ancient carved oak furniture, has a marked individuality. It is not set up to look stylish, the pictures are not bought by the yard to fill the walls, nor the books to fill the shelves. During our stay in Boston, we spent here the most delightful hours. Here, too, we made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow.

The great German poet, Schiller, says:—

In der Dichtkunst allein macht das Gefass den Gehalt;

(in poetry alone the form gives the value.) This view may be incomplete, but it is that which characterizes the works of Longfellow. They are finished and refined in every detail; harmony surrounds them; they are the expression of classical taste, to which everything misshaped is repulsive; and if Buffon's words, "The style is the man," can be applied justly to any author, it is to the minstrel of Evangeline and the Golden Legend. His conversation and his manners bear the same stamp, as his whole appearance, that of natural nobility. With his wife, a lady of Junonian beauty and the kindest heart, he lives close to Boston, in Cambridge, in the spacious house which was once the head-quarters of General Washington. It is now embellished by all the comfort which wealth and elegance can bestow.

Not far from hence lives Mr. Agassiz, the celebrated geologist, of world-wide reputation, who has left Europe, with all the attractions which the Old World offers to renowned scholars, in order to carry to the New World the love of Natural History, and to transplant the science which he illustrates to a virgin soil. We observed to him that it must be painful for a man, who in Europe was surrounded by all the facilities for observation, and who could there work and combine the results of the investigations of many others occupied in the same line, to be in some way excluded from the benefits of cooperation — as not even all the scientific publications find their way across the ocean. But the discoverer of the theory of glaciers told us that he is most satisfied with his position; he might have acquired greater renown in Europe, but he certainly is more useful in America — for, though he loses precious time in details, which in Europe others would work out for him, he originates here a school of naturalists who will not fail to advance the science. He is now engaged in microscopic researches on the Infusoria, and in observations on the metamorphoses of animal life. The tadpole and the caterpillar are not the only instances of those transformations; and one of the last

discoveries of Mr. Agassiz shows that several species of the Infusoria are nothing else than the embryos of molluscs. Embryolizing has become by this discovery a chief object of his attention. But whether he speaks on the recent coral formation of Florida and of the fossil corals which were heaved up in the Jura range, or whether it is the transformation of the crabs and molluscs, he always gives to science that lively interest and practical bearing which are sure to captivate the hearer. By his energetic activity he finds time also for the general interest of humanity, and especially for the important question of education in regard to University reform.

Professor Felton, who brings the sublime beauty of Greek and Roman poetry, by his popular lectures, within the reach of the public at large, Dr. Gray the botanist, and Jared Sparks, the learned biographer of Franklin and Washington, and President of Harvard College, through the close vicinity of Cambridge to the society of Boston, belong to that rare circle of intellectual notabilities, in which we meet Mr. Ticknor, the accomplished historian of Spanish literature; Prescott, of the Conquests of Mexico and Peru; Everett, the well known Ambassador at London, who has lately become Secretary of State; Dr. Warren, the celebrated physician, and proprietor of a remarkable collection of fossils; and others, whose personal acquaintance we have not made.

In London or in Paris many more celebrated men of science may be found; but these capitals are of such immense extent, and so many different interests divide and split people into sets and coteries, that the literary and scientific element is entirely diluted; whilst in Boston it forms one of the principal features of society. Love of science is inherent in New England; the whig principle that knowledge is the best safeguard of freedom, more so than standing armies; that therefore every citizen — whether childless, or blessed with many children — must contribute to public education; that the common schools must be free to every child, and that the state must afford the greatest facility for higher education, prevails here generally, even among the democrats. In other states they favor rather the voluntary principle of education; establishing the schools by public money, but endeavoring to make them self-supporting by the fees of the students. They take the education of the children to be the duty of the parents, not of the citizens at large. It is through schools and instructions that Massachusetts strives against crime and oppression; and, in the regular expenditure of this state, public education has the prominent place, which in Europe is given to the army and navy estimate. The result of this spirit is visible everywhere. New England, and espec-

ially Massachusetts, furnishes teachers to nearly three fourths of all the schools of the United States. The general instruction diffused through the people gives to the Yankees this peculiar aptitude for everything. They are, in turn, farmers and mechanics, shopkeepers and lecturers, engineers and clergymen, merchants and statesmen. Alphonse Karr, the French essayist and novel-writer, has attacked democratic institutions, on the plea that if talent alone gets a place in society and in government, no one will remain in the humbler situation of a mechanic, and all inventive genius will rush to the political career, much to the detriment of politics and industry. He feared that expansive views would no longer be formed among statesmen, and that stagnation would prevail in all mechanic pursuits. Poor Alphonse Karr thought, really, that it is only the aristocratic spirit of England which prevents Messrs. Moses & Son from becoming chancellors of the exchequer! He should come here to Boston; he would find that a shopkeeper has become Governor; a cobbler President of the Senate, and a cotton-boy Speaker of the House; yet he would find with them, not only the same good manners which he thinks the exclusive inheritance of aristocracy, but at the same time an elevation of mind and nobility of sentiment, straightforward honesty and devotion to the cause of humanity, which he does not find now either in the Chaussée de Antin or the Faubourg St. Germain. And yet, the grocery shops lack no man of business. Massachusetts supplies shoes to all the South, and in Lowell the mills have never been stopped for want of workers. The Frenchman would likewise find talent combined with the most different occupations, and intellectual accomplishment with the most various pursuits; and not only with men, but likewise with ladies, whom manifold duties do not prevent from not only adorning society by their charms, but aiding and enriching it also by their acquirements.

We spent three weeks in Boston, amid a society so varied in attractions that I found more time to enjoy than to record our enjoyments. In the first days of our stay we had an evening party at Mr. and Mrs. Loring's, where we became acquainted with the numerous circle of their relatives, the Putnams, Lowells, Grays, Peabodys, Jacksons — all names of literary reputation. The venerable Mr. Quincy was also here, the posthumous son of the great Josiah Quincy, the patriot whose writings and personal influence directed the minds of his countrymen to political independence. The present Josiah Quincy is the inheritor of the spirit of his father. His age — he was born in 1774 — has not broken his faculties nor cooled his enthusiasm. He was the second Mayor of Boston, and, like his predecessor, Mr. Phillips, he administered the

new form of city government with a prudence and vigor which reconciled the population with the representative city government, introduced by the Legislature, instead of the primary meetings. In the Quincy Market, established through his energies, and through the direction he gave to the enterprise of the city, he has connected his memory with one of the most splendid improvements of Boston. For a long series of years he had been the President of Harvard College, and is now honored in Boston as the patriarch of the city.

Several of our days were wholly occupied by calls we received. Everybody seemed interested in our cause and in our lot. Of the New England coldness and reserve, so often mentioned in the South, we found here no trace; yet in one respect society differs much from that of trans-Chesapeake States—the prejudice which regards duelling as a mode of reestablishing a questioned reputation, does not exist here. One of the greatest statesmen of Massachusetts, when a chivalrous Southerner, who deemed himself insulted by some expression on slavery, challenged him to fight a duel as a gentleman, is said to have replied coolly, that his adversary was mistaken in supposing him to be a gentleman; this title, coupled with the duty of duelling, belonged to monarchies, not to democratic republics.

Of our new acquaintances none proved more affectionate, and actively kind to us, than Mrs. Hillard. She met us not as strangers, but as friends, whose fortunes she had long watched with anxious sympathy. One of those thoroughly benevolent natures, void of all selfishness, who ever seem to please themselves only when they confer benefits on others; with the modest timidity of one who claims neither attentions nor thanks, she unites the energy which rarely fails to carry its ends. The deep affections of her disposition, not being concentrated by maternal cares (for she is childless), expand in sunny kindness on every one whom she can assist or oblige. She enjoys the happiness of her friends as warmly as she sympathizes with their sorrows; and every one is to her eminently a friend, who is oppressed, or who strives against injustice.

We spent a pleasant morning at Mr. R. Winthrop's, the descendant of the celebrated first Governor of Massachusetts. He is one of the chief leaders and most important statesmen of the whig party in this State, and is more English in his manners and turn of mind than most of the Bostonians; in his house we almost forgot that we had crossed the ocean. We spoke about the claims of the different nationalities in the United States, and Mr. Winthrop justly remarked that the Americans are eminently a mixed people, and that it is ridiculous here to make national distinctions in regard to the white population. He himself, for example, who surely must be taken

for the type of a New Englander, is yet by his maternal ancestors also of French and of Irish descent.

We dined at Mr. Prescott's. Everything in his abode reminded me of his occupations. In the hall there is a portrait of Cortez; Spanish princes, queens and knights meet our eyes on the walls, and a rich, historical library, containing the works on Spain and her possessions in the sixteenth century, with a large collection of manuscripts of that period, fill his study. Mr. Prescott was, by the natural weakness of his eyes, and perhaps likewise by the amiable mildness of his temper, prevented from taking an active part in politics, or from becoming a regular business man. He devoted his time to literature; and parting from the Spanish conquest of Mexico and of Peru, his researches led him to the history of the splendid reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella. He is now occupied on that of Philip II. It is a gigantic task, for the history of Spain under that king is also a history of Protestantism in Germany, of independence in the Netherlands, of liberty in England, of the struggle between the power of the crown and the local institutions in France and in Spain; a drama of which we ourselves have not yet witnessed the last act. The author who will accomplish this task adequate to the grand subject, will really be "*a prophet turned backward*," as A. W. Schlegel has termed the true historian.

A family relic in the dining-room of Mr. Prescott had a peculiar interest for me, as an evidence of the impartial way in which Bostonians look upon their revolution. Two swords, crossing one another on the wall, and those of the grandfather of Mr. Prescott and of the grandfather of his wife, both officers in the battle of Bunker Hill—the one in the American, the other in the English ranks. Here, as well as in the house of Mr. Winthrop, we saw that democratic institutions do not interfere with a just family pride, which prizes the merits of the ancestors and stimulates the descendants to emulation.

We admired at Mr. Ticknor's his most extensive Spanish library, which even in Spain has scarcely an equal for completeness. It is worth notice, that long before any party in the United States dreamt of an invasion of Mexico, two of the most eminent scholars of Boston had devoted their attention to the history and literature of that realm, turning the attention of their countrymen toward those parts which now seem destined to become their virtual inheritance.

The largest private library in Boston is that of Mr. Everett, in whose house the Scientific Society holds its regular meetings. The door of the library is masked as in the Athenæum of London, with titles of unwritten or lost books, in a way which shows the feelings of

Mr. Everett. We see here, for instance, the *Art of Government*, by Louis Bonaparte, in five volumes—viz.: Artillery, Infantry, Cavalry, Police, and Clergy.

Here we take our leave of these spirited volumes. Our extracts show, that while they are too personal and gossiping to suit a scrupulous taste, they are marked by a charming naïveté and a genial spirit which will place them among the most readable books of the season.

From the Evening Post.

AMERICAN WRITERS FOR ENGLISH REVIEWS.

THE last *Westminster Review*, just republished by Scott & Co., contains an article on Webster, from the pen of Mr. Whipple, of Boston, as is said. The editor, however, appears to have taken some liberties with the MS., as we judge from the following paragraph in the *Express* of this morning, which appears to have been written by authority.

In the last number of the *Westminster Review*, we are assured that the elaborate article on Daniel Webster is from an American, and a Bostonian. It is an able review of the whole of the public life and opinions of Daniel Webster; but the article, we are told, is so interpolated with the views of the British editor, as in some measure to destroy the intent and meaning of the American writer.

Thus most all that was offensively said by Theodore Parker, in his sermon or address on Mr. Webster, is added to the main review of Mr. Webster's character and opinions. The British editor seemed to think that it was necessary to add something by way of drawback, to the good opinions of the gentleman selected by himself in Boston to write a proper review of Mr. Everett's volumes on Daniel Webster's life and character. Thus we are told in Mr. Parker's words, that—

"His learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a great man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him."

Happily, scholars, like doctors, differ in opinion as to what is really the true understanding. We think that the published works of Mr. Webster answer the opinions of Mr. Parker, who can see nothing above, or below, or around his own dark spectacles, and who seems to think there is no heaven or earth, but that which comes within the orbit of his own narrow vision.

We trust that American writers, who may hereafter be called upon to write for English Reviews, will not suffer their manuscripts or opinions to be emasculated by the editors. It is selling labor and liberty too cheap to allow the infusion of so much poison into what would, without such ingredients, be regarded a just criticism or a perfect work.

This is certainly a very narrow and absurd appeal to the national prejudices of our literary men, and one quite unworthy of the literary profession. The *Westminster Review* asks Mr. Whipple, or any one else, to write them an article about Mr. Webster, of a prescribed length, and for a prescribed price per page. Mr. Whipple accepts the offer, writes the article, and pockets the fee.

He is not in any way responsible for the article when it is published, or for any part of it; his connection with it can never be known, with the consent of the editors, and is never likely to be revealed except by himself. He has no longer any property in the article; no more than the grocer has in the pound of tea which he has sold, or the tailor in the coat which he meets in the streets on the backs of his customers.

On the other hand, the Review is responsible for the article; its critical judgment is at stake; the consistency of its principles and the authority of its opinions are to be maintained; it asks no person to take any personal responsibility for what he writes for its columns, and it pays a high price for the exclusive privilege of using the labor of its contributors for its own advantage.

In the present instance the editors thought that Mr. Parker had presented some important phases of Mr. Webster's intellectual character which had been overlooked by Mr. Whipple, and they did what they had a perfect right to do—what every editor feels at liberty to do with a paid contribution; they altered it in a way to make it more adequately reflect their own opinions. It is not worth while to talk of American writers "selling their labor and liberty too cheap," when they are paid for their labor all they ask, and are at liberty to write what they please. It would be a sacrifice of liberty indeed, against which the *Express* would be the first to protest, if it were compelled to publish the communications of its paid contributors without the editorial privilege of making them correspond with and reflect its own opinions.

The Doll and her Friends; or, Memoirs of the Lady Seraphina. By the Author of "Letters from Madras, &c. With Illustrations. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Aunt Effie's Rhymes for Little Children, with twenty-four illustrations. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

From Poems by Elizabeth Barnett.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crowned
 May feel the heart's decaying —
 It is a place where happy saints
 May weep amid their praying —
 Yet let the grief and humbleness,
 As low as silence, languish ;
 Earth surely now may give her calm
 To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue
 Was poured the deathless singing !
 O Christians ! at your cross of hope
 A hopeless hand was clinging !
 O men ! this man in brotherhood,
 Your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace,
 And died while ye were smiling !

And now, what time ye all may read
 Through dimming tears his story —
 How discord on the music fell,
 And darkness on the glory —
 And how, when one by one, sweet sounds
 And wandering lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face,
 Because so broken-hearted —

He shall be strong to sanctify
 The poet's high vocation,
 And bowed the meekest Christian down
 In meeker adoration :
 Nor ever shall he be in praise,
 By wise or good forsaken ;
 Named softly, as the household name
 Of one whom God hath taken !

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
 I learn to think upon him ;
 With meekness that is gratefulness,
 On God whose heaven hath won him —
 Who suffered once the madness-cloud,
 Toward His love to blind him ;
 But gently led the blind along
 Where breath and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shattered brain,
 Such quick poetic senses,
 As hills have language for, and stars,
 Harmonious influences !
 The pulse of dew upon the grass,
 His own did oalmly number ;
 And silent shadow from the trees
 Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
 From falsehood's chill removing,
 Its women and its men became
 Beside him, true and loving ! —
 And timid hares were drawn from woods
 To share his home caresses,
 Uplooking to his human eyes
 With sylvan tenderesses.

But while, in blindness he remained
 Unconscious of the guiding,
 And things provided came without
 The sweet sense of providing.
 He testified this solemn truth,
 Though frenzy desolated —
*Nor man, nor nature satisfy,
 When only God created !*

Like a sick child that knoweth not
 His mother while she blesses,
 And droppeth on his burning brow
 The coolness of her kisses ;
 That turns his fevered eyes around —
 " My mother ! where's my mother ?"
 And if such tender words and looks
 Could come from any other !

The fever gone, with leaps of heart
 He sees her bending o'er him ;
 Her face all pale from watchful love,
 The unwearied love she bore him !
 Thus, woke the poet from the dream
 His life's long fever gave him,
 Beneath these deep pathetic eyes
 Which closed in death, to save him !

Thus ! oh, not *thus* ! no type of earth
 Could image that awaking,
 Wherein he scarcely heard the chant
 Of seraphs, round him breaking —
 Or felt the new immortal throb
 Of soul from body parted ,
 But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew
 " My Saviour ! not deserted !"

Deserted ! who hath dreamt that when
 The cross in darkness rested,
 Upon the Victim's hidden face
 No love was manifested ?
 What frantic hands outstretched have e'er
 The atoning drops averted —
 What tears have washed them from the soul —
 That one should be deserted ?

Deserted ! God could separate
 From his own essence rather :
 And Adam's sins have swept between
 The righteous Son and Father —
 Yea ! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry,
 His universe hath shaken —
 It went up single, echoless,
 " My God, I am forsaken !"

It went up from the Holy's lips
 Amid his lost creation,
 That of the lost, no son should use
 Those words of desolation ;
 That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,
 Should mar not hope's fruition ;
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see
 His rapture, in a vision !

SONNET.

BY W. M. ANDERSON.

Oh, could we rest a little ! — On the cope
 Of present Time we stand but for a breath,
 While the dark backward fadeth far beneath.
 We summon up the Past : — ere we can hope
 To think old thoughts, we change ; and idly grope
 Among dim memories, stirring dust of death.
 — I see wild visions ; — now, a withered heath
 Where a strange plover cries ; and now, a slope,
 And a wan moon that silvers the dank reeds,
 And white sails like white faces on the sea,
 And a dull ebbing tide that waves the weeds ;
 While music of dead voices, dear to me,
 I hear forever ringing in mine ears :
 Dear God ! let me but weep, — for I am sick
 with tears.

From Miss Cook's Journal.

APSLEY HOUSE.

APSLEY HOUSE was built about 1785-6, by Henry Bathurst Baron Apsley, Earl Bathurst, and lord high chancellor, the son of Pope's friend:—

Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?

It was for some time the residence of the duke's elder brother, the late Marquis Wellesley, and was purchased by the great Duke in the year 1820. The house, originally of red brick, as Mr. Cunningham tells us in his *Handbook*, was faced with Bath stone in 1828, when the Piccadilly portico and the gallery to the west or Hyde Park side were added by the Messrs. Wyatt. Much of the house is, however, of Bathurst's building, and exhibits throughout tokens of want of skill and taste in the original builder, and the more modern tokens of alterations that have not very skillfully supplied or concealed the original defects. The portico is a portico to let—fit only for London sparrows. The site, however, is the finest in London—commanding the great west-end entrance into London, and the gates of the best known parks. A foreigner called it, happily enough, No. 1, London; and when the duke was alive and in Apsley House, many have been heard to regard him not only as constable of the Tower, but as constable of London, with his castle actually seated at its double gates. The house, indeed, stood at one time a kind of siege; and the iron blinds—bullet proof, it is said—were put up by the duke during the ferment of the Reform Bill, when his windows were broken by a London mob. What the great man saw—and what he lived to see! How far less universal would the feeling have been about him in 1832, had he died then instead of in 1852.

Within—we are speaking architecturally—the house has little to recommend it. The staircase, lighted by a dome filled with yellow glass, is unnecessarily dark. The light in the Piccadilly drawing-rooms is seriously lessened by the useless portico to which we have already referred. The great gallery, in which the annual Waterloo Banquet took place—though a fine room occupying the whole length of the Hyde Park side of the house, and the best room in the house—is lighted at present only from the top; the windows towards the park—its only side lights—being filled within by mirrors and without by iron blinds. Our previous impression of this room was materially lowered by our late visit. The present duke would, we think, do well to remove the temporary mirrors in the windows—for he would then restore the light, and enable his visitors to see the pictures in the gallery to

some advantage. The far-famed Correggio—*Christ on the Mount of Olives*—is visible, but that is all. Such a gem should be seen close and with a good light. At present it is protected by a glass, placed at a distance by a barrier, and all but hidden by a bad light.

The visitor enters by one barricaded entrance in Piccadilly, passes through the whole to the great staircase; then through the whole of the rooms till he emerges from the late duke's modest bedroom (on the ground floor) into the little garden at the back of the house, and so once more into the courtyard in Piccadilly.

The house is left very much as we remember to have seen it in the duke's lifetime. We recollect, however, a very large and impressive collection of marble busts on the waiting-room table, grouped together without much order, but striking and tasteful notwithstanding, very few of which are now to be seen. There were two of the "Duke," one of "Pitt," and busts of "Gebrge III.," the "Duke of York," the "Emperor Alexander," and "Sir Walter Scott"—the Scott by Chantrey. Now the busts are fewer in number, and differently arranged. On one side of the door leading from this room to the principal staircase is Steele's bust of "the Duke," and on the other Chantrey's "Castlereagh." In a corner is Nollekens' characteristic bust of "Pitt," and in a place of honor is a reduced copy of Rauch's noble statue of "Blucher." Above, are views of Lisbon and other places in Portugal and in Spain, too high to be seen to advantage.

From the hall the visitor passes to the principal staircase, a circular one, lighted, as we have said, from above, and through yellow glass. Here, bathed in saffron color, stands Canova's colossal statue in marble of "Napoleon," holding a bronze figure of Victory in his right hand. This to our thinking is Canova's greatest work, for it is manly and antique-looking, not meretricious and modern—was presented to the duke by the allied sovereigns. It was executed, however, if we mistake not, for Napoleon himself. The staircase opens on the "Piccadilly Drawing-room:" a small, well-proportioned room, containing a few fine and interesting pictures ancient and modern. Among the former is a fine Caravaggio—*The Card Players*; half-lengths, fine in expression, and marvellous in point of color, and light and shade. Beneath it, but not too well seen on account of the barrier, is a small good Brouwer—*A Smoking Party*. Over the fireplace is a small full-length—perhaps by Vandermeulen—of the great Duke of Marlborough, on Horseback. The modern pictures are, Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioner*—a commission to Wilkie from the duke; Burnet's *Greenwich Pensioners*, bought by the duke from the artist; and Lanser's

Van Amburgh in the Den with Lions and Tigers—a subject suggested to the painter by the duke himself.

From the "Piccadilly Drawing-room," the visitor passes to the "Drawing-room,"—a large apartment, deriving its chief light from Piccadilly. Here the eye is at first arrested chiefly by four large copies by Bonnemaïson, after Raphael; copies of more than average merit, but not of sufficient importance to detain the eye already in expectation of seeing an original Correggio. The ladies are detained here by two Sèvres vases presented to the duke by Louis XVIII.; country gentlemen by *The Melton Hunt*, by Mr. Grant, the Royal Academician; and historical students by a small full-length of Napoleon studying the map of Europe—by Hoppner's fine three-quarter portrait of Mr. Pitt (bought at Christie's some eighteen months ago by the duke)—by a clever head of Marshal Soult—and by a characteristic likeness of the duke's old favorite friend, the late Mr. Arbuthnot. The great hero, it will be seen, was somewhat universal in his love for art, and a little whimsical in the way in which he hangs *La Madonna del Pesce* by Grant's *Melton Hunt* and Landseer's *Highland Whiskey Still*.

From the "Drawing-room" the visitor enters "the Picture-gallery,"—the principal apartment in the house. In this room the annual banquet on the 18th of June was held:—the duke occupying the centre of the room, with his back to the park, and his face to the fireplace,—over which is hung a large and fair contemporary copy of the *Wind-sor* Charles I. on horseback. Here are seen the king of Sweden's present of two fine vases of Swedish porphyry, standing modestly at the side; while in the centre are two noble candelabras of Russian porphyry—a present from the Emperor Nicholas. The walls (before we speak of the pictures, for we must write for upholsterers and milliners now and then) are hung with yellow—the ceiling is richly ornamented and gilt—and the furniture throughout is yellow. The pictures—the true decorations of the room—are not seen, as we have said, to advantage, though hung with judgment as far as size and general harmony are concerned. In this room is the "Jew's-eye" of the collection, the little Correggio, *Christ on the Mount of Olives*—the most celebrated specimen of the master in this country. It is on panel; and a copy, thought to be the original till the duke's picture appeared, is now in the National Gallery. This exquisite work of art, in which the light, as in the *Notte*, proceeds from the Saviour, was captured in Spain, in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte—restored by the captor to Ferdinand II.—but, with others, under like circumstances, again presented to the duke by that sovereign. Next in excel-

lence after the single Correggio are the examples of Velasquez—chiefly portraits, but how fine! something between Vandyke and Rembrandt. The best specimen, however, which the duke possessed of this great Spanish master is not a portrait, but a common subject, *The Water Seller*, treated uncommonly and yet properly. The duke, unlike Marshal Soult, had no Murillos. After the specimens of Velasquez we would place a fine half-length of a female holding a wreath, by Titian. Two small examples of Claude at the Piccadilly end seemed promising, but we were not able to get near enough to speak decisively of their merits. Specimens of Teniers and Jan Steen are both numerous and good in this room; and there is a small Adrian Ostade, which would ornament a better collection than the duke pretended to possess. The duke, it should be remembered, did not profess dilettanteism or seek to be thought a collector. The pictures at Apsley House are either chance acquisitions abroad, commissions to artists, or portraits of Napoleon, of his own officers, his own family and friends. In this room, at the north end, is a marble bust of Pauline Bonaparte, by Canova—a present to the duke from the artist, as appears by the inscription on its back.

From the gallery, the visitor now enters the back of the building, with its windows looking northward, past the statue of Achilles, and up Park Lane. Here are two rooms—the "Small Drawing-room" and the "Striped Drawing-room"—both filled with portraits of all sizes. Here is Wilkie's full length of William IV. (his much finer full-length of George IV. in his Highland dress is not shown); four full lengths by Lawrence, of the Marquis Wellesley, Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Beresford, and Lord Lynedoch; Beechey's three-quarter portrait of Nelson, inferior to the portraits of the same hero by Abbott and Hoppner; two good portraits, head-size, by Hoppner, of the late Lord Cowley and Lady Charlotte Greville; and a three-quarter portrait of the duke's sister as a gypsy, with a child on her back, by, if we remember rightly, either Owen or Hoppner. We were too far off on this occasion to pronounce with greater precision on the subject. The other attractions of these two back rooms are, Gambardella's hard-painted portrait of the present "Duchess of Wellington," and a large picture, by Sir William Allan, of the *Battle of Waterloo*, with Napoleon in the foreground, bought from the painter by the duke himself, with this remark, that it was "good, very good—not too much smoke." A full-length portrait of "Napoleon" in the "Small Drawing-room" would, if we remember rightly, well repay a closer inspection.

From the "Striped Drawing-room" the

visitor descends by a back-staircase into the rooms immediately below the Picture-gallery. Here is the "China-room,"—not rich in Delft, or China, or Chelsea, or Dresden ware, but boasting a most elegant and exquisite blue and gold service, that many a lady will linger over with eyes of admiration. Here, too, is Stothard's "Wellington Shield," in gold, presented to the duke in 1822 by the merchants and bankers of London; and here is the silver Plateau presented by the regent of Portugal. A few good busts in bronze crown the cases containing these elegant and costly gifts.

From this little El Dorado of handsome things the visitor passes first to the "Secretary's Room,"—then to the "Duke's Private Room,"—and, lastly, to the "Duke's Bedroom;"—all three on the ground-floor, facing the garden that skirts Park Lane and the public footway through Hyde Park from the duke's house to Chesterfield Gate. These three rooms open on one another, and the arrangements in all three are in every respect the same as when they were last used by the illustrious duke.

The "Secretary's Room" wears the appearance of a room belonging to a man of business, and a methodical man, who is secretary to a great man. The duke's own room is just what one expected the duke's room to be like:—lined with bookcases; filled with red-covered despatch-boxes; having a red-morocco reading-chair; a second chair; a desk to stand and write at; a glass screen to keep the cold away and not conceal the books and papers behind it; tables covered with papers, and a few portraits. The portraits here are fewer in number than we had imagined. Here are two engravings of the duke himself, framed, and leaning against a sofa—one when young, the other when old (D'Ossay's is the old portrait); a small drawing of the Countess of Jersey, by Cosway; a full-length over the fireplace, with on one side of it a medallion of the present Duchess of Wellington, and on the other a corresponding medallion of Jenny Lind.

A narrow passage to the east leads to the "Duke's Bedroom,"—a small, shapeless, ill-lighted room, with a rather common, mahogany, young person's bedstead, surmounted by a tent-like curtain of green silk. Neither feather-bed nor eider-down pillow gave repose to the victor of Waterloo and the writer of the Despatches. This illustrious and rich man was almost as humble in his wants in this way as Charles XII. of Sweden. The iron duke,

What though his eightieth year was by,
was content with a mattress and a bolster.
The present Duke of Wellington—the future owner of Apsley House—will, we trust, keep

the rooms in which the great duke lived and slept, much, if not precisely, as they are now. The sitting-room and bedroom might certainly be kept intact; and if thus kept, with what interest will they continue to be looked on by millions yet to be born! Abbotsford is kept unchanged,—and thousands flock to see the romance in stone and lime raised by the Ariosto of the north. The bedroom of Byron at Newstead is preserved just as Byron left it,—with colored prints of Harrow School and Trinity College, Cambridge, hanging on its wall as they were placed there by the poet himself. What would Englishmen subscribe to restore New Place, at Stratford, as Shakespeare left it on the 23d of April, 1616? Who would not "call up" Pope's villa if he could? Nothing remains of Nelson's house at Merton. The choice contents of Strawberry Hill—those true illustrations of Walpole's writings—were scattered under the ruthless hammer of George Robins. The vigorous exertions of a few men have saved Shakespeare's birthplace from being sawn into snuff-boxes, knife-handles and tobacco-stoppers. Will not, then, the present Duke of Wellington preserve to us his father's study and his father's bedroom?

WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

THE Sea sounds with a mighty sound,
And it never seems at rest;
Like a haughty man that frets and chafes,
With a mountain on his breast—
Some sharp remorse—some stern regret,
By which he groans oppressed.

Yet the Sea turns never from the sun—
It glasses yon glad sky,
And those fair flowers of the heavens—the stars,
On his rough heart they lie;
But Man, proud Man, frowns these away,
When he groans with fiery sigh.

Man!—like the Sea, even while you moan,
Glass back the eternal stars,
Let the heavens lie against your heart
Through all its coil and cares,
And Hope's mild halcyons yet shall come
To charm away its jars.

Man!—when this Earth's dull cares assail,
Cling not to Earth the more;
Nor, groaning, let your mournful thoughts
Turn the theme o'er and o'er.
Immortal are yon lights that cheer—
Mortal all you deplore!

From the Ladies' Companion.

AN ANECDOTE OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

TOWARDS the middle of the year 1795, a short time after the deplorable affair of Quiberon, an English lady was taken prisoner just as she was entering France by the Swiss frontier. Her knowledge of French was limited to a few mispronounced words. An interpreter was soon found, and upon his interrogating her as to her motives for attempting so perilous an enterprise without passport, she replied that she had exposed herself to all these dangers for the purpose of visiting the chateau where the barbarous Sieur de Fayel had made Gabriella de Vergy eat the heart of her lover. Such a declaration appeared so ridiculous to those who heard it that they were compelled to doubt either the sanity or the veracity of the strange being who ventured upon it. They chose to do the latter, and forwarded the stranger to Paris, with a strong escort, as an English spy. Upon her arrival there, she was safely deposited in the Conciergerie.

Public feeling just then ran very high against the English. The country-woman of Pitt was loaded with ill-usage; and her terrors, expressed in a singular jargon of English mingled with broken French, served but to augment the coarse amusement of her jailers. After exhausting every species of derision and insult upon their prisoner, they ended by throwing her into the dampest and most inconvenient dungeon they could find. The door of this den was not more than four feet high; and the light, that dimly revealed the dripping walls and earthen floor, came through a horizontal opening four inches in height by fifteen in width. The sole movables of the place consisted of a rope pallet and a screen.

The bed served for both couch and chair; the screen was intended as a partial barrier between the inhabitant of the dungeon and the curious gaze of the jailers stationed in the adjoining apartment, who could scrutinize at will, through a narrow opening between the cells, the slightest movements of their prisoner.

The stranger recoiled with disgust, and asked whether they had not a less terrible place in which to confine a woman.

"You are very bad to please, madame," replied her brutal jailer, mimicking her defective French. "You are in the palace of Madame Capet."

And shutting behind him the massive door, barricaded with plates of iron and secured by three or four rusty bolts, he left her to repeat his joke to his companions, and enjoy with them the consternation of Madame Rosbif.

Meanwhile the prisoner fell upon her knees, and gazed around her with a species of pious emotion.

"What right have I," she cried, "to complain of being cast into this dungeon, once inhabited by the Queen of France—the beautiful, the noble Marie Antoinette? I sought food for my imagination; I undertook a journey to France to visit the most celebrated sojourns of the most celebrated individuals. Fortune has come to my aid. Here is what is better than the chateau of the Sieur de Fayel, and the terrible history of the bleeding heart. Never did a grander inspiration overflow my spirit. I will to work."

She drew from her pocket a small roll of paper, that had escaped the scrutiny of the jailers; and, passing her hand across her forehead, approached the horizontal opening, in order to make the most of the little remainder of daylight; then, taking out a pencil, she rapidly covered ten or twelve pages with microscopic characters in close lines. The increasing darkness at length compelled her to pause, and she was refolding the MS. to replace it in her pocket, when a rude hand snatched it from her grasp.

"Ah! ah! Madame Rosbif," cried the jailer triumphantly, "so you believe yourself at liberty to scribble away here, hatching plots against the Republic, and holding intelligence with the enemies of the nation. *Nous verrons cela!* These papers shall be remitted this very day to Monsieur Tallien, and we well know all about this new attack upon liberty. *Entendez-vous?* miserable agent of Pitt and Cobourg!"

The same evening Tallien received the stranger's manuscript. Being unacquainted with the English language, he rang for his secretary; but the latter was nowhere at hand, so the puzzled minister took the papers and proceeded to his wife's apartments.

Madame Tallien was just completing her toilet for a fancy ball. Leaning forward in a graceful attitude, she was in the act of twining round her slender ankle the fastenings of a purple buskin. Her Grecian tunic, simply clasped upon the shoulder with diamonds, and her hair knotted like that of the Polyhymnia of the Louvre, harmonized admirably with the classical contour of her features. Monsieur Tallien, as he gazed upon her, half-forgot his errand.

The lady uttered a little cry of surprise.

"Upon what grave errand has Monsieur deigned to favor me with a visit at this unaccustomed hour?"

"I have here some papers," replied the minister, "that have been seized upon the person of a female spy, and are said to contain proofs of a dangerous conspiracy. They are written in English; my secretary is absent; and I must ask you to do me the favor to translate them to me."

Madame Tallien took the MS., and looked it over.

"Shall I read aloud?" said she, in an amused tone of voice.

Her husband assented.

"The wind howls mournfully through the foliage, and the descending rain falls in torrents. The terrors of my prison become every instant more fearful. Phantoms arise on every side, and wave their snowy winding-sheets. Misfortune, with her cold and pitiless hand, weighs heavily on my youthful brow."

"Thus spoke the lovely prisoner, as she groped with her trembling hands over the humid walls of the dungeon."

"Here is a singular conspiracy truly," said Madame Tallien, as she finished reading the above. "Let me see the envelope; 'Chapter xii. The Dungeon of the Chateau.' And the authoress' name. 'Anne Radcliffe.' *Vite citoyen*. Set this woman at liberty, and bring her to me. Your spy is no other than the great English romance-writer, the celebrated authoress of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho!'"

Tallien now recalled the romantic intention of the stranger's hazardous journey, as confessed by herself; perceived the mistake of his agents, and laughed heartily. Going quickly out, he issued orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoner, and desired the messenger to bring her straight to the presence of Madame Tallien.

Meanwhile, the beautiful Frenchwoman, forgetting her toilet and the hall, paced the apartment with almost childish delight and impatience. She was about to make the acquaintance — in a manner the most piquant and unexpected — of the authoress of those romances which had so often filled her vivid imagination with ideas of apparitions, and prisoners dying of hunger in horrible dungeons. She consulted her watch perpetually, and counted the very seconds. At length there was a sound of carriage-wheels in the courtyard of the hotel. Madame Tallien rushed to the door; it opened, and the two celebrated females stood face to face.

The minister's wife could not avoid recoiling with surprise, and some degree of consternation, before the singular figure that paused in the open doorway; for Mrs. Radcliffe had stopped short, dazzled and bewildered by the lights of the saloon, which wounded eyes accustomed for some hours past to the humid obscurity of a dungeon. The English authoress presented a striking contrast to the radiant being before her. Dry, cold, and angular, her attire necessarily in some degree of disorder from her arrest, forced journey, and imprisonment, her whole aspect had in it something *bizarre* and fantastic, that added to her age at least ten years.

A little recovered from her first surprise, Madame Tallien advanced towards the stranger, gave her a cordial welcome in English,

and told her how happy she esteemed herself in having been the means of setting at liberty so celebrated an authoress. The Englishwoman made a polite reply to this compliment, and then they seated themselves before the fire, whose clear flame and vivifying heat were very welcome to the liberated prisoner, and quickly restored an activity of mind that appeared to have been benumbed by the coldness of her dungeon. The ensuing conversation was gay, piquant, full of charm and abandon, and was only interrupted by the orders given by Madame Tallien to her *femme de chambre* to send the carriage away, and deny her to all visitors.

Mrs. Radcliffe had travelled much, and related her adventures with grace and originality. Hours flew by unheeded, and the Englishwoman was in the very midst of some bold enterprise of her journey in Switzerland, when the timepiece struck twelve. She turned pale, and a visible shuddering seized her. Then pausing in her tale, she looked wildly and fearfully around, as if following the movements of some invisible being. Madame Tallien, struck with a species of vague terror, dared not address a single word to her visitor. The latter at length abruptly rose, opened the door, and with an imperative gesture ordered some one by the name of Henry to leave the room, after which she appeared to experience a sudden relief.

The lovely Frenchwoman, with the tact of real kindness, appeared not to notice this strange incident, and the new-made friends soon after separated, Madame Tallien herself conducting her guest to the apartment provided for her, where she took leave of her with an affectionate "*au revoir!*"

The following evening Mrs. Radcliffe appeared in her hostess' saloon, as soon as the latter had signified that she was ready to receive her. Calm and composed, habited *à la Française*, the English romancist appeared ten years younger than she had done the evening before, and was even not without a certain degree of beauty. She said not a word on the scene of the preceding evening; was gay, witty, amiable, and took an animated part in the conversation that followed. But as soon as the minute-hand of the time-piece pointed at half-past eleven, her color fled, a shade of pensiveness replaced her former gaiety and a few moments afterwards she took her leave of the company.

The same thing happened the next day, and every ensuing evening. Madame Tallien could not avoid a feeling of curiosity, but she had too much politeness to question the stranger confided to her hospitality. In this way a month elapsed, at the end of which time Mrs. Radcliffe could not avoid expressing, one evening when she found herself alone with her new friend, her disappointment at being de-

tained a prisoner in France, without the power of returning to her own country. Upon this Madame Tallien rose, took a paper from a desk, and handed it to the Englishwoman. It was a passport, dated from the same evening that Mrs. Radcliffe had been liberated from her dungeon.

"Since you wish to leave your French friends," said her lovely hostess smiling, "go, ingrate!"

"Oh no, not ungrateful!" replied the authoress, taking the beautiful hands of her friend and carrying them to her lips; "but the year is fast waning, and a solemn duty recalls me to my native land. In the churchyard of a poor village near London are two tombs, which I visit each Christmas-day with flowers and prayers. If I return not before then, this will be the first time for five years that they have been neglected. You already know all my other secrets," she continued, lowering her voice; "it is my intention to confide this secret also to your friendly ears." Passing her hand across her brow, the Englishwoman then proceeded to relate a strange and tragic tale, for the particulars of which we have not space in our limited sketch. Suffice it to say, that it had left our authoress subject to a distressing and obdurate spectral illusion. In the reality of this appearance she firmly believed, not having sufficient knowledge of science to attribute her visitation to its true origin — a partial disarrangement of the nervous system. This visitation regularly re-

curring at midnight, and at once accounted for the singular behavior that had so piqued the benevolent Frenchwoman's curiosity.

Mrs. Radcliffe now returned to London, where she shortly afterwards published "The Italian; or the Confessional of the Black Penitents."

We can, in our day, realize to ourselves very little of the effect produced by Anne Radcliffe's romances at the time of their appearance. All the contemporary critics agree in testifying to their immense success, only inferior to that of the Waverley novels in more recent times. Now they appear nothing more than the efflux of a morbid imagination, full of hallucinations and absurdities, and insufferably tedious to our modern tastes, accustomed to the condensed writing of the present day. Their unconnected plots are nevertheless not altogether devoid of a certain sort of interest, and are fraught with picturesque situations and melodramatic surprises. The living characters therein introduced present few natural features. We recognize everywhere the caprices of an unbridled fancy, and a prevailing vitiation of sense and taste.

Anne Radcliffe died near London, on the 7th February, 1823, at the age of 63. The "New Monthly Magazine," for May of that year, announces her decease, and affirms that her death was accompanied by singular visions, which had pursued her ever since a romantic event of her youth.

H. C.

SOULS' DISUNION.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Yes! we are severed wide apart,
So close as still we seem to be —
Severed while bound heart fast to heart
In mute conformity.
And sad it is to feel and know
To mortals never yet was given
To dwell, two souls in one, below,
Or shall be, save in heaven.
It is but by a common bond
We seem to grow so near, so near —
The same hope in a bright beyond —
The same enjoyments here;
The same sweet thoughts that wing their way
To the same sweet happy home of rest,
That bids us fold from day to day
Each to each other's breast.
'T is but our poor, imperfect speech,
Our eyes but half-revealing shine,
That prompts the pleasant lie to each
"His thoughts are e'en as mine."
Unfathomed depths in either soul
Full of stern discords still remain,
Hid in that seeming perfect whole
Enough to render twain.
Souls strung in life must ever be
Each to its own peculiar tone,
Till death shall strike the master-key,
And all be tuned to one.

Then in that deathless choir above
Our hearts unisonal shall join,
Merged in one symphony of love,
Beyond all mine and thine.

THE NEW-COMER.

A POEM FOR MOTHERS ONLY.

THE hour arrives, the moment wished and feared,
The child is born, by many a pang endeared;
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
Oh! grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes, she clasps him, to her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
She, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks — he speaks — in many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard;
And ever, ever, to her lap he flies,
Where rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise,
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,
That name most dear forever on his tongue.
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beating of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart,
Watch o'er his slumbers, like the brooding dove,
And if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

JOHN RINTOUL; OR, THE FRAGMENT OF THE WRECK.

PART I. — CHAPTER I.

"It's a' because ye will have your own gate. What ails ye to stay ae night langer at hame! Black March weather, and no a star in the sky; and me your married wife, John Rintoul!"

"Eh, Euphie, woman!"

John Rintoul made no other answer; but scratched his black head dubiously, and throwing one wistful glance at his pretty wife, as she gathered herself up in her elbow-chair, cast another at the window, through which the lowering sky, without, met him with an answering frown. The wind was whistling wildly round the point, which deprived the waves in Elie bay of their full share of the turmoil without; but even here, sheltered though it was, the roll of the surf on the shore sounded like a perpetual cannonade; and the dark sky lowered upon the dark water, with only the fierce crest of a wave, or the breast of some benighted sea-mew, desperately fluttering to its nest, to break the universal blackness of the storm.

Scarcely the breadth of an ordinary street interposes between this window and the high-water mark to which these waves have reached to-night. The room has a boarded floor, very clean and white, just brightened here and there with a faint trace of the golden sand which Captain Rintoul crushes under his heel, as he sways himself between his wife's chair and the window. The twilight is slowly darkening into night—all the earlier for this squall; and the fire-light leaps about all the corners, throwing a brilliant illumination upon the bed before it, with its magnificent patchwork quilt, and curtains of red and white linen. At the foot of the bed, the chest of drawers stands solemnly, conscious of its own importance, supporting, with sober dignity, the looking-glass, and the family Bible, and two or three of the grandest shells. Between it and the door, gravely discoursing with those fugitive moments whose course it tells, the eight-day clock, sagacious and self-absorbed, glorifies the wall with the carvings of its mahogany case. There is a small round table—mahogany too, with a raised ledge round it, like the edge of a tray—in the middle of the room. On ordinary occasions this table stands in a corner, tilted up into the perpendicular, for display, and not for use; but to-night Mrs. Rintoul has had a solemn tea, and her table, in all its magnificence, has been doing service, as on a very great occasion, though only a family party have assembled round it. One still sits by it, playing abstractedly with its carved rim. You can see his blue sailor-dress, his short black curls, and how his face is half-turned towards

Agnes Raeburn by the fireside yonder; but a brown hand, well formed, though scarred and weatherbeaten, supports his forehead, and the face itself is in shadow.

Mrs. Rintoul sitting there, half-angry, half-crying, in her elbow-chair—at present convinced that she has said something unanswerable—was Euphie Raeburn a year ago, the belle and toast of Elie. The fire lights up her pretty self-willed face, with its full red pouting lips and flushed cheeks, and the soft flaxen hair, which hangs in short thick curls just under her brow. She is only two-and-twenty, an acknowledged beauty, a wife whose husband is very proud of her—as Euphie herself feels he has good reason to be—and, crowning glory of all, a young mother, whom every one has been petting, and nursing, and humoring, since ever little Johnnie came home—after all, only a month ago. Little Johnnie lies on her knee, his long white frock sweeping over the arm of her chair; and she herself has still something of the state and dignity of an invalid. No wonder that tears of vexation and impatience glitter in Euphie's eyes, and that a flat contradiction of her will seems an impossible thing to John.

So he stands between the window and the table, rubbing his fingers through his short black hair, and swaying on one heel helplessly. John Rintoul, sailing long voyages for ten good years, and being the most frugal of good sailors all the time, is rich enough now to call himself joint-owner of the strong little sloop which rocks yonder on the troubled water at Elie pier. Joint-owner with Samuel Raeburn, his father-in-law, writing himself captain of the "Euphemia," and having his own father, an old, respectable fisherman, and Patrick, his young brother, for his crew. They are to sail to the Baltic in a day or two from Anster, another little town a few miles down the Firth; and John had made up his mind to proceed so far to-night.

"It's no canny sailing at night," said Agnes from the corner. "Stay at hame, John, lad, when Euphie wants you—what's the good of vexing Euphie!—and ye can sail the morn's morning, when the blast's by."

"Gin the morn's morning were here, ye would wile him to bide till the morn's night," said a deep voice from the window. "I'm no the man to vex a woman—specially a bit creature like Euphie there; but I've brought him up a' his days never to gang back of his word, and I canna change my counsel noo. John, you're captain, and I'm naething but foremast Jack; but if you're

no coming, I'll step down to the sloop myself — the wind 'll be on afore we round the point, if ye're no a' the cleverer."

"Eh, my patience, hear till him!" exclaimed Euphie, "as if the wind hadna been on; and routing like a' the beasts in the wood, for twa guid hours and mair!"

There was no answer; but the dark figure in the recess of the window shut out the faint lingerings of daylight as the experienced father examined the sky — and Euphie lifted up her infant to its sorely-tempted father, and Paite Rintoul, under the shelter of his hand, cast sidelong glances at Agnes. Free of all responsibility in the matter, the youth waited for his orders — and John himself, captain and superior as he was, strong in the old filial reverence which the fisher patriarch had done nothing to lessen, waited for his father's decision with an anxiety which he scarcely could conceal.

"I never gang back o' my word," said the old man at length, slowly; "I've been kent by that sign as far as the northmost fisher town that ever sent boats to a drave; but your mother at hame has kent me coming and gaun this forty years guid, and nae miscarriage, the Lord being bountiful; and I've faced a waur nicht than this, baith on the Firth and the open sea. Is't the year out, Euphie, my woman, since John and you were married?"

"No till a week come the morn," said Euphie, with a little sob, "and that was what I wanted him to bide for, to haud the day."

"Weel, weel — ye'll haud the day yet mony a blithe year," said the old man with prophetic gravity, "and ye're no to take the first aye as an ill sign, if it's no so cheerie as it might be; — but I mind it's the auld law that a man should bide and comfort his wife till the year's dune; and as Euphie is so sair set against ye sailing the nicht, for a' ye passed your word to Baile Tod to take in your lading the morn — if ye take my counsel, you'll stay at hame, John, and I'll be caution for the sloop that naething but the will of Providence keeps it out of Anster harbor this nicht; ye can come east on your ain feet, and join us the morn."

"Eh, John, ye'll bide now!" cried Euphie, eagerly — her anxiety did not reach so far as to tremble for the safety of the first John Rintoul.

"It's very guid of ye, father," said the captain with hesitation, "and I'm sure I would have nae man gang for me where I was feared to gang myself; but it's no for the nicht, you see — I dinna care a button for the nicht; it's a' Euphie, there; she's but a bit delicate thing, that's had her ain gate a' her days; and I dinna ken what glamour's on me — I canna gang against her."

"Nae occasion — nae occasion, John," said

the old man, shortly; "I maun be stepping myself; good night, lad — ye'll get nae ill of pleasuring your wife. Patie, I would like ye to gie a look in, and see your mother. I took fareweel of her myself, an hour ago; but I'll gang by the door with ye, on the road to the sloop. Euphie, ye'll be guid to a'boddy, and mind your duty, the time we're away; you're no a young lassie noo, ye ken — you're a married wife, with a house to keep, and bairns to bring up, godly and soberly — guid nicht to ye, my woman; and fare-ye-weel, bairnie, and God send ye grow up to be a comfort. Nancy, lass, fare-ye-weel; it's a ge y long voyage we're sailing on — an auld man may never see ye a', young things and blithe, again."

He had stepped out into the full glow of the firelight, an old man, rugged and weather-beaten. It was not necessary to see him first in Elie kirk, in his Sabbath dress, and with his grave, slow movements and reverent face, to understand the place he had reached among his fellows — Elder John — not without a solemn consciousness of the weight of office, a respect for the eldership in his own person, a conscious responsibility in all matters where advice seemed called for, and a little tendency to "improve" events for his own edification, as well as for the use of listeners. A personage in his appearance — old age, and storm, and trial, adding a certain homely dignity to the form and stature, which in earlier manhood were famous for nothing but strength — old John Rintoul had a visible will and energy about him, which gained expression in every word and step, in every emphatic motion of his head, and deliberate syllable of his speech. Honorable and upright beyond suspicion, as tenacious of the respect belonging to his humble name as if it had been a duke's, and unused for many a year to veil his bonnet to any created mortal, unless on chance occasions, or on questions exclusively belonging to their sphere — to the minister and the goodwife — only one or two other men in Elie held such a position as John Rintoul, fisherman though he was. His heavy eyebrows, reddish, but deeply grizzled, his furrowed brow and patriarchal locks and solemn, deliberate speech, not without its pomp of stately words,

Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,

were in perfect keeping with each other. So were the profound religious feelings, strong enough to startle into touching meekness and humility, on extreme occasions, a spirit by nature and habit proud, and the deep, unacknowledged, undemonstrated tenderness lying at the bottom of his heart.

They gathered round him with something like awe, as he stood in the firelight bidding them fareweel, and Euphie bent over her baby

to hide the chill presentiment which his words brought over her; and Agnes watched his moving lips with dilated eyes, full of tears, which she was afraid to shed. Then his hard, strong hand grasped theirs successively — then the sand upon the floor crashed under his heavy footstep — the door opened and closed, admitting a sudden blast; and John Rintoul and his youngest child, the Benjamin of his heart, went out into the storm.

CHAPTER II.

Early darkness, shutting in gradually, one by one, the pale streaks of sky in the west — out seaward, an unbroken gloom already settling upon the western point of Elie bay, like a wall of defence against the advancing storm, and lines of deadly white running out here and there upon the Firth, like the pale horse of the prophet — a fierce March wind chafing itself to passion here, among the few trees which skirt the suburbs of the little town, and leaping forth with a loud howl like a hungry wolf to join its brother madmen on the sea — a rush of waters close at hand, the angry surf of Elie shore, and a distant groan, more ominous still, telling how they fight upon the unprotected rocks, along the coast where the sloop must take its journey. The spray comes up dashing upon Patie Rintoul's face, as they leave his brother's door. The young sailor puts up his hand quietly to wipe it away. His heart is absorbed, beholding the little figure in the fireside corner, and meditating how he can steal away from Anster harbor in to-morrow's gloaming, to say another good-by to Agnes before he goes to sea. But to-night's voyage does not trouble Patie, for these waves have been his playthings since his earliest remembrance, when he himself slowly woke into consciousness, sitting in the sunshine with a great stone in his lap to keep his little baby figure upright, while his mother baited the lines, and his father put on his sea-going gear, in preparation for "the drive."

But the stately step of old John Rintoul falters a little on the stony road. Strange, solemn fancies come into his mind, whether he will or no; and, with a singular, intense excitement, he thinks he sees little figures of children beckoning to him from the low black rocks, or out of the tawny surf of the advancing sea. "Willie, Mary, little Nelly," murmurs the old man unawares; and then, gradually waking up, he passes his hand over his eyes, to put away the mist out of which these little figures have sprung; but still there is something glistening under his heavy folded eyelids, and his heart repeats, out of the deep love and sorrow which cannot desert the dead infants of his house, these names of his children who have "gone before."

Why does he think of them now? Willie, had he lived, would have been a man, nearly forty years old to-day; but his father sees him, and yearns over him, in his little white night-gown and close cap — the first-born, the beginning of his strength. It is the living who have faded into shadows. Even Patie here, whom they call the father's favorite at home, becomes as indistinct and remote as John whom they have left — and the old man's heart is with the little children, the blossoms of his youth.

"It's the wean that's put them in my head — it's the wean that's put them in my head," says the old man, half aloud, and his eyes are full of tears.

But Patie, meanwhile, with his heart wrapped in a soft twilight of its own, walks silently by his father's side, a very world apart from all his father's dreamings. The love-charm is strong on Patie; and all the songs that heart of man has woven for itself, to give its youthful rapture utterance, are chiming through his fascinated mind. Far from him, and invisible, is the spiritual world from which angels come to minister; for the earth, always young, thrills with warm life to the youth's every breath and footstep, and his heart beats high with sweet, inarticulate joy, and grows breathless with sweeter hope.

Father! father! little hands seem to clasp your fingers — little, gentle touches come upon you, and small white figures beckon, and voices call out of the night, out of the storm, floating away like fairy music into the unseen sea. What brings these heaven-departed children out of the Master's presence, and over all this lifetime of years — what brings them here to-night?

"And the sloop's no sailed yet — and my man and my two sons to gang down the Firth this night," said Christian Beatoun, John Rintoul's wife, as she stood at her door, looking out. "Ye needna speak to me, Allie; I ken of as many kind providences and preservations as ony man's wife in the hail town; but it's owre precious a freight — far owre precious a freight. Ye're ill enough yoursel when ye have ane in peril, and it's nae good, John or you either telling me; for do I no ken it's clean tempting of Providence to trust a hail family, and a' ae pair creature has in the world, to ae boat? Eh, woman, it's easy speaking; but losing ane would be losing a', if it was the Lord's pleasure to send such a judgment on me."

"Ye're meaning, ye can trust Him with ane, but ye canna trust Him with a', Kirstin," answered her sister-in-law, somewhat severely. Ailie Rintoul had all the harsher features of her brother John, and was of less visible kindness — a childless wife, too, wanting the mother's manifold experiences.

But Kirstin only wrung her hands and

repeated, "Eh, woman, it's easy speaking!"

Her husband and her son were approaching just then the little triangular corner in which her house stood—it was out of the direct way to the shore, and the old man hesitated at the angle of the street.

"I bade your mother fareweel an hour ago," he said, half within himself, "and yet some way I canna pass the door. She's been a guid wife to me this five-and-forty year—Kirstin, poor woman! I would like to see her face again, whatever may happen; and if the Lord spares me to come hame—"

The old man turned the corner abruptly, all unobserved by the happy, absorbed Patie, who was still too much engrossed with his own fancies to perceive his father's.

"Is't you back again, John?" exclaimed Kirstin. "You'll no be gaun to sail the night!"

"I came for naething but a freit," said the old man; "just a bairnly fancy in my ain mind, and to bring Patie to say fareweel to his mother. I'm for away this very minute, Kirstin; theither man is sure to be waiting on us in the sloop, and I've gien John my word to take her on to Anster; he's to join us there, the morn; ye'll see him before he leaves the Elie. Now, my woman, fare-weel ance mair. I'll aye uphaud ye've been a guid wife to me, Kirstin, Beatoun, if it was the last words I had to say, and the Lord gie ye your recompense in His ain time—though I dinna need to tell you that such a thing as recompense comesna frae our merits, but His mercies. I canna tell what's come ower me the night; my mind's aye rinnin on little Willie and Mary, and the rest of the bairns that's departed. But fare-ye-weel, Kirstin, ance for a'—and pit ye aye your trust in the Lord, and wait to see what an ill Providence is to bring forth, before you let your heart repine—noo, I maun away."

"John, you're meaning something," cried his wife, anxiously; "you're wanting to break some misfortune to me!"

"No me—no me!" said the old man. "I'm no just sure what I mean mysel; but ye'll mind it, Kirstin, and it'll come clear some time. Fare-ye-weel, Ailie—fareweel to ye a'. I maun away to the sloop. I've sailed mony a coarser night, and never thought twice about it."

Saying this, with a prompt and ready step, as of one whose mind was disburdened, John Rintoul went his way. His wife followed him for a few steps, eagerly directing his attention to the storm; but the storm was checked by a momentary lull, and the clouds breaking overhead, gave a glimpse of a tragic moon climbing these gloomy heights from point to point. The sailor's wife received her son's farewell with a relieved heart, and

returned to the door, from which she could watch them as they hastened to their little vessel. She was too much accustomed to such departures to think of remonstrating and weeping like the impatient Euphie, and her fears were calmed by the lessening violence of both winds and waves.

CHAPTER III.

The fire is trimmed, the hearth swept, the lamp, high and remote, burns solitarily for its own forlorn enjoyment, over the lofty mantel-shelf, and the little circle round the fire-side is silent, listening with various musings to the subdued sound of the wind without, and the murmur of the sea.

The baby has fallen asleep softly on the bosom of the young mother; she is bending her face over him, half in shadow—rosy shadow, warm and glowing—and touching gently with delicate fingers, now his little clenched hand, now his downy infant cheek. The awe with which her father-in-law's farewell filled her has faded from the light heart of Euphie; but she has fallen instead into the stillness of a dream.

A year ago Euphie Raeburn dreamed romances—dreamed distinct histories, full of joyous events, and words that made her heart beat; and you almost could have read them then in the absorbed eye glimmering under its drooped lid, in the soft cheek flushing under the pressure of her supporting hand, and in the hasty, scarce-drawn breath of the half-closed lips. But sweetly now the calm breath comes and goes upon the baby's brow, and over all her fair face lies such a shadow of repose, such a full, unspeakable content, as might charm all fear and danger out of sight of this new home. The little eyes are closed, the little lips apart—one small hand clenched upon the baby's breast, the other resting on the mother's—and Euphie's heart broods over her child, dwelling here in love and rest unspeakable—no longer busy with imagined scenes, or needing words to give her gladness vent, but her whole being possessed and overflowing with delicious quietness and repose.

And the father sits before the fire, leaning his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, gradually lengthening the tender looks he casts upon Euphie and her child, and suffering himself to be slowly beguiled out of the uneasiness which has already begun to disappear from his face. It is not the storm that brings upon John Rintoul's brow its look of troubled, restless fear; for himself he would heed the storm little, and it seems to be dying away into a long sighing gale, whistling about the low, strong walls, and chafing the waters still, but powerless for the desperate mischief which alone could make a sailor tremble. A dread of *something* haunts him—he cannot tell what, nor has it any definite

form; but in the silence he is constantly hearing hasty footsteps, as of some one rushing to his door with evil news, and two or three times has started out of his reverie, with far-away sounds, as of voices in distress, ringing into his very heart; but the night goes on noiselessly, the awe and excitement lessen, everything remains as it was — and softening thoughts and tender fancies, and a sensation of something like the same sweet repose which is upon Euphie, steal over the relaxing mind of John.

But Agnes, the youngest of them all, rocks faintly back and forward in her chair with the restless motion of anxiety, and clasps her hands tightly together till the pressure is painful, and fixes her vacant eyes, now upon the window, now upon the fire, with wandering abstraction, starting to every whistle of the wind, but entirely wrapt and unaware of things nearer to her side. Agnes is slightly formed and rather tall, with grave blue eyes, very different from Euphie's, and an abundance of dusky hair of no decided color — and no one has ascribed character or position to Agnes through all her twenty years. She has been an average good girl, doing the usual offices of their humble life — helping her mother, admiring and serving Euphie — having her own little quarrels and jealousies — and to all appearance knowing no emotions deeper than a little wonder, and perhaps a little wounded feeling, at finding herself, among all her young companions, the only one loverless and unfollowed. To tell truth, Agnes Raeburn has nourished considerable pique, and felt herself greatly injured, ruminating over this. Her pride could not bear the neglect easily, and she did not at all appreciate the advantage of being fancy free — at least of being unsought; but a change has befallen her — and never was imperious beauty more haughty in her reception of humble suitor than Agnes has been to Patie Rintoul to-day.

Not that she objects to the bashful homage of Patie, or is at all displeased with his shy glances and reverent attendance — but Agnes has registered a vow, in the intense pride of being neglected, and is resolute to cast off and reject peremptorily her *first* wooer, whoever he may be.

But her heart is heavy, restless, agitated, she cannot tell why; and she sways herself in her chair, and wrings her hands with unconscious, involuntary emotion. Her mind is constantly going back to the old man's leave-taking, turning his words into every conceivable shape, and drawing all manner of indefinite dreads and terrors out of the tremor of the voice so little given to faltering, and from the glistening of the deep eyes so little used to tears. And it is, after all, a wild, imaginative, impulsive mind, which has dwelt so quietly these twenty years under

Samuel Raeburn's roof — and but a touch is necessary to send it away on an unknown erratic course, and to fill it with all the thronging possibilities and suppositions of fancy. The dark night — the wild sea — the waters sweeping over the little deck — the sails springing wild from their fastenings — the sloop plunging among the furious waves — and Agnes presses her hand on her heart, to still the cry that is bursting from its depths as this picture grows before her. The warm firelight dies away from her eyes — she can only see the ghastly glimmer of the moon on the broken water, and how the surf curls over the glistening rocks, like the foaming lip of a ravenous beast snarling on its prey.

"It's aye bonnie days in April," said Euphie, as her baby, waking from his sleep, roused herself from her happy dreaming over him. "If ye werena so set on your ain will, ane might ask ye never to sail till April, John."

"The sooner we're away, the sooner we'll be hame, Euphie, my woman," said the laconic John.

Euphie shook her head impatiently.

"Ane kens naething about it, when ane's a young lassie," she said, with a mixture of petulance and importance. "It's a' very easy to be phrasing and fleecing then — but when ane's a married wife, and ought to ken about a' the affairs of the family as weel as ony man in the town, and have a right to ane's judgment as weel — the guidman shakes his head — set him up! — and gives a laugh in your face, as guid as to say, 'Haud ye still, bairnie; I ken, and it's nae business of yours.' If I was just like you, Agnes, this night, I would never take a man if I lived a hundred years!"

But John, not unused to such little ebullitions, only stretched out his great finger to be enclosed in the baby's vigorous clasp, and laughed at his impatient wife.

"Naeboddy has ony call to laugh at Euphie," said Agnes, on all occasions the sworn defender of every caprice of her sister. "Euphie's aye had her ain way a' her days — and it's ill your part to gang against her, John Rintoul!"

"Hear reason, woman!" exclaimed the startled John; "when do ever I gang against her? for a' she's the most provoking fairy that ever threw glamour in a man's een. Had her ain way! — and I would like to ken wha it is that has *my* way too, as muckle as if I was a wee doggie rinnin in a string!"

"See, man, there's your son," said Euphie, thrusting the infant into his father's mighty arms. The argument was irresistible, and John, with a growl of delight, gathered in the little mass of white muslin to his breast, and looked the happiest man in the world.

But Agnes Raeburn sank back into her corner, breathless with fearful fancies —

though now her greatest strain of excited listening caught no longer, except in a shrill but not uncheerful whistle, the sound of the calmed wind.

CHAPTER IV.

"It's turned out a fine, light, quiet night after all," said John Rintoul, as he went to the door with his wife's young sister. It was so; but to the excited eyes of Agnes the broad white moonlight, and black depths of shadow, had something weird and fearful still. Nor a creature stirred along the whole extent of the shore; and the slowly-retiring waters in the bay, and their own voices, as they said good night, were the sole interrupting sounds of the deep stillness, unless when now and then a sudden gust of wind rang like a pistol-shot among the echoing rocks.

There was no escort needed for the few steps of the familiar way, and, only pausing a moment to glance again upon the sky, which was not quite so promising to a second look, John Rintoul closed the door, and put up the simple, effectual bar which professed to secure it. Hurrying on, a black shadow in the moonlight, Agnes ran softly past her father's door — past the few remaining houses, till she reached the farthest point of the bay, and breathlessly climbed the high bank to look out upon the sea. Some wild terror of seeing the wreck, even below her feet, possessed her for an instant; but there was nothing but the slowly-vanishing foam, lying white upon the rocks, and the water ebbing gradually, with now and then a desperate backward leap, dashing spray into her very face. The sky was wild and troubled; the moon flying aghast and terrified, as she could fancy, through those black mists which hovered round her, trembling before the heavy pursuing clouds, which hurried upon her track; and the water was still heaving and swelling in its broad channel — a sea to make a landsman shiver. Agnes, born to look upon its different moods without fear, trembled not for it. She could see there was nothing to appall a stout heart, even in the restless swell and dashing spray of the dark Firth before her. But with all her imaginative soul, she shivered, and recoiled, from the forlorn, wan light and terrible blackness — the ghastly and dismal coloring of the night. The wind came creeping about her feet in her exposed standing-ground — creeping with furtive stealth, till it seized her like a secret traitor, and had nearly thrown her down over the steep headland into the surf below; and Agnes drew back with superstitious dread, her heart beating quick against her breast, and her frame thrilling all over with terror. But as far as her anxious eye could reach, up and down the Firth, there was nothing visible but the broad white moonlight and the dark water; not a

sail or a mast, to break the depths of black silvered air, between the sea and the sky.

"The sloop's safe in Anster harbor long ago," said Agnes to herself; "and if it's no, there's my men been in mair peril. It's nae concern of mine. Eh, but Kirstin Beaton! she would never haud up her head again, if ill came to John."

And Agnes stole away home, persuading herself that Kirstin Beaton, and no other, was uppermost in her benevolent thoughts; and suffering herself now to tremble with anxiety and fear, and suggest consolations to her own heart, which her own heart refusing to accept, yet could not blame; for she thought of the men in peril, the households that might be desolate, and shut her ears, even while her breast heaved with a long hysterical sob, at some strange fairy whisper of the name of Patie Rintoul.

The evening was ended in Samuel Raeburn's house, and his wife had taken off her cap with the edged borders, and put on a plain, unadorned muslin one, and was secretly untying her apron under her shawl, and making other preparations for rest. The kitten — which all day long had tormented Mrs. Raeburn, ever on the watch for her clue, and remorselessly weaving its thread round all the chairs in the family apartment — now lay confidently at the house-mother's foot, overcome with sleep, like a tired child; and watchful grey-malkin stalked about the corners, with fierce moustache and stealthy footstep, assuring herself, with savage complacency, of the coming darkness, which should call her victims forth to meet their fate. The shutter was up upon the window, the fire gathered, and Samuel Raeburn himself loosed his heavy shoes by the fireside, and bade the goodwife "take heed to that monkey Nanny, that she never was out again so late at e'e."

"Deed, I wouldna have grudged her to bide with Euphie a' night, and the pair left her lane," answered the mother, whose fondness had made a spoiled child of John Rintoul's pretty wife.

"But John's there himsel, mother," said Agnes. "Euphie wouldna hear of him sailing on so coarse a night, and he stayed to please her; and auld John and Patie, and Andrew Dewar, are away to Anster with the sloop."

"And what ailed the skipper to gang wi' her too!" said Samuel. "I never agreed to trust my gear and my boat to auld John. Ye may say he's an elder. I wadna gie a prin for your kirk-officers; and if he was a' the kirk-session, or the hail Assembly to boot, is that to say he's studied navigation and a' the sciences, and is fit to have such a charge! What business has John Rintoul to waste his guid time (especially when it belongs to me as weel as to himsel) for a woman's havers?

I never got biding at hame to please my wife ; and if I'm no as guid a man onny day — "

"Ye never tried, Samuel," interrupted his wife, in a tone of admonition. "A man can do mony a thing when he likes to try — and I'll no say I ever was just like Euphie mysel ; but the night's as quiet noo as neeb be and nae fears o' the sloop ; and the best place for you is just your bed. Do ye think onybody ever catched auld John Rintoul in a public, wearing out baith body and spirit wi' thae weary politics ! A hantle guid they'll ever do the like of us ! And it's naething but the pride of a bow from Sir Robert, and being fleeced and made o' at election times, because you're a bailie, that gars ye heed them. Ye needna tell me — I just ken mysel."

"Guidwife, hold your peace !" said Samuel authoritatively. "It's no to be expected the like of you should understand, and I'll no fash to expluin ; though it's weel kent in the town that few men could do it better, if I was so disposed. I'm gaun to my bed (no for your bidding, but for my ain pleasure) ; and if I hear as muckle as a mouse stir by the time the clock chaps ten, I ken what I'll do."

So saying, and throwing his heavy boots into the corner with defiance, Samuel Rae-burn went wisely to bed.

So did the mother very speedily, after some confidential complainings to Agnes ; and Agnes, who dared not make even her own heart her *confidante*, crept away to her own little bed to pray confused, bewildered prayers for men at sea, and listen with cold tremor and shivering while her casement shook and rattled as if some hand without was on its framework, and wild sighs flitted past the window upon the fitful wind.

There was a strong vein of superstition in this fanciful and visionary mind, and Agnes trembled to see some unknown figure crossing the street in the broad moonlight before she went to rest, and hid her head, and shook with dread, when the mysterious creaks and unexplainable sounds of midnight stirred in the silent house. There seemed to her some strange presence abroad, pervading everything with a terrible brooding awe and silentness ; and all her life long she never forgot the feverish dreams and wakings of that March night.

CHAPTER V.

A fresh, boisterous March morning succeeded this night of so many mysterious fears and so little apparent danger ; and after their early breakfast, John Rintoul took tender leave of his wife and his mother, who had come to bid him farewell, and set out upon the Anster road. No one, not even Agnes, remembered, under the clear sunshine, the terrors of the previous night. The morning

light laughed out a joyous defiance of dangers visionary and actual — ghostly presence and ghostly sound fled before it, mocked and discomfited ; and the Firth, heaving and swelling over all its broad waters still, champed at its bit only like a high-blooded horse, which the brave bright day, open-eyed and dauntless, reined with a firm and vigorous hand, exulting in the restive resisting might which its own higher strength could keep in curb so well.

"I needna bid ye farewell, Euphie," said John. "I wouldna say but I may come west and stay anither night at hame before the sloop's ready to sail, and ye'll come to Anster the morn, if ye get nae word before, and see us gang down the Firth. It's a grand wind — the sloop will see before it like a bird."

And so he went away — the wind was in his face, freshening his cheeks into glowing color, as he turned round again and again to wave another good-by to them. His road was along the shore — along the range of "braes" which made a verdant lining to the rocky coast — and he went on with a light heart, resolved upon a pleasant surprise to Euphie, whose face his peradventure of returning at night had brightened into such flattering gladness.

The close green springy turf of the braes was drenched with rain and spray, its grass blades all glittering and trembling under the sunshine. Humble little cowering plants of gowans put up a pale deprecating bud here and there, propitiating the favor of the rude elements ; and the low wild rose-bushes, full of brown budded leaves, which should yet make that sea-side road fragrant in summertime, caught at John Rintoul's feet as he passed, like importunate beggars asking help or sympathy ; but the gay, exhilarating rush of the waves on the shore, the sparkling of the light in the broad water, with its many tints and diversities of color, the red sail of yon flying fisher-boat, and its own exulting pace and shower of spray, quickened the sailor's pulse, and made his face glow. The day was full of mirth and involuntary laughter, the wind playing pranks like a schoolboy wit, and the whole earth rousing itself, fresh-hearted and elastic, to meet the unclouded smiling of the sun.

What are these few broken bits of wood lying here in a little cove where the green brae slopes downward to the very rocks ! In calmer weather, the water here is like a charmed mirror, softly laying itself over these folds and ledges of many-colored stone, till all their various hues shine and glisten as if they caught a very life from the clear medium you see them through. The rocks project on either side, leaving only a tortuous narrow channel, all broken and interrupted, to show you that this clear small ocean here is not a

separate pool, but belongs to the ebbing and flowing sea. As it is, recluse and silent, shutting out everything but the beautiful clear water and the sunshine, it might be a fit bath for a princess of romance; for the braes fold their soft slopes together to conceal it, leaving only one deep sudden dell between them, a shadowy path by which you may descend.

And down upon the grass there, where the princess might repose herself when her bath was done, what are these rude fragments, wet and jagged and broken, with sharp nails projecting from their sides, and traces of bright painting worn old by time and drenched by sea-water, lying on the peaceful turf? The water has been high here over-night, as you may trace by the mazed line of seaweed and broken shells half-way up the brae. Memorials of some old wreck, perhaps — sad tokens of the storm of yesternight. Softly, John — take care that your heavy boot does not slide down all the way upon that wet and treacherous grass; as it slips from below you, and you catch at the small thorn rose-trees, and leave the mark of your resisting elbow upon this harmless family of gowans, there comes upon your face a light-hearted smile, while you think of many a joyous roll and tumble upon this self-same sod.

Fragments of a wreck, beyond question — of a recent wreck, for the rent is fresh, and the jagged edges sharp. The budded hawthorn, peering down from the edge of the brae, curiously broods over the secret here. The gowans, crushed under the weight, avert their childish heads, as if they would not hear the story; and, softening as it reaches this sunny pool, the water leaves the laughter which rings along all the farther coast, and whispers about the rocks with mysterious murmurs, as one who knows the story, but will not tell.

Warmly the strong life of manhood flushes on your bronzed cheek, John Rintoul; and the hand that lifts this piece of wood with sympathetic interest — moved at sight of the fate which every sailor knows may be his own, but otherwise all untroubled — could hold the helm, without trembling, in the wildest night that ever chafed these northern seas. But Heaven have pity on the strong man's weakness! What sudden spasm is this that blanches his hardy face into deadlier pallor than a woman's fainting, and shakes his sinewy arm like palsy? John Rintoul! — stout sailor! — easy heart! — what is there here to smite you like the hand of Heaven?

Nothing but his own name — his own name cut in awkward characters, as schoolboys use to inscribe them; and there sweeps back upon his fancy the very hour, when the ship-boy, on his first voyage, sick for home, opened the sailor's knife his father had given him, to

cut these uncouth letters on the companion door; — how the skipper saw and swore at him, and took the precious knife away; — and how, in the darkness that night, when it was no longer needful to be proud and manly, he swung in his hammock unslumbering, and wept salt tears. He does not know, nor ever pauses to ask, why this childish grief comes back to his remembrance so clearly. Oh, Heaven! — oh, Lord, ruler of earth and heaven! — of danger, misery, and death! — his father! his father! Where is the old man now?

And, desperately springing to his feet, he rushes along the low sharp rocks, plunging here and there knee-deep in the dazzling water, to cast a wild look of inquiry upon the unanswering sea — far out, upon the farthest perilous point of all the range, with the waves laughing round him in a din of derisive mirth, foaming over his feet, throwing their salt spray in his face, gurgling away in wild sport from his side, shivering into hosts of dazzling diamonds, returning again with a shout and bound to leap upon him. Go home, poor heart, and weep, and seek Heaven's aid and counsel — it will but madden thee, this joyous sea.

Still holding in his hand the fatal token of shipwreck, and unconsciously tightening his chill fingers upon it, he comes back slowly over the rocks, his brow throbbing as if with twenty lives. Pausing a moment to gather to him his stunned faculties, he climbs the brae again with two firm strides, and resumes his journey — not home: assurance may be false, and the very certainty of sight deceitful — another 'prentice-boy may have carved John Rintoul upon the companion of another sloop, and father and brother be safe in Anster harbor still.

The road flies under his long, solemn, hurrying strides, as he passes along the coast like a spirit. One or two wayfarers, pausing with smiles to greet him, have turned away, scared and fearful, before the road is half-traversed. John sees nothing but the sea, and its glimmering, rocky margin, and never turns aside nor pauses, save when other fragments cast ashore call for his feverish, eager scrutiny; bits of far-travelled driftwood, borne from Norwegian forests; fragments of masts and spars long since broken by the waves: nothing that his keen eye can identify — nothing but this.

Past the old gray church of St. Monance, through the still street of Pittenweem — and now he sees masts like his own rising above Anster pier. The wood in his hand drops a slow drop of gathered moisture now and then, like a tear, and his own fingers clasping it are benumbed and cold as death; but his heart leaps upon his side with terrible throbings, and his brow beats with audible strokes, that

deafen his ears and choke his breath. Ears and breath — what of them! the man's whole soul is in his eyes — gazing, gazing, gazing — Heaven help him! — with blind, impotent rage and fury, upon the blank, vacant waters of Anster harbor — on fisher-boats and stranger vessels, and men whose lives are naught to him — but the sloop is not there.

He has leant his head upon the wall of the pier, and given way to a momentary burst of convulsive weeping — tears that scald his cheeks, long-drawn, audible sobs that shake his whole strong frame; for John Rintoul has a tender heart like a child's, and even now, with a home and household of his own, regards his father with reverent affection and pride, his young brother with joyous, hopeful tenderness; and the strong love in his good heart shakes the whole balance of his being, as he meets this sudden blow.

Composing himself after a little interval, John turns to look again wistfully along the whole broad horizon, and, after a moment, with more vivid curiosity, to examine the faces of fishermen who come and go, and sailors from the little schooner which lies at anchor near. But there is no intelligent look shrinking from his eye — no consciousness of dreadful news to tell him. Now and then he receives a nod and good-morrow, but it is very clear that here is nothing to be told.

A portly figure, in the rusty every-day dress of a little country "merchant," advances from the point of the pier, as John stands slowly and painfully deliberating what his next step must be. It is Bailie Tod, owner of the freight, which now should have been stowing into the hold of the Euphemia, and he has been looking up the Firth for her with impatience, grudging the good wind which this delay may make her lose.

"Is this you, John Rintoul?" exclaimed the bailie, hastily — the sloop was somewhat too small a craft to give its skipper the title of captain, and, saving municipal distinctions, few other honorary handles were usual to the plain names of these plain townsmen — "something 's happened to the sloop, I reckon. I'm nae way bound to put off my business for ither men's dallying — and if there was anything to repair, ye needna have waited till now."

"The sloop left Elie harbor by six of the clock last night," said John, with startling abruptness; "and word or token of her I can find none but this."

"Lord bless me! and what 's this?"

"I sailed my first voyage in her," said John deliberately, looking down upon his tragic carving. "It's fifteen year ago, and her name was the Merry Mason then, and she belonged to one Peter Ness, a builder in Crail. She was a grand boat, new built, and making easy voyages, and little stressed with

sair weather or heavy seas a' her days, if it werena last year in the Pentland Firth, when I took round a cargo of farming gear for Comielaw's young son. I looked her a' owre mysel, me and — and a better judge than me," gasped John convulsively, unable to say his father's name; "and Samuel Raeburn, the wife's faither, gaed halves with me to buy her. As steive and sound in a' her timbers as if she was new out of the builder's yard — and weel seasoned and proved forby, and as guid a sailer as ever ran before a wind — but I can find naught of her but this."

The bailie was not used to delicate handling of any subject, even so serious a one; and perhaps a more soothing and gentle response would have increased instead of broken the heavy stupefaction gathering over the mind of John, little accustomed as it was to violent emotions. "Do you mean the sloop 's lost?" cried Bailie Tod.

John looked up for an instant with eyes fiercely glaring upon the speaker, as if the question were an insult. Then his glance fell slowly upon the token in his hand. "I cut it mysel on the companion-door," he said, with heavy distinctness of utterance. "The Lord help me! how do ye think I am to gang hame with such a story in my mouth?"

Half an hour after, a little group of experienced sailors had collected round John Rintoul on Anster pier. Neither signal of distress nor sound had reached Anster during the night, and no one had thought more of the storm than of a "gey gale" or "a black east wind," disagreeable while it lasted, but nothing to have disturbed the customary hardihood of any among them. A St. Monan's fisherman, arrested in passing, declared to have heard nothing of the sloop; and there were the clear, unencumbered waters before them, and in all the Firth nothing like her visible to their eager glance — no sign or trace to be seen. Nothing but this; and John Rintoul held fast in his stiffened, benumbed fingers the fragment of wreck, with its boyish carvings, and its fearful significance of destruction and death.

"A man might cut his name, being a lad-die, on mair places than ane," said an old fisherman. "Are you sure of your ain hand, skipper, that you never did it ony place but there?"

John shook his head almost angrily, with the quick impatience of grief. He could not bear to have ignorant doubts thrown on his certainty, though he himself caught at doubts far more fantastic, and possibilities beyond the reach of any but the most excited fancy.

"Or they might see a wilder sea than they cared to face, and have slipped back, and missed the Elie, and gotten aground on Largo sands," said another speaker, "and be safe

enough themselves, whatever had happened to the boat."

But John, in answer, only held up his hopeless, silent messenger—and the voice of his comforters failed—and they could suggest no further hope.

"Then there's naething remaining but to gang hame," said the fisherman, an elder too, and contemporary of old John Rintoul—"to gang to the minister, and get him to break it to the women-folk, and give thanks to God the auld man was a righteous man, and say the will of the Lord be done. It's what your faither would bid you, if he were here this day, John Rintoul."

And the men separated a little, and, though they still surrounded him, had loosened their ring and showed plainly enough that they saw nothing possible to be done. "Thanks to ye a'," said John, hurriedly; "I'll gang hame—my mother must ken. If you would gang up the length of St. Minans with me, just to ask a question or twa, I would be thankful, Robbie Seaton; and I'll get a boat and gang up to Largo sands as soon as I've seen them at hame. Ye're a' very kind friends—thanks to ye a'. I'll gang hame."

CHAPTER VI.

"The auld man says we'll spoil the bairn among us," said Kirstin Beatoun, reluctantly resigning her baby grandson into the arms of Ailie Rintoul: "ae bairn among sae mony grown-up folk is sure to be owre muckle made o'—I see that mysel."

Stern, tall, hard-featured Auntie Ailie made no response. It was only when little John was in other arms than her own that *she* saw the dangers attending his many-friended infancy.

Euphie's room was nearly as full as its dimensions permitted. She herself, enthroned in the elbow-chair, with its cushions of checked linen, sat by a fireside as clear and brilliant as the fresh day without, and her mother-in-law had just laid lightly round her shoulders, over her bright lilac shortgown, an additional comforting shawl. Euphie's pretty hair curled wilfully under her muslin morning cap, with its little narrow border of lace—lace over the price of which the elder Mrs. Rintoul and Mrs. Raeburn shook their heads with secret pride; and the pretty, delicate color in her soft cheek had grown a little brighter with the sweet exultation of her young motherhood, and the genial warmth of the atmosphere, both physical and mental, surrounding her. For Euphie had an innocent enjoyment of being petted, and cared for, and "muckle made o',"—it has been her fate all her life.

The carved mahogany tea-table of last night's entertainment has been removed to its old corner, and, carefully polished and shining, held its round top and elaborate rim in a

perpendicular slant of complacent exhibition and it is only a plain deal table, for common use, by which Kirstin Beatoun stands, in her dark-blue woollen petticoat, and dark blue linen shortgown, her dress relieved only by the white lining of her turned-over collar, and by her trim check apron, glistening from the press. A little weatherbeaten, as becomes a fisher's wife, there is still a fresh bloom upon her cheeks, though they have seen more than sixty years; and with curves about her brow and eyes, and quiescent lines round the mouth, which betray many a past anxiety in the family mother, the eyes themselves are neither dimmed nor mottled, but shine with all manner of affectionate capabilities still. Upon the table beside her lies a bundle of warm blue woollen stockings, her own winter-evening work, which have to be added to her son John's stores before he goes to sea; and Kirstin herself, on "the muckle wheel," which stands in a corner of her cottage room, has spun every thread of the yarn which her bright wires afterwards manufactured into those substantial articles of comfort, with which she congratulates herself the old man and Patie are bountifully supplied.

But Ailie Rintoul is a skipper's wife, a person of consequence, with a much finer house, and higher proprieties about her than her sister-in-law. No shortgown, but a full dress and petticoat of black silk, not very long since degraded from its rank of Sabbath-day's apparel to be worn through the week, as after all a very thrifty dress, endues the tall and somewhat meagre person of Mrs. Plenderleath, whose rank fully qualifies her to bear her husband's name and her matronly title. This is entirely a matter of rank in these simple seaport oligarchies; and no one thinks of calling Kirstin Beatoun, good wife and kindly as she has been for five-and-forty years, by any other than the maiden name, which according to law, she relinquished so long ago, to be John Rintoul's wife. Auntie Ailie has taken off her bonnet, which lies on the bed, looking very prim, and well preserved, and thrifty; but no one sees the dignified Mrs. Plenderleath stir abroad without one; whereas Kirstin wears no upper covering over her snowy cap. Ailie Rintoul is a year or two younger than her sister-in-law, and is harsh of feature and slow of speech, like her brother—conscious of being an authority, too, like what he was, and full of a solemn importance, still more marked and evident; but other qualities less visible, and on the surface—powers of the judgment and the heart—well developed, although peculiar, and marked by strong individual characteristics, are there as nobler witnesses to testify the relationship between Mrs. Plenderleath and John Rintoul.

A little basket of new-laid eggs, the produce of her own beloved hens, stands beside

Kirstin's stockings. Ailie has strong antipathies, and an active, cherished dislike to the remote members of her husband's family; so that her own childlessness has made her feel herself more and more emphatically a Rintoul, and she feels a personal gratitude to pretty little spoilt Euphie for the heir whom she holds in her arm.

Mrs. Raeburn cannot come west this morning to join the family conclave, but Agnes is here in her place. Agnes stands by the other corner of the fireside, turning the spinning-wheel idly. There is no yarn upon its polished round, as it moves in a slow measure, quite unusual to it, under the musing eyes which veil all their light with dreams. Agnes is dressed in a bright-colored printed gown of home-made linen, and looks nothing so melancholy or abstracted as she was last night; but the conversation of the matrons does not fix her wandering thoughts, and the gentle heaviness of girlish reverie falls upon her unawares. There is something soothing, slumbrous, drowsy in the lingering motion of the wheel; and so is there in her thoughts, which gradually grow slower, till they glide along in conscious silence, her mind only aware of them, but never exerting itself to lift the eyelids, which droop so pleasantly, and see what manner of thoughts are these. By and by she is seated, still in this charmed silence—still spinning unseen tissues over the vacant wheel. The baby leaps in the old arms which hold him so proudly; the young mother, enjoying with all her heart the tender sympathy surrounding her, answers Kirstin Beatoun's anxious questions, and is confidential about herself and her baby, while her "goodmother" encourages her, from her own experience, and Ailie is didactic and instructive; full of occult knowledge of the "ways of bairns." They are all occupied, each as suits her best; and no one interferes with the musings of Agnes, or with the empty wheel.

But round and round this fated house, in the clear sunshine, goes one with guilty steps and haggard face, like a midnight thief. A dozen times his feet have faltered at the door, but he sees the peaceful group through the window, and dares not enter—dares not go in with his terrible news in his face, to plunge them all into misery. Such a strange assembly, too, for one who has this news to tell—John Rintoul's faithful wife, Patie's loving mother; Ailie, only sister of the lost, nearest to him in blood, in disposition, and in sympathy; Agnes, over whom this strong light of sudden grief throws an instant revelation too, disclosing her in her unconscious reverie, just entering the enchanted ground whither Patie Rintoul had gone before her, drawing with him her girl's heart; and, scarcely last, the sorrowful messenger thinks of his own delicate Euphie, so little able to bear such a shock—and he shrinks and trembles at the door.

The hair upon his brow is wet; there is a cold dew over his face, and his fingers now will scarcely lose their hold of that bit of broken wood. But they have seen him within, and some one rushes suddenly to the door. He hears a great cry of mingled voices, asking what it is, and feels them all crowding round him. There he stands by his own bright hearth, his wife clinging to his arm, his mother gazing in his face, till he thinks his heart will burst—stands full in the rays of the gay firelight, which mocks him like the sunshine, holding his witness in his hand.

Nor has he obeyed the injunctions of his humble sympathizers, and transferred the painful task of telling the news to the minister. He has come to do it himself, alone and unsupported; and the questions they pour upon his ears—questions suggestive of some trivial misery, so much under the mark of the true one that he could laugh at them in bitter mockery—go near to make him mad. And at last, suffering far too intensely himself to remember any of the commonplaces of preparation, the usual modes of "breaking" such a piece of terrible intelligence to those most dearly concerned, John bursts into the heart of the subject with one desperate effort. He would fain say something gentler, but he cannot. Nothing will come from his parched lips but the abrupt and utmost truth.

"The sloop's gone down atween this and St. Minans; they've never been heard tell of in Anster. I found a bit of the wreck on the shore—ye a' mind it; and there's no anither token of them, man or boat, except at the bottom of the sea!"

John's hoarse, breathless whisper was broken by a scream—it was but Euphie, who had in this intimation only a great shock, but scarcely any bereavement—and on his disengaged arm Ailie Rintoul laid a savage grasp, gripping him like a tiger—"Say it's a lee—say it's a story you've made—and I'll no curse ye, John Rintoul!"

But Kirstin Beatoun said not a word. Her eyes turned upon her son with a vacant stare, and her fingers kept opening and shutting with a strange idiotic motion; then, suddenly starting, she lifted up her hands, and bent her cowering head under their shadow, pressing her fingers over the eyes that would not close. John made no answer to the fierce question of his aunt—said nothing to soothe the terror of Euphie; his whole attention was given to his mother.

There was a solemn pause—for even Ailie did not venture to speak now, till the wife and mother, doubly bereaved, had wakened from her stupor—and nothing but the low moans and sobs of Euphie disturbed the silence. It was but momentary, for they woke the stunned heart of Kirstin, and roused her to know her grief.

"Comfort the bit poor thing, John—com-

fort her," said his mother suddenly; "for she has her prop and her staff left to her, and has never heard the foot of deadly sorrow a' her days. The auld man and Patie — baith gane — a' gane — I ken it's true — I'm assured in my ain mind it's true; but I've nae feeling o't, man — nae feeling o't — nae mair than cauld iron or stane."

And, with a pitiful smile quivering upon her lip, and her eye gleaming dry and tearless, Kirstin turned to pace up and down the little apartment. Strangely different in the first effort of her scarcely less intense grief, Ailie Rintoul turned now fiercely upon John —

"Have ye nae mair proof but this? A wae might wrench away a companion-door that wouldna founder a sloop — are ye gaun to be content with this, John Rintoul? He's gane through as mony storms as there's gray hairs on his head — and ilka ane of *them* is numbered. Am I to believe the Lord would forsake his ain? I tell ye ye're wrang — ye're a' wrang — I'll never believe it. He may be driven out a hundred mile, or stranded on a desolate place, or ta'en refuge, or fechtin on the sea; — but ye needna tell me — I ken — I ken — I'll believe ye the Judgment's to be the morn, afore I believe my brother's lost."

Hot tears blinded Ailie's eyes, and all the stiff sedateness of her mien had vanished in the wild gestures with which these words hurried from her lips; she paused, at length, worn out and trembling with feverish excitement, and turned to the window to look out on the sea. John, still more completely exhausted, and lost in the deep, hopeless despondency which had now succeeded to the first impatience of grief, stood at the table silent and unresponsive still; and the slow, heavy footsteps of Kirstin Beatoun sounded through the room like a knell.

"And it was for this ye minded of the bairns! — oh, John, my man, my man! and it was for this the Lord warned ye with a sight of them, and put dark words into your mouth, that I kent nae meaning to! — Na, Ailie; no lost; blessings on him where he is, where nae blessings fail! I never had dread nor doubt before, but put him freely in the Lord's hand to come and gang at His good pleasure — and he came like the day, and gaed like the night, as constant, serving his Maker. He's won hame at last — and the Lord help me for a pair desolate creature, that am past kenning what my trouble is. Patie, too; bairns — bairns, ye needna think me hard-hearted because I canna greet — but it's a' cauld, cauld, like the blast that cast our boat away."

And the poor widow leaned upon the wall, and struggled with some hard, dry, gasping sobs; but no tears came to soften the misery in her eyes.

Agnes was cowering in a corner, like one

who shrinks from a great blow; Euphie wept and lamented passionately and aloud — she felt the stroke so much the least of all.

CHAPTER VII.

That day the Firth was scoured up and down, from Inverkeithing to St. Andrews, and anxious scouts despatched along the whole line of coast to search at least for other evidence of the wreck. Other evidence there was none to be found — nothing, save this solitary fragment, had found its way to the home-shores of Fife, and the sea closed hopelessly over all trace and token of the lost vessel and her crew. The weather continued brilliant and glowing, full of sunshine and fresh winds; but not even the strong high tides, which covered Elie shore with wreaths of tangle and glistening seaweed, and scattered driftwood on the braes, brought any second messenger ashore, to confirm the record of the first. In a little empty chamber, in the roof of John Rintoul's house, this tragic token was itself preserved; and Euphie, when he disappeared sometimes, knew, with an impatient, half-displeased sympathy, that he was there — there, turning over the senseless fragment in his hand, carefully pondering its marks, and feeling his heart beat when he discovered a new jagged point in its outline, yet never drawing forth from it further tidings of the mystery which it alone could tell.

And by and by a stupefying calm fell over all their excitement. The loss of the "Euphemia" came to be a matter of history in the district, of which people told with heads sympathetically shaken, and exclamations of grave pity, just as Kirstin Beatoun herself spoke last year of the boats lost at "the drave." There were circumstances connected with the story, remarkable, and claiming special notice; as, for instance, the total disappearance of the wreck — all but the one singular token which John Rintoul himself had found; but the story itself was not remarkable — nothing more noteworthy or lamentable than the fall of a knight in harness, or a soldier in the field of battle, was the loss of a sailor in the wild element which he lived but to struggle with; and only another story of shipwreck, distinguished by a special mystery, was added to the far too abundant store of such calamities known to the dwellers of the east coast.

And "the Elie," with its quiet monotony of life — the bustle of leave-taking with which its few small vessels sailed, its fishing-boats went and came, and its little commotion of country business — the market of its small province of farms — went on without a change. A visible outward gravity and solemnness fell upon two or three households, who made no moan of their affliction — no small repining and complaint on the part of Samuel Raeburn

and his wife, now suddenly fallen into comparative poverty ; but all the widening outer circles had died out of the placid water, and only a single spot remained to tell where so many hopes had gone down into the sea.

And looking into Kirstin Beatoun's sole apartment, with all its minute regularity of order — its well-swept earthen floor and shining fireplace, with the great empty "kettle," which she once needed in the old family times, standing upon the side of the grate, even when the little vessel she used herself hung from the crook, a speck in the large, hospitable chimney — you scarcely could have fancied that the house was desolate. There were one or two signs noticeable enough, if you had crossed the threshold before, ere this blow fell on Kirstin's life. No sound in the hushed house but the constant voice of the eight-day clock, telling hours and minutes, of which none were spent idly even now. No bits of tunes hummed out of the house-mother's contented heart — no little communication made to herself or to a passing neighbor, and even no passing neighbor throwing in a word of daily news from the threshold, as they used to do every hour ; for the door itself stood no longer open, inviting chance visitants or voices. Like a veil over a widow's face, this closed door chilled all voluble sympathizers round, and impressed the neighborhood with a deeper sense of widowhood and desolation than almost any other visible token could have done. The very children paused and grew silent, wondering with wistful eyes before the closed door ; and solemn was the greenish light within, coming solely, as it never came before, through the thick, small window-panes and half-drawn curtains, upon Kirstin herself, sitting before the fire in the profound silence, working nets or knitting stockings, spinning wool or hemp — no longer for the kindly household needs which it was such joy to supply — no longer for the winter fishing, or the herring drave, in which she herself had all the personal interest which a fisherman's wife takes in the success of "our boat" — but for the bare and meagre daily bread which she had now to win with her own hands.

She is sitting there now, with the fire throwing some ruddy shade upon her — sitting in the full daylight, in the middle of the floor. There is a significance even in the place where she chooses to put her chair and wheel, for Kirstin is in no one's way now, and does not need to leave the "clear floor," for which she would once have contended. Without, it is a May day, fresh and fragrant, and the clear water on Elie shore has forgotten the boisterous mirth of early spring, and out of its schoolboy din has gone back into an infant's sweet composure, and breaks in sunny ripples, soft and quiet, upon the narrow rim

of golden sand. But there comes no sunshine here, to throw a passing radiance upon this still figure, with its drooping head and widow's cap, the wheel moving rapidly before her, and the monotonous continual motion of foot and hand. There is something strangely impressive in this combination of perfect stillness and constant mechanical motion — a mystic mesmeric effect binding the spectator as by a spell. The wheel moves on, and so does the hand that sways it ; but not by so much as the lifting of an eyelid does Kirstin show any sign of animation except this.

Yet she has visitors to-day. By the side of the fire, just opposite that great wooden arm-chair which no one ventures to sit down in, Mrs. Plenderleath, with a black gown heavily trimmed with crape, and ghastly black ribbons about her cap, sits solemnly silent too. Kirstin has no mourning except the widow's cap which surrounds her unmoving face — her everyday petticoat and shortgown remain the same, and she can only afford to wear her new mournings on Sabbath-days ; but there is a satisfaction to the richer Ailie in bearing constantly the memorials of their woe. Cold and gray, and sharply drawn, the thin lines of Ailie's face bear something like a high strain of irritation and impatience in their grief. Her eyes are excited and wandering — deeply hollowed, too, within these few painful weeks — and her lips have got a fashion of strange, rapid motion, quivering, and framing words as it seems, though the words are never said.

Just behind Kirstin, sitting on a low wooden stool, and half leaning against the elbow of the vacant arm-chair, is Agnes Raeburn. Samuel, her father, has taken the loss of the sloop as a personal offence, and has no commiseration to spare for the sailors who lost his property along with their lives ; nor has he ever professed to mourn for them ; yet Agnes has a homely black-and-white cotton gown, as cheap as cotton print can be procured, whereby she silently testifies her "respect" for the dead. And something more significant than her mourning speaks in those dark shadows under her eyes, in the pallor of her thin cheek, and in the lines which begin to grow far more clearly marked and distinct than they should have been for years, around the grave mouth, which never relaxes now to anything but a pathetic smile. But it is here only, or in the solitude of her own chamber at home, that Agnes permits herself the indulgence of this grief. Out of doors, and among strangers, her pride sustains her. She will not have any one say that she is breaking, for Patie Rintoul, the heart which he never sought in words.

Though now Agnes is solemnly assured that he would have sought it, and that Patie, whose dawning devotion she had scorned so

far as appearance went, bore for her that high love at which her heart trembles, and which none may scorn. She knows it. How! But Agnes thrills over all her frame, and shrinks back and shudders. She cannot tell. A dark figure crossing the street through the world of white unshadowed moonlight—a distant step echoing over the stones when all the peaceful housekeepers of Elie had been for hours asleep—something at her window shaking the casement like a hand that fain would open it, but might not—and stealthy sounds, as of subdued footsteps, stealing all night long through the silent house. She thinks that thus he came to warn her—he, Patie—now the one perpetual unnamed He on whom her heart dwells; she thinks the passing yearning spirit took this only means in his power to let her know his love, as he parted with his mortal life; and the thought wraps heart and soul of her in a dim dreamy awe.

At present Agnes is knitting. It is Kirstin's work—work that she does at night to preserve her eyes from the more remunerative labor;—and so they sit together in perfect silence, Ailie Rintoul now and then rustling the sleeves of her black silk gown, as she lifts her large brown bony hand to wipe the continual moisture which overflows, as out of a cup, from the hollow rim under her eyes—Agnes moving her fingers quickly, and making a sharp, rapid sound with her wires—Kirstin, like a weird woman, with rapt head and look of perfect abstraction, spinning on, with that constant monotonous movement of foot and hand;—but no one of them stirring, except with this involuntary gesture, and none saying a word to the other.

After a long time spent in this silence, Ailie rises slowly to go to the window. The children without think her something like a spirit as they see her long, colorless face, surrounded with borders of narrow net and bits of black ribbon, looking out over the curtain. Slowly returning and resuming her seat, Ailie speaks:

"You said John was to be down from Leith the day?"

"Euphie was looking for him," said Agnes. "The owner of the brig was to let him ken whether he would do for mate this morning, and Euphie was busy at a' his claes, for he thought he would get the place."

Ailie shook her head bitterly. Kirstin made no sign; but the humiliation, and loss, and poverty, were an aggravation of the misfortune of her sister-in-law.

"And Euphie said, if you would gang there—if you would only gang hame!" said Agnes, rising to lay her hand hurriedly on Kirstin Beatoun's shoulder; "for it breaks everybody's heart to see you living your lane, and working this way night and day."

"A'body's very kind," said Kirstin steadily, "but I've had a house o' my ain for five-and-forty year, and I canna live in anither woman's now. Na, na, Nannie—my guid-daughter is very weel of hersel, and pleases John, and I'm aye glad to see her—and you're a fine simple hearted creatur, and I like to have you near me; but I maun bide in my ain house, Nancy, and be thankful that I have to work to keep a roof over my head; it's aye something to thole thae lang days for. If I had plenty, and ease, and naething to do but to sit with my hands before me, I would either gang daft or dee."

"But there's an odds between gaun to a strange woman's house—though I'm meaning nae ill to John's wife—and coming to mine," said Mrs. Plenderleath; "and ye could aye hae plenty to do, Kirstin, and I wouldna be against ye working, for I kin it's a grand divert to folk's ain thoughts."

"Na, Ailie, na," answered Kirstin Beatoun; "I have lost a'thing that made hame cheerie, man and weans, goods and gear; but I maun keep the four wa's a' my days—it's what was hame ance, and it's everything I hae. When my time comes, and I'm done with earthly dwellings—the Lord send it was this day!—the plenishing can be sellt, and the siller laid by for little Johnnie when he comes to be a man; but I maun keep my ain house a' my days."

This was by no means the first time Kirstin had declared her determination; and not even the faintest lingering hope that some one might still come back out of the mysterious sea, which had swallowed up her treasures, to make this once more a home worth living in, inspired her in her purpose. It was simply as she said. Her own house, and the desire to retain it, was all she had now remaining in this life; and her daily work was her daily strength, and kept her heart alive.

For no one dreamt of the little Dutch smuggling brig storm-driven up the Firth on yon tempestuous March night—no one knew of the young, pallid, half-drowned man whom the Dutch skipper could not choose but turn aside to save; and least of all could any one have imagined the strange, pitiful scene on board the "Drei Bruderen," where the poor young Scotch sailor, with that hardening cut upon his brow, lay wild in the delirium of brain fever, raving fiercely in the unknown tongue, which made his kindly, rude deliverers, grouped round his bed, shake their heads, and look doubtfully at one another, unable to distinguish a single word intelligible to them of all his lengthened groanings. They were on the high seas still, slowly drawing near their haven; and even now, while Kirstin Beatoun sat immovable under the shadow of her great hopeless sorrow, hope, and health, and a new life began to dawn again upon Patie Rintoul.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

DR. YOUNG — DR. AKENSIDE — JAMES BOSWELL.

DR. YOUNG.

* JOHNSON got lazy towards the conclusion of his *Lives of the Poets*, and was glad to accept the offer of a life of Young from Mr. Herbert Croft, then a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, afterwards a clergyman, and still remembered as Sir Herbert Croft, and as the author of "Love and Madness," a kind of novel founded on the story of Mr. Hackman and Miss Ray. Croft was the friend of Dr. Young's son, but, judging from the Life, he would not appear to have known much of Young; while he has fallen into some curious blunders that deserve to be corrected in any future edition of Johnson's *Lives*.* Croft, however, was diligent in his inquiries about Young, and made applications for information about him to several of his friends, among others to Mrs. Montagu, whose letter in reply I was allowed to copy from the original, then in the possession of the late "Tom Hill." As this letter merits publication, and has never been in print, I send it for preservation and public use to the pages of *Sylvanus*.

TO HERBERT CROFT, ESQ., SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
LONDON.

Sandleford, Sept. 17, 1782.

Mrs. Montagu presents her compliments to Mr. Croft, and would have returned an answer to his letter sooner, but being in the country it was delayed on its way to her. In regard to "Resignation," the matter which gave occasion to that poem was simply this; Mrs. Montagu having observed that Mrs. Boscawen, in her great and just grief for the loss of the admiral, seemed to find some consolation in reading Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*, she wished to give her an opportunity of conversing with him, having herself always thought his unbounded genius appeared to greater advantage in the companion than the author. The Christian was in him a character more inspired, more enraptured, more sublime, than the poet; and in his ordinary conversation —

— letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.

Mrs. M. therefore proposed to Mrs. Boscawen and Mrs. Carter to go with her to Welwyn. It is unnecessary to add that the visit answered every expectation.

Mrs. Montagu is very sorry it is not in her

* Let me observe here that I commenced my now largely and curiously annotated copy of Johnson's *Lives* in the year 1839, and that I have nearly ready for publication a new edition of the *Lives*, with such corrections and new matter inserted as my own unceasing love for the work has enabled me to supply. — P. C.

power to furnish Mr. Croft with any important circumstances in Dr. Young's life; but he was sunk into the vale of years and quiet retreat, before she had the honor and happiness of his acquaintance, and his contemplation being then chiefly intent on things *above the visible diurnal sphere*, he rarely talked of the earlier and more active part of his life. From others she has heard many things greatly to his credit; particularly an act of uncommon liberality to his lady's daughter by her first husband; but as they were delivered to her in the vague relations of common discourse, she cannot speak of them with such certainty and precision as Mr. Croft's purpose requires. This deficiency she greatly laments, not only on account of the honor they would have done to the memory of her departed friend, but likewise for the sake of the world, to whom they would have held forth patterns of right and noble conduct. Though right and wrong are declared and made known to us by higher wisdom than human wisdom, yet such is the perverseness of mankind they are more apt to be influenced by the example of persons celebrated for their parts than by pure precept; for the same reason, in an unbelieving age, the interests of religion are connected with the character of a man so distinguished for piety as Dr. Young. Though unable to assist Mr. Croft, she must ever respect him for endeavoring to get information from Dr. Young's friends concerning him, instead of collecting from the whispers of calumny idle tales by which to blast the memory of a good man, and prevent the edification of a good example.

DR. AKENSIDE.

Akenside's share in "Dodsley's Museum," and the remuneration he received from Dodsley for his services in that work, have escaped his biographer. All that Mr. Dyce says on the subject, in his able and otherwise ample life of the poet, is as follows: "He also contributed to Dodsley's excellent periodical publication, *The Museum*, or *Literary and Historical Register*, several prose papers which deserve to be reprinted." The following document, from the original in my possession, is new to the biography of the poet: —

Jany. 20, 1745-6.

Dr. Akenside engages to Mr. Dodsley for six months, commencing the 25th of March next —

To prepare and have ready for the press once a fortnight, one Essay, whenever necessary, for carrying on a work to be called *The Museum*. And also,

To prepare and have ready for the press, once a fortnight, an account of the most considerable books in English, Latin, French, or Italian, which have been lately published, and which Mr. Dodsley shall furnish; and the said Account of Books shall be so much in quantity as, along with the Essay above mentioned, may fill a sheet and a half in small pica, whenever so much is necessary for carrying on the said design.

Dr. Akinside also engages to supervise the whole, and to correct the press of his own part. On condition —

That Mr. Dodsley shall pay to Dr. Akinside fifty pounds on or before the 27th of September next.

'Tis also agreed that so long as Mr. Dodsley thinks proper to continue the paper, and so long as Dr. Akinside consents to manage it, the terms above mentioned shall remain in force, and not less than an hundred pounds per annum be offered by Dr. Dodsley, nor more insisted on by Dr. Akinside, as witness our hands,

MARK AKINSIDE.
ROBT. DODSLEY.

This document is in Akenside's handwriting.

JAMES BOSWELL.

It is not known that Sir Alexander Boswell inherited his love of poetry from his father, and that the biographer of Johnson, like his son, was occasionally a poet. The following song, now first printed, and from the original in Boswell's own handwriting, was written by the charming biographer of Johnson, in commemoration of a tour he made with the famous Mrs. Rudd whilst she was under his protection, and for living with whom he was nearly disinherited by his father. Boswell occasionally sung the song on the Home Circuit.

LURGAN CLANBRASSIL.

A SUPPOSED IRISH SONG.

Tune — Drunk at night and dry in the morning.

O Lurgan Clanbrassil ! how sweet is thy sound
To my tender remembrance as Love's sacred
ground ;
For there gentle Fainelagh first charmed my
sight,
And filled my young heart with a fluttering de-
light.

When I thought her my own, O ! too short seemed
the day
In a jaunt to Down Patrick, or a trip on the
sea ;
To describe what I felt then all language were
vain,
'Twas in truth what the poets have studied to
feign.

But I found, oh ! alas ! that e'en she could de-
ceive,
Then nothing was left but to sigh, weep, and
rave ;
Distracted I fled from my dear native shore,
Resolved to see Lurgan Clanbrassil no more.

Yet still in some moments enchanted I find
A warm ray of her fondness beam soft on my
mind :

While thus in bright fancy my Angel I see,
All the world is a Lurgan Clanbrassil to me.

Of Margaret Caroline Rudd, so intimately connected with the forgeries of the Perreaus, there is this mentioned in Boswell's biography : —

I talked a good deal to him (Johnson) of the celebrated Margaret Caroline Rudd, whom I had visited, induced by the fame of her talents, address, and irresistible power of fascination. To a lady who disapproved of my visiting her, he said, on a former occasion, "Nay, Madame, Boswell is in the right ; I should have visited her myself, were it not that they have now a trick of putting everything into the newspapers." This evening he exclaimed, "I envy him his acquaintance with Mrs. Rudd."

Would Johnson have envied him his song !

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

Kensington, 15th January, 1853.

THE NEW PRESIDENT LEAVING HOME. — A painful sensation was created in our quiet town by the departure of Gen. Pierce on Monday of last week for Washington. Few men have been so universally honored and beloved by their neighbors and townsmen, or carried with them, when they changed their residence, more fervent good wishes. All feel that they have lost an ornament of our society, a centre of attraction, and a personal friend ; and long will be the time before the void will be filled which his removal has made. While his generous nature and courteous bearing, uniting a graceful dignity with an artless frankness and unsuspecting familiarity, secured the devoted affections of all who approached him, his talents and public services procured for him confidence, respect and honor, as far as he was known. Since his nomination not one false step has he taken ; since his election to the highest position in the gift of mortals, not one indiscreet act has he done. In the excitement, and in some instances, the violence and virulence of electioneering strife, he bore himself with an exact propriety, and since his election his political opponents confess to their admiration of his indomitable independence and matchless power of keeping his own secrets. The most crushing calamity has saddened his brow and his heart, but it has secured for him the sympathies and prayers of all good men, and will, as we doubt not, lift up his thoughts to a Higher Power in the midst of the honors, the flatteries, the intrigues, the fawning, and the responsibilities before him. He goes to the White House with a patriotic heart, and with the solemn purpose, we are persuaded, to do his whole duty, knowing no north, no south, no east, no west, the president of the country and not of a section. Ignoring politics and parties, we confess to our gratification at the honor bestowed upon our little New Hampshire, and the honorable style in which the honor will be sustained. — *Concord Congregational Journal*.

THERE are countenances far more indecent than the naked form of the Medicean Venus.

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Hand-Book of Universal Geography. Edited by T. Carey Callicot. 12mo, pp. 856. Geo. P. Putnam & Co.

This is a new volume of Putnam's useful Home Cyclopædia, containing a gazetteer of the world. With the present rapid development of geographical knowledge, and the almost incredible changes that are daily taking place in national affairs, it is difficult to arrange a gazetteer which shall not, in some respects, prove to be behind the age, when it comes to appear before the public. We have a proof of this in the excellent volume now issued. Based on Johnston's Dictionary of Geography, it shows a good deal of independent research, and an evident desire for the attainment of accuracy by consulting various authorities. The pains-taking diligence necessary for the completion of such a work, and which can be fully appreciated only by those who have been engaged in similar undertakings, has evidently been practised by the accomplished editor. Still, several errors of detail have escaped his eye, many of which might have been avoided by a comparison of the most recent sources of information. For instance, under the head of Cambridge, we are told that Harvard University "has 27 professors or other instructors, and 53,000 volumes in its libraries." This is entirely wide of the mark. The editor must have relied on documents of a quite ancient date. It is singular that where perfect accuracy was so easily attainable, he should have fallen into such glaring errors in regard to the most prominent American literary institution. Instead of 27 instructors, Harvard College numbers on its catalogue 83

instructors, besides the president, professors *emeriti*, officers of the observatory and library, and of the steward's department, and proctors, amounting in the whole to 45 persons, omitting two professorships now vacant. Instead of "53,000 volumes in its libraries," the public Library contains 61,000 volumes, the Medical, Law, and Theological Libraries, over 19,000, and the Society Libraries of the students, 12,000, making a total of about 92,000 volumes. The number of alumni which Mr. Callicot reports at 5,546, of whom 1,406 have been ministers of the gospel, would be more correctly stated at 6,842, of whom 1,707 have been ministers. Under the head of the "United States" we find several statements which conflict with the most recent authorities. The exports are said to be \$151,898,720, and imports, \$178,138,318. But, according to the latest documents, the total exports were \$218,888,011, of which \$196,689,718 was domestic produce. The imports for the same period amounted to \$216,224,932. The number of steam frigates in the United States navy is made to be 15, which is too large a figure by at least 10. We notice several errors also in the statistics of foreign cities, especially in the population, which often varies from that given by the best recent tables, to such a degree, as, in this department, to make the Gazetteer rather an unsafe guide. The principal merit of the work consists in its great condensation, which enables the editor to compress an extraordinary amount of information within its pages, and the fulness with which it treats of American geography, especially on points that

have been neglected by the largest European gazetteers. With all the defects and inaccuracies to which we have alluded, it cannot fail to be a welcome addition to our standard works of reference. — *Tribune*.

LOVE, HOPE, AND PATIENCE IN EDUCATION.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it — so
Do these uphold the little world below
Of Education — Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks, I see them grouped, in seemly show,
The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,

Love too will sink and die.

But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive;
And bending o'er with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Wooes back the fleeting spirit and half supplies —
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love.

Yet haply there will come a weary day,

When o'ertasked at length

Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way,
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting does the work of both.

We desire especially to commend these admirable lines to our readers. As a poem of its kind, it is well-nigh perfect, both in the conception and the execution. It is philosophy, sentiment, beauty, blended into one by the harmonious power of the imagination. As a study of poetical art, it requires, as all poetry of a high order, thoughtful and imaginative reading; and the power and beauty of it will reveal themselves on repeated perusal. It is, too, by virtue of its excellence as poetry, a moral as well as poetic study. Never by hand of heathen artist — sculptor or poet — never in marble or in pictured words, were Aglaia, Euphrosyne and Thalia shown in group more graceful, or attitude so august as these three Christian Graces. They are imaged, not like Atlas stooping with bent neck beneath the "starry globe," but erect, "The straightened arms upraised, the palms aslope," upbearing their burden. They stand, not like the nude pagan divinities, but draped with Christian modesty, the robes blending like "snow embossed in snow." This stationary beauty of sculpture changes to other imagery, to symbolize the course of the moral sentiments which are attendant on education. Hope is the first to faint, and the life of Love is so linked with hers that if Hope fail, "Love too will sink and die." There is a fine philosophy of the affections shown in the lines which tell of the subtle process by which Love finds in her own life the proof that Hope is not dead; and then the peculiar power of the imagination creates that second exquisite group — Love, "with soul-

transfusing eyes," bending over the fainting form of Hope and wooing her spirit back again. Last of all in this drama of education, you behold the third group — as beautiful and more awful — where Love and Hope, losing heart, would sink beneath the load, but that "the mute sister, Patience," stands "with a statue's smile, a statue's strength" — and "both supporting does the work of both."

This poem resembles in its philosophical vein the productions of some of the early English poets, but is superior to them in the better proportions of the poetic and philosophical elements — in the mastery which the imagination sustains over the metaphysical power. With all who know how to recognize and welcome Truth embodied in poetic creations, and arrayed in poetic garb — with all who look on poetry as a study, the poem, we are confident, will find favor. Especially may it be taken to heart by all who in any way have a duty of education — who, having to rule over "wayward childhood," are fain to look at the same time upon "the light of happy faces." The mother, in whose undying instincts towards her child the three Graces of education have the truest and most beautiful life — the school-mistress, ruling restless childhood — the teacher, who governs unruly boyhood, or guides early manhood — all are made to feel that Hope often sinks sadly down, and Love alone can win her fainting spirit back, and lastly, how Patience must needs do the all-sustaining work, when her two sorrowing sisters are drooping at her side. Not only for those who are charged with the education of youth is this apologue significant; it comes home to those, whose sacred function it is to lead their fellow-beings of every age — the old as well as the young — in the paths of righteousness and truth, and they who teach from the pulpit and from the altar-side have full cause to feel the need of the gracious presence of Love, Hope and Patience.

This poem may be new to many of the readers of Coleridge's poetry; the date of its composition we are not informed of; it appeared for the first time, we believe, in the edition of his poems prepared for the press by his daughter, the lamented Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, and edited in 1852, by her and her brother the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. — *The Register*.

THE historian of the literature of the nineteenth century will not have occasion to lament the smallness, either in value, or perhaps in extent, of his materials. Already we have had Lives of Byron, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Campbell, Cary, Jeffrey, &c. Lord John Russell is giving us the Memoir and Diaries of Moore; and one of the publications of the present year, though as yet not publicly announced, will be a Life (though a brief one) of William Lisle Bowles — containing his early correspondence with Coleridge. Both Southey and Coleridge, it will be remembered, were constant in the acknowledgment of the debt of obligation which their early verse was under to the muse of Bowles. The Life of the Vicar of Bremhill, though not a stirring one, was far from devoid of interest, and in good hands will doubtless form a pleasing picture of pastoral and poetic life. — *Athenæum*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul: comprising a complete Biography of the Apostle, and a Translation of his Letters, inserted in Chronological Order.* By the Rev. W. J. CONTBEARE, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, M. A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. With Illustrations by W. H. BARTLETT. 2 vols. 4to. London: 1850-1852.
2. *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By THOMAS LEWIN, M. A., of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: 1851.
3. *Der Apostel Paulus.* Von KARL SCHRADER. 6 vols. 8vo. Leipzig: 1830-1836.
4. *Pflanzung u. Leitung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Apostel.* Dritter Abschnitt: die Ausbreitung des Christenthums und Grundung der Christlichen Kirche durch die Wirksamkeit des Apostels Paulus. [*Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles.* Third Part: The Propagation of Christianity and Foundation of the Christian Church by the Agency of the Apostle Paul.] Von DR. AUGUST NEANDER. 4th edition. Pp. 134-152. Hamburg: 1847.
5. *The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul, &c.* By JAMES SMITH, Esq., of Jordan Hill, F. R. S., &c. London: 1848.

WE see every reason to hail the kind of attention which is now being bestowed on the study and illustration of the New Testament Scriptures. Those fruits of collateral inquiry which the last age erroneously denominated the evidences of Christianity, while they are now gathered in tenfold abundance, are called by their right names, and ranged in their proper places. The more accurate philological study of the Greek language,—the light which the researches of Niebuhr and others have let in upon the contemporary and earlier history,—the multiplied facilities for travel, and the advanced intelligence of travellers,—have contributed to increase our means of confirming and illustrating the evangelic record. On the other hand, we cannot but think that a deeper insight into the character of Christianity itself has led us to give all such accessories their true importance, and no more. The stranger may gaze with wonder at the far-stretching outworks and bastions of the fortress; but he who dwells within, knows that its strength is not only, nor chiefly, in these.

The reader who feels the force of our last remark, will have no difficulty in joining us in the assumption, with which we shall pro-

ceed to the consideration of the works mentioned at the head of this article.

We assume, that it was the Divine intention to reveal a religion, which should suffice for the moral and intellectual elevation of ALM MANKIND; which, laying its foundations in individual convictions, should clear and exalt the conscience, purify the affections, ennoble the intellect; while, at the same time, it disclosed a hope common to all men, and capable of sustaining under every possible trial of humanity. We assume, further, that *this religion was Christianity*. And we are thus led to the contemplation of definite historical facts. Christianity was introduced into the world at a certain time, and under certain circumstances. Can we, by examination of the state of mankind at the time, perceive any remarkable preparations for the assumed work which Christianity had to accomplish? Periods of this world's history may be conceived, singularly *unfitted* for the promulgation of a religion which was to take general hold on mankind. Does the period of the promulgation of Christianity present any remarkable contrast to these?

Again: if it was the intention of the All-wise to bring the whole of mankind under one bond of union, we might imagine that there would be visible in history some traces of previous preparation; that amidst the wars of states, and the conflict of opinions, we should find some advance made towards the possibility and efficacy of such a blending of both, as was destined hereafter to take place. Nay, we may go farther than this. Excluding mere chance from any part in the arrangement of man's world, we may fairly say *a priori*, that we might expect to find some adaptations in local circumstances themselves, to the end which was to be answered. Situations might be conceived, which should be most *adverse* to the accomplishment of the end assumed. Was Christianity introduced in *those* situations, or in others of a very different character?

Again, if Christianity is to be founded in individual convictions, the weapon of its warfare, above all others, must be *persuasion*; and in order to persuasion, there must be *one able to persuade*. Do we find any provision made for such a persuader? The work will be no ordinary nor easy one. The conflicting elements of the ancient social system could never be amalgamated, but by one specially and unusually prepared for the task.

The hierarchical prejudice of the Jew, the intellectual pride of the Greek, the political preëminence of the Roman, would present insuperable obstacles to any man who was not capable of entering into and dealing with each, not as extraneous to himself, but as a part of his own character and personality. And more than this. The religion of Christ was, from each of these elements, itself in danger. It might become hierarchical and Judaistic, or philosophic and Grecian, or might lose its great characteristics in the political liberalism of Rome. It would need one singularly fitted by education and temperament, to mark boldly and keenly the outlines of the faith to be preached; who, while he recognized the legitimacy of the Judaistic and Grecian elements in Christianity, and laid down the canons of civil and political conformity, might yet be under exclusive subjection to none of these, but able to wield and attempt them all.

Have we any traces of the preparation of a workman for such a work? Does any appear on the stage of the early Christian period, answering to these unusual and difficult requirements? Can we find any person able, at that time of strange complication and difficulty, to carry out all men's religion among all men?

Our readers will excuse us for entering somewhat into these questions, and endeavoring popularly to state the resolution of them with which Providence, in the course of history, has furnished us. They will thus be better able to appreciate the nature of the service which has been rendered to the Christian world by the authors whose works are mentioned at the head of the present article.

Mr. Howson strikingly remarks (p. 4), "The city of God was built at the confluence of three civilizations." The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, had each borne their part in the preparation of the world for the Gospel. "They were" (it is the saying of Dr. Arnold, *Life*, ii. 413, 2nd edition) "the three peoples of God's election: two for things temporal, one for things eternal. Yet even in the things eternal they were allowed to minister: Greek cultivation, and Roman polity, prepared men for Christianity."

The first pages of the father of history are devoted to tracing the original quarrels and reprisals between the inhabitants of the opposite coasts of Europe and Asia. And if ever two continents were designed for intercourse, these surely were. The Grecian or Asiatic fisherman could hardly sail out from the beach of his native creek without being tempted onward by the blue islands in the distance, which, like so many stepping-stones to another land, stud the waters of the *Ægean*. Adventure in the early ages was inseparable from piracy: and as villages

banded into states, and states into confederacies, piracy became war, and war brought national glory. Thus the first undying song celebrates the expedition of the confederate Greeks to Troy in reprisal for the rape of Helen. Nor should the commercial element in this early intercourse be forgotten; nor the important fact, that one article of commerce was the *persons of men*. The principal trading cities were Tyre and Sidon: and we have in the prophecy of Joel (whose most probable date is as far back as the ninth century, B. C.*) a distinct charge against the Tyrians and Sidonians, that they had "sold the children of Judah and Jerusalem to the sons of the Grecians†, that they might remove them far from their border." Thus we have the Jew at a very early period carried into Greece, and introduced into Grecian families; and the first nucleus formed of that vast dispersion, which we witness in subsequent history. The captivities, first of Israel, then of Judah, can hardly fail to have driven westward, through Asia Minor and the Greek colonies, some scattered portions of the main bodies of captives. And doubtless the break-up of the great remnant of Xerxes' army under Mardonius added considerably to the number of Jews in Greece. Mr. Howson has remarked (vol. i. p. 18), that about the time of the battles of Salamis and Marathon, a Jew was the minister, another Jew the cup-bearer, and a Jewess the consort of the Persian monarch. Great indeed must have been the number of Jews settled throughout the East.‡ The small gleanings which returned with Ezra and Nehemiah was as nothing compared with those who remained contented in the land of exile. Asia was full of Jews. On the coast and in the islands of the *Ægean*, along the Asiatic, European and African sides, we find Jews and their synagogues. By trade for themselves, or by the policy of their patrons and conquerors, they had been thickly planted in their chief rising seats of civilization and commerce. In Antioch, Alexandria, Cyrene, Corinth, Athens, Thessalonica, and many other well-known cities, we hear of Hebrew settlements more or less considerable in number.

* See the various opinions given and discussed by Winer, *Realwörterbuch*, sub voce.

† Joel iii. 6. (Heb. iv. 6.) The words are בְּנֵי הַיִּוֹנִים.

‡ Mr. Blackburn refers to the residence of Ezekiel in Assyria, that the mighty minister to the captive Jews settled by the river Chebar. He repeats, on the authority of Layard (*Nineveh and its Remains*), that the description by Ezekiel of the interior of the Assyrian palaces so completely corresponds with the monuments of Nimrod and Khorsabad, that there can scarcely be a doubt that Ezekiel had seen the objects which he describes, — the figures sculptured upon the wall and painted. — *Blackburn's Nineveh, its Rise and Ruin as illustrated by Ancient Scriptures and Modern Discoveries*.

Nor is it too much to say, that the influence of these widely dispersed Jews must have been everywhere felt. In the case of the Jew alone was religion bound to a law of moral purity. The Jew only had a conscience, in the better and higher sense.* Everywhere a mystery to the surrounding heathen, despised by the cultivated and learned, he yet found his way into the bosom of households, and laid hold on those feelings after purity and truth, or even those weaknesses and pronenesses to superstition, which are common to the tender in age, or sex, or bodily constitution. We find, in some of the most renowned cities of the East, that a large proportion of the female inhabitants had embraced Judaism.† And allowing for every admixture of superstition and misunderstanding, there can be no doubt that better convictions, and a yearning after something more solid than Paganism, must be conceded to have operated widely on the proselyte class. Where such feelings existed, the way was being admirably prepared for a religion, which, founded on all that was true and permanent in Judaism, should yet winnow off the effete and temporary, and embody in itself, with yet loftier sanctions, all that was pure and good in it before.

But this was not always the character of the world-wide Judaism of the day. Regarding the conscientious "God-fearing" proselyte as the mean, we have, for our two extremes, Pharisaism and Hellenism.

The Pharisaic society formed a hierarchicopolitical combination only equalled in efficiency and influence by that of the Ulemas in Turkey or the Jesuits in modern times, and forming to this last, in some respects, a remarkable parallel. Schrader‡ has vividly depicted the zeal, aims, and practices of the Pharisees. By their stern theocratic exclusiveness, their minute literal observances, their proselytizing zeal, they formed the inner stronghold of Judaism — the conservative power which kept inviolate the letter long after the spirit had departed. At the same time that the gross materialism of their expected messianic kingdom attracted the lower and selfish multitude, the apparent earnestness and perfection of their legal obedience acted as a lure for better and loftier spirits. In comparison with the importance of collections for the temple, the first moral duties were set aside by them; weighed against the advancement of hierarchical Judaism, justice and mercy were light

altogether. Their history, like that of the body to whom we have compared them, is one of intrigue, turbulence, and bloodshed. We find them in the courts of princes, and in the houses of widows; praying apart in the holy places at Jerusalem, and mingling with the great concourse at Rome; the stirrers-up of the people to sedition and tumult, the secret organizers of conspiracies, and subverters of thrones.

From this compact and organized body it was to be expected that Christianity would meet with the most determined opposition. They had been the bitterest enemies of its Divine Founder. His teaching was the negation of all their views; its success would be death to their dearest hopes. Moral purity was by Him upheld at the expense of ceremonial correctness; all hierarchical system was abolished by a religion whose foundations were laid in individual conviction; the messianic pomp of the expected kingdom was apparently resolved into some spiritual renovation, to them unintelligible, or, if understood, unwelcome.

Such was one, and that the prevailing element in the Judaism of the time; prevailing, not because numerically the greatest, but because in it was concentrated all the fire and zeal of the system; because it had the only organization, the only perfect unity of mutual understanding and action. The other, the Hellenistic element, embraced all those Jews who had become mingled with Grecians, used their language, and had learned their habits of thought. To them, for the most part, the sacred tongue was unknown. They had their own version of the Scriptures, made in their great metropolis, Alexandria. They formed a widely-spread and motley combination of various grades of opinion and practice. For the most part, Hellenism was a fruitless attempt to unite principles essentially discordant. Its philosophico-allegoric speculations on Scripture may have amused some ingenious minds like that of Philo; while, on the other hand, the refuge which its purer creed offered at small cost from the utter abandonment and hopelessness of heathenism, attracted many of the conscientious and upright; but we can hardly imagine in the Hellenist either logical consistency, or very fervent zeal.

As regarded Christianity, Hellenistic Judaism was a most important preparation. By it the essential truths of the Old Testament had long ago been clothed in the language of philosophic thought. At Alexandria, at Antioch, at Ephesus, the weapons had been prepared, with which the warfare of persuasion was to be carried on. It was the link between the schools of Athens and the schools of the Rabbis; the form in which, if at all, the truths of Christianity must be presented to the Grecian mind. The

* Treffend und schön bezeichnet De Wette als die auszeichnende Eigenthümlichkeit des Hebräischen Volkes, dass in ihm von Anfang an das Gewissen regte ist. — Neander, Pf. u. Leit. p. 91.

† Josephus, Bell. Jud. ii. 20, 2, says of the women of Damascus, that they were ἁγῶνας πᾶσι καὶ ἰσχυροὶς τῇ ἰουδαίᾳ θρησκείᾳ. See also Acts xiii. 50; xvii. 4. 12.

‡ Vol. ii. ch. 4.

processes of dialectic argument, unknown to eastern composition, were eminently suited to a religion whose hearers were to prove all things, in order to hold fast that which is good. And it was now no new thing to have sacred truth propounded in these dialectic forms.

We have thus been gradually led to the *second* great element in the social system at the Christian era—the intellectual culture of Greece. If Humanity is to be gained for the highest purposes, the reason of man must be satisfied, and his intellect ennobled; nor can that be the religion under which man's highest state is to be realized, which is not prepared to enlist and consecrate every lawful use of his powers and faculties; to work in the lump until the whole is leavened. At the same time, let it be granted that this is to be done, not by unaided human power, but by a revelation from above—and it is manifest that a very important part of the preparation for receiving such a gift would be, the demonstration of the insufficiency of man himself to attain to this ennoblement of his powers. And this is the work which, in the designs of Providence, was accomplished by that wonderful development of the human intellect witnessed in ancient Greece. That a height of intellectual excellence should there have been reached which has never since been attained—that in philosophy, in art, and in poesy, the patterns for the world should there have been set once for all, will surprise only those who do not bear this purpose in mind.

But while the failure of Greek philosophy to regenerate mankind was thus in progress of demonstration, these highest exercises of man's intellect were but preparing the way for Him who was to come. The *language* of the Greeks is itself a wonderful monument of the culminating intellectual period of our race. In no other tongue under heaven can the minutest shiftings and distinctions of the mental feelings be expressed with so much precision. In no other are there so many varieties of construction and arrangement, by each of which some minute distinction of meaning or emphasis is given. In no other language have we so many apparently insignificant particles, by which the exact reference of secondary clauses to the main subject, and to one another, can be marked off and determined. In that language, every term relating to things human or divine had already been discussed, and its meaning labored out with marvellous patience and accuracy.

Nor was Providence, which was thus preparing a garb for Christianity, wanting in making it generally known and used. The dispersion of Greeks is hardly less wonderful than that of Jews. In early times, their

colonies had spread along the coasts of Italy and Sicily, of Africa and Asia Minor. Their hostile intercourse or intrigues with Persia had gradually carried them further East; till finally the conquests of Alexander distributed the Greek tongue and influence over the whole of his vast but fleeting empire. Amidst the struggles and confusion incident on his death, this one effect alone of his conquests remained undisturbed and increasing. All the dynasties which sprang from his grave were Greek, and tended to consolidate the Grecian element which his victories had first introduced. Greek letters and arts became everywhere cultivated; the language usurped the place of the indigenous tongues in all polite intercourse. Nor was Judæa exempt from this influence. Lying between the contending kingdoms, and ever involved in their quarrels, it too received, although slowly and reluctantly, the unhallowed boom of Grecian culture.

There yet wanted a political power which might adjust to equilibrium these disturbing forces. Had the world been seething in tumult, as it was under the successors of Alexander, the propagation of Christianity would have been, humanly speaking, impossible.

And we must here express our opinion, that there are few things more instructive in history, than the relation of the Roman Empire to the spread of Christianity. Whether we regard it in its rise, at its height, or in its decline, we see in it a vast instrument to subserve the purposes of Providence with regard to the religion of Christ. In its rise, with which we are here more immediately concerned, by a rapid succession of conquests and annexations, it reduced to political unity and security the various conflicting powers whose struggles had hitherto distracted the world. Crushing and afflicting as was the character of its rule over its provinces, it was everywhere the government of order, and the friend of commercial intercourse. Among its works conducive to safe transit by sea and land, we may reckon, for the first, the extinction of piracy in the Mediterranean; for the second, the admirable roads with which every part of its vast territory was intersected. It was through these seas, and along these roads, that "the noble army of martyrs," as well as the armies of Rome, advanced to the conquest of the world. In times of restricted intercourse, and unsafe transit, these missionary journeys would have been impracticable.

The Roman policy with regard to religion was entirely consistent with the other parts of the system. Every existing religion of nation or tribe was sanctioned by law; but no countenance was given to the introduction of new tenets or modes of worship. Thus Christianity, for many years after its promulgation,

grew up undistinguished from Judaism, and under the shelter of this *religio licita* as one of its sects. It was not till the inhabitants of whole districts flocked to baptism amidst the indignation of surrounding Jews and Pagans, that we find systematic persecution enjoined; and by that time Christianity was strong enough in numbers to be aided, rather than crushed, by such hostility.

During and for some time after the reigns of the first twelve Cæsars, the citizen of Rome was endowed with considerable privileges. Among these, exemption from corporal punishment, and the power of appealing to the people, were the chief and best known. It is true, that this last had now merged into an appeal to him who wielded, by his concentration of offices, the power of the *populus* and the *plebs* alike; but it had not, on that account, lost its value as a means of rescue from arbitrary decisions, and from the warping of justice by the venality of provincial judges.*

The foregoing sketch of the state of the world shortly after the Christian era, will enable us to lay down *a priori* the necessary and desirable qualifications of the man who is to be the main agent in propagating the Christian faith.

First. It is absolutely necessary, that he be a Jew. Founded as Christianity is on the ancient covenant and promises, its appeal to the world was mainly through Judaism; addressing itself "to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile." It is to the Jews that the preacher must look for his earliest and his most able converts; men who, having been reasoned with out of the law and the prophets, were thereby convinced, and prepared to convince others, that Jesus was the Christ. And none but a Jew would gain access to that exclusive and prejudiced people. The synagogues would be forbidden ground to a Gentile teacher; the ears of the Jews would be absolutely closed against him.

For the same reason, the Apostle of the world must be not a Hellenist, but of pure Hebrew descent. It is of the utmost importance that he should be able to speak and cite in the sacred language of the law and prophets. The Hellenists were looked on by the purer Jews with disparagement and contempt. They had their own synagogues, in which the sacred tongue was never heard, and to enter which would have been pollution to the scrupulous and rigid Pharisee. Thus a Hellenist would have acted at a great disadvantage, in leaving the central fortress of Judaism untouched, because to him inaccessible.

This last consideration will at once bring

before us another requisite. None but the strictest sect of Judaism will furnish the man who shall be sufficient for this work. The pretended mysteries of the Rabbinical teaching must be in his grasp to deal with and set aside. None must be able to say of him, "This man, who knoweth not the law, is cursed." In one point at least his message to the Jews should be without fault: all should be compelled to look up to him as one trained to teach, and thoroughly capable of doing it. If the question, "Whence hath this man letters?" was for other and wise purposes permitted to be asked respecting Him who came to be rejected and suffer and die, it would have been, as far as we can judge, a serious obstacle to the work of one who must be to the Jews as a Jew, in order to persuade and gain them.

But yet another reason existed (and this is ably brought out by Schrader* and Neander†) why the great apostle of Christianity should be a Pharisee. Of all the opposition offered to Jesus of Nazareth, that of the Pharisees was the most consistent and entire. They saw in his teaching the abnegation of hierarchical Judaism. If He were a teacher from God, the ceremonial law had passed away, the barrier between Jew and Gentile was broken down, and Judaism became an empty husk henceforward. None thoroughly understood this but the bigoted Pharisee. The lapse of years, and the warning of heavenly visions, had not kept the greatest of the chosen Twelve from vacillating on this vital point; and there is every reason to believe that the Church at Jerusalem remained to the end practically prejudiced against the free admission of the union of mankind in Christ. Amidst all the difficulties and inconsistencies on this matter, he only would be sure never to go wrong, who having during his life of Pharisaic zeal keenly stigmatized as an abomination the anti-exclusive spirit of the religion of Jesus, had thus gained the clearest view of its universality, and in his conversion adopted this view as his own to the full.

But Jew and Pharisee as he must be, other elements must be mingled in him, which few who were Jews and Pharisees united in themselves. A Jew born in Palestine, and receiving a purely Jewish education, could have been a missionary for the most part to pure Jews only. It is plainly necessary that he be, though not a Hellenist himself, yet from youth accustomed to the use of the Hellenistic version of the Scriptures, together with the Hebrew original — nay more, from youth accustomed to the habits of thought and expression of the more cultivated Greeks — no

* The bearings on Christianity of these various characteristics of the time are admirably treated in the first chapter of Conybeare and Howson's work.

* Vol. ii. ch. 6. "Bildung des Apostels Paulus in der Schule der Pharisäer."
† P. 133.

stranger to the literature and rhetorical usage of that language which had been prepared for the work which Christianity had to do. The advantage of a boyhood spent in the haunts of Greek literary culture would be great, even if he himself did not frequent the schools for instruction. A certain pride in the place of his birth would lead a youth of genius to some acquaintance at least with the Greek writers who had sprung from it, or were connected with the studies there pursued; and the first remembrance of his early days would be bound up with his taste, however brief, of the sweets of profane literature. All this would eminently fit him to address a Grecian audience; to know the peculiar stumbling-blocks which the hearers must be taught cautiously to approach, and gently to step over; and skilfully to avoid incurring those charges, which might exaggerate in the Greek mind the repulsiveness of himself and his message. At the same time, no extraneous culture could educate a Pharisee. In the Holy City alone, and in the schools of the Jerusalem rabbis, was the fountain head of Judaism to be drawn from.

Thus we have arrived at the complicated, and we may conceive, not often united requirements, of pure Judaic extraction, with birth and early education among Hellenists and Grecians, and subsequent training in the rabbinical schools of Jerusalem. If, however, we rested here, one important advantage would be wanting. The great apostle is sure to incur the deadliest hatred of the Pharisaic party, which he has deserted to pass over to Christianity. That hatred will be unrelenting, and will pursue him wherever his message is delivered. No calumny will be spared, no attempt withheld, to make him odious to the local magistracies. Should he be found in Judea itself, the jealousy of the Roman procurators, ever ready to awake against turbulence and sedition, will be aroused to effect his ruin. One safeguard, and one only, humanly speaking, would obviate the danger of his career being cut short by conspiracy on the part of his enemies, or the tyranny of an unprincipled governor. If he possessed the privileges of a Roman citizen, his person would be safe from punishment at the hands of the officers of Rome; and an escape would be always open to him from conspiracy or apprehended injustice, in an appeal to the supreme power in the great metropolis.

We have said nothing of personal characteristics. That the apostle of the world should be full of earnestness and self-forgetting zeal, is too obvious to be insisted on. That a great persuader should, besides convincing men's minds, be able to win and keep their hearts—that he who wishes others to weep must weep himself—has long ago passed into an axiom. But we prefer filling in this part of

the sketch *à posteriori*, from the facts themselves.

That the person so required *was found*—that so many and unusual attributes were combined in one individual—is known to us all. But it seems to have been reserved for our own age of biography and minute research, fully to trace all the qualifications of Saul of Tarsus for his great mission, and to point out their examples in his extraordinary career.

There is no work extant in which this is more laboriously and completely done than in Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." The names of the authors are vouchers for their ability to perform their task; and no one will consult their book without being convinced of the diligent research and careful accuracy with which it has been accomplished. No pains have been spared to gather information on every point of the apostle's life and the abundance and excellence of maps, and illustrations by landscapes and coins, make the book a complete manual of all that relates to the subject. The authorities referred to are given *at length* in the foot-notes, which greatly increases the value of the work to the scholar. On the whole, we doubt if any modern literature possesses a treatise more complete or satisfactory in its design and execution.

Perhaps there is a little too much of imaginative minuteness in some of the descriptions of the journeys of the Apostle; and we confess an objection to the frequent and sometimes bewildering illustration by reference to modern state relations or local circumstances. These, however, to which might be added an occasional want of condensation, and exuberance of style, are but slight faults, compared with the essential service which these authors have rendered to English biblical literature by their elaborate researches, and to English society by the pleasing and attractive garb in which they have clothed the results.

Into the important portion of the work which Mr. Conybeare has contributed—the translation of the Epistles—it is not our intention to enter critically. In such a wide field of controversy, philological and doctrinal, there will be much for every scholar to question. At the same time we have found much to approve; and we hail every independent scholar-like attempt to render the sacred text in our language, in hopes that it may lead at some time to the judicious removal of some of the acknowledged blots on our otherwise excellent authorized version.

Mr. Lewin's work, though published since the first volume of Conybeare and Howson, is an original contribution to the same subject, from a candid and diligent layman. While there is much in it that is really valuable, it is to be regretted that Mr. Lewin

has not enriched and in some places rectified his book by the admirable and copious treatises which have of late years been published in Germany, and of which the authors of the former work have largely and most properly taken advantage. This fact tends to place Mr. Lewin's book altogether on lower ground than it should have occupied; while the unfortunate inaccuracy of its printing is continually confusing the reader.* At the same time, Mr. Lewin's useful historical memoirs, his plans of the principal towns, with geographical authorities cited at length†, and the justice and good feeling which he shows in his remarks, will prevent his work from being laid aside, and cause it to be retained as accessory to, or a cheaper substitute for, the more important and costly volumes of Conybeare and Howson.‡

We have placed two well-known German works on our list, because our neighbors have in this, as in most of the departments of biblical literature and research, the credit of having led the way, and suggested to ourselves the reproduction or expansion of their labors; and because there is something so well fitted in the German mind for treating subjects of this kind, that, after all acknowledged defects are allowed for, and evident excrescences pared away, we always have left, in the work of an intelligent German, abundant suggestive matter that is truly valuable, and nowhere else to be found.

Schrader's treatise spread its publication over the years 1830-1836; and considering the time, we cannot help ranking it as the most remarkable work on the subject. Its plan is that of a biography, with the chronology and doctrine treated of in separate volumes, and followed by a translation of the Epistles, with a commentary. For really sound research into the necessities and inner proprieties of St. Paul's preparation for his work, we know of no book which approaches Schrader's in value. We might perhaps be disposed to find a little fault with Mr. Howson for not having more abundantly trans-

ferred to his pages the interesting speculations of this author. We might think that some pruning of graphic description would have been more than compensated by giving us the substance of some of Schrader's valuable chapters in his second volume on the personal character and training of the Apostle.

At the same time, there is one part of Schrader's work which disfigures it in common with many of the best German treatises on matters connected with historical Christianity. We mean its perfectly gratuitous rationalism. If Saul was in reality, as Schrader and we are sorry to say Neander also would have us believe, merely *struck with lightning* on the way to Damascus—not only were the solemn words then related to have been spoken to him, and on which he distinctly grounds his apostleship, the offspring of his excited imagination—but he must himself be charged with deliberate falsehood and imposture; for in neither of the narratives of his conversion which we possess from his own lips, is there the slightest intimation of a storm having overtaken the party, but an evident intention to imply that, in the brightness of the noonday sun, a light brighter still was shed around him, and a supernatural voice plainly heard, answered, and heard again, the speaker being all the while distinctly seen.*

Neander's work is well known in this country by translations, as one of the most valuable contributions to an intelligent appreciation of the mind and mission of the various great Apostles, and the conflicts and character of the first Christian age. Tinged strongly with the peculiarities of the German school, it yet exhibits so thorough an understanding of the position, wants, and divisions of the nascent Church, and so admirable a spirit of Christian faith and charity, as to have be-

* If, to take another instance (and here we must include Mr. Lewin in our reprehension, and even complain somewhat of the guarded and ambiguous language of Mr. Howson), the pythoness at Philippi was not really possessed by a spirit, but only (we quote Mr. Lewin) "subject to ravings, and at the present day would merely be committed to the charge of a keeper"—how on the one hand can we account for those ravings taking daily the form of vehement recognition of the divine mission of the Apostle, and how on the other can we give any consistent account of her *cure*, which both these authors believe to have followed on St. Paul's words? Far better and deeper in this instance Neander, who, though he supposes the case need not imply possession by a personal evil spirit, yet distinctly recognizes the agency of the chief spirit of evil, and the maiden's liberation from it by the Apostle. See the whole matter very satisfactorily treated in the recent work of Baumgarten, "*Die Apostel-geschichte, oder der Entwicklungsgang der Kirche von Jerusalem bis Rom*," vol. ii. § 26. There is a sensible and able refutation of the rationalistic views of Saul's conversion in Hamson's "*Apostel Paulus*," p. 12, ff.

* The Greek is printed *without accents*, a practice against which every scholar should protest, and about as rational as it would be to print an English work without crossing the i's or dotting the i's. The punctuation of the text is in some places in utter confusion. Take an example:—"but, at night he escaped from his guard, and got on board, and reached, Alexandria." (P. 84.) Such abound throughout.

† His geographical notices are not always accurate: e. g., where, in speaking of Myra, he makes it the metropolis of Lycia in the apostolic times, on the authority of the Synecdemus of Hierocles, a work of the sixth century; and in the same notice makes the distinct rivers Limyrus and Andriaki into one.

‡ Mr. L. gives the Epistles in the authorized version, with a few departures, and those not always for the better.

come an indispensable element in the study of the apostolic history.

We shall proceed now, with the aid of the works which we have characterized, in some measure to fill in *a posteriori* the outlines given above. To do this continuously would be out of the question. We must necessarily select a few salient points of the history as examples of the rest.

The destined Apostle of the Gentiles was born of pure Jewish descent, "a Hebrew of Hebrews," at Tarsus, the capital of the province of Cilicia, a few years probably after our era. With his birth he inherited the citizenship of Rome.* His native place, characterized by himself as "no mean city," was one of the most celebrated seats of Greek learning. Two eminent Stoics, Athenodorus the tutor of Augustus, and Nestor of Tiberius, were taken from the school of Tarsus. Strabo gives it the preference over Athens and Alexandria, and every other academy of the time. No city could be imagined more fitting for the birthplace of an apostle of the Gentiles. Free from the warping influences which would have beset a childhood in Athens, Alexandria, or Rome, the Hebrew youth might here stray without danger into the pleasant paths of Grecian literature.† We know that his main education was Jewish. In all probability, both the Hebrew text of the Scriptures and the Septuagint version were familiar to him from childhood. The former would be sure to be known and read in a pure Hebrew family; and the familiarity with which he cites the latter from memory, can hardly be accounted for except by early habitude. Mr. Howson traces, with that graphic minuteness which, while it is sometimes his temptation, is undoubtedly also his excellence, the illustrious recollections connected with the tribe of Benjamin, and with his own royal name, which would stir the spirit of the eager Hebrew boy — and the fine emotions with which one capable of the feelings which we find expressed in his writings, would wander by the clear cold stream of the Cydnus, and gaze on the snowy heights of Taurus.

But other and more exciting scenes soon rose upon his view. We can hardly conceive the burst of enthusiasm with which such a

Jewish youth, educated in exile, first beheld the spot where Jehovah had placed His name. We may well conceive that from the time of the youthful Saul entering the Holy City, his previous intercourse with Hellenism was dropped, and he devoted himself zealously to the study of the law and traditions of his fathers. He himself appeals to the fact many years after: "My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." (Acts xxvi. 4, 5.)

"Having a foundation of excellent natural talents gifted with creative profundity, and a rare clearness and energy of thought, he made his own the whole cycle of Rabbinical Scripture-lore, its jurisprudence and its theology, the different exegeses of the Bible, its allegory, typology, and tradition, as his Epistles sufficiently show. By this theoretical education, he was enabled, in after times, so powerfully and convincingly to refute Pharisaical errors, and to unfold the most profoundly and amply of all the Apostles the intrinsic doctrines of Christianity. By nature an ardent and decided character, armed with the choleric and melancholic temperament found among reformers, he embraced whatever he once held to be right with all his soul, and was thus inclined to a rude straightforwardness and action in extremes. Thus he became a Pharisee of the strongest kind, and a blind zealot for the law of his fathers (Phil. iii. 6., Gal. i. 13, 14)."

Saul was never a hypocrite. He hated the name and followers of Jesus from his innermost soul. In this he nobly differed from many of his elders and compeers, who in hypocrisy carried on an opposition to a teaching which in their hearts they approved, but saw to be the certain ruin of their worldly hopes. Schrader (ii. 47, ff.) brings out well this difference, and speculates on its probable effects. It was no small thing for Pharisaism to possess a partisan of an earnest and thorough spirit — one too, who was not, like the Palestine Jews, confined to a narrow Judaistic circle of experience, but had from childhood known Gentile persons and practices. Is it not certain that they who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, would be carefully

* This fact is as certain as its explanation is obscure. It was formerly assumed (by Tillemont and Cave, see C. and H. vol. i. p. 49) that the privilege belonged to natives of Tarsus; but more accurate knowledge has precluded this. The probable account is that which Mr. Howson has adopted, that Saul's father had gained the citizenship as the reward of services rendered during the civil wars to some influential Roman.

† We find him quoting Aratus (a Cilician poet), Epimenides, and Euripides, or Menander. Where did he read these authors, if not in his early youth at Tarsus?

* Schaff, Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche von ihrer Gründung bis auf die Gegenwart, vol. i. p. 163. This work, of which the first volume was last year published in America (Mercersburg, Pa.), promises to be one of the best compendiums extant of Church history. Its spirit is thoroughly Christian, its arrangement clear, its style lively and attractive; and it contains notices of the most recent German and other opinions on every question as it arises.

training such an one for a missionary of their own and promising themselves by his coöperation a rich accession of Gentile converts! If so, Pharisaism was eventually pierced to death by a shaft winged with its own feather.

We must quote Schrader for the further usefulness to Saul of his Pharisaic education:—

In order to defend themselves against the attacks of Jesus, and retain their own influence, the Pharisees not only availed themselves of excommunication and persecution of those who would not implicitly obey them, but sought even more eagerly to fill their partisans with inexpiable hate of Him. This was the easier, because to those who reckoned Pharisaism as a thing from God, Jesus could only appear as God's enemy. It required no perversion of truth to prove this. They need only say that He was the greatest foe of the patriarchal traditions, did not keep the Sabbath, did not fast, nor pray as other men, neglected the necessary washings, held converse with Samaritans and Gentiles, placed them on a level with Jews, nay, required and yielded obedience to the Gentile government, gave himself out for the Messiah, &c., and they were sure to render their fanatical scholars His irreconcilable enemies. But to Paul, all this was of the utmost value. He thus learnt to apprehend in many respects the plan and intentions of Jesus more correctly than even His own friends and disciples. To these last it appeared impossible, in their deep reverence for their Master, that He should in any way have impugned or rejected that which was to them above all things precious and sacred. And hence it was that they so seldom understood His sentiments, which deviated from the established maxims, and so often defended him against the charge of transgressing or rejecting the Mosaic law. The Pharisees, on the contrary, veiled nothing; to them it was a delight to lay hold of, and disseminate among their partisans, such acts and sayings of Jesus as contradicted that which had usually been esteemed true and divine. . . . As the foe of the ancient traditions and precepts, and of Pharisaism, as the abrogator of the law of Moses and of Judaism, as the friend and enfranchizer of Gentiles and sinners—thus was the image of Jesus vividly present in the heart of the Pharisee Saul. And as it often happens to those among us who advance far before their age, that their views are rightly apprehended, and therefore decried by their opponents, but misunderstood by their friends, and by way of justification attempted to be reconciled with doctrines previously held, thus it was also in the case of our Lord; His friends and worshippers were blind, and His enemies only had eyes to see His intentions. (Vol. ii., p. 82, f.)

With such an impression of Jesus, and with his earnest character and fiery temper, Saul could not but be a persecutor. To extinguish the hated name—to prevent the obnoxious sect from spreading in or out of Jerusalem—would be an exertion worthy of all his ener-

gies. To this accordingly we find him devoting himself, when the sacred narrative first introduces him to our notice.

The question, whether he had seen our Lord in the flesh, is wrapped in obscurity. The probable answer is in the negative. Had he taken any part in the acts of the Pharisees during the eventful period of the ministry of Jesus, he would hardly have passed it over in silence in those passages where he speaks so freely of his state and acts as a persecutor; and that he should have been present, and have taken *no* part, is inconceivable. Why he was absent from Jerusalem during those three years, it is impossible to say. It may have been just the interval between the completion of his Rabbinical training and his maturity as a member of the Sanhedrin, which we afterwards find him. He may have been at Tarsus, or on travel. That he should not yet have arrived as a youthful scholar, is chronologically improbable. However it was, such seems to have been the fact; and his first hostile efforts were brought to bear on the Church about eight years after the Ascension.

We refer to Mr. Howson for the complete detail of the trial and execution of Stephen, and for some able remarks on the influence, in after times, which the apology of the martyr seems to have had on the mind of his chief persecutor. It has been assumed by recent writers (Schrader, Olshausen, Neander), that a deep immediate impression was made on Saul's mind by the circumstances of the death of Stephen, and that he was in a remorseful state of self-questioning when he undertook his errand to Damascus. But this idea, intimately bound up as it is with the rationalistic interpretation of the narrative of his conversion, is entirely opposed to the history (Acts ix. 1), and to his own assertion: "Being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities." We have no reason whatever to suppose that any change had taken place in his sentiments towards Christianity. Nay, we quite agree with Baumgarten in placing here the culminating point of his zeal, and seeing in this sudden arrest and turning of his course by the working of Divine wisdom and power, a fitness for the occasion and for the character and temperament of the man. As Bengel strikingly remarks, "in summo furore peccandi ereptus et conversus est."*

Of all that has been written on the mind and feelings of Saul consequent on his conversion, we have read with the greatest interest the remarks of Baumgarten, vol. i. pp.

* Such too was the view of Chrysostom: καὶ ὅταν αὐτὸς ἀπίστος, ἀμύδιτος ἐπὶ τῷ πνεύματι, τοιοῦτο αὐτῷ ἐπέγυνεν ὁ Χριστός. C. & M. l. p. 108.

198-223. On one point only we entirely differ from him. He spends some pages in tracing during this period the inner experience detailed by the Apostle, Rom. vii. 7-25. We believe the greater part of that weighty passage to belong to an earlier and totally different portion of his life; and it seems to us strange that a writer who has taken so just a psychological view of his subject should have adopted a theory which tends completely to confuse it, and destroy its unity. This is not the place to discuss and appropriate that description; it may suffice to say that, while we distinctly recognize its autobiographical character, we see in it a reference to a process much more frequent in the human mind, and better calculated to be a general pattern for us all, than that by which the zeal of the persecutor became transformed into the zeal of the apostle.

Some degree of mystery has always rested on the *visit to Arabia*;^{*} but almost all writers are agreed in connecting it with an immediate reception of the Gospel from Christ himself. Mr. Howson indeed gives the alternative, that perhaps he went to preach "in the synagogues of that singular capital which was built amidst the exiles of Edom, whence 'Arabians' came to the festivals at Jerusalem (Acts ii. 11);" but we must own the other alternative seems to us more probable; and that, whether the rationalistic or the supernatural view be taken. The former is given by Schrader (ii. p. 147):—

He cared not, previously to the public opening of his ministry, to obtain information from other men in a matter which was accessible to him by his own reason (?), but preferred shortly after his baptism to retire apart from all human society to the solitude of the Arabian wilderness; with this view beyond doubt, undistractedly to prepare himself for the work of the promulgation of Christianity, to meditate on his present circumstances, to think of that which lay before him, to make powerful resolutions, or rather to confirm himself in the resolution already made, and to take counsel of God and of himself, or of that which was become a divine or living principle within him. In this he acted as other men of great and independent character have done, and even as Jesus himself, who also immediately after His baptism withdrew Himself for a similar purpose into the same wilderness.

But sensible as this view is as far as it goes, none can fail to see how entirely inadequate it is to satisfy the requisitions of the historical facts resulting, or the assertions of the Apostle himself. In a passage (2 Cor. xii. 1, ff.) where he is undoubtedly describing his own experience, and referring to a period not far removed from this, he speaks of "abundance of" visions and "revelations" being granted to him, and recounts in myste-

rious words the nature of some of these. We should therefore be much more disposed to agree with Baumgarten, when he says (vol. i. 223):—

Those will take the right view of this sojourn of Saul in Arabia who regard it as a still retirement, in which he lived in communion in the spirit with the Lord in Heaven, as the original Apostles had conversed with the Lord on Earth.

Another difficulty belongs to this period, which has been very variously dealt with. The facts are simply these. Some physical weakness, of a conspicuous and distressing kind, resulted from the exaltation of the spirit at the expense of the body. Perhaps his own words—"when I could not see for the glory of 'that light,'"—may furnish some clue to its origin. Feebleness of sight, connected probably with some nervous infirmity, may have constituted the thorn in the flesh, concerning which he prayed thrice that it might depart from him: which made his "bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible;"^{*} and of which he could say to the Galatians, "My temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected. . . I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me."[†] But even this, whatever it was, served him as an argument for the divine character of his mission. It precluded any imputation that he had won his converts by the charms of graceful rhetoric; he was among them "in weakness, and fear, and much trembling." So does every circumstance in the life of this remarkable man fit into its place, and bear its part in the work prepared for him.

Five years at least elapsed after his conversion before we find him actively engaged in ministerial labor. He certainly was not idle, but his proper vocation had not begun. There had apparently been nothing more than fragmentary testimonies in the synagogues. At Damascus and at Jerusalem he had been exposed to the fury of those Jews, whom he had now through life for his implacable enemies. At both places he was rescued by the brethren; who yet, not knowing in what department to employ the zeal of the new convert, sent him back to his native town, to wait a special call of Providence.

A great question soon began to be agitated in the Church. Was Christianity to be preached to the Gentiles? That they were eventually to share in its blessings, no believing Jew doubted; but *how* this was to be brought about, was yet unknown. The first step towards a solution seems to have been taken at Antioch, by certain Cyprian and African Hellenists, who had fled on the perse-

* Gal. i. 17.

* 2 Cor. x. 10.

† Gal. iv. 14, 15.

entation which arose about Stephen, having *spoken to Gentiles** in that city. This new step aroused the attention of the mother-church at Jerusalem. Barnabas, himself a Cyprian, was sent to report on the movement, or perhaps to restrain what was deemed an excess of zeal. By what he saw, he was convinced, and sympathized. But joy was not his only feeling at seeing the Gentile converts. The time for action was obviously come. There was one in retirement, to whom it had been said, "I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles." He went to Tarsus to seek Saul. For a year they taught at Antioch, which became the second historical capital of Christendom, the great centre of activity during the transition-state from Judaism, and most appropriately the birthplace of that name, by which those who were neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian nor Scythian, were in future to be called. After a journey to Jerusalem for a special eleemosynary purpose, the two friends depart, by Divine command, on their first great missionary journey.

The whole process of this, as of the other journeys, is admirably narrated, discussed, and illustrated by Conybeare and Howson. We have every accessory which could be desired. Recent surveys and soundings have furnished accurate maps of almost every country and coast; while Mr. Bartlett's beautiful drawings give reality to the scenery of the most remarkable spots. There can hardly be more pleasant reading for the lover of travel and adventure, than the pages of this work which trace the Apostle through Cyprus, or Asia Minor, or Greece, or afterwards on his perilous voyage by Malta to Rome. And it is no small merit of the work that, while it extracts information from every source, an admirable spirit of Christian faith, accompanied by a manly love of truth and soundness of judgment, characterize it throughout. While its hand is in every German treatise, its heart is thoroughly English; and its effect will everywhere be, to confirm those great central truths, round which it has grouped the accessory and subordinate matter.

The first eminent fruit of this journey was the conversion of the proconsul of Cyprus, Sergius Paulus. From this time Saul becomes known by the Hellenistic name of

Paul. The coincidence is at least remarkable, and may not have been altogether fortuitous. But that the Apostle, as Jerome and Augustine believed, took the name from his convert, we may with safety deny. Such a piece of secular conceit was wholly alien from his character; and could only pass current when that character was, as a whole, very imperfectly studied. It is far more probable that the change marks the transition from his earlier memoirs, when from the still Jewish character of the Church his Hebrew name prevailed, to those recording his preaching among Gentiles. The bearing of two names, the original Oriental appellation, and the same Græcized or Romanized, in sound or meaning, was very common.*

During this journey we have striking instances of the fitness of the Great Apostle for becoming all things to all men, that he might by all means win some. At Antioch, in Pisidia, we have his first recorded discourse. It was delivered to Jews, and besides its historical detail, so suitable to his hearers, contains, as Mr. Howson justly observes, the kernel of that great argument which he afterwards unfolded in the Epistle to the Romans. At Lystra we find him dissuading the heathen multitude from sacrificing to his companion and himself, in words of singular skill and beauty, founded on an argument from natural theology, far too expansive for any mere Pharisee to have propounded.

On the commencement of the next journey a personal dispute separated from him the former companion of his toils and dangers. He is henceforth either alone, or accompanied by a group of which he is unquestionably the centre; thus bringing his apostolic agency more plainly into relief, and removing all possibility of actual rivalry, or, which was more to be apprehended, the setting up of one against another in the minds of converts.

It is on this journey that the most remarkable instances of that which we are illustrating are presented to us. It originated in that affectionate yearning after converts once gained, which we see so often expressed in his Epistles. This directed his way to Derbe, Lystra, and Iconium. His course lay through his native province and city; and Mr. Howson is justified in raising on the well known character of the Apostle the following supposition:—

One other city must certainly have been visited. If there were churches anywhere in Cilicia, there must have been one at Tarsus. It was the metropolis of the province; Paul had resided there, perhaps for some years, since the time of his conversion; and if he loved his native place well enough to speak of it with something

* The reading *Ἑλλήνας* for the *Ἑλληνιστάς* of the received text, is now almost universally adopted. The received reading would stultify the whole narrative. There was and could be no difficulty about preaching to *Hellenists*.

We do not in the text forget, nor depreciate the importance of the special mission of Peter to Cornelius; but regard this incident as necessarily prior in point of time, and *that*, as intended more to give solemn sanction in the sight of those who would be most difficult to persuade, than to precede all efforts of the kind.

* See Grotius' note in *loc.*; and Conybeare and Howson, vol. i. p. 164.

like pride to the Roman officer at Jerusalem, he could not be indifferent to its religious welfare. Among the "Gentiles of Cilicia," to whom the letter which he carried was addressed, the Gentiles of Tarsus had no mean place in his affections. And his heart must have overflowed with thankfulness, if, as he passed through the streets which had been familiar to him since his childhood, he knew that many households were around him where the gospel had come, "not in word only but in power," and the relations between husband and wife, parent and child, master and slave, had been purified and sanctified by Christian love. No doubt the city still retained all the aspect of the cities of that day, where art and amusement were consecrated to a false religion. The symbols of idolatry remained in the public places—statues, temples, and altars—and the various "objects of devotion," which in all Greek towns, as well as in Athens (Acts xvii. 23), were conspicuous on every side. But the silent revolution was begun. Some families had already turned "from idols to serve the living and true God." The "dumb idols" to which, as Gentiles, they had been "carried away even as they were led," had been recognized as "nothing in the world," and been "cast to the moles and to the bats." The homes which had once been decorated with the emblems of a vain mythology, were now bright with the better ornaments of faith, hope, and love.

We leave in the able hands of our authors the description of the journey itself, and select one or two points for our especial purpose.*

At Neapolis, the port of Philippi, the missionary band, now augmented by the youthful Timotheus, and Luke "the beloved physician," first set foot in Europe. From the high grounds above that town, they gazed on the plains where the world was lost and won; arrived at the walls of the now flourishing colony, they entered a miniature of that great capital in which the Apostle had already resolved to bear witness to Christ. Here, amidst the insignia of Roman power, in a Greek city, they sought out the few Jews who assembled by the river brink outside the gate for the purpose of prayer. The combination is singular, and more remarkable, as we reflect how many ages had been spent in bringing it about, how many and jarring influences had converged. Here we have the first record of the Roman citizenship having procured for the Apostle and his companion an honorable dismissal, and doubtless for the cause which he preached respect and protection, after illegal treatment during a tumultuary outbreak.

* We cannot withhold our praise from the minute and very satisfactory manner in which the contemporary geography of Asia Minor is discussed and illustrated in this chapter. Certainly the sacred chronicle has never before had such diligent and loving labor bestowed on it.

But before he had been many weeks in Macedonia, the enmity of the resident Jews had been thoroughly aroused, and they were acting in concert against him. They drove him first from Thessalonica, then from Beroea. It became necessary to take measures for his safety. As at Damascus, the brethren sent him away by night. His destination was a distant part of Greece, where the enmity of the Thessalonian Jews might for a time be baffled. He went by sea to Athens.

And here we have everything present, which can kindle enthusiasm in the breast of the Christian scholar. For those who have tasted deeply the sweets of art, poetry, or philosophy, there is an indescribable charm in all that is connected with Athens. It is the metropolis of the human intellect; the holy city of the nether world, as Jerusalem is of the upper. And when, as in this case, the two are linked together—when we see the man prepared by Jewish birth and training, united with Grecian culture, standing on the Areopagus and preaching God's revelation, we feel, if ever we do, the unity and harmony in the divine counsels of all that is holy and beautiful and great in man; that ours is not a nature of bright fragments, disjointed and helpless, but that there is a power able to unite and hallow all that is good, or seeking after good, amongst us. His *ἀρχαῖος ἄστυς* comes on us with its familiar sound, as we have heard it from Pericles and Demosthenes and the illustrious masters of persuasion, like a well-known strain grafted into some loftier harmony. In the stately periods of this second and nobler Areopagitica, we read an indubitable proof that the speaker had drunk no shallow draughts at the fountains of Grecian learning. Perhaps there does not exist a more perfect specimen than this speech affords us of cautious prudence and consummate skill. It might well be so, when such a man had been so prepared; when a mind of the highest order was enlightened and directed by the special suggestions of superhuman wisdom. The authors at the head of our article have vied with one another in its praise. An able analysis is besides given in Hemsen, *Der Apostel Paulus*, pp. 148, 149.

But Athens was not destined to be noted in the annals of the Apostolic Church. We know nothing of any permanent fruit of the Apostle's residence there. It was not from the stronghold of the human intellect that the Gospel was to win its most numerous or brightest trophies.

It is a serious and instructive fact, that the mercantile population of Thessalonica and Corinth received the message of God with greater readiness than the highly educated and polished Athenians. Two letters to the Thessalonians, and two to the Corinthians, remain to attest the flourishing state of those churches. But we pos-

no letter written by St. Paul to the Athenians, and we do not read that he was ever in Athens again. (Vol. i., p. 409.)

The next visit was to the capital of the province, the rich and dissolute Corinth.

The reasons which determined St. Paul to come to Corinth (over and above the discouragement he seems to have met with in Athens) were, probably, twofold. In the first place, it was a large mercantile city, in immediate connection with Rome and the West of the Mediterranean, with Thessalonica and Ephesus in the *Ægean*, and with Antioch and Alexandria in the East. The Gospel once established in Corinth, would rapidly spread everywhere. And, again, from the very nature of the city, the Jews established there were numerous. Communities of scattered Israelites were found in various parts of the province of Achaia—in Athens, as we have recently seen—in Argos, as we learn from Philo—in Boeotia and Eubœa. But their chief settlement must necessarily have been in that city, which not only gave opportunities of trade by land along the Isthmus between the Morea and the continent, but received in its two harbors the ships of the Eastern and Western seas. A religion which was first to be planted in the synagogue, and was thence intended to scatter its seeds over all parts of the earth, could nowhere find a more favorable soil than among the Hebrew families at Corinth. (Ib., p. 410.)

Into the many points of interest which now gather round us, we must forbear to enter at any length. At Corinth, St. Paul wrote his first extant Epistle to his Thessalonian converts. There commenced that invaluable series of letters in which, while every matter relating to the faith is determined once for all with demonstration of the spirit and power, and every circumstance requiring counsel at the time, so handled as to furnish precepts for all time, the whole heart of this wonderful man is poured out and laid open. Sometimes he pleads, and reminds, and conjures in the most earnest strain of fatherly love; sometimes playfully rallies his converts on their vanities and infirmities; sometimes, with deep and bitter irony, concedes that he may refute, and praises where he means to blame. The course of the mountain torrent is not more majestic nor varied. We have the deep, still pool, the often returning eddies, the intervals of calm and steady advance, the plunging and foaming rapids, and the thunder of the headlong cataract. By turns fervid and calm, argumentative and impassioned, he wields familiarly and irresistibly the varied weapons of which Providence had taught him the use. With the Jew he reasons by Scripture citation, with the Gentile by natural analogies; with both, by the testimony of conscience to the justice and holiness of God. Were not the Epistles of Paul among the most eminent of inspired

writings, they would long ago have been ranked as the most wonderful of uninspired.

It is not to be supposed, that we now possess all or nearly all the letters written by the Apostle. If we take into account his fervid and affectionate spirit, and the frequency of communication between the principal cities of the Roman world and along the great roads, we may safely say, that many Epistles of guidance, warning, and encouragement were addressed by him to the numerous churches. Of these he mentions* one to Laodicea, now not extant; and it is necessary, unless we do almost more than commentators' violence to the natural construction of words, to suppose a lost Epistle to have been sent to Corinth. The interesting letter to Philemon was doubtless one of a large class addressed to individuals.

And not only have Epistles been lost, but voyages and visits to churches remain unrecorded. The phenomena of the Epistles to the Corinthians are not satisfied by the history in the Acts. If there be plain meaning in plain words, the visit which he was about to pay them when he sent the Second Epistle, would be the *third*.† But the History informs us of only *one* previously paid. It becomes necessary then to interpolate a voyage to Corinth during the "three years'" stay at Ephesus of Acts xix.; for this is the only admissible time. And this has accordingly been done by almost all modern critics. Mr. Howson devotes some space to an able description of the probability and nature of this visit. We cannot, however, agree with Wieseler in uniting with it the sojourn to Crete implied in the Epistle to Titus, nor in placing that letter itself, or any of the so-called Pastoral Epistles, at this period; seeming to us as they do to bear unquestionable evidence of a much later date.

We pass on to the return from the third visit to Corinth. For many years now had the hostility of his own countrymen pursued the Apostle. Bitter and unrelenting, it met him at every station of his apostolic work. As an omen of this journey, a conspiracy awaits him as he is about to set sail for Syria. But it is defeated by a change of plan. The old route is retraced. The Egnation Way is once more traversed to Philippi. His heart at this time seems to have been unusually full—his words more than ever impassioned and earnest. What outpourings of affection would there be to the Thessalonians, "his glory and

* Col. iv. 16.

† We are well aware of the ingenuity which the *ἄλλοις ἁγίοις ἐκ τῆς ἰδέας* of ch. xii. 14, and the *ἄλλοις τοῖς ἐξομαί* of ch. xiii. 1, have been twisted different ways by commentators to escape this third visit. But we hope an age of biblical exegesis is dawning, when we shall inquire no longer what words may mean, but what they do mean.

his joy," — to the Philippians, "his brethren dearly beloved and longed for, his joy and his crown!" But we are not left to conjecture. We hear of a whole night's discourse at Alexandria Troas. We have the tone of his spirit feelingly struck in the short hint that he sent the ship round Cape Lectum to Assos — "for thus had he arranged, intending himself to go afoot."*

He hastened, therefore, through the southern gate, past the hot springs, and through the oak woods — then in full foliage — which cover all that shore with greenness and shade, and across the wild water-courses on the western side of Ida. Such is the scenery which now surrounds the traveller on his way from Troas to Assos. The great difference then was, that there was a good Roman road, which made St. Paul's solitary journey both more safe and more rapid than it could have been now. We have seldom had occasion to think of the Apostle in the hours of his solitude. But such hours must have been sought and cherished by one whose whole strength was drawn from communion with God, and especially at a time when, as on this present journey, he was deeply conscious of his weakness, and filled with foreboding fears. There may have been other reasons why he lingered at Troas after his companions; but the desire for solitude was doubtless one reason among others. The discomfort of a crowded ship is unfavorable for devotion; and prayer and meditation are necessary for maintaining the religious life even of an Apostle. That Saviour to whose service he was devoted had often prayed in solitude on the mountain, and crossed the brook Kedron to kneel under the olives of Gethsemane. And strength and peace were surely sought and obtained by the Apostle from the Redeemer, as he pursued his lonely road that Sunday afternoon in spring, among the oak woods and the streams of Ida. (*Conybeare and Howson*, vol. ii. p. 214.)

He had a strong presentiment that this would be his last apostolic journey. He had determinedly set his face towards Jerusalem. Like his Master, he had a baptism to be baptized with, and was straitened till it was accomplished. He dared not trust himself at Ephesus, the scene of his former labors and dangers. He might be involved in the one or the other anew, and thus his object be foiled. But the ship tarried a short day or two at Miletus. He sent for the Ephesian elders — he spoke to them his second great discourse — the noblest extant effusion of love, as that at Athens of wisdom.

Then pass rapidly before us the great crises of his course. His apprehension at Jerusalem — his rescue from the conspiracy of the Jews — his detention at Cæsarea — all hastened on the fulfilment of the divine announcement, "As thou hast borne witness at Jerusalem, so thou must bear witness at Rome."

* Acts xx. 13.

We laid great stress at the outset on the importance of his Roman citizenship. It was this which prevented his life falling a sacrifice to the caprice or corruption of the procurators of Judæa. It was this which rescued him from the conspiracies of his fellow-countrymen. It was this again which secured his transmission to the metropolis.

But we may turn aside to remark, in the two apologies delivered by him during this interval, new proofs of exquisite tact and skill. The narrative of his conversion is common to both. The *first* is made before the infuriated Jewish multitude in their native tongue. He probably foresaw that he should hardly be heard to its termination. But, at all events, it was an opportunity for them to hear from his own lips, unvitiated by the misrepresentations of his enemies, the account of the momentous change which befell him. Accordingly, he uses all possible caution in his narration. Every word is carefully chosen. To the Jews he speaks as a Jew. The Christian faith is "this way;" the Jews at Damascus are "the brethren." The hated Name is avoided throughout, — used but once, and that in the speech of another. Ananias is "a devout man, according to the law, having a good report of all the Jews who dwell there;" not a word is breathed about his being "a disciple" (Acts ix. 10). In the *second* apology, all the circumstances are changed. He is speaking under the safeguard of his civil privileges, before the Roman procurator, the Jewish king, and an assemblage of the high officers of both. The detail, so useful in the other case, but likely to be wearisome here, is altogether dropped. Ananias does not appear. The "heavenly vision" is represented as embracing the whole command given in fact through Ananias, and all the weight is laid on the paramount duty of yielding obedience to it. Thus we have two distinct treatments of the same occurrence, both strictly within the limits of truth, both admitting of illustration and justification by the ordinary methods of speaking among men, adapted with exquisite skill to the different trying circumstances under which the orator was placed.

We come now to that voyage to Italy, so full of incident and adventure, so rich in materials for the research of the geographer, the sailor, and let us add, the psychologist. The duties of the two former have been admirably fulfilled by an English gentleman, whose work concludes the list at the head of our article. After the labors of Mr. Smith, there can be no doubt left on any reasonable mind as to the direction of the Apostle's course, or the accurate trustworthiness of the history. The idea that St. Paul was shipwrecked not on Malta, but on Melita or

Meleda, high up in the gulf of Venice, was preposterous enough at any time, when compared with the requirements of the narrative; but has now, by an abundance of circumstantial evidence of the plainest and most satisfactory kind, been fairly scouted out of the field. We cannot follow Mr. Smith through the various interesting steps of the identification of the scene of the shipwreck with St. Paul's Bay at Malta, but recommend our readers to study them in the book itself, believing that they will find them, as we have done, irrefragable. Mr. Smith has also done excellent service by bringing his naval experience and reading to bear on the various nautical incidents recorded. He has shown that the course adopted under each trying circumstance was precisely that which good seamanship dictated; that the very shiftings and characteristics of the wind were such as are well known to and expected by sailors in the Levant at that time of the year. He has elicited some curious results respecting the character of St. Luke's naval knowledge; showing that he was not a sailor, but a landsman well accustomed to the sea. This point he illustrates by the journals of others similarly situated, and by comparison with the Evangelist's own account of the storm in the Lake of Gennesaret. The book is full of solid proof and valuable suggestion; and we may safely say, that a more valuable original contribution to biblical knowledge has not been made by any countryman of ours during the present century.

But *psychologically* this voyage is hardly less interesting. The influence acquired by a prisoner in chains over the motley assemblage congregated in the huge Alexandrian corn-ship, would of itself testify to his being no ordinary character. But when we combine this with our previous knowledge of the man and his mission, we hardly could have testimony more satisfactory to the consistency of a truthful narrative than this, that one so described antecedently should have so done and spoken and influenced those about him. The following beautiful description is from Schrader, whose unworthy rationalism here completely disappears, and gives place to an enthusiasm far more genial to him:—

Amidst the many dangers which Paul, well-accustomed to perils by sea, had clearly foreseen, he was the adviser, he was the comforter of all; like a genius from a higher world, he stood among the men of this earth, carried onward by the persuasion that he should proclaim the Gospel in this world's metropolis, and before its rulers; that he should gain for it a new and noble victory; that in chains and weakness, not in freedom and strength, he was to work its work. So lofty was his purpose, so visibly was his God pleased to glorify Himself in him through his captivity, that at midnight it was bright day

about him; the angels of God hovered round; waking and sleeping, in thoughts and dreams, they whispered consolation; they pronounced his purpose so blessed, so knit into the divine counsel, that God would, in its pursuance, defend both himself and all that were with him in the ship (Vol. ii., p. 363, f.).

We have now brought the great Apostle to Rome. And here the shades of evening close over him, and the apostolic history withdraws its guidance. We only know that for two years he continued in custody, but in his own lodging, privately preaching the Gospel. We cannot doubt that some of his Epistles date from this imprisonment. Hence he wrote to the Colossians, to the Ephesians (for we still believe, notwithstanding the arguments of Conybeare and Howson, and so many able critics, that it was veritably addressed to *them*), to Philemon, and the affecting letter to the Philippians; the latter in the apparent prospect of death. The evidence supplied by each of these has been well collected and applied by many able writers, and seems unobjectionable and convincing.

From this time the shade becomes deeper and more impenetrable. We have yet remaining (to say nothing of the much-questioned Epistle to the Hebrews) three letters, two to Timotheus and one to Titus, commonly known as the Pastoral Epistles. These, in style and diction, are so completely distinct from the others, that while they bear indubitable marks of the mind and hand of Paul, we must refuse to insert them anywhere in the existing series, but regard them as subsequent, and in a later manner. If this were once established, the important question of a *second imprisonment* would be also decided: for journeys are spoken of, and events alluded to, which make it impossible that two of them should have been written in captivity. We cannot pretend here to follow out this matter; we will only cursorily notice two points connected with the question:—

1. The statement in 2 Tim. iv. 20, "Trophimus have I left at Miletus sick," has never received any satisfactory explanation on the hypothesis of *one* imprisonment. Those who wish to see to what shifts the advocates of that theory are reduced by those words may refer to Schaff's *Kirchengeschichte*, p. 273 b, or Davidson's useful introduction to the N. T. vol. iii. p. 53.

2. There is between the remarkable doxology at the end of the Epistle to the Romans, and the Pastoral Epistles, a curious affinity in style and diction. Might it not well have been that the apostle, reviewing his Epistle in later days at Rome, subjoined this fervid ascription of praise (for the Epistle was manifestly complete without it)—and so may it not be synchronous with the Pastoral Epistles?

Of the death of St. Paul, we know next to nothing. All that tradition tells us, is no more than might be inferred from his own notices, and therefore probable; but, on this very account, of little independent weight. Gathering the evidence for ourselves, we may safely assume that he died by martyrdom, and possibly at Rome.

However this may have been, we know that he regarded his course as FINISHED. The end for which he was raised up had been answered. A man had been found, who, by birth, by training, by privilege, by character, united in himself the many requirements for an Apostle of the nations. By this man's living word, the principal churches in the world were founded. By his written testimony, the principal disputes of Christendom were anticipated. To this army went Augustine; to this, Luther. From this, future champions of God's truth and man's right may yet equip themselves.

We regard it as a sign for good, that just now attention should be directed to the biography and character of St. Paul. No study could prove so effectual an antidote to the assumptions of hierarchical pretension; — none will afford a more grateful relief from the tinsel of that frippery Christianity which is now so ostentatiously imported among us. He is above all others the Apostle of individual religion; of those things which are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report. His course was a life-long and single-hearted striving after one glorious purpose with no side-aims nor reservation.

The more such a character is known and appreciated, the better Protestants shall we be, and the better Christians.

J. G. WHITTIER has just issued a new volume of Poems, called "The Chapel of the Hermits and other Poems." From the prelude we take the following lines:—

"I do believe, and yet in grief,
I pray, for help to unbelief;
For needful strength aside to lay
The daily cumberings of my way.

"I'm sick at heart of craft and cant,
Sick of the crazed enthusiasts' rant,
Profession's smooth hypocrisies,
And creeds of iron, and lives of ease.

"I ponder o'er the sacred Word,
I read the record of our Lord;
And, weak and troubled, envy them
Who touched His seamless garment's hem;—

"Who saw the tears of love He wept
Above the grave where Lazarus slept;
And heard, amidst the shadows dim
Of Olivet, His evening hymn.

"How blessed the swineherd's low estate,
The beggar crouching at the gate,
The leper, loathly and abhorred,
Whose eyes of flesh beheld the Lord!

"O sacred soil His sandals pressed!
Sweet fountains of His noonday rest!
O, light and air of Palestine,
Impreguate with His life divine!

"O, bear me thither! Let me look
On Siloa's pool, and Kedron's brook—
Kneel at Gethsemane, and by
Gennesaret walk, before I die!

"Methinks this cold and northern night
Would melt before that Orient light;
And, wet by Hermon's dew and rain,
My childhood's faith revive again!"

So spake my friend, one autumn day,
Where the still river slid away
Beneath us, and above the brown
Red curtains of the woods shut down.

Then said I;—for I could not brook
The mute appealing of his look—

"I, too, am weak, and faith is small,
And blindness happeneth unto all.

"Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

"That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad—
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

"Thou weariest of thy present state;
What gain to thee time's holiest aid?
The doubter now perchance had been
As High Priest or as Pilate then!

"What thought Chorazin's scribes? What faith
In Him had Nain and Nazareth?
Of the few followers whom he led,
One sold Him—all forsook and fled.

"O, Friend! we need nor rock nor sand,
Nor storied stream of Morning-Land;
The heavens are glassed in Merrimack—
What more could Jordan render back?

"We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here;
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

"For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;—
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep-set in battle graves!

"Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

"That song of Love, now low and far—
Ere long shall swell from star to star—
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse!"

From Hogg's Instructor.

SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER LYTTON,
BART.

"NOWHERE is painting, by pen or pencil, so inadequate as in delineating spiritual nature. The pyramid can be measured in geometric feet, and the draughtsman represents it with all its environment, on canvas, accurately to the eye; nay, Mont Blanc is embossed in colored stucco, and we have his very type and miniature fac-simile in our museums. But for great men, let him who would know such pray that he may see them daily face to face; for, in the dim distance, and by the eye of imagination, our vision, do what we may, will be too imperfect." These are the words of him who is *facile princeps* among the biographic essayists of the day; they are used by him as he commences to convey to his speaking canvas the lines and features of Schiller's intellectual countenance. Of Schiller, he knew very much more than could be gathered from his artistic productions; he had perused his letters, he knew each event of his history, he could tell how he had comported himself in each remarkable occurrence of his life. And yet he says, and says most truly, that more than all this was necessary; and his words apply to men who cannot be distinctively called great. But how are the difficulties of the task of the mental portrait-painter increased, if the private history of the man whom he portrays is almost entirely unknown to him; if he has to draw every tint, not from the living face of nature and life, but as seen through the multiform and changing media of published works! To produce a likeness of the man, of which he can say with unfaltering confidence that it is true, is well-nigh impossible. It is so mainly for two reasons; because, in the first place, the artist should not confound himself with his creations, and because, secondly, the sentiments of the lip and pen may be very different from those which find embodiment in the action and the life.

You can discover from the works of an artist what are his powers, but precisely in proportion to his perfection as an artist will he conceal what are his feelings, what he himself is. Shakspeare, as all critics have remarked, bodies forth every creation with the definite individuality of life; you cannot say Shakspeare speaks more in the mystic contemplation of Hamlet than in the gross actualism of the gravedigger, in the kingly tones of Othello than in the intense, lynx-eyed baseness of Iago, in the ethereal music of Ariel than in the tuneless groanings of Caliban; in each instance, there is the self-originated utterance of distinct existence. In the case of Goethe the same holds true, though, certainly, less completely. In Milton, despite what has

been said of his self-consciousness, we must recognize the same crowning merit. In inferior artists, again, this power of individual creation becomes weaker; in Schiller, in Byron, and even in Shelley, subjective elements forever mingle with, and render imperfect, the creations of art. In all cases, the truer the artist, the more difficult is it, in his productions, to discern the reflection of the man.

It is too true, on the other hand, that the utterance of the artist may by no means consist with the actions of the man; and even where traces of self-portraiture are manifest, we cannot be assured that they will not deceive us. The end of man, as we have known for one or two millenniums, is an action, not a thought; and in this truth is involved the following—that the test of manhood is action, and not thought, or at least ostensible thought. Were the history of Coleridge utterly unknown, at what strange conclusions respecting his personal character would we probably arrive! To mention but one of his poems and one trait of character, let us imagine ourselves forming our idea of his energy from the "Religious Musings." What clearness, we would say, what fiery earnestness, what strength as of a world-volcano heaving mountains at the stars! Nor would the study of the "Friend" materially affect our decision; and we would probably arrive at the ultimate conclusion, that the man Coleridge had been certainly of a lofty, contemplative mind, but that his high ideal soul had rolled majestically along on the wheels of action. And yet, who can for a moment forget that the writer of "Religious Musings" furnishes in his own person the most melancholy instance upon record of the separation between action and thought! The subject of our present notice here comes to help us out of our difficulty, or rather to assist us in convincing the reader that it is a great difficulty of which we speak. "If it were necessary," says Sir Edward, "that practice squared with precept. . . our monitors would be few. . . Our opinions, young Englishmen, are the angel part of us; our actions the earthly." Yet it is only the angel part that we generally find in the works of an author, and, if he is a perfect artist, we shall get not even this, but merely the objective creations of art, over which, save in imparting to them life, the artist has strictly no power. In writing of our hero, we should always like to consult his valet.

Moved by these and like considerations, we do not feel ourselves entitled to pronounce an authoritative decision, which would embrace his whole character, respecting the distinguished man whose portrait we on this occasion present to our readers. We do not know enough of Sir Edward to speak of him as a man; we address ourselves to consider him.

as a writer. And surely here the task which presents itself to our view is of a difficult nature. To specify the works of Sir Edward would fill a paragraph; to give the most cursory view of each to our readers, would fill half a number; to consider each fully in its artistic perfection, its relation to the author's mind, and its bearing upon the age, would fill a large and tensely written volume. It is evident that selection must be made, and that minute delineations cannot be attempted; but even on such conditions we feel that the work of compression will be difficult. Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, in his aspect of literary man, comes before us in four different characters at the very least; as novelist, as poet, as historian, and as public teacher. To these we might add the characters of translator, political writer and dramatist; but we prefer embracing these under one or other of the titles above specified. We shall conduct our brief survey in the order we have adopted above; and first, of Sir Edward as novelist.

The vast prevalence of the fictitious style of composition in the present day cannot fail to strike the most casual observer. It is a sign, and an important sign, of the times. Much were to be said upon the subject, did space permit, but we are compelled to condense our remarks into the smallest possible compass. Sir Edward himself has cast his eye upon the phenomenon, and favored us with deliverance thereon. "Literature," he says in a note to his "Athens"—"literature commences with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world—it will be so with England and France. The harvest of novels is, I fear, a sign of the approaching exhaustion of the soul." This is certainly an opinion which by no means flatters that department of literature which the speaker has so brilliantly adorned; but we fear it contains much of truth. When men, like overgrown children, cry out for amusement, and when authors, responding to the cry, all rush forward with their wares, careless in great part of artistic merit, and adopting as their motto the words, "who peppers the highest is surest to please," the prospects of literature may be considered dark. Why gird on the armor of the legionary, when the light arms are as effective; why earnestly gaze on the face of nature for the revelation of the beautiful, or dig sedulously in the mines of thought for the true, if tinsel passes well enough with the "general reader" for the one, and pointless commonplace, or cloudy sentimentality, or mere bluster, for the other? And is not this too much the case among us at present? Towards novel-writing there is a tremendous attraction at present for every entrant into the ranks of literature; if the gold of heaven gleams elsewhere, here, at least, is the gold of earth.

Deterioration in quality must accompany excessive increase in quantity; public taste may thus come to be fatally tainted; and so the result apprehended by Sir Edward seems too likely to ensue. But we would cling to a better hope. We think a task devolves upon criticism, and a very important one; we believe that an enlightened, uncompromising, and impartial criticism might do much. Surely, if criticism were well awake, certain gross deviations from anything like artistic correctness would not be suffered to continue; and most gross are the absurdities and artistic blunders committed in this very department of novel-writing. We believe the novel to be a form of composition admitting the exercise of the highest genius, adapted to convey most powerfully the noblest instruction, and peculiarly suited to embrace statements or solutions of the great problems of humanity. We cannot, we regret to say, enter at any length upon the subject here. Suffice it to say, that the novel, at least as strictly as any other form of composition, must be *true*. The garb is simply nothing; it may be of gold, or it may be of iron, but the truth it contains is the matter of importance. In what sense, then, must a novel be true, since its plot is known to be a mere form of delivery? It must be true to nature. To say it may be ideal and above nature, is to fall into an error in critical analysis; the ideal is as much natural as the actual; it belongs to the domain of spiritual nature, which is surely as real as physical nature. But the formula "true to nature" may seem vague, and must be more accurately defined. The province of the novel, in its widest expression, is life; life in every aspect, under every condition of circumstance; life as bounded by the laws of the actual world we live in, or life under the conditions of a perfect humanity and a perfect social system. As its province is life, so the actors in the novel are drawn from life in all its aspects; hence the ultimate work of the novelist is to portray character. Here, again, we must guard against error from a misconception of the ideal. Character may be true to nature, though it has no actual present existence on the earth; but it must ever be true to the conditions of humanity. The nature with which the ideal concerns, and connects itself, is a nobler nature than the actual; if we consider well, we will find that the actual is, in a true and important sense, less natural than the ideal; for the ideal is always some bodying forth of that first and noble nature from which humanity has fallen, and to which, beyond the portals of time, it shall yet attain. To portray the ideal is the highest possible effort of the novelist; as indeed it is of the epic poet and dramatist.

But this is a province which has hardly been

trodden, and, we suspect, not trodden very successfully. Bulwer has made a noble attempt, and at least indicated the path. In general, however, we must be content with life in its actual forms; nay, so far from absolute perfection are we, that it affords us extreme delight when we meet with anything like a true delineation of actual existence. To specify and illustrate the errors to which novelists are exposed in depicting actual life, would exhaust our space. The principal may be classified under, or inferred from, the following categories:—1st. The conversion of man into mere embodiments of certain passions; the representation of life as one wild hurly-burly of passionate excitement, without making allowance for the continual drizzling rain of custom, which so cools the heated brain, and dims the fiery eye, in every-day existence; 2d. The failure in what we must call the right depicting of silence; oblivion to the sure fact, that men, when they feel most deeply, speak least, and, indeed, if men of action, are not much given to embody their thoughts, and much less their feelings, in words at all; 3d. The grouping, as characters of fiction, of mere oafs and human oddities, which are sometimes, unhappily, met with separately, but never in great abundance or connection, in the actual world; 4th. The imputation to the characters portrayed of an intellectual nature solely, and not only a superiority to, but an absence of, passion.

We shall glance at five of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's novels, as indicative at once of his powers, of their development, and of their result. These five we may name are commencing our survey: "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," "Rienzi," "Zanoni," "The Caxtons."

"Pelham" was the first work in which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton fairly caught the ear of the world. It was begun, he informs us, at the age of eighteen; it was published in 1823. It might be pronounced a clever, promising book, shallow in itself, but what might be called profound in the circumstances. It appears, certainly, incorrect to style it the sympathetic portrait of a dandy; the satire with which it abounds is surely sufficiently palpable. Yet "the gentleman" is not here drawn, so to speak, in his deepest nature; Bulwer himself, we make bold to aver, will now furnish us with a definition of that character far truer than could have been penned by Pelham. In "Pelham" we have a delineation, which may be allowed to pass muster, of the external layer of the gentleman; we have a correct enough exhibition of those laws which draw their authority from those strange entities, fashion and etiquette, and of the exterior wrappings in which, as in a uniform, he who would be pronounced by them a gentleman must array himself. He, who has the calamity to be thus esteemed by

these sickly but malignant phantoms, must be "an honorable man"—that is, being interpreted, must be ready, at a moment's notice, to blow into air that which occupies the place where brain should be, in the cranium of an adversary, or to have his own hat-supporting apparatus similarly shattered; he must, with heroic martyr spirit, endure to have his body compressed, or distended, or distorted, as the cross-legged hierophant, fashion's high-priest, ordains; he must have a shrinking terror at the vulgar, and must never fall into the gross error of imagining, that one can deserve honor as a man, if he is not also entitled to honor as a man of fashion. That Pelham laughed at much of this, is true; but that Pelham would have stretched out his hand to Robert Burns, joined with him in pealing forth "A man's a man for a' that," and recognized him for a true-born gentleman, is beyond our faith. That Bulwer's heart would leap as his hand touched that of such a man as Burns at the present day, we well know.

"Pelham," then, was the portraiture of a man of the world—a dandy of superior species, but yet pretty clearly distinguishable from the species, man. In other respects the book possessed many claims to attention. It has not a few powerful passages. The conception of Gertrude, telling her sorrows, just before death, by the light of the silent and beautiful moon, to him who loved her unutterably, is very fine; and the picture of Tyrrel's death-scene, though it has perhaps a barely perceptible touch of the theatrical sublimity, is vivid, and artistically finished. A literary diviner, on reading "Pelham," might have said, that man will go far, he will soon shake off the dandiacal rings and tippets, and move men, for he has been in the sibyllis cave of passion, and can paint what he saw there.

Bulwer's powers had ripened considerably by practice and experience, ere he wrote "Eugene Aram." "It saw the light in 1831." We demur somewhat to the estimate of this fiction by an influential writer of the day. "Eugene Aram," says Mr. Gilfillan, "seems to us as lamentable a perversion of talent as the literature of the age has exhibited. . . . The morality, too, of the tale, seems to us detestable. The feelings with which you rise from its perusal, or, at least, with which the author seems to wish you to rise, are of regret and indignation, that, for the sin of an hour, such a noble being should perish, as if he would insinuate the wisdom of quarrel (how vain!) with the laws of retribution." Now we wish it to be distinctly understood, that we do not here join issue in any assertion which cannot be made and proven, to the effect that Bulwer has wandered from psychological truth; but we must assert, both, that the charge against the morality is either null

or far too strongly put, and that the true test of the psychological correctness of Bulwer's delineation, is, in some respects, different from that which is applied above. It seems to us to be the aim of the novelist to delineate those strange influences, and their effects, which so often and so strangely chequer the wondrous web of life; to show how a mind of radically noble temper may be lured into sin, by Satan cunningly arrayed in the seraphic garb, and wearing the seraphic smile; how the golden atmosphere of noble youthful enthusiasm may, in this strange world of ours, cast heavenly hues over the fiendly visage of crime. That such cases do occur, is surely undeniable; and if such cases there are, or if, in consistence with psychological truth, they are conceivable, we can see no argument which can be forcibly urged against their use. As to the morality, we think it admits a strong defence. Sir Edward himself says — "No moral can be more impressive than that which teaches how man can entangle himself in his own sophisms — that moral is better, viewed aright, than volumes of homilies." Surely this is more than plausible. We venture distinctly to state the moral bearing of the work in these two propositions: — "1st. It points out, with terrific emphasis, the fatal error of listening to the faintest suggestions of sin, to the most plausible side-speeches of crime. Burns counselled well when he advised his young friend to pause on the instant that his honor (let us say conscience) warned him, 'debarring a' side pretences;' Bulwer has embodied the lesson magnificently. 2d. It exhibits with like power the inevitable retribution that awaits crime; it points to the inflexible Fury tracking the blood-stained; it shows chance, and concealment; and hopes, and all, crushed in the resistless jaws of law. This is made the more striking by the allegation of the fact, that Eugene did actually not strike the death-blow; participation in the crime was fatal. Surely we must not expect a novelist to turn aside to state in terms what his tale imports — it is in the events of the plot, in the fate of the characters, that he is expected to teach. The whole tale of "Eugene Aram," as told by Bulwer, is a magnificent assertion of the majesty and the power of justice.

We have said, we do not mean to inquire into the psychological correctness of Bulwer's portraiture of Eugene Aram; we do not assert its correspondence with the actual Aram, but would only indicate generally the nature of the test proper to be applied. The writer of fiction is, by the form of composition he has adopted, released from the bondage of those rules which govern certain other departments of literary production; he is not bound, for instance, as the historian, to the precise narration of what did in any

historical epoch or event actually happen. His range is far wider; he may never depart from nature, but he may work his will with circumstances; he may step to the farthest bounds of the possible; he may shape the conditions of his problems as he will, provided that he always works them out correctly. We are disposed to think, that a very considerable approximation to correctness has been made; but we deny not, that strong objections may be taken; that especially Bulwer might be pressed by the question, Is it possible for a household devil, in the shape of the consciousness of being a murderer, to dwell in a man's bosom, without tainting the whole atmosphere? 'Would it not, with its green malignant eye, wither every noble aspiration? Would it not forever close the heart against the entrance of heaven-born love, and open it only to earth-born or hell-born lust? Would it not weaken purpose, or convert it into stubbornness? Could the same bosom be the dwelling of one great sin, one all-pervading hypocrisy, and also of virtue? There is one circumstance among the data of the problem, which, whether Sir Edward attached such importance to it or not, actually renders his solution either correct, or so nearly so, that it were hypercritical to arraign him. Eugene Aram, according to Bulwer, *did not strike the blow which occasioned death*; and we can well imagine this circumstance constituting, in his own eyes, a valid base on which to rear his self-defence, his vindication to his own breast. We conclude the whole matter thus: Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in the novel of "Eugene Aram," has, with very great ability, performed the task which he appointed himself; a profound mental and moral analysis will detect imperfection in his character of Aram; but the whole book resistlessly preaches the madness of dalliance with crime, and the utter inability of mortal man to escape the scrutiny and vengeance of the Infinite Eye; while, as seems clear to us, the sympathy demanded from the reader is not intended for, and can scarce be conceivably accorded to, the crime, or excite a murmur against the iron majesty of justice.

Considered generally, "Eugene Aram" indicated a great improvement in the author's powers. The style is more continuous, more sustained, and riper, than in "Pelham;" the painting is far richer and mellow, the colors are more artistically blended, the knowledge is deeper and wider. The love of Madeline is such as might inhabit where the emotions of an angel were joined with the intellect of a woman; so true, so pure, so lofty; Faith and Love ever at the door of the heart to turn away the cold suggestions of doubting Reason. The effect of Eugene's speech at the trial, upon Madeline, as contrasted with that

upon old Lester and the judge — the calm, beautiful, satisfied smile which lit up her wan features — is a golden letter from the very handwriting of nature.

But we must hurry on. Of "Rienzi," published some five or six years after "Eugene Aram," we shall not say much. It is a novel of passion; we miss the simplicity of life; amid the tumultuous emotions and gorgeous scenes, we can scarce believe that we are treading the solid old earth. Its style is one of sustained brilliancy; now it is melted and shaded into soft, delicate beauty, now it rises into startling grandeur — it never subsides into commonplace or dulness. Here, we think, Bulwer's portraiture of love, in which he has perhaps no living equal, attains its consummate flower. We scarce know to which of his delineations of this passion, in the novel before us, to accord the palm; to the weak, womanly Adeline, who is strong only in love, who is strong enough to die beautifully, but not to live well; to the complete, ineradicable devotion of Irene, so mild, but so all-subduing, so spontaneous, so self-sacrificing; or to the proud love of Nina, gazing in haughty self-reliance and self-satisfaction on all the world beside, but losing all pride for self as she gazes on one who has given her a being nobler than self. Adeline is the soft, flower-like woman, waving beautifully in the summer gale of gladness, but withering in the winter blast; Irene is the human angel, of whom poets have so long sung; Nina is the queen, worthy to reign with and to die for, her husband-king. Bulwer has surpassed himself in these portraits. Rienzi himself is a stately, noble creation; he endeavors to tread the surges, and is engulfed. We cannot stay to analyze his character. We could quote passage upon passage from this magnificent fiction, and for each passage the reader would thank us, but space forbids. We might quote the description of the plague, and the contrasted though ghastly beauties of the garden whither the half-insane youths and maidens had retired; or we might quote the description of the final scene of terror and woe. These would show Bulwer's power as a painter of the terrific; but we think the mildly beautiful is fully as much his province, and prefer giving two short passages, not as specimens of his power, so much as glances into the gorgeous scenes described. Neither the one nor the other requires comment; we only say of the first, that the scene is Italy: — "The last rays of the sun quivered on the wave that danced musically over its stony bed; and, amidst a little copse on the opposite bank, broke the brief and momentary song of such of the bolder habitants of that purple air, as the din of the camp had not scared from their green retreat. The clouds

lay motionless to the west, in that sky so darkly and intensely blue, never seen but over the landscapes that a Claude or a Rosa loved to paint; and dim and delicious rose-hues gathered over the gray peaks of the distant Apennines. From afar floated the hum of the camp, broken by the neigh of returning steeds, the blast of an occasional bugle, and, at regular intervals, by the armed tramp of the neighboring sentry. And, opposite to the end of the copse, upon a rising ground, matted with reeds, moss, and waving shrubs, were the ruins of some old Etruscan building, whose name had perished, whose very uses were unknown." Better still are the following superb pair of portraits: — "Flowers dropped on his path, kerchiefs and banners waved from every house; tears might be seen coursing, unheeded, down bearded cheeks; youth and age were kneeling together, with uplifted hands, invoking blessings on the head of the restored. On he came, the Senator-Tribune — '*the Phoenix to his pyre!*'"

"Robed in scarlet, that literally blazed with gold, his proud head bared in the sun, and bending to the saddle-bow, Rienzi passed slowly through the throng. Not in the flush of that hour were visible, on his glorious countenance, the signs of disease and care, the very enlargement of his proportions gave a greater majesty to his mien. Hope sparkled in his eye, triumph and empire sat upon his brow. The crowd could not contain themselves; they pressed forward, each upon each, anxious to catch the glance of his eye, to touch the hem of his robe. He himself was deeply affected by their joy. He halted; with faltering and broken words, he attempted to address them. 'I am repaid,' he said — 'repaid for all; may I live to make you happy.' . . . Upon a steed, caparisoned with cloth of gold, in snow-white robes, studded with gems that flashed back the day, came the beautiful and regal Nina. The memory of her pride, her ostentation, all forgotten in that moment, she was scarce less welcome, scarce less idolized, than her lord. And her smile, all radiant with joy, her lips quivering with proud and elate emotion, never had she seemed at once so born alike for love and for command — a Zenobia passing through the pomp of Rome, not a captive, but a queen."

We shall make but one other quotation from "Rienzi;" it is one of those brief utterances which occasionally leap, attired in perfect poetic beauty, from the brain of Bulwer: "God never made genius to be envied! We envy not the sun, but rather the valleys that ripen beneath his beams."

"Zanoni" appeared in 1842; we think it unquestionably Bulwer's highest effort. In it the novelist fearlessly enters those lofty

regions where the poet and the prophet alone can steadily tread; he attempts the delineation of the ideal; by the keen light of the soul, he daringly endeavors to penetrate the clouds and earthly mists which encompass humanity, and, dashing them aside by the mighty hand of genius, to reveal to men what a man may conceivably be. He oversteps the bounds of the actual, and endeavors to give us a glimpse of that higher natural, which we call the ideal.

We feel ourselves here most irksomely restrained by the limits of our paper, so many and so important questions present themselves to our consideration in treating of "Zanoni." We shall abstain from general commendation, and endeavor, compressing our thoughts as in a vice, first, to convey to our readers the general philosophic point or import of the book; and, secondly, to indicate, in a few remarks, the relation of such a work, and of the ideal in general, to Christianity. We commence with a few quotations; we open a few windows, through which we may see into the whole temple.

"Wisdom, contemplating mankind, leads but to the two results—compassion or disdain. He who believes in other worlds can accustom himself to look on this as a naturalist on the revolutions of an ant-hill or of a leaf. What is the earth to Infinity—what its duration to the Eternal? Oh, how much greater is the soul of one man than the vicissitudes of the whole globe! Child of heaven, and heir of immortality, how from some star hereafter wilt thou look back on the ant-hill and its commotions, from Clovis, to Robespierre, from Noah to the Final Fire! The spirit that can contemplate, that lives only in the intellect, can ascend to its star, even from the midst of the burial-ground called Earth, and while the sarcophagus called Life immures in its clay the Everlasting!"

... "At the entrance to all the grander worlds dwell the race that intimidate and awe. Who in the daily world ever left the old regions of custom and prescription, and felt not the first seizure of the shapeless and nameless Fear?" ... "Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone, that shut out the eye of heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and fro—PRAYER." ... "When Science falls as a firework from the sky it would invade, when Genius withers as a flower in the breath of the icy charnel, the hope of a childlike soul wraps the air in light, and the innocence of unquestioning belief covers the grave with blossoms." ... "Oh, artist! haunted one! Oh, erring Genius! Behold thy two worst foes—the False Ideal that knows no God, and the False

Love that burns from the corruption of the senses, and takes no lustre from the soul."

If these passages are well pondered, they will, we think, convey to the reader a correct and pretty comprehensive idea of the nature of the work from which they are selected; we need scarce pause to remark, that very much of it has come over from the fatherland. Our first quotation indicates the general tone of the book; its superiority to mere temporal, actual, earthly things. The second, a very important passage, points out the place which fear occupies in the machinery of the work, and utters grandly the grand fact, that, as a preliminary to all nobility and excellence, the soul must be courageous. The third and fourth proclaim the all-importance of faith, of belief, as contra-distinguished from logical inference and understanding. The fifth may be considered as the general summing up of the purport of the book, the assertion of the necessity to a true intellectual ideal of the belief in a God, and the necessity to a true emotional ideal of the purification of the soul from all sensual desire.

The whole atmosphere of "Zanoni" is pure and ennobling; it promulgates certain great and perennial truths; we can scarcely conceive any one arising from its perusal without being raised to a region of lofty and yet healthful sentiment. We do not say that its analysis is always so penetrating as to cut to the very truth; we suspect an incorrect conclusion, running through all our modern criticism, in the difference asserted between faith, and intellectual, or, if it must be said, logical belief; we think, also, that the distinction between science and art, between the ideal and the natural, is inaccurately defined. But the book is a noble one.

Of the relation of the ideal to Christianity we can say but a word or two. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton errs always, and errs radically, when he speaks of Schiller's ideal, or any other ideal, of Schiller's ethical system or any other ethical system, as Christian, or as agreeing with Christianity in essence. The highest possible approach, which human intellect can make to Christianity is to develop its ethics. If conscience, aided by intellect and knowledge, can do this, it is its utmost: but Christianity is distinguished forever from all such systems. It is a power, not a system; creates not a certain set of opinions, but a life. In Christianity a directly supernatural power is brought to bear on the whole nature of man; and to him who declares himself a Christian we put this one testing question: "Do you believe in that change which is called the second birth—do you believe in the direct action of the Deity on the human mind in conversion?" The most perfect ethical system, the most diligent practice of correct

ethical rules, will never change man's heart, or make him holy there. The lever may be sound; but, to move mankind, it must find some fulcrum beyond the earth on which to turn. An ethical system may be a lever—Christianity alone is a lever in the hand of the mighty God. Besides all this, we cannot see the fairness of the assertion that certain systems purely human are Christian, when "the Deity" is all that we have for the triune Christian God. We can grant no man the Christian name, who is not Christian in some sense which would not apply to Socrates. But, however Bulwer may err in other places in talking of Christianity, we cannot bring the charge against "Zanoni;" or, if we did, it would be rather by inference than by direct evidence. If Christianity is taken as true, then every part of the work before us is in admirable place, as an unfolding of certain portions—perhaps the most important portions—of its ethics; and this supposition we think ourselves justified in making in Bulwer's favor. If the ideal in "Zanoni" is revealed as a system which can renovate the world, it is powerless—it is dead.

The style in which "Zanoni" is written is very much adorned. We could imagine Sir Edward having Richter in eye as he composed it; though, even in translation, we can recognize a deeper and softer mellowness of coloring, a more profound poetic love for nature, and a richer ideality in Richter than in Bulwer. The passages we have quoted may remind readers of the schrech verses in "Walt and Vult;" and we must still quote one passage, which we pronounce gorgeous, and which, we think, would not have dishonored Richter. It is part of a description of Mount Vesuvius; "The little party had now arrived nearly at the summit of the mountain, and unspeakably grand was the spectacle on which they gazed. From the crater arose a vapor, intensely dark, that overspread the whole background of the heavens; in the centre whereof rose a flame, that assumed a form singularly beautiful. It might have been compared to a crest of gigantic feathers, the diadem of the mountain, high-arched, and drooping downward, with the hues delicately shaded off, and the whole shifting and tremulous as the plumage on a warrior's helm." It would be difficult to find half-a-dozen finer figures than this in the literature of the century.

If "Zanoni" is Bulwer's highest effort as a novelist, and contains the noblest passages he has ever penned, "The Caxtons—a Family Picture," we would pronounce, as a whole, his most perfect work. In "Pelham," he had held the mirror up to nature in one of her most fantastic products—the dandy; grant that he laughed considerably at the picture, yet that code of morality which is essentially different from the dandiacal was not unfolded;

in "Eugene Aram," he had ventured into a dangerous region, and represented life under abnormal conditions; in "Rienzi" he had painted passion with all the fiery colors which belong to it, but we scarce saw the firm ground of life under its burning feet; in "Zanoni," the delineation of the ideal was boldly, and with singular success, attempted; in "The Caxtons," the face of the true gentleman is at length unveiled, the atmosphere is healthy, the action of passion is shown, but it is assigned its own, and only its own, place; the ideal is restricted to the realizable, and the picture is—life.

No dandy could have said this: "*De-fine-gentlemanise* yourself from the crown of your head to the sole of your foot, and become the greater aristocrat for so doing; for he is more than an aristocrat, he is a king, who suffices in all things for himself—who is his own master, because he needs no *valetaille*." The man who wrote the following had looked upon life with a calmer eye than that of passion: "My father's reply to this letter was what might be expected. It gently reinforced the old lessons in the distinctions between aspirations towards the perfecting ourselves—aspirations that are never in vain—and the morbid passion of applause from others, which shifts conscience from our own bosoms to the confused Babel of the crowd, and calls it 'fame.' But my father, in his counsels, did not seek to oppose a mind so obstinately bent upon a single course—he sought rather to guide and strengthen it in the way it should go. The seas of human life are wide. Wisdom may suggest the voyage, but it must first look to the condition of the ship, and the nature of the merchandise to exchange. Not every vessel that sails from Tarshish can bring back the gold of Ophir; but shall it, therefore, rot in the harbor? No; give its sails to the wind!"

The characters, too, of this masterly fiction are singularly true. In drawing Mrs. Caxton, it would seem that the writer had studiously rejected every fictitious grace, had flung aside every tint which might be borrowed from passion, and determined, be the portrait what it might, that it would be to the life. The result has been that Mrs. Caxton is scarce so much a fictitious as a historic personage; she is the gentleman's wife of the nineteenth century; she is the exact representative of thousands. A greater intellectual power might have been imputed with perfect truth, but even this aid the novelist scorned; and he has succeeded in producing one of the most perfect and truly lovable characters in the whole range of fiction. Uncle Jack is most cleverly sketched, and almost every line is from nature. Austin and Roland are both true to the time and to nature. Love, too, as it generally exists in the nineteenth century,

is admirably portrayed; in the present time, in one case out of a hundred, it may be the natural, spontaneous, noble growth of the soul; while, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, it is the fruit of calculation or policy; in other words, in rare instances it deserves the name—in the vast majority of matches there is only its counterfeit. It is observable that every important love-match in the book goes awry, except that of Pisistratus and Blanche; and, although it may be said that this is but in accordance with the old adage, yet we must remark the circumstance, that love here does not, after a troubled course, settle finally into a quiet woodland cove, as is the approved plan; it leaps over a ledge, and disappears in darkness. This is, perhaps, more accidental than intentional on the part of the novelist, but it is, nevertheless, true: in our present mechanical life, be it an improvement or be it not, the place of emotion is, save in rare conjunctions of circumstance, supplied by calculation.

In "The Caxtons," we have, we venture to think, the final development of Sir Edward's powers—the final product of his mind; we have that calmness which marks the greatest strength, that serenity which marks the truest wisdom, that unostentatious, peaceful dignity which marks perfection of style. We confer upon it very high praise, when we say that here Bulwer has shown himself possessed of true humor, of sympathy, we shall not say with the low, but with the humble, the homely, we might almost say the ridiculous; he has proved that he can convey to his pages those little occurrences which none but the keenest eye can see, and with which only the warmest heart can sympathize, which, as it were naïvely, wrinkle the face of life with smiles. The opening passage of "The Caxtons," commencing with "It's a boy," is a sample of delicate and genuine humor, of a far higher sort than finds place in his other works, and far above the region of fun.

So much for Sir Edward as a novelist, in which character, certainly, he has won his greenest laurels; our glance at him in his other capacities must be very brief, for he has entered the lists in every form of contest, and competed for every crown.

Sir Edward is willing to stake his fame on "King Arthur;" we are happy it is out of his power to do so. He will never be considered a great poet. And he may be somewhat astonished when we assure him, that the very fact which he adduces as a presumptive proof that his great poem must be good, seems to us to be the great cause of its defects. For twenty years he devoted himself to prose composition, and then took up his harp to sing us an epic song. We suspect that twenty years of prose extinguished his power of melody; that his voice lost tune.

We do not positively assert that he was born for a poet; but, considering that his first honors were won in the livery of the Muses, we think it very probable that, had he devoted his life to poetry, his ear might have so improved, and his perception of the beautiful in sound so sharpened, that he might finally have succeeded in linking the beautiful in sound to the beautiful in sight, and so producing the highest embodiment of beauty—a poem. But, after twenty years of prose, to return to the jealous Muses! We fear they will never recognize thee for a true singer, but pluck thee for a syren.

We think "King Arthur" is deficient in three respects: in melody, in blended poetic wholeness, and in belief, or the power of inspiring such. The melody is often trancingly sweet, but is somewhat monotonous, and occasionally stiff; the parts do not blend into each other, almost invisibly, yet without any loss of clearness, as they ought, and as they do, for instance, in Milton; and, last and fatal fault, the reader does not for a moment believe, or think that the author believes—Imagination does not fling her gold-dust in the eyes of Reason, so as to change for a moment their cold, scrutinizing light. In illustration and proof of this last assertion, read the following stanzas: it is impossible, in doing so, not to think that the author is laughing in his sleeve at the whole affair; the subject is the departure of Arthur:—

In street and mart still plies the busy craft;
Still beauty trims for stealthy steps the bower;
By lips as gay the Hircas horn is quaff;
To the dark bourne still flies as fast the hour,
As when in Arthur men adored the sun;
And life's large rainbow took its hues from One!

Yet ne'er by prince more loved a crown was worn,
And hadst thou ventured but to hint the doubt
That loyal subjects ever ceased to mourn,
And that, without him, earth was joy without,
Thou soon hadst joined in certain warm dominions
The horned friends of pestilent opinions.

This is admirable, if the feat given is to hop, at a moment's notice, from the sublime to the ridiculous; if a rather poor and stale joke is, in the circumstances, utterly inconsistent with epic grandeur, the stanzas are utterly inadmissible.

But we might say much, too, very much, in praise of the poem. It contains numberless splendid lines; certain of its portraits, as that of the Vandal king, are drawn with amazing truth and point, and a very great command of imagery is shown.

The following picture of Arthur and Ægle we think extremely beautiful:—

Lo! the sweet valley in the flush of eve!
Lo! side by side, where through the rose arcade
Steals the love-star, the hero and the maid!

Silent they gaze into each other's eyes,
 Stirring the inmost soul's unquiet sleep ;
 So pierce soft starbeams blending wave and skies,
 Some holy fountain trembling to its deep !
 Bright to each eye each human heart is bare,
 And scarce a thought to start an angel there !

Before them, at the distance, o'er the blue
 Of the sweet waves which girt the rosy isle,
 Flitted light shapes the inwoven alleys through ;
 Remotely mellowed, musical the while,
 Floated the hum of voices, and the sweet
 Lutes chimed with timbrels to dim glancing feet.

The calm swan rested on the breathless glass
 Of dreamy waters, and the snow-white steer
 Near the opposing margin, motionless,
 Stood, knee-deep, gazing wistful on its clear
 And life-like shadow, shimmering deep and far,
 Where on the lucid darkness fell the star.

And when, at last, from Ægle's lips, the voice
 Came soft as murmured hymns at closing day,
 The sweet sound seemed the sweet air to rejoice —
 To give the sole charm wanting — to convey
 The crowning music to the musical ;
 As with the soul of love infusing all !

We cannot, we regret extremely, give the
 whole scene: the following is in a different,
 though kindred, style ; it illustrates well Bul-
 wer's command of the stores of beauty con-
 tained in the Greek mythology : —

Spring on the Polar seas ! not violent-crowned
 By dewy Hours, nor to cerulean halls
 Melodious hymned, yet Light itself around
 Her stately path sheds starry coronals.
 Sublime she comes, as when, from Dis set free,
 Came, through the flash of Jove, Persephone.

She comes — that grand Aurora of the North !
 By steeds of fire her glorious chariot borne,
 From Boreal courts, the meteors flaming forth,
 Ope heaven on heaven, before the mighty Morn,
 And round the rebel giants of the Night,
 On earth's last confines bursts the storm of Light.

Wonder and awe ! lo, where against the Sun
 A second Sun* his lurid front uprears !
 As if the first-born lost Hyperion,
 Hurled down of old from his Uranian spheres,
 Rose from the hell-rocks on his writhings piled,
 And glared defiance on his Titan child.

Now life, the polar life, returns once more ;
 The reindeer roots his mosses from the snows ;
 The whirring sea-gulls shriek along the shore ;
 Through oozing rills the cygnet gleaming goes ;
 And, where the ice some happier verdure frees,
 Laugh into light frank-eyed anemones.

So much for "King Arthur;" its beauties
 almost make us exclaim, "The power of lan-
 guage could no farther go;" its faults are per-
 haps all embraced in these words, "it lacks
 the *unconscious* fervor of poetry."

"The New Timon" is keen, clear, spark-

* The apparition of two or more suns in the Polar
 armament is well known.

ling, swift-flowing ; in melody free and firm,
 in diction flashing, in spirit kindly and true ;
 we suppose there are very few similar pieces
 of higher merit in the language. This por-
 trait of Lord John Russell justifies, and more
 than justifies, all we have said : —

Next, cool and all unconscious of reproach,
 Comes the calm "Johnny who upset the coach."
 How formed to lead, if not too proud to please —
 His face would fire you, but his manners freeze.
 Like or dislike, he does not care a jot ;
 He wants your vote, but your affection not.
 Yet human hearts need sun as well as oats —
 So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes.
 And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
 His frost-nipped party pines itself away ;
 From the starved wretch its own loved child we
 steal,

And "Free-trade" chirrups on the lap of Peel !
 But see our statesman when the steam is on,
 And languid Johnny glows to glorious John !
 When Hampden's thought, by Falkland's muses
 drest,
 Lights the pale cheek, and swells the generous
 breast ;

When the pent heat expands the quickening soul,
 And foremost in the race the wheels of genius roll.

In a different tone is this, but very fine : —

That wistful eye, that changing lip, that tone,
 Whose accents drooped or gladdened, from her
 own,

Haunted the woman's heart, which ever heaves
 Its echo back to every sound that grieves.
 Light as the gossamer its tissue spins
 O'er freshest dews when summer morn begins,
 Will Fancy weave its airy web above
 The dews of Pity, in the dawn of Love !

We may take this as the illustration of a
 remark which applies to Sir Edward's style
 in every form of composition ; he indulges,
 more than any writer we know, in the per-
 sonification of the feelings and passions, their
 representation, without being directly decked
 out in the attributes of the living, as actual
 acting entities. Love, in her smile, shedding
 dewy freshness and sunny warmth : Hate,
 frowning with the frown of his birth-place :
 Hope, waving her banner of woven smiles and
 sunbeams : Despair, scowling with relentless
 malignity on his victims — all these, and mul-
 titudes more, figure in Sir Edward's pages.
 When executed with poetic truth, no form of
 adornment is more pleasing.

Of Bulwer as a translator and dramatist we
 speak not : in the first capacity he has, if we
 mistake not, won universal applause : in the
 second, he combines his qualities as novelist
 and poetical composer, making a most happy
 compound.

As a public teacher, Sir Edward has said a
 great deal that one may believe and follow,
 and a great deal more that one should know.
 With a keen, bright blade he cuts into fashion-

worship, wealth-worship, religious formalism, "respectable" baseness, and most of the shams and anomalies that lurk about our social fabric. He does not cast his eye over the time with the revealing lightning that sometimes dwells in that of Carlyle; he does not penetrate in many cases into the very root of our social evils; but he smites often with great effect, and in the proper quarter. The first of our following extracts contains a melancholy fact; the second is a clever, and doubtless a true portrait; the third we beseech our readers to take home and sleep over — they may get a glimpse of truth ere the morning: — "As the first impression the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing that strikes the moral inquirer into our social system is the respect in which wealth is held; in some countries pleasure is the idea; in others glory, and the prouder desires of the world; but with us money is the mightiest of all deities." . . . "Mr. Bluff is the last character I shall describe in this chapter. He is the sensible, *practical* man. He despises all speculations but those in which he has a share. He is very intolerant to other people's hobby-horses; he hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love of facts; if you could speak to him out of the multiplication table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus, 'When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' he would think you a shallow fellow — a theorist; but if you were to say to him, 'One thousand pauper children are born in London; in 1823 wheat was forty-nine shillings; hop-grounds let from ten to twelve shillings an acre, and you must, therefore, confess that, when abuses rise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied,' Mr. Bluff would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbor, 'That's the man for my money; you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech.'" "Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves, their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied. Accordingly, Mr. Bluff is always taken in. Looking only at a fact, he does not see an inch beyond it, and you might draw him into any imprudence, if you were constantly telling him 'two and two made four.' Mr. Bluff is wonderfully English. It is by 'practical men' that we have ever been seduced into the wildest speculations; and the most preposterous of living theorists always begins his harangues with 'Now, my friends, let us look to the facts.'" "

Our space is well-nigh exhausted; we cannot speak of "Athens." It shows the power of hard-working retained by him who is prob-

ably the greatest novelist of the day: it is emotionally true; sympathizing with all that is free and noble. In style it is fervid and luminous: on the whole, it is a fine book.

The general characteristic which, more than another, distinguishes the subject of our sketch is vast diffusion accompanied with extraordinary power; diffusion of energy, width of sympathy, variety of intellectual faculty. This diffusion, this width, and this variety have perhaps been equalled in extent, but they have very rarely been equalled both in range and in strength; where they have, as in the case of Southey, the fact has been the marking one in the character. Neither emotionally nor intellectually, is Sir Edward's mind determined, with overwhelming force, in any one direction; round no one subject has centred his love; to no one subject have his intellectual powers, with exclusive and concentrated force, been directed. The result has been that, in neither case, he has attained the highest degree of excellence; as a thinker, his generation will never accept him for guide, or expect from him the deepest wisdom; as a poet he has failed. The novel may be regarded as that debatable ground, between the realms of the philosophic thinker and the poet, where those who are not irresistibly fixed by nature, either in the one sphere or in the other, may find fitting development and exercise for their powers: in the department of the novel, accordingly, Sir Edward has won very high honors. In opinion, striking generally the golden mean, he is remarkably safe. In composition, he honestly avoids the fantastic, and does not appear to be haunted with the dread of commonplace, which leads so many at present astray; if he cannot win our applause by lofty excellence, he scorns to do it by stage tricks: he floats, arrayed in fairest colors, between the region of the poet and the prosier; he has not the belief, the music, the heaven-kindled enthusiasm of Milton; he has not the coldness and penetration of Butler or Foster; his poetry often degenerates into prose, his prose sometimes rises into a region of power and beauty which may be called poetic.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton is the son of General Bulwer, of Haydon Hall, Norfolk. At college he was distinguished as a poetical prizier; an infallible indication of linguistic fluency, but almost never of poetic power. He published "*Pelham*" about the year 1827; and the order in which we have given his chief novels indicates chronologically the stages of his mind. He obtained his baronetcy from the whig government.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing. The weak falters although it be standing upon a rock.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF EDGAR POE.

Among the results of that spirit of enterprise which has brought us into intimate connection with the other nations of the earth, a more extended knowledge of literature is certainly not the least interesting. The triumphs of science and human energy, which have done so much to change our ideas of distance, and to give us ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the remote portions of the world, have had an effect in widening the circle of readers to such a degree, that authors may now be said to write, not for those of their own country merely, but for a world-wide public. This is especially the case in regard to those who, though separated from us by the mighty ocean, use the same language, and give expression to ideas very similar to our own. The extent to which our knowledge of American literature has increased within the last few years, is one of the most striking illustrations that could be adduced of the manner in which free communication between nation and nation contributes to the general diffusion of enlightenment, and the cultivation of an elevated taste. As may easily be supposed, our transatlantic cousins have hitherto profited most by these benefits. Their literature and art are little else as yet than reflections of our own; but we have, nevertheless, obtained some return for what they have derived from us, in the works of the more recent American authors — works which are now beginning to exhibit greater originality, and indicate the formation of what will in course of time be worthy of being considered a national literature. The poets and novelists are leading the van in this intellectual progress; for it is obvious that the specimens of American poetry with which we are now more or less familiar, evince a far higher order of genius, and more remarkable characteristics of originality, than anything of the kind which the poets of the New World formerly produced. They are distinguished by a greater degree of freshness, by a more delicate sense of the beautiful, and a higher tone of feeling; and although a great poem, in the true sense of the term, has not yet reached us from the other side of the Atlantic, not a few remarkable ones may now be pointed to in the works of such men as Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Whittier, and Poe. While the first two of these are now nearly as familiar to the lovers of poetry among us as they are in their own country, the others, equally worthy of notice, are by no means so well known as they deserve to be. Poe, as a writer of more than ordinary power, and as one who has evinced far more originality than any of his contemporaries, is especially worthy of attention; and we therefore propose, in

the course of this article, to present our readers with an outline of his strange, sad history, and a few selections from such of his poems as are most remarkable.

Three volumes of poems, tales, essays, and criticisms, recently collected and published in America, contain the contributions of Edgar Allan Poe to the periodical literature of his country, and form the sole basis upon which his reputation as a writer rests. Very recently, his poems alone have been republished in England, with a brief prefatory essay, in which his merits as a prose-writer are scarcely even referred to, while the moral of his life is obviously mistaken. From a biography prefixed to the New York edition, we are enabled to form an estimate of his personal character, such as his works do not afford; and we doubt if the records of human wretchedness and frailty can yield anything more painful than the facts upon which that estimate is founded. Mental philosophy will scarcely enable us to account for the consistency of a fine sense of the beautiful, both in physics and in morals, with an extreme practical demoralization; but that it did exist in the case before us, as in many others, there is no room to doubt; for never, we believe, was genius allied to vice in its grosser forms more apparent than in the career of Edgar Poe. Unhappily, circumstances of the most unfavorable kind surrounded him at his very birth, for both his parents died while he was a mere child, leaving him little else than the dangerous inheritance of strong passions and a restless disposition. His lot, in a worldly point of view, was by no means a hard one, however, for at his father's death he was adopted by a gentleman of ample means and a kindly heart, who strove with true paternal solicitude to guide and control the wayward boy. His efforts were unavailing; for no sooner had Poe returned from England, where he had been taken by his foster-father for the purpose of obtaining the advantages of a liberal education, than he entered upon the course of recklessness and dissipation which ended only with his life. Expelled from an American university, he returned home to repay his guardian's kindness with insults and ingratitude of the worst description, and subsequently set forth on a Quixotic journey to join the Greeks in their struggle for independence. Greece he never reached, however, but was picked up a wandering beggar in Russia, and sent back only to be cashiered from a military establishment into which he had been admitted by influence of no ordinary kind.

We next hear of him as a private soldier, then as the successful competitor for a prize offered by an enterprising publisher for a tale and poem, and again as a miserable and half-famished writer for obscure periodicals. Poe's genius was not such as to remain long in ob-

scurity, and accordingly his writings speedily brought him into notice, and procured him lucrative and honorable employment. For a time he seemed to have overcome his evil propensities, and to have resolved upon a new course of life. He married a young, beautiful, and gentle wife — "The Beautiful Annabel Lee" of his touching and exquisite lyric. He surrounded his home with all those refinements which a highly-cultivated taste could suggest and a moderate income allow. In his humble yet poetical home, he appeared to those who knew him best to have begun that career of high endeavor for which his genius was so well fitted, and to have entered upon a course which would soon lead to fame and fortune. A few months, however, and all this was at an end. His employers were compelled, reluctantly it is believed, to free themselves from a connection with one whose power they appreciated, but whose irregularities and apparent insanity were continually the source not only of annoyance, but of great pecuniary risk; for Poe's antipathies, always violent, were rendered tenfold more so by intemperance, and he seldom scrupled as to the means of giving expression to them. After continued periods of dissipation, intervals of sobriety and great labor occurred. There were times of remorse, and often of brilliant achievement. Let no one deem such language misapplied in the case of one who was as yet only a writer of fugitive papers for ordinary periodicals. The periodicalism of America has fostered all its best writers; and there, not less than with us, do we find the highest evidences of intellectual strength in what is designed to last only for a few days. The nature of many of Poe's contributions was, however, enduring; they bore the impress of genius; and, twenty years hence, the best of them will probably be much more familiar to English readers than they are now. These were thrown off with amazing rapidity, considering their character, at a time when, after his settlement in New York, all who admired them, and were interested in their author, deemed that he had entered upon a new and purer course of life.

This hopeful period, however, was soon at an end. In two years after, his wife, whom he seems to have really loved, died in abject penury, and he had once more plunged into the wildest excesses. Desperately depraved, reckless, and mad, he still, at intervals, astonished his countrymen with some new proof of his genius. The literary circles of New York were always open to him in his sober hours; and even in his worst days he lacked not the self-sacrificing devotedness of woman. The mother of his dead wife clung to him, hoping against hope, caring for him, screening him, and, amid all his self-abandonment, watching over and seeking help for him. Occasionally

it would seem as if this tenderness and solicitude had brought back Poe to a sense of shame. He again turned earnestly to his pen; and in 1848, produced *Eureka*, a work to the composition of which he brought his capacities obviously in their most complete development. It is a prose poem on the cosmogony of the universe, a work of rare power, and the effect of which in America was beyond anything that had been experienced for years. It greatly increased the number of Poe's admirers, among whom was a lady spoken of by his biographer, as "one of the most brilliant women in New England." Whether from sufficient cause or not, the name of this lady and that of the admired but wretched poet were frequently associated, and it was hoped that their expected union might have a beneficial influence upon his character. This, however, did not take place — Poe, in a fit of almost incomprehensible brutality, having obtruded himself, designedly it was thought, upon a circle of her friends, and in her own presence, in a state of wild inebriety. Another, and the last, temporary reformation followed this occurrence. He once more gave evidence of a determination of amendment — spoke with unaffected horror of his past life, and became jealous of seduction into his former courses. Temptation assailed him, however, at an unguarded moment, while on his way to accept of an honorable invitation from a literary institute, and he fell never again to rise. After days of dissipation and madness, he died in the public hospital of Baltimore, in October, 1849, at the early age of thirty-eight.

The moral of this melancholy history lies upon the surface. Dark sometimes, dreadfully dark as is the page on which are written the records of genius, we know of nothing more sad and painful than this, for never, we believe, was the poetic gift allied with so much that was essentially depraved. It is more than doubtful whether the daring recklessness, the wild license with which men like Poe sported with the responsibilities of life, have not done far more for Satan, than in their highest and purest works they have done for man. And yet the poetry of this poor inebriate is free from aught of that viciousness which marked his life; for the most part, it is a mournful wail of one whose natural endowments were never called into play without uttering unconsciously deep and touching sorrow over the wreck of the spirit of which they formed a part. It is the sad, dirge-like music of those moments which were pauses in a lawless life — a strain in which the agony of remorse seems to thrill with all its intensity, or to grasp at strange, quaint fancies, and force them to interpret things it dare not distinctly utter. And thus much that Poe has written, is autobiographical in a stricter sense than poetry of a strongly sub-

jective character generally is. Draped in the sombre or the flaming garments with which his imagination invested them, we see the poet himself, and all his mocking or upbraiding thoughts, wandering wildly through the melancholy numbers. There is a deep and beautiful tenderness, too, in some of his lyrics, as witness the exquisite poem of *Annabel Lee* — the expression of his sorrow for the death of his gentle wife.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

But the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my
bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

This strain of sorrow is only equalled by those in which the poet mourns over the wreck of his wasted life. Amid all his wild excesses, and his self-outlawry from the amenities of social existence, he had no more severe censor than that which spoke from within his own soul. This is strikingly manifest in the poem entitled *The Haunted Palace*, and especially in the following stanzas of it: —

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head;
In the monarch Thought's dominions,
It stood there.
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
Ah, let us mourn! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!

And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically,
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh, but smile no more.

While Poe's genius was necessarily infected by the depravity of his life to the extent of a misanthropical faithlessness in man, his poetry, from the circumstance of its being so strictly subjective, is less unhealthy than his prose. The utterance of his own self-knowledge is, moreover, always too passionate to be deemed insincere. His tales and sketches are often pervaded by the horrible, to an extent which is only saved from being repulsive by the power of imagination and the strength of the reasoning faculty displayed in them; but in his poems there are almost always glimpses afforded of a ruined beauty, and an analytic treatment of emotion, sufficient to give them a moral tone. He seems, as it were, to have preserved the latter sacred to the expression of his own sorrow; for that the phantom of the past rose up before him with awful, soul-subduing severity is clear, we think, from many of his best poems. *The Raven* is the most remarkable proof of this; and when we know that it was written during what might be considered the longest of those periods of sober earnestness, strong thought, and incessant labor which occurred in his brief career, we are at no loss to discover, that what seems fanciful and almost amusing to the ordinary reader, had a deep and terrible significance to the unhappy poet. This remarkable poem, which occupies, we think, the most prominent position among the originalities of American imaginative literature, is much too long to be quoted by us in its entirety, and not a little of its peculiar charm is necessarily lost by its unity of strong emotion being broken up. Suffice it to give a mere outline of the poet's reverie broken by the tapping at his chamber door, and the subsequent colloquy with the "stately Raven of the saintly days of yore" — a meet emblem of the dark shadow of his own worse than wasted life which conscience summons up before him.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore;
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"
I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven, wandering from
the night's shore —

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's
Plutonian shore?"

Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

But the Raven sitting lonely on that placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour —
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather
then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered: "Other
friends have flown before:
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes
have done before."
Then the bird said: "Never more."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken —
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom un-
merciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs
one burden bore —
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
bore,
Of — Never, never more."

"Prophet," said I, "king of evil — prophet
still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us — by that
God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the
distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or
fiend," I cried upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's
Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust
above my door —
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven: "Never more."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still
is sitting,
On the placid bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws
his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-
ing on the floor,
Shall be lifted — Never more.

We are disposed to believe that even these
verses, detached as they are from the poem,
and affording only an imperfect idea of its
effect as a whole, indicate more than ordinary

power. It is certainly unique in American liter-
ature, as much so as the *Christabel* and *Ancient
Mariner* of Coleridge are in our own; and un-
questionably a poetical reputation has been
earned by things that will not bear comparison
with it for a moment, even in point of artistic
construction merely, for there is a wonderful
harmony between the feeling and the rhyth-
mical expression. The peculiar irregular
music of Poe's poetry is not the least striking
proof of its original character. Style may
always be imitated within the ordinary limits
of mere versification, but that structure of
rhythmical cadence which takes its form from
the things expressed, is peculiarly the work
of genius. Poe has carried this to an extreme
in certain strains of inner music, so to speak
— poems which have arranged themselves
within the author's fancy both as to the thought
or feeling and the rhyme; but the former being
obscure, the latter is to a great extent unin-
telligible, and in some instances discordant.
Some stanzas from a piece, entitled *The Bells*,
will suffice to illustrate the power he shows in
maintaining the completeness of the harmony
between the idea and its expression.

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells;
From the jangling and the tinkling of the bells.
Hear the loud alarm bells —
Brazen bells!

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night,
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire —
In a mad exostulation to the deaf and frantic fire;
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire.
O the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!

This is an achievement in versification which
even Southey, curious and studiously desirous
of excelling in such things, has not equalled:
it greatly surpasses most of his efforts, indeed,
inasmuch as the imagination evinced in the
last stanzas we have quoted surpasses mere
feats in rhyme.

We have already said that Poe's poetry may be regarded as in a very special sense the expression of his own self-consciousness. Wild and melancholy as is its general character, there are a few strains which show that the spirit of the wretched poet was sometimes visited by dreams of surpassing beauty — glimpses of purity — of passionate yet exalted love, and of a higher faith than that of his ordinary life even at its best. It would seem as if in these his genius vindicated itself by a protest of beauty against the gloomy broodings of a disquieted conscience or the frenzied excesses of a vicious life; and yet the beauty ever wears the hue of sadness.

The prose works of Edgar Poe are for the most part susceptible of being accounted for on the principle we have already hinted at — namely, that which places them in a completely different light as regards their author's own being from the poems. They are of two classes — those in which a strong yet gloomy imagination creates consistently with its own nature, exploring the deepest depths of the horrible; and those in which a keen, clear intellect is more predominant than imaginative power. The combination of these two characteristics in the works of a single man must ever infer no ordinary degree of intellectual strength: in the works of such a man as Poe, it is somewhat extraordinary. Let the reader turn to his singular sketch, entitled *The Purloined Letter*, or to some of his criticisms, after reading such things as *The Fall of the House of Usher*, or *The Cask of Amontillado*, and he will find it difficult to believe that the acumen, the clear, vigorous reasoning of the former, could ever have proceeded from a man of such a wild and morbid imagination as is evinced in the latter. Such, we are told by his biographer, was Poe's success in combining both these characteristics by admirably sustained argument on imaginary evidence, and in a supposititious case, that many of his readers could not be persuaded of its fictitious character. And yet we have seen what was the nature, the life, and death of this sad wreck alike of genius and humanity. Judging from the works he has left, Poe is unquestionably the most original imaginative writer America has yet produced. There is not a line in all his poetry which suggests the idea of imitation; and nothing in his prose — if we except his wilder tales, which are like so many refinements on the gross horrors of old German romance — to which we could adduce a strict parallel.

ICEBERGS. — A great many icebergs were seen, as the ships lay motionless in the water; and as they appeared to run together on the far distant horizon, an idea arose that they were so close, that no ships could pass between them. Some of

them were in the form of large square cubes, with flat and horizontal tops; others, again, presented every variety of form — now resembling cities and villages, now ruins; and again, you might imagine one to be a solitary country church, in the modest Gothic style, rising beautifully above the level plain, on the distant horizon, and adding a sacred charm to everything around it: some appeared to be loaded with huge boulders and mud, shortly to be precipitated into the sea which bore them along; while others were yielding themselves submissively to the wasting influence of the sea, and the powerful rays of the sun. There was one iceberg which was particularly noticed, because it never shifted its position, when others, of rather larger size, were drifting to and fro with the tides. It was about two hundred feet in height, above the surface of the sea, and its perpendicular sides, which were nearly equal, were not less than two miles in length. The upper surface was horizontal, but very irregular, appearing as if it had been planted over with rough and irregularly conical eminences, packed closely together, and varying in height from twelve to twenty or thirty feet. The water-lines at the level of the ice around it were also horizontal. There seemed to be no reason for any other opinion than this, that it had never changed its centre of gravity since it descended into the sea, and had become detached from the glacier which gave it birth. The cubic contents and weight of such a floating world are truly astonishing. This berg displaced upwards of eighteen thousand millions of cubic feet of water, while its contents must have been nearly twenty-three thousand millions of cubic feet, and its weight nearly five hundred and forty millions of tons! — *Dr. Sutherland's Journal*.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS. — A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea — about twice the height of St. Paul's, in London, or the height of Arthur's Seat, in Edinburgh — and to fall these eight hundred feet in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for one thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the one thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that, in Paraguay, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone — that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires — *Arnott's Physics*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

FACTS CONNECTED WITH THE LAST HOURS OF NAPOLEON.

BY MRS. MAJOR WARD.

On the night of the 5th of May, 1821, a young ensign of the 66th regiment, quartered at St. Helena, was wending his solitary way along the path leading from the plain of Deadwood to his barracks, situated on a patch of table-land called Francis Plain. The road was dreary, for to the left yawned a vast chasm, the remains of a crater, and known to the islanders as the "Devil's Punchbowl;" although the weather had been perfectly calm, puffs of wind occasionally issued from the neighboring valleys; and at last, one of these puffs having got into a gully, had so much ado to get out of it, that it shrieked, and moaned, and gibbered, till it burst its bonds with a roar like thunder—and dragged up in its wrath, on its passage to the sea, a few shrubs and one of those fair willows, beneath which Napoleon, first Emperor of France, had passed many a peaceful, if not a happy hour of repose, surrounded by his faithful friends in exile.

This occurrence, not uncommon at St. Helena, has given rise to an idea, adopted even by Sir Walter Scott, that the soul of Napoleon had passed to another destiny on the wings of the storm-spirit; but, so far from there being any tumult among the elements on that eventful night, the gust of wind I have alluded to was only heard by the few whose cottages dotted the green slopes of the neighboring mountains. But as that fair tree dropped, a whisper fell among the islanders that Napoleon was dead! No need to dwell upon what abler pens than mine have recorded; the eagle's wings were folded, the dauntless eyes were closed, the last words, "*Tête armée*," had passed the faded lips, the proud heart had ceased to beat . . . !

They arrayed the illustrious corpse in the attire identified with Napoleon even at the present day; and among the jewelled honors of earth so profusely scattered upon the breast, rested the symbol of the faith he had professed. They shaded the magnificent brow with the unsightly cocked hat,* and stretched down the beautiful hands in ungraceful fashion; every one, in fact, is familiar with the attitude I describe, as well as with a death-like cast of the imperial head, from which a fine engraving has been taken. The cast is true enough to nature, but the character of the engraving is spoiled by the addition of a laurel wreath on the lofty but insensate brow.

* The coffin being too short to admit this array in the order proposed, the hat was placed at the feet before interment.

Now about this cast there is a *historiette* with which it is quite time the public should become more intimately acquainted; it caused a subject of litigation, the particulars of which are detailed in the *Times* newspaper of 1821, but to which I have no opportunity of referring just now. Evidence, however, was unfortunately wanting at the necessary moment, and the complainant's case fell to the ground. The facts are these:—

The day after Napoleon's decease, the young officer I have alluded to, instigated by emotions which drew vast numbers to Longwood-house, found himself within the very death-chamber of Napoleon. After the first thrill of awe had subsided, he sat down, and on the fly-leaf torn from a book, and given him by General Bertrand, he took a rapid but faithful sketch of the deceased emperor. Earlier in the day, the officer had accompanied his friend Dr. Burton, of the 66th regiment, through certain paths in the island, in order to collect material for making a composition resembling plaster of Paris, for the purpose of taking the cast with as little delay after death as possible. Dr. Burton, having prepared the composition, set to work and completed the task satisfactorily. The cast being moist was not easy to remove, and, at Dr. Burton's request, a tray was brought from Madame Bertrand's apartments, madame herself holding it to receive the precious deposit. Mr. —, the ensign above alluded to, impressed with the value of such a memento, offered to take charge of it at his quarters till it was dry enough to be removed to Dr. Burton's; Madame Bertrand, however, pleaded so hard to have the care of it, that the two gentlemen, both Irishmen and soldiers, yielded to her entreaties, and she withdrew with the treasure, which she *never afterwards would resign*.

There can scarcely, therefore, be a question that the casts and engravings of Napoleon, now sold as emanating from the skill and reverence of Automarchi, are from the original taken by Dr. Burton. We can only rest on circumstantial evidence, which the reader will allow is most conclusive. It is to be regretted that Dr. Burton's cast and that *supposed* to have been taken by Automarchi were not both demanded in evidence at the trial in 1821.

The engraving I have spoken of has been Italianized by Automarchi, the name inscribed beneath being *Napoleone*.

So completely was the daily history of Napoleon's life at St. Helena a sealed record, that, on the arrival of papers from England, the first question asked by the islanders and the officers of the garrison, was, "What news of Bonaparte?" Under such circumstances it was natural that an intense curiosity should be felt concerning every movement of the mysterious and ill-starred exile. Our young soldier one night fairly risked his commission

for the chance of a glimpse behind the curtains of the Longwood windows; and, after all, saw nothing but the imperial form, from the knees downwards. Every night, at sunset, a *cordon* of sentries was drawn round the Longwood plantations. Slipping between the sentinels, the venturesome youth crept, under cover of trees, to a lighted window of the mansion. The curtains were not drawn, but the blind was lowered. Between the latter, however, and the window-frame were two or three inches of space; so down knelt Mr. —! Some one was walking up and down the apartment, which was brilliantly illuminated.* The footsteps drew nearer, and Mr. — saw the diamond buckles of a pair of thin shoes; then two well-formed lower limbs, encased in silk stockings; and, lastly, the edge of a coat, lined with white silk. On a sofa, at a little distance, was seated Madame Bertrand, with her boy leaning on her knee; and some one was probably writing under Napoleon's dictation, for the Emperor was speaking slowly and distinctly. Mr. — slipped back to his guard-house, satisfied with having heard the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Mr. — had an opportunity of seeing the great captive at a distance on the very last occasion that Bonaparte breathed the outer air. It was a bright morning when the sergeant of the guard at Longwood-gate informed our ensign that "General Bonaparte" was in the garden on which the guard-room looked. Mr. — seized his spy-glass, and took a breathless survey of Napoleon, who was standing in front of his house with one of his generals. Something on the ground attracted his notice; he stooped to examine — probably a colony of ants, whose movements he watched with interest — when the music of a band at a distance stirred the air on Deadwood plain, and he who once had led multitudes forth at his slightest word, now wended his melancholy way through the grounds of Longwood, to catch a distant glimpse of a British regiment under inspection.

We have in our possession a small signal-book, which was used at St. Helena during the period of Napoleon's exile. The following passages will give some idea of the system of vigilance which it was thought necessary to exercise, lest the world should again be suddenly uproused by the appearance of the French emperor on the battle-plain of Europe. It is not for me to offer any opinion on such a system, but I take leave to say that I never yet heard any British officer acknowledge that he would have accepted the authority of governor under the burden of the duties

it entailed. In a word, although every one admits the difficulties and responsibilities of Sir Hudson Lowe's position, all deprecate the system to which he considered himself obliged to bend.

But the signal-book! Here are some of the passages which passed from hill to valley while Napoleon took his daily ride within the boundary prescribed:—

"General Bonaparte has left Longwood."

"General Bonaparte has passed the guards."

"General Bonaparte is at Hutt's-gate."*

"General Bonaparte is missing."

The latter paragraph resulted from General Bonaparte having, in the course of his ride, turned an angle of a hill, or descended some valley beyond the ken, for a few minutes, of the men working the telegraphs on the hills!

It was not permitted that the once Emperor of France should be designated by any other title than "*General Bonaparte*;" and, alas! innumerable were the squabbles that arose between the governor and his captive, because the British ministry had made this puerile order peremptory. I have now no hesitation in making known the great duke's opinion on this subject, which was transmitted to me two years ago, by one who for some months every year held daily intercourse with his grace, but who could not, while the duke was living, permit me to publish what had been expressed in private conversation.

"I would have taken care that he did not escape from St. Helena," said Wellington; "but he might have been addressed by any name he pleased."

I cannot close this paper without saying a word or two on the condition of the buildings once occupied by the most illustrious and most unfortunate of exiles.

It is well known that Napoleon never would inhabit the house which was latterly erected at Longwood for his reception; that he said, "it would serve for his tomb;" and that the slabs from the kitchen *did* actually form part of the vault in which he was placed, in his favorite valley beneath the willows, and near the fountain whose crystal waters had so often refreshed him. This abode, therefore, is not invested with the same interest as his real residence, well-named the "*Old House at Longwood*;" for a more crazy, wretched, filthy barn, it would scarcely be possible to meet with; and many painful emotions have filled my heart during nearly a four-years' sojourn on "the rock;" as I have seen French soldiers and sailors march gravely and decorously to the spot, hallowed, in their eyes, of course, by its associations with their invincible, but unforgotten idol, and degraded, it must be admitted, by the change it has un-

* Napoleon's dining-room lamp, from Longwood, *is*, I believe, still in the possession of the 91st Regiment, it having been purchased by the officers at St. Helena in 1836.

* At one time the abode of the Bertrands; it overlooks the valley containing the tomb.

dergone. Indeed, few French persons can be brought to believe that it ever was a decent abode; and no one can deny that it must outrage the feelings of a people like the French, so especially affected by associations, to see the bed-chamber of their former emperor a dirty stable, and the room in which he breathed his last sigh, appropriated to the purposes of winnowing and threshing wheat! In the last-named room are two pathetic mementos of affection. When Napoleon's remains were exhumed, in 1846, Counts Bertrand and Las Cases, carried off with them, the former a piece of the boarded floor on which the emperor's bed had rested, the latter a stone from the wall pressed by the pillow of his dying chief.

Would that I had the influence to recommend to the British government, that these ruined, and I must add, desecrated buildings should be razed to the ground; and that on their site should be erected a convalescent hospital for the sick of all ranks, of *both* services, and of *both* nations. Were the British and French governments to unite in this plan how grand a sight would it be to behold the two nations shaking hands, so to speak, over the grave of Napoleon!

On offering this suggestion, when in Paris lately, to one of the nephews of the first Emperor Napoleon, the prince replied that "the idea was nobly philanthropic, but that Eng-

land would never listen to it." I must add that his highness said this "rather in sorrow than in anger;" then, addressing Count L——, one of the faithful followers of Napoleon in exile, and asking him which mausoleum he preferred — the one in which we then stood, the dome of the *Invalides*, or the rock of St. Helena — he answered, to my surprise, "St. Helena; for no grander monument than that can ever be raised to the emperor!"

Circumstances have made one little incident connected with this, our visit to the *Invalides*, most deeply interesting. Comte d'Orsay was of the party; indeed, it was in his elegant *atelier* we had all assembled, ere starting, to survey the mausoleum being prepared for the ashes of Napoleon. Suffering and debilitated as Comte D'Orsay was, precious, as critiques on art, were the words that fell from his lips during our progress through the work-rooms, as we stopped before the sculptures intended to adorn the vault wherein the sarcophagus is to rest. Ere leaving the works, the director, in exhibiting the solidity of the granite which is finally to encase Napoleon, struck fire with a mallet from the magnificent block; — "See," said Comte D'Orsay, "though the dome of the *Invalides* may fall, France may yet light a torch at the tomb of her emperor." I cannot remember the exact words, but such was their import; Comte D'Orsay died a few weeks after this.

From the Atlas.

LOVELINESS IN DEATH.

A DESCRIPTION FROM NATURE.

And we shall be *changed in a moment*; for this mortal must put on immortality. And when this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall death be swallowed up in victory. — *Scripture*.

SHE slept, but not kind Nature's sleep;
Friendship could only hope — and weep.
That hope was vain; the vital power
Was wasting with the wasting hour.

Her lids unclosed. She breathed no sound,
But calmly looked on all around,
And each in silence sweetly blest —
Then closed her eyes and sank to rest.

Gone was the life-sustaining breath;
But, oh, how beautiful was death!
Mortality had passed away,
But there a sleeping angel lay.

No voice the slumbering silence broke,
But life in every feature spoke;
For death itself appeared to be
Radiant with immortality.

The countenance a glory were,
A loveliness unknown before;
So perfect, so divinely fair,
A sainted soul seemed present there.

On that calm face were still imprinted
The last emotions of the breast;
There still the parting impress lay
Of fond affection's lingering stay.

And still did resignation speak
Serenely from the placid cheek;
And kind benevolence was there,
With humble faith and trusting prayer.

Oh! how did beauty's softest bloom —
So uncongenial to the tomb —
With love and piety unite,
And sweet repose, and calm delight!

If sleep there be in realms above,
This was the sleep that angels love;
Mortal ne'er dreamed a dream like this,
Of perfect, pure, celestial bliss!

Loved spirit! while thy friends remain
On earth, we cannot meet again;
But, ah, how blest their souls will be,
That pass through death like thine to thee!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

BOZZIES.

ENGLISH literature is poor in biography. It is true we have many "Lives," but not many of them are very life-like. Biography-writing is an art little studied. The author oftener thinks of himself than of his subject. If he be rhetorically inclined, he does not so much desire to convey to the reader an accurate picture of the Life delineated, as to astonish by fine writing and beautifully-rounded periods. These rhetorical lives are not worth much. They may dazzle, astonish, and even instruct, but they do not give us what we look for in a biography—a picture of how the man lived, how he dressed and ate, what he did, and what he said. The rhetorical biography is a kind of literary clothes-horse, on which the author exhibits himself. As for *life*, you see little of it; the subject is only taken as a peg to hang fine sentences upon.

There are biographies of another kind—men who collect all the letters, memoranda, scraps of writing, anecdotes at second-hand, rumors, reports, birth and marriage certificates, of a distinguished personage, and stowing them away in a book, which they "edit" as the "Life and Letters" of such a one; and forthwith a big book is issued from the press. Call this a biography! It is no such thing. It is an *omnium gatherum*, a *collezione*, often a pile of rubbish, but not a Life. We have had many notable instances of this sort of manufacture lately, the most melancholy of which was the *Life of Wordsworth*, by his son. Southey fared rather better, but his *Life* too suffered in the ponderous six volumes of undigested, though admirable materials, which have recently been given to the world. Wilberforce's *Life*, though handsomely paid for, was another failure, originating in the same causes. For sons, even though they possess the requisite literary ability, are the last persons to write fairly and dispassionately the Lives of their parents. They draw a veil over those points of character which the world most wishes to see unveiled, and which give the chief interest to a biography. They think of their father's fair name, and aim at reconciling editorial duties with filial love. And thus, often, the pith of the memoir is allowed to escape. Sir Samuel Romilly's life, by his son, is one of the best that has appeared; but, fortunately, the father had left behind him an excellent autobiography which the son allowed to speak for itself, and there was left little more to be desired. To this, we may add the extremely interesting *Life of Curran*, by his son—one of the best pieces of biography which has come to light of recent years.

Another biography of a highly-celebrated

writer is now in course of publication, which seems to have been prepared in the same hasty manner. We allude to the *Life of Moore*, edited by Lord John Russell. Here we have, not a life, but a collection of materials. His lordship, greatly to his honor, has taken the trouble of arranging the papers which the illustrious poet left behind him, and then sent them so arranged to the publisher. Mr. Panizzi, of the British Museum, whose business is to make catalogues, might have done the work as well: he could have arranged the papers for the printer. But we looked for a biography—a picture of the living, writing, thinking man, by one who knew him; and we have, instead, little more than an arrangement of his papers for publication. It is true, Moore has left behind him a fragment of a diary, fresh and sparkling, which speaks for itself; but we want more than that, and trust the noble editor will yet, before he concludes his labors, supply a portraiture, without which the biography of the poet will be incomplete, and, in many respects, only partially intelligible.

It is said that Johnson, when he heard that Boswell intended to write a Life of him, threatened that he would prevent it by taking Boswell's! This rage of Johnson was doubtless caused by the lamentable manner in which so many great English Lives have been strangled by their biographers. For, good biographies are even rarer than well-spent lives; and many great men have been strangled after death by little men, who have attempted to delineate them, but succeeded only in drawing their own pictures. Strange enough it is, that Boswell, who was so suspected by Johnson as an incompetent biographer, should have left us the most complete portraiture of a great English, living man, that is to be found in our language. And yet Boswell was no distinguished *littérateur*. Macaulay contemptuously calls him "a dunce, a parasite, a coxcomb"—"one of the smallest men that ever lived." And yet this despised Boswell has written the best English biography—a book that is worthy of a place beside Plutarch. How is this? Why, because Boswell related that of which he knew, and because out of the fulness of his heart and memory his mouth spoke and his pen wrote. He gave us a real Life of Johnson—told us every minute detail about him, even to the kind of coat and wig he wore—the tea, fish-sauce, and veal-pie with plums, which he loved—his rolling walk and blinking eye—his foibles, vanities, and prejudices—his trick of touching the posts as he walked, and his superstition about entering a house with the right foot first—his habit of picking up and treasuring by him scraps of orange-peel—his gruntings—his vehement "You lie, sir!"—his whirlwind eloquence—his fits of rage—his penitence—

his gloomy moroseness, and sometimes his uncontrollable laughter. In fact, you have the man as he lived, written down by one who followed him like his shadow; or rather, who daguerreotyped him for us in sun-pictures which shall live forever in English biography. And not only is Johnson delineated as he lived in Boswell's pages, but by far the most characteristic traits in the life of Oliver Goldsmith—those which inform us as to the life, and character, and dress, and conversation, of that simple-minded being—are also to be found recorded there. And so of many others of Johnson's distinguished contemporaries, of whom, but for James Boswell, we should now have known comparatively little.

Carlyle, in his admirable article on Samuel Johnson, originally published in *Fraser*, has done much to rescue Boswell from the obloquy and contempt which recent commentators have sought to cast upon his name. True, he was a weak, vain man—something of a *flunkey*. Yet was he a hero-worshipper. He might not have the capacity of being a notable man himself; but he admired all such, and Samuel Johnson was the hero whom he idolized. The man who had in him this intense admiration of a character such as Johnson's could not be so utterly worthless. "It is," says Carlyle, "one of the strangest phenomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of discipleship (such as brought men from far countries, with rich gifts and prostrate souls to the feet of the Prophets), had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does) perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart, James Boswell should have been the individual, of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering, and, for a long while, laughing and unrecognized world. The worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted yet enthusiastic man, doffing his advocate-wig, regularly take post and hurry up to London, for the sake of his sage chiefly, as to a Feast of Tabernacles, the sabbath of his whole year? The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt Court to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man, and a sour-tempered, blind old woman (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger), and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may but be allowed to listen and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honor, as from a fountain, descends. Bozzy, even among Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have been laughed at than envied; his officious, whisk-

ing, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, could gain from the world no golden, but only leaden, opinions. His devout discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean spanielship in the general eye. . . . There is much lying yet undeveloped in the love of Boswell for Johnson. A cheering proof, in a time which else utterly wanted and still wants such, that living Wisdom is quite *infinitely* precious to man, is the symbol of the Godlike to him, which even weak eyes may discern; that loyalty, discipleship, all that was ever meant by *hero-worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make the world alive! James Boswell we can regard as a practical witness (or real martyr) to this high, everlasting truth."

It was through this intense admiration for Johnson, that Boswell was enabled to produce his life-breathing biography; and although many great literary men have lived since his time, they have been able to produce nothing equal to it. We want more Bozzies—men with a heart and an eye to discern character and to recognize wisdom—with free insight, simple love, and childlike open-mindedness. We have more than enough of rhetorical and didactic talent, but in biography it is out of place. We want faithful delineations of character, which is nature in its highest form; and it is matter for thankfulness that brilliant powers are not needed for its true appreciation. Your Bozzies are the best historians of their age, and often teach us more than Hume or Robertson can do. Even the garrulous Samuel Pepys may tell us more of the real life of his "Own Times" than a Burnet or a Swift.

What would we not give for a Bozzy's account of Shakespeare?—Shakespeare, the man of men, of whose private life so little is known! Indeed, his only autobiography is to be found in his sonnets. But we should like to know how Shakespeare lived, how he dressed, even what kind of stockings he wore, what were his habits, his times of rising up and lying down, whether he wrote in dressing-gown and slippers, how he worked and fared, who his companions and friends were, and, above all, what was his talk and familiar conversation, what were his speculations about life and death, and wealth and poverty, and what was the daily life of the men and women about him. We have only occasional glimpses of these subjects in his noble works; but then, to have his familiar talk jotted down for us, his recollections of his boyhood and of his adventures in the woods of Charlecote; and then his struggles amid London life—how he took to the stage, what was his history there, how he worked his way up to proprietorship in the Blackfriars theatre, what was his life

when he went back, full of deep-welling thoughts, to that quiet country life at Stratford-on-Avon, where he died—who would not wish to have all this related to him, as Boswell has related the story of Johnson's career! But, as it is, Shakespeare's life is written in his works; and more than they tell us we can scarcely be said to know. About all such great men there is the most natural desire to know much. The world's eyes are turned to them. We want to know their individuality and manner of existence, which may often be full of profit and instruction for us. But we are curious also as to their features, and looks, and dress, and sayings, and even their most indifferent actions—the record of which only Bozzies can duly note for our satisfaction. Your “distinguished writers” have rarely eyes for such small matter. They are so apt to make the subject of their book a mirror in which they wish to see themselves. The lives they write are not biographies, so much as the dry bones of a body, which should have been alive. It is only the loving, gossiping Bozzies who can adequately satisfy us about the matters we are most desirous to know.

Autobiographies are very instructive; indeed, Johnson has said that every man's life may be best written by himself. But those who write their own lives are apt to omit the very things in which the world takes most interest. A man is not always the best judge himself. He is disposed to paint himself *en beau*; otherwise he were scarcely human. Rousseau is the only writer who has been honest in this respect, and there may have been an affectation in his confession of faults, not altogether truthful. Hear Rousseau himself on this point:—

“No one can write a man's life so well as himself. His interior being, his true life, is known to himself alone; but, in writing, he disguises it; under the name of a Life he makes an apology; he shows himself as he would like to be seen, but not at all as he is. The sincere are more or less truthful in what they say, but they are more or less false through reservations; and what they conceal has such a bearing on what they avow, that, in telling only a part of the truth, they in reality say nothing. I place Montaigne at the head of these *false sincere* writers, who would deceive you even in relating what is true. He paints himself with his faults, but then they are only amiable ones; there is no man who has not hateful faults too. Montaigne paints himself like, but only in profile. Who knows but that some gash on the cheek, or a cast in the eye, on the side concealed from us, would not have totally altered the expression of the countenance!”

A man cannot speak freely of himself in his autobiography. As the old Highland proverb

has it—“Were the best man's faults written on his forehead, he would pull his bonnet over his brow.” Could you expect him to put them in his biography? And Voltaire has observed in the same spirit, “Every man has a wild beast within him. Few know how to chain him. The greater number give him the rein except when the fear of the law holds them back.” You cannot expect men to tell you honestly how they manage with their “wild beast.” We would rather believe in the Bozzy, to the extent of his observation.

Of recent biographies, Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* and Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* furnish apposite illustrations. The former is a real, living portrait; it lets you into the actual life of an earnest man—paints him as he lived, and thought, and worked; it is a life worthy of Plutarch. The latter—the life of *Lord George Bentinck*—is a political pamphlet rather than a life. There is here and there to be found a little of the biographic lath and plaster; but we will venture to say that a better idea of Lord George Bentinck as a man might be obtained from a brief conversation with one of his servants or grooms than from this so-called biography. It is a mere clothes-horse, on which Mr. Disraeli displays his collection of political wares. It is little better than *réchauffée* of Hansard: certainly it is not the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*.

The French greatly excel us in biography and memoirs; but this topic we reserve for some future number.

THE *Journal des Débats*, quoting from the *Java Bode*, a journal published at Batavia, gives an account of a recent sale of slaves at the Chinese camp. The slaves, twelve in number, having been placed upon the table of the exposition, disposed in four lots, rattled some money in their hands, and addressed a few words timidly and in low tones to the assembly. A person who acted as their agent here stepped forward, and stated that his clients, having accumulated by long and painful labors some small saving, solicited the favor of being allowed to make a bidding for the purchase of their own persons. No opposition being offered, the first lot was cried, and made an offer through their agent, of forty francs. No advance being made upon this sum, the slaves were knocked down to themselves, the next lot, encouraged by their predecessors, offered only twenty-four francs. The public preserved the same silence, and they became their own purchasers. The third lot took the hint, and were even more fortunate, picking themselves up at a decided bargain, for the modest sum of ten francs. The *Java Bode* sees in these facts a great advance in civilization, especially among the Chinese, who formed the great majority of the persons present.

From Chambers' Journal.

AN OLD-FASHIONED SWEDISH WEDDING.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY—Boxing-day as it is sometimes rudely called in England, to the infinite perplexity of foreigners, some of whom want to persuade me that it is among us made the festival of our great national art—St. Stephen's Day is, in Sweden, in one sense, a greater holiday than its predecessor; it is observed in a less religious but more festive manner than Christmas. Shops and offices of all descriptions are closed; visiting, meeting, congratulating, eating, drinking, walking, sledge-driving, smoking, and talking, may well fill up a short winter-day. My post of observation is my window, looking over my favorite Place—Carl tretons Torg. What a scene I look down upon now! the whole street, the whole Place, covered with black figures moving over the snowy ground. Everybody is going out to dinner. You may know that such is the intention of these good people, for it is between two and three o'clock, and the women wear black hoods or black silk kerchiefs on their heads. Among true Swedes, no lady, young or old, goes out to a party or public place without a hood or kerchief, which is taken off on entering. Maid-servants, and decent women of the lower ranks, wear the kerchief at all times when abroad—a bonnet would be thought by them an impropriety, a "setting up for something above them;" their entire costume is still appropriate and distinctive. May they long retain their own fashions, and scorn the tawdry bonnets, flowers, and imitative modes of a similar class among ourselves! To look out of my window on this bright day, and over this charmingly clear and snowy prospect, one might fancy that the whole of Stockholm was moving out to a great funeral. Festivities in Sweden are solemn-looking things. Black is the state-costume in every sense; only black or white can be worn at court, and black is still the state-dress of the plain and lower ranks. Formerly, it was used at every ceremonial or visit of importance; and to-day, the crowds of black figures moving in the bright sunshine, together with the always grave and quiet demeanor of the Swedes when out of doors, give one the idea of anything rather than the festive meetings to which all are hastening.

But are there no mourners left behind, no sick, no sorrowing? Are there no hidden mourners moving among them? Is the festivity of St. Stephen's Day undarkened by a memory, unalloyed by a gnawing heart-pang? Why ask the question? They look happy, speak happily, walk along contentedly, looking as if the world were satisfied with them, and they were satisfied with the world. They are not thinking whether I, perched at the

double window over their heads, make an atom of that world or not; but instead of pursuing reflections which might make the good tender heart of my kind friend Frederika Bremer to ache, I will put on my cloak and a bonnet, to show I am not going out to dinner; and then I will take a walk, and distract myself, as my French friends would say, in the only way I can.

The winter air of Sweden is very exhilarating out of doors; within, it is quite the contrary; the rooms are so warm, the walls and windows so thick, the closed-up stoves so oppressively hot, that they make me stupid, heavy, indolent as a native. Now, I am on Norrbro, gazing on a scene that never tires. Here, looking at this beautiful Mälar, in its unfrozen part, sweeping between snowy boundaries, to cast itself into the Baltic, and at the widely-extended and brilliantly-white scene on either side, I get into a better humor than I was in my air-tight rooms, and forget to feel spiteful when I see fur-clad men pulling off their hats, and perhaps exposing a bald crown to the biting air, while they bow, and bow, and bow—three times is the mode—as if they were presented for the first time to the friends they salute; and then grasp them by the hand, clap them on the shoulder, or perhaps, on occasions, hug them in the arms, with all the warmth of brotherhood. And I forbear to envy the hooded women, who are constantly stopping on their way to courtesy down to the ground, and then to pull a hand from the inevitable muff, and extend it with a certain formal heartiness to meet another hand. I never have to pull out my hand from the wide sleeves of my furred cloak, which I try to persuade the Swedes answer for the muff, into which all classes, even without bonnets on their heads, must insert their hands. Voices are buzzing round me in congratulation or hopeful wishes. Perhaps even now some airy voice may syllable my name, but it does not reach me. Well, what matter? If I had to shake many hands, mine would be frozen; and if I had to say: "Hur star det till!" to all the friends I met, my breath would be congealed, as it is on the countless mustaches and beards around me.

I returned alone, as I had gone out, and alone I was to be. There was no dinner dressed in the house this day; every creature had left the immense building, servants and all; a poor old woman was, I believe, in some remote corner, sent in just to see that no one ran away with it. I was alone, and had to make the best of my solitude. My respected and kind friends at the British Embassy had illness in their family, and no one else thought of the solitary stranger on that day of reunions; but there was good in this, too, for it taught me just to do the con-

trary if ever it lay in my way. Well, darkness came on, the people were all housed; within some doors, all were jocund, hearty—I dare say, sufficiently noisy, for within and without makes a vast difference in Swedish manners; but everything outside was still, and having nothing to look at but the snow, with the lights here and there glittering over it; and nothing to hear, for all traffic and even motion were at an end, save the chance tinkle of a stray sledge-bell—I found it was necessary to open the mental safety-valve, and therefore I took up my pen, when, as if to reward a good child, there came a ring to our door-bell, and I heard a voice outside asking the portress if the English Fruntimmer had gone out. I ran out on the bitterly cold stone passage, and called out “Nay!”—a word which is as good in Swedish as in English, and then I had the pleasure of at last saying, “How do you do?” on St. Stephen’s Day of visiting in Sweden.

“I have come, madame,” said this good Swede, with the usual number of bows, “to bring you to a wedding. You said you would like to see a wedding in the old style—a real Swedish wedding. It is to be in the country, about four miles off. The house was once a pleasure-house of Queen Christina’s; it is thought she walks there still. The sledge is at the door, if you will come.”

A Swedish wedding, and Queen Christina’s ghost! I threw my pen away, ran into the next room, changed my dress, put on my cloak, pulled its hood over my head, and said “I am ready,” before my Swede had had time enough to finish his bows. The sledge was waiting, and this was to be my first night-sledding; the horse was very large for a Swedish one, the carriage small and low; the driver stood on the board behind, holding the long reins, like a Hansom cabman, only the Swede never sits. In the clear twilight of that northern evening he looked strikingly picturesque, and quite in keeping with the white background of the *coup d’œil* we had in descending. A huge cape of black wolf or dog fur descended almost to his knees; a very high cap of the same, a sort of shako, surmounted his head, and was pulled down to his eyebrows; the fur-collar rose over his mouth, so that the vacant space left by the black fur revealed only the projection of a long, turned-up nose, and a pair of small, vividly black eyes, the sole members exposed to sight or to frost.

I was dressed for a covered sledge, and found this was an open one. No matter; I preferred braving the keen air to returning up those dark, ice-cold stone stairs for more muffling. We got in; pulled the fur apron over us; I said “Go on,” in English, and my companion said “Go on,” in Swedish; the bells jingled; and we were off. The white

ground, the clear calm air, the sparkling lights, were accessories to enjoyment. The sledge-bells sounded softly musical in the stilly air. “They are quite lulling,” I said; “they would incline one to sleep on a journey.”

“Yes,” said my Swede: “I can assure you, madame, that our ladies in the country are often lulled to sleep by them when they are coming home at night, perhaps twenty or thirty miles—that is, of your miles—from the balls. But that is dangerous, oh, very dangerous indeed, to sleep at night in an open sledge; and then when they awake, they may also find themselves in the ditch.”

“And do your ladies travel at night in open sledges?”

“That they must certainly do if they go to country balls; but they muffle themselves well up.”

We were soon ascending the heights of Södor, or Södormalm, the south suburb of Stockholm. It was so beautiful! the lights from the many-windowed and unevenly-situated houses, the effects of which are an unceasing pleasure to me from my windows, were now sparkling out on the snow around, before, behind us; the palace was all lighted up; the old queen dowager, I believe, entertained her royal and most amiable son that day. We passed the water, or what was the water, where now the frost-bound ships and boats stood motionless and silent; the streets were as quiet as in the dead of night, yet it was scarcely six o’clock; only the half-frozen sentinels, and a strangely isolated-looking passenger, were to be seen. We got beyond the town. I beheld, for the first time in Sweden, a winter country-scene by night. My companion, assuring me that it did not always look so dreary, thought me very polite to him or his country, while all the time the admiration and pleasure expressed were real and heartfelt. The scenery was so new and picturesque to my eyes. The snow just then lay deep, the ground was abruptly broken into hills and hollows, the moon had not risen, yet all was distinctly visible in the clear twilight, and the large stars spangled the lofty sky; our tinkling bells warned a few walkers of our otherwise noiseless approach; but no decent woman in Sweden goes without a lantern, and the only one we met had hers in a curious fashion. I thought it was a moving lamp-post at a distance; but I found she had her lantern fastened like a great brooch to her person, in order that her hands should not be benumbed by holding it. At last, we left the public road, and ascended a hilly avenue to a very retired old house, which had once been a favorite villa of that famous, and perhaps still little understood personage, Queen Christina. The Swedes, who certainly relish a bit of scandal as much as any other of their na-

tional dishes, tell all sorts of stories about the origin of this retreat, which was then further removed from what *was* the fashionable side of Stockholm; but if this now common-place and dilapidated old house was really the scene of such adventures as they hint at, it is no wonder that the ghost of poor Queen Christina returns to visit, by the glimpses of the moon, the theatre of earthly and perhaps repented folly.

And when we got into this old house it appeared as strange a place for a modern wedding, as for old-fashioned royal love. The hall was dark as well as ancient; and the doubting, half-frightened look of the man who opened the door might lead us to the idea of some mystery but to none akin to any ideas I could form of either of such circumstances. He led us about as if he did not in the least know where to take us, or what to do with us. At last, we got into a small and quite unfurnished den; and he held a long thin candle for our service, but seemed afraid to act as Swedish servants always do, in pulling off and on boots and shoes, and stockings and cloaks, &c. Off this naked den was a gloomy closet, from whence a faint light issued. I penetrated its recess, in hopes of meeting the shade of Queen Christina, but I only startled that of a miserable-looking old man, who, without a chair, was leaning over the top of a high chest, using it as a table to read his psalm-book. But for that book I might have been frightened, and fancied I had been led wrong, and was to be made the heroine of my own romance, and to meet with all sorts of adventures. But the Swedish psalm-book has nothing to do with romance; and as few people read a good book when meditating a bad action, I dismissed all fear of robbers. At last, a young woman of my acquaintance ran into the room, exclaiming and scolding at my having been taken there. Then the facts of the case came out. The house and its premises were now a manufactory; the men I had seen were workmen, who had nothing at all to say to the wedding, poor fellows; and hearing me speak English to my companion, they never imagined that he could speak Swedish, or I either, and so let us do just as we liked. Another point which I began to understand was, that the house was lent only for the celebration of this wedding. As the bridegroom had to come a distance of fifty English miles on one side, and the bride about thirty on the other, they had agreed to begin a good rule in married life at the starting-post, and to meet half-way even at the altar; the man, whose greatness, we think, consists in yielding, giving up nearly half the distance in honor of the weaker vessel.

Leaving the young woman of the house to complete the toilet we had suspended, I made my way alone to a large low-ceiled apartment, called, in barbarized Swedish-French,

salong, where an abundant supply of wooden logs was burning in an immense old stove, covered with what we call Dutch tiles. In the centre of this large, bare, unfurnished room, and just under the glass chandelier, which hung from the low, beam-supported ceiling, was placed a curious-looking object, like a small ottoman, covered with a great pall of cotton velvet, edged with gold lace, which had that sort of suspicious look that goods hired out on stated occasions generally acquire. Two small hassocks for kneeling on stood before it. At the upper end of the apartment, a handsome youth of one-and-twenty was standing beside a robed and solemn-looking priest, who, with snuff-box in hand, was applying to it, and speaking to him alternately. What affinity have a marriage and an execution? I do not know; but certainly I entered that room expecting to see the one, and I immediately thought of the other—the block, the culprit, the priest, I saw—the executioner alone was wanting; but perhaps the priest was to be his proxy. However it was, the effect on me was anything but suitable to either occasion, for I burst into a laugh. That the singular-looking block in the centre of the floor was designed to represent the altar, never entered my thoughts until, very soon after my entrance, I heard the clergyman observe, that the low-hung chandelier might set the bride's crown on fire. "The crown! the crown!" was uttered by some voices at the door; and a few persons who were entering came forward, and, with the help of the young bridegroom, who had been standing beside the priest, removed the altar a little to one side.

This ceremony, I had been told, would take place at six o'clock, and at six I had come; but an hour or two in Swedish time makes not quite so much difference as a minute or two does in English. I spent such extra hour or two in as stupid and comfortless a manner as possible. The few persons who were in the room seemed to be awe-struck; the bridegroom behaved very properly, and showed less impatience than the priest, whose looks would have threatened a premature matrimonial reprimand if he had been the chosen spouse of the dilatory bride; the restless eyes and nervous movements of the snuff-box were indicative of impatience. At length, a crowd of guests came trooping in; the women all in large white shawls, and nearly all in black silk dresses. Then, soon after, there was a low murmur, and the priest started up, took a large pinch of snuff, used a colored handkerchief, and, returning it to his pocket, drew out a very large clean white one, and rolled one corner round his forefinger, allowing the rest to hang down to his feet. The officiating clergy of Sweden always carry a white handkerchief thus; but as it is not, I suppose,

a prescribed part of the Lutheran clerical habit, its purpose is quite puzzling to me. A slight movement on the part of the bridegroom turned my eyes to the door; it opened; a large party entered; the leader was a young, slight, rather delicate-looking girl, dressed in black, with a long sash of white ribbon round her waist, and a crown of the natural narrow-leaved myrtle on her head. Next to her came three young girls in white and colored dresses; and then the relatives of the bride. The young man came forward, took the hand of the girl in black with the myrtle-crown, and silently led her up to the ottoman. The priest was already behind it, with open book and pendent handkerchief: a few minutes, and all was over. The most solemn silence prevailed. The matrons appeared to me universally to look upon their young sister with compassion, and the unaffiliated girls to behold her with something like envy: the former at least began to weep, but Swedish tears flow readily. As soon as the ceremony was over, the bride had to bestow about 150 kisses, which was the number of persons present. And then — just when, as children say, she might seem to have given all her kisses away, she suddenly turned round, and with a look of recollection, murmured: "Ack! my Alfred!" and threw herself into the bridegroom's arms. The embrace was momentary; and as I had just been presented to her, she looked at me, saying, by way, I suppose, of apology: "I have not seen him for three months — never since we were betrothed."

The company adjourned to the inner room, where a general feeling of solemnity seemed to prevail. At last, the usual libation of bad white German wine appeared, to drink the health of the young couple, and at the same time entered the clergyman, whose office was not yet over: he carried a glass of wine in one hand, and the insignia of office, the white handkerchief, hanging from his finger. He made a long speech, extolling the state of matrimony in general, and its peculiar blessedness in this particular instance, ending with advice and religious exhortation, which drew forth a renewal of tears from the married ladies. When this was ended, I began to think a Swedish wedding was about as dull a thing as an English one, and, a little discontented, I strolled back again to the salong. A lady was at the piano, and I asked her if there would be any dancing; saying I had understood it was to be such a wedding as I wanted to see — a real old-fashioned Swedish one.

"Ah!" she replied, "there is no one disposed for dancing; they think too seriously for that. Yes, it is a serious thing to be married; and the priest's talk was so good! No, they will not dance to-night." All the time her fingers were moving the keys. The

bride and her husband appeared at the open folding-door; his arm was round her waist — her hand rested on his shoulder. Under the circumstances, such an attitude did not strike me as remarkable; but they flew from their post in a waltz; and in a moment almost every one but myself was whirling round the room. To understand the real labor of dancing, one should dance as the Swedes do. The English, beside them, would seem to dance in their sleep. As for the polka and gallopade, the men almost lifted their partners from the ground; and I should have thought it impossible that such slight, weak-looking creatures could sustain movements so violent, especially in airless rooms, and throughout a long winter, when dancing is almost all the amusement and life of all classes. One poor young man was a singular evidence of the excitement of the dancing mania. He came from the borders of Dalecarlia; his long light hair was worn as the men there wear it, hanging straight down the sides of his face, not two features of which seemed to have the least connection with each other; his legs were as little akin, one being some inches shorter than the other. The bridegroom good-naturedly tried to get him to dance, but for some time ineffectually. Finally, he yielded; and when once set in motion, there seemed no probability that he would ever stop of himself: the long hair flew wildly up and down, the heterogeneous features breathed the strongest excitement, the short leg pounced on the floor; one would have thought he had got Terpsichore herself for his partner.

At eleven o'clock my sledge had been ordered; and at eleven I was about to retire, when the bridegroom's men who had the charge of the entertainment, beset me with entreaties to remain to supper. Every one said they "hoped the sweet Fruntimmer would not go away;" and when the bride told me that after supper her crown was to be danced off, and she hoped I would do her the honor to stay and look at her, I felt glad to consent to do what I wished. My open sledge was dismissed, and a covered one placed at my disposal. This real desire to please and gratify a stranger was shown throughout the evening. To the whole party I was quite unknown; and I now believe that much of what was performed on that evening was performed for my gratification, such weddings being now seldom seen. As soon as an enormous supper was hastily despatched, the salong was again cleared; a grave judge sat down to the piano, and struck up the wildest, most random-sounding music; all the unmarried people caught hands; all the married ones hastened to the furthest of the three rooms, which in Swedish are almost always *en suite*. Before I knew what was to be done, I found myself drawn along in a line, singing and moving to

this wild music, through the open doors; while another band formed at the further extremity, passed us, singing also, and capering in the same fashion. The bride and bridegroom were still in the band of the blessed single, and to keep them so there was to be a struggle. For my part, I would have let them go, if I had not wished to see the dancing fight. The poor little bride was now placed in the middle of the room, just under the chandelier; it was well she was so little; a handkerchief was tied over her eyes, and we women danced in a circle round her, while she in turns caught one and another in her arms, and swung her round and round in desperate energy; then the crown — loosened, shaking and tottering on her head — was to fall off on that of the girl who was to be next married. This movement was supposed to be accidental, the bride being blindfolded; but I happened to ask her sister beforehand if she hoped to get the crown, to which the girl rather sulkily answered: "No, it must go to the other bridemaid, who is betrothed." And so, on the head of the betrothed the myrtle-crown came down; and the choice it made was applauded by the men, who stood in an outer circle looking on, and clapped their hands when the *Fastuo* (betrothed) looked innocently confused at such an apropos accident. When her crown was off, I thought the play was over, but now came the struggle. The matrons made a dancing attack on the ranks of the single sisters, who enclosed the bride. The former were to take, the latter to retain her, if possible. For my part, knowing we formed a forlorn-hope, and believing that the object of our defence was a traitor in the camp, I should, perhaps, had I thought about it, have done just what I did; but I did not think, for in the confusion I mistook one party for the other, and, getting my arms round the passive bride, fairly drew her into the circle of matrons; and I dare say the captured one thanked me for putting an end to the contest.

Then the same thing was acted with the bridegroom, who had stood calmly looking on at his young wife's troubles, only his treatment was rougher and sooner over. The married men having got him, the single brethren seized him in their arms, and gave him a farewell fling towards the ceiling, which the interposition of the chandelier prevented his reaching. The horror of our poor hostess on this occasion formed the most laughable part of the scene; unable either to make herself heard or seen by the actors in it, and equally unable, I suppose, to resist the influence of the wild rattling music, she capered round the group, who were tossing the recreant, to the imminent peril of her chandelier, her arms and hands stretched out towards it, as if she fain would shelter it within them; her mouth wide open, and her eyes as full of

terror as if she saw the royal ghost rattling the glass pendants, that shook and jingled at every heave of the bridegroom. At last, having fairly turned the soles of his feet to the ceiling, they turned them downward again, and set him on them, looking just as equable and pleasant as ever.

It was now three o'clock in the morning: the covered sledge was waiting, the great man of the party — there is a great man at all parties — was to leave me at home. I endeavored to express my thanks, but was met with expressions of great thankfulness for the honor I had conferred; and so I came away. I do not think that anything could give me a more favorable idea of the manners of the Swedish people than the conduct I saw on this occasion.

The company, with the exception of the one great man in a civil uniform, were all of the lower rank of the trading classes. The handsome young bridegroom was, I think, foreman to a distiller; but, so far as a foreigner could judge, their manners were as unexceptionable as any I have met in the highest circles of their country; no word, look, or movement could offend the most delicate taste. Together with the absence of all awkward restraint, there was an evidently unassumed and all-pervading observance of the strictest decorum and politeness; and with the exception of that abominable practice of spitting — in which the priest was most proficient — in the corners of the room, there was not the least appearance of coarseness or vulgarity to be observed. Their politeness and good-will to myself I shall not readily forget.

At three o'clock precisely on that December morning, we walked down the snow-covered hill to meet the sledge which waited at its foot. The poor horses would have been the better for a share in the wild dance. The driver was a powerful man, so swathed in gray fur that not a bit even of his nose was visible; an English sportsman might have shot him in mistake for a bear. But the moon was now up, and such a moon as the Swedish one is! hanging between heaven and earth, distinct in the clear atmosphere, so large, so bright, and shedding that pale white light by which I have read a psalm in my prayer-book without spectacles.

The great man of the party insisted on leaving me at home, although he passed his own house, and I had my friend still with me; and as he unhappily heard me express a dislike to cigars, he insisted on sitting beside the driver, leaving the whole of the inside of his sledge to us. These things are of not the least consequence in themselves, but they are of consequence in indicating the manners of a people.

The lantern always accompanies carriages, whether the moon shines or not, and walkers

too; but the streets of Stockholm are not lighted when the almanac says the moon ought to shine. There is no gas, and oil is better spared than spent. The windows of the queen-dowager's apartments were still lighted as we passed the palace; shutters are not used in Stockholm, nor blinds commonly. They say her majesty sits up all night, but does not lie in bed all day, so that her old maids of honor have rather a waking life; they tell you she breakfasts at six in the evening, and dines at eleven at night.

I had brought a wax-taper in my pocket, and the key of the court-door. I lighted my taper at the judge's lantern, locked the court-door when he had ended his farewell bows; and having dismissed both him and the Swedish friend who had taken me to see the wedding, I mounted the hideous, dark stone stairs, and applied the key to the house-door where I lived; but, alas! it had been St. Ste-

phen's Day, and some of the other dwellers there having come home long before me, had bolted the door inside! The idea of finishing the night of St. Stephen's Day sitting on the cold, dark, terrible-looking stone stairs, set me, I suppose, into a state of desperation; and the violent bodily exercise to which I had been subjected stimulated my powers, so that I applied to the door in a manner that caused no little terror to my ancient hostess. Not even my voice would persuade her it was I, until she examined my rooms and found them empty. "Why, madame," said she, when she let me in, "how could I think you were not sleeping, when I know that in England no one goes out on St. Stephen's Day?" and as she thinks she knows more of my country fashions than I do myself, I only replied: "Well, for once I did go out on St. Stephen's Day to see an old-fashioned Swedish wedding."

THE modelling of the statue which the friends and admirers of the late Mr. George Stephenson have subscribed to his memory, being now complete—we, and others, were some days ago invited to a private view of the work. The figure—of which Mr. Bailly is the sculptor—is to be cast to a height of ten feet; and the character of the performance has been determined—as that of every really fine work of sculpture will be—by the conditions both of the subject and of the site. In the first place, the statue has the advantage of being intended for an interior—suitable to its magnitude; and this allows it to be executed in marble—a material wholly unfitted for permanent exposure to the open air of England. Then, it has the far rarer advantage of assimilating exactly with the shrine which it is to illustrate. It gives and takes character to and from its site. Intended to be placed in the Great Hall of the "North-Western" Terminus, at Euston Grove, it will be, as it were, the very *genius loci*. A very peculiar grove is Euston Grove—and he who shall look there for the Dryads, will be in search of the wrong deities. The pipe of the modern Pan is the steam whistle, and the shades of this retreat resound ever with the snorting of the great steeds of Commerce. The Hippocrene of Euston Grove bubbles with perpetual steam—and there, Pegasus is an iron horse. He has the hoof of fire, but his wings are driving-wheels. In the creation and interpretation of this new mythology, the late Mr. Stephenson had a most conspicuous part. Here will his figure fitly stand, on the threshold of that vast iron network which has brought far places close together, altered the relations of time and space, changed the conditions moral and physical of the world—and which his genius and his labor helped to create. Here the great engineer will, as it were, through the generations to come, overlook his own work. We presume that, whatever differences of opinion there may be on the ques-

tion of costume as applied to portrait sculpture in general, there is no difficulty about their solution in a case like this. To have dressed the modern Genius of Practical Science in a toga would be a solecism no greater than to have put classical robes on Mr. Stephenson who here represents it. The men who have made railways all wore coats and waistcoats, and a marble coat and waistcoat has Mr. Bailly given to Mr. George Stephenson. For many an age to come the thousands and hundreds of thousands who shall pour through this hall, as the vestibule to the North, will see here the man "in his armor as he lived;"—not clad in the garments of a past the very fragments of whose system he helped to break up, but in that ordinary costume of the time from beneath which his spirit breathed along the great lines on which they are about to travel. The Muse of one age is not the Muse of another. This age has a poetry most emphatically its own—to which all its accidents conform—and the true artist is he who recognizes and embodies it. For the real poet, by whatever vehicle he speaks, there are no conventions. If one man represents more than most others the peculiar poetry of our time as opposed to the classical—work-land against dream-land—it is the late George Stephenson, and to have hung around him any of the shreds of the classic system would have been so far essentially to uncharacterize him. Mr. Bailly has dealt with the poetry he found, adding no other, save so much of his own art as—allowably—just refines—slightly idealizes, without changing. They who knew the late Mr. Stephenson well, pronounce this work to be admirable as a portrait. The unpromising materials have grown plastic in the sculptor's hands, and are made to yield their own significance to the presentment. Mr. Bailly has thought that a peculiarly English genius of the nineteenth century might be expressed in the characters of the country and the time.

From the Athenæum.

Demetrius the Impostor. An Episode in Russian History. By PROSPER MÉRIMÉE. Translated by Andrew R. Scoble. Bentley.

THE history of the Russian adventurer Demetrius, by M. Mérimée, has a double interest; it is one of the most stirring episodes in the annals of Russia — and it is one of the most remarkable examples on record of a species of historical illusion of which almost all parts of the world have furnished characteristic instances — but which has not yet received a sufficiently profound investigation at the hands of philosophic historians. Many places of the world have produced impostors, who, personating dead men, and laying claim to their honors, have for a time had a career of success. The Perkin Warbeck of English History is no solitary example of imposture aiming at a crown. But perhaps in no case has imposture been associated with so many circumstances disposing us partially to respect it, and even to question whether, after all, it was imposture in the strictest sense of the term, as in the case of the pseudo-Tsar, Demetrius.

Ivan the Terrible had died in 1584, leaving his elder son Feodor to succeed him on the throne, and a younger son, Demetrius, the issue of a seventh marriage, and a mere infant, as presumptive heir. Feodor, who was weak and unable to rule personally, governed by his brother-in-law, Boris Goudonof, a man of great ability, but severe, tyrannical, and unpopular. By the orders of Boris, the *Tsarevitch* Demetrius (the Tsar's son) was educated at Ooglitich, under the care of his mother, the Tsarina-Dowager and his uncles. He had grown up to be a mad, ferocious imp, of ten years of age, when, one day in May, 1591, he was found in the court-yard of the palace, with his throat cut. Whether he had been murdered, or whether he had accidentally fallen in an epileptic fit on a knife with which he was playing at the time, could not be ascertained. The people about the palace, however, and the populace of Ooglitich believed that he had been murdered; and a dreadful riot ensued, during which various persons were killed on suspicion. The Regent Boris, having instituted an inquiry into the case, exculpated the supposed murderer, inflicted the severest punishment on the rioters, and caused it to be declared that the *Tsarevitch* had died by an accident. The belief, however, that he had been murdered still remained; and it was whispered about that the murderer was no other than the Regent Bois himself, who had removed the young *Tsarevitch* to prepare for his own accession to the throne.

On the death of Feodor, which occurred in 1598, and which was also attributed, though

without just cause, to secret violence, Boris did ascend the throne. For five years he reigned as Tsar; governing with great energy, but with such haughtiness and cruelty as to become universally hated. The Russians were exasperated, and were in a state of mind to hail any one who should promise to deliver them from the tyranny of Boris. Such a man appeared.

Suddenly a surprising rumor was brought from the frontiers of Lithuania, and spread with incredible rapidity through all the provinces of the empire. The *Tsarevitch* Demetrius, who was believed to have been assassinated at Ooglitich, was still living in Poland. Having been favorably received by a palatine, he had made himself known to the principal nobles of the republic, and was preparing to reclaim his hereditary throne. It was related that he had wandered for some time in Russia, concealed beneath the frock of a monk. The archimandrite of the convent of the Saviour at Novgorod-Severski had given him a lodging without recognizing him. The prince had proceeded from thence to Kief, leaving in his cell a note, in which he declared that he was Demetrius, the son of Ivan the Terrible, and that he would one day recompense the hospitality of the archimandrite. On the other hand, it was stated that persons worthy of belief had seen the *Tsarevitch* among the Zaporogue Cossacks, taking part in their military expeditions, and distinguishing himself by his courage and address in all warlike experiences. The name of the ataman under whose orders he had enrolled himself was also given. Other authorities declared that they had seen the same personage, at the same time, studying Latin at Huszara, a small town in Volhynia. Though reports were contradictory as to details, they all agreed on this one point — that Demetrius was still living, and that he intended to call the usurper to account for all his crimes. About the middle of the year 1603, at Brahin, in Lithuania, a young man, who had been for some time attached to the service of Prince Adam Wiszniowieki, in the capacity of equerry or *valet de chambre*, declared to him that he was the *Tsarevitch* Demetrius. He related that a physician named Simon, a Wallachian or German by birth, having become acquainted with the sinister designs of Boris, or rather having received large offers from him to destroy the life of the presumptive heir, had feigned consent, in order that he might better frustrate the plans of the tyrant. On the night fixed for the assassination, this faithful servant had placed in the bed of the *Tsarevitch* the child of a surf, of about the same age, who had been put to death. Feeling convinced that Feodor was so completely under the influence of Boris that it would be impossible to obtain justice from him, the physician had fled from Ooglitich with young Demetrius; and had afterwards confided him to the care of a gentleman devotedly attached to his family, who, in order to guard him more effectually from the hatred of Boris, had made him enter a convent. The physician was dead, as well as the gentle-

man to whom he had confided the prince. In the absence of these two witnesses, the unknown produced a Russian seal, bearing the name and arms of the Tsarevitch, and a golden cross adorned with precious stones of considerable value. This, he said, was the present which, according to Russian usage, he had received from his godfather, Prince Ivan Mstislavski, on the day of his baptism. The young man, who declared that he was the son of Ivan, appeared to be about twenty or twenty-two years of age. If Demetrius had lived he would have been twenty-two years old in 1603. He was small of stature, but broad-shouldered, and possessed of remarkable vigor and agility. His hair was sandy, indeed almost red, in color; his eyes were of a pale blue, and yet his complexion was very swarthy, as is frequently the case with the inhabitants of cold countries. It was well known that Maria Fédorovna, the mother of Demetrius, was quite a brunette, and that Ivan the Terrible was rather below the middle height. Those who remembered the Tsar Ivan perceived a family likeness in the face of the unknown; and yet, the Tsar was a handsome man, whilst the features of his pretended son were not at all prepossessing. Several of his contemporaries, who had frequent opportunities of seeing him, represented him to have had a large face, prominent cheek-bones, a flat nose, thick lips, and little or no beard; and this description corresponds almost exactly with his portrait in the Academy of St. Petersburg, and with an engraving published in Poland in 1606. We notice in it, as it were, an exaggeration of the Slavic type, associated with an expression of remarkable firmness and energy. The unknown further exhibited two warts which he had, one on his forehead and the other under his right eye. One of his arms, also, was rather longer than the other. All these signs, apparently, were well known to have been remarked in the child who had died at Ooglitich.

It was in Poland, then a more powerful country than Russia, and not well disposed towards Boris, that the young Pretender gained his first adherents and matured his scheme of invasion. His most active friend was George Mniszek, Palatine of Sendomir — with whose beautiful daughter the adventurer fell in love. The exertions of this friend won over the Papal Nuncio at the Polish court, and also Sigismund, King of Poland. Many of the adherents of Demetrius really believed in his claims as Tsarevitch; others sided with him on grounds of policy — Sigismund, for example, out of hostility to Russia, and the Papal legate out of a hope, suggested by the adventurer, that his accession to the Russian throne would be favorable to the interests of the Latin Church in that country. By one means or another, Demetrius got together a considerable force of Poles, Cossacks and Germans — and invaded Russia, where there was already an enthusiastic disposition to receive him as the lawful Tsar. Of the progress of the impostor's arms, till by

the defeat of the forces of Boris, and the death of Boris himself, he was able to enter Moscow in triumph, M. Mérimée gives a succinct but clear account. Entering Moscow on the 20th of June, 1605, Demetrius immediately assumed the reins of government, and sent for his betrothed Marina, the daughter of Mniszek, to share his throne. The marriage was celebrated with feasts and ceremonies of barbaric pomp; and the only drawback to the universal rejoicing was, the discontent of some of the Russian boyards with the introduction of so many foreigners into Moscow, and with the favor shown to them and their religion by the new Tsar. The conduct of the young impostor in his capacity as ruler is thus described by M. Mérimée, who evidently regards him as a man of no ordinary character:—

His conduct and all his habits contrasted singularly with those of his predecessors. He was resolved to reign by himself, to know everything, to see everything with his own eyes. Basmanof, though always treated by him with the greatest distinction, and even with friendship, quickly perceived that it would not be easy to govern this young man of twenty-three years old, whose Mentor he had undoubtedly hoped to become. Demetrius would have neither favorite nor master. He was determined that all should bend to his will, and yet, despot though he was, he was fond of discussion, and allowed his boyards the most complete liberty to contradict him. He daily presided over his council; and his prodigious memory, his quickness of perception, and his penetration, confounded his ministers. They inquired where he could have gained such a thorough acquaintance with the state of his empire, its wants and its resources. Though tolerating and even inviting contradiction, he too frequently abused his superiority to rail pitilessly at adversaries whom he had convinced of mistake, or whom respect had reduced to silence. His pleasantries left wounds as deep as the insults of a capricious and unreasoning tyrant could have produced. Moreover, he too openly displayed a partial preference for foreign customs, which shocked the prejudices of the Muscovites. He was incessantly quoting the example of Poland, that ancient enemy of Russia, and extolling on every occasion the superiority of her laws and of her civilization. "Travel, and gain instruction," he would say to his boyards, "you are savages; you need the polish of education." These jests upon the ignorance of his subjects were never forgiven; for that ignorance, in the eyes of many persons, bore a sacred character, akin to that of the ancient religion and time-honored customs of the country. When he entered Moscow, it was still a prey to the ravages of famine, and misery prevailed throughout the city. He succeeded in promptly remedying this sad state of things by wise regulations which, by encouraging commerce and the importation of food, soon produced abundance in the place of dearth. He also applied himself, from the very outset of his reign, to reforming the administration of justice, by setting bounds

to the rapacity of the judges, and prohibiting the slowness of their proceedings. Following the example of many Tsars whose memory was cherished in the traditions of the people, he appeared every Sunday and Wednesday on the threshold of his palace, and there received all petitions with his own hand. He interrogated his petitioners with kindness, listened patiently to their statements, and frequently terminated with a single word an affair which had lasted for long years. If he found it necessary to reject a request, he did it with so much consideration, that his obliging words gave almost as much satisfaction as if he had granted a favor. His indefatigable activity of mind and body astonished all his court, but the Muscovites, accustomed to the solemn etiquette of their Tsars, thought that he was sometimes wanting in dignity. For example, instead of going to church in a carriage, according to custom, he repaired thither on horseback, and frequently on a restive steed, which he took delight in managing. . . . In former times, Tsars never passed from one room into another, without being supported under the arms by several of their courtiers. They were guided and led about like children in leading-strings. All these tiresome ceremonies were now set aside. The new Tsar went out of his palace without informing any one, almost always without a guard, executing on the spur of the moment any thought that occurred to his mind. He walked on foot through the town, sometimes inspecting the works of a cannon-foundry which he had just established at Moscow, sometimes entering into the shops, chatting with the merchants, especially with foreigners, and displaying great curiosity to examine everything and become acquainted with the instruments and products of their industry. His chamberlains and body-guards frequently had to look for him in street after street, and found it extremely difficult to find him again. Whenever he heard of any new branch of industry, he immediately became desirous to introduce it into Russia, and made the most advantageous offers to skilful artisans and enlightened merchants, in order to induce them to settle in his dominions. He was fond of the arts, and particularly of music. It is said that he was the first tsar who took vocal and instrumental performers into his service. During his meals, symphonies were executed — a Polish fashion, then newly introduced, and regarded almost as scandalous by the Russians. Many persons would have preferred that he should have got drunk with his buffoons, like Ivan the Terrible, rather than that he should listen to German or Polish musicians. . . . His skill in all warlike exercises, and his dashing intrepidity, gained him the admiration of his soldiers, and especially of the Cossacks; but the mass of the nation found it difficult to reconcile this restlessness and taste for useless dangers with the idea which they had formed to themselves of a Tsar of all the Russias. Scrupulous persons, in particular, found much to complain of in his conduct, in all that regarded religious practices. He was inattentive at divine service, he frequently forgot to salute the holy images

before taking his meals, and he sometimes rose abruptly from table without washing his hands. This was then considered the height of impiety. Another crime imputed to him was, that he did not go regularly to the bath on Saturdays. On the day of his coronation, one of the Polish Jesuits who had accompanied him paid him a compliment in Latin, which no one understood, and the Tsar, perhaps, as little as any one; but the devotees had no doubt that the speech contained horrid blasphemies against the national religion, for all knew that Latin was the language of the Papists. Sometimes, when speaking to Russian ecclesiastics, he used the expressions, "*Your religion, your worship.*" It was inferred from this that he had his own particular religion, which could be nothing else than the Latin heresy. At one of the sittings of the imperial council, it was represented to him that a proposition which he had just brought forward was condemned by the seventh oecumenical council, the last whose authority is recognized by the Greek Church. "Well," he replied, "what of that? the eighth council may, very likely, come to a contrary decision on the matter."

Besides devoting his attention to internal reforms, Demetrius cherished schemes for aggrandizing Russia among the nations, and for placing her at the head of a great Pan-slavic empire. For this purpose, he broke with Sigismund, King of Poland, and made preparations for a war against him. But in the midst of his projects, and when, as yet, he had reigned but a few months, he was surprised by a conspiracy, the leaders of which were some of the Russian boyards whom he had most favored. His imprudence and confidence prevented him from taking means to protect himself; and on the night of the 28th of May, 1606, his palace was attacked, himself slain, and a vast number of Poles were massacred in the streets of Moscow. M. Mérimée thus describes the death of the impostor :—

As for Demetrius, seeing the first door of the palace broken through, and feeling convinced that all resistance was useless, he threw down his sword, ran through the apartments of the Tsarini, and made his way to the chamber most remote from the place which the rebels were assailing. He had, it is said, received a sabre wound in his leg. However, he opened a window which looked into the open space where the palace of Boris, which he had ordered to be demolished, had formerly stood; the window was more than thirty feet above the ground, but there was no one in the neighborhood, and he jumped down. In his fall he had the misfortune to break his leg, and the pain was so intense that he fainted. A moment after he recovered his consciousness, and his groans attracted the attention of a few Strelitz from a neighboring guard-house, who recognized him. Moved with compassion, these soldiers lifted him up, gave him some water to drink, and seated him on a

stone which remained of the foundations of the palace of Boris. The Tsar now regained sufficient strength to speak to the soldiers, who swore to defend him. In fact, when the rebels came to demand their prey, they replied by discharging their arquebuses, and killed several of the foremost rioters. But soon the crowd increased, attracted by the tumult, and by shouts that the Tsar had at length been discovered. The Strelitz were surrounded and threatened; they were called upon to give up the impostor, or the mob would go to their suburb and massacre their wives and children, who had been left there defenceless. Then the frightened Strelitz laid down their arms, and abandoned the wounded man. With horrible acclamations of triumph, the multitude fell upon him, and dragged him, with blows and imprecations, to a room in the palace, which had been already pillaged. As Demetrius, in the power of his executioners, passed before his prisoner body-guards, he extended his hand towards them in token of farewell, but did not utter a word. One of his gentlemen, a Livonian, named Furstenberg, transported with rage, attempted though unarmed, to defend him. The rebels transixed the brave fellow with a thousand blows, whilst he was vainly endeavoring to preserve his master. If Demetrius was not instantaneously massacred, it was only because the ingenious hatred of his assassins wished to prolong his sufferings. He was stripped of his imperial robes, and the caftan of a pastrycook was thrown over him. "Look at the Tsar of all the Russias!" shouted the rebels. "He has now put on the dress which befits him." "Dog of a bastard," said a Russian gentleman, "tell us who you are, and whence you came!" Demetrius collected all his remaining strength, and, raising his voice, said: "Every one of you knows that I am your Tsar, the legitimate son of Ivan Vassilievitch. Ask my mother if it is not so; or, if you desire my death, at least give me time to confess myself." Thereupon, a trader named Valouief, breaking through the press, cried out, "Why talk so long with this dog of a heretic? This is how I'll shrive this Polish piper!" And he fired a shot from his arquebus into the breast of the Tsar, which put an end to his agony.

The death of Demetrius did not end the curious episode in Russian history of which he was the chief figure. The conspirators raised their leader, Basil Schuisky, to the throne; but the country continued in a state of commotion and revolt — partly on account of the regrets of many of the people who admired the slain usurper — partly on account of the fresh attempts of new adventurers, who pretended that Demetrius had not been slain, but escaped. With one of these, who assumed to be Demetrius himself, Marina, the wife of the slain Tsar, associated herself — though with a very bad grace. At length, order was restored by the deposition of Basil, the assassination of the second Demetrius, and the elevation to the throne, by a patriotic faction, of a native nobleman, Michael Roma-

nov, the founder of the present Russian dynasty (March, 1613). These events, constituting a kind of appendage to the proper biography of the first Demetrius, are also narrated in considerable detail by M. Mérimée.

So far as M. Mérimée is concerned, the real origin of Demetrius, his real name, and his real antecedents, still remain involved in mystery. We are somewhat disappointed at this — though probably it was inevitable in the state of the evidence; and we are also a little disappointed that M. Mérimée has not attempted a more profound appreciation of the character and aims of the impostor, and of the function of imposture in general as illustrated by his case. The book is, nevertheless, a beautiful piece of historical writing, and a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Russian history. It appears to be well translated.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY G. D. PRENTICK.

'Tis Morn — the sea-breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear;
But I am sad — thou art not here!

'Tis Noon — a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue wave of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lonely star,
But I am sad — thou art afar!

'Tis Eve — on earth the sunset skies
Are printing their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down and trembling glow,
Like blossoms on the wave below,
And like an unseen spirit, the breeze
Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot;
But I am sad — I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight — with a soothing spell
The far-off tones of ocean swell —
Soft as the mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child,
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking-bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay;
But I am sad — thou art away!

I sink in dreams — Low, sweet and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in mine ear;
Around my cheek thy tresses twine,
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed,
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
Oh, I have all my heart holds dear
And I am happy — thou art here!

From Household Words.

SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

As late as eight-and-twenty years since, across the open road at the great western entrance into London, between the triple archway and screen of the Park and the triumphal gateway of Constitution Hill, there stretched a turnpike with double lodges. To that turnpike, half a century earlier, I wish the reader to accompany me. An unusual number of people are collected (it is Thursday, the 3rd of August, 1775) to see the king and queen returning from the drawing-room. It is not much of a show. Not even a gilt coach figures in it, or a prancing horse, or a company of lancers or dragoons. Only a stir is perceived at the further end of the crowd, two lines are formed, and through them come two sedan chairs, each surmounted by a crown and borne by two men in the royal liveries — majesty in the one exhibiting itself in very light cloth with silver buttons; and in the other wearing lemon-colored flowered silk on a light cream-colored ground. And so, between the two lines, observing, smiling, and bowing as they pass, George the Third and Queen Charlotte move away; and the sight is over.

But even then, for one person in the crowd, the scene appears not to lose all its interest. He is a small, thin, precise-looking man, in a dress of grave, square cut, with a large bush wig, very sharp features, long nose and chin, a keen, restless eye, a step as active and firm as though it carried sixteen instead of sixty winters, and a complexion certainly not tanned by an English sun. But he speaks English; and, asking of one who stands near what that noble red-brick house is that bears the look of having sprung up quite recently at the gate of Hyde Park, is told that it has just been built by the Lord Chancellor Apsley, on ground taken out of the park, and given him for the purpose by the king.

The stranger had probably more interest in the answer than he expected when he put the question. Within that house, he could hardly fail then to remember, there lived with Chancellor Apsley his father, Lord Bathurst, the celebrated friend of Pope and Swift; from whose life, wanting now but nine years to complete its cycle of a century, Burke had drawn the happy illustration which he had thrown out six months ago in the House of Commons, in a speech already admired of all men, but to the man now standing by Apsley gate more than commonly impressive. Having to move certain resolutions for a basis of conciliation with our American colonies in the dispute at this time raging, the great orator had pointed to Lord Bathurst's venerable age, for proof that within the short period of the life of man our commercial and colonial

prosperity had risen, and for warning that the same brief space might suffice for its not less rapid fall. Here was one, said Burke, who had lived in days when America served for little more than to amuse Dutch William's subjects with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; who had survived to days when as much as England had won through the civilizing conquests and settlements of seventeen hundred years, had been added to her by that very America in the course of half a century; and who yet might be spared to see these fruits of man's energy blasted by man's folly, and all this glorious prosperity withered and passed away. As merely a burst of eloquence, this was a thing to be remembered; but to the stranger of whom I speak it possessed a nearer interest. For if the resolutions with which it closed had not been contemptuously rejected, the revolution which had driven him here into exile might not in his days have begun. If concession to those American colonies of the right of taxing themselves, of the right of trial in places where offences were committed, and of the privilege of juries in admiralty courts, had found more than seventy-eight supporters in a house of three hundred and forty-eight members the peal of musketry which had broken over Lexington might not have been heard by that generation; and Mr. Samuel Curwen, prosperous merchant and judge of admiralty at Salem in New England, would not have found himself, a sudden fugitive from home, standing before Apsley House that August afternoon.

Two days after the Lexington affair he had taken flight from the port of Boston. His little native town of Salem was then in a flame. Some weeks earlier he had been pointed at and denounced for an ardent loyalist; but when the new militia bands had once crossed arms with the king's troops, this feeling broke all bounds. Everywhere men who had claimed the right to uphold opinions adverse to those of the majority of their fellow-citizens, were driven forth with ignominy. We are told to forgive our enemies, was the fierce cry which rose on all sides, but we are not told to forgive our friends. Mr. Curwen thought he might possibly escape unmolested in Philadelphia; but on arriving there, in his precipitate flight from Boston, he found the militia as eager to put shoulder to shoulder in peaceful Pennsylvania, as he had left them in puritan Massachusetts; drums were beating, colors flying; and he saw two companies of armed quakers, commanded by Friend Samuel Marshall, and Friend Thomas Miffin, parading the streets of the drab-coated city. So there was nothing left for this poor ex-colonial judge of admiralty, but to put himself on board a schooner bound for England, and try to find with us the liberty of opinion

which America was then too bent on seizing for herself to have time to concede to her offspring. He was at sea nearly two months; and long before he landed at Dover, in July, the battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought, and all hopes of peaceful accommodation closed.

When Judge Curwen fled from the rebellious colonies he was sixty years old, when he went back to the triumphant young republic he was sixty-nine; and of the eventful years which formed the interval—all of them passed in England, and all with the usual penalties of exile, though some with more than its usual enjoyment—he left a curious record in a diary which his surviving representatives printed in New York a dozen years ago,* and in which those past days, with all their pains and pleasures, their hopes and their misgivings, still live for us with a vivid and singular reality. For the record was honest and genuine, as in the main the diarist himself was. He does not appear, indeed, to have been of the heroic stuff of martyrs. If the liberty of opinion he craved had been conceded to him, it would probably have involved nothing graver than the liberty to change his opinion; for he was clearly a man impressible by events, and would probably have saved himself a very long voyage, and very great inconvenience, if he could only have held his tongue till after the first few blows were struck in the war of his fellow-citizens for independence. Not that he was a time-server—far from that; his views within his line of sight were steady and unwavering; but in politics this line stretched but a little way, and took also a subsequent not dishonorable bias from his avowed liking for his native land. In other respects he was a man of fair learning, and more than average accomplishment; not at all intolerant of opinions at issue with his own; in religion a dissenter of the class still most prevalent in New England, in his tastes scholarly and refined, not ill-read in general literature, prone to social enjoyments, a reasonably good critic of what he saw—altogether an excellent example of the class of men out of whom the Fathers and Founders of that great republic sprang; and a companion not less pleasant than instructive to pass a few hours with, as I hope the reader will find.

If he also finds, as he moves in such company through some memorable scenes long past, that on all sides views are entertained of the probable results of this quarrel between

Great Britain and her Colonies, which at the present day appear almost too monstrous for belief, he will not be less kindly disposed to the elderly New Englander who felt that he could only resolve by headlong flight the many awful doubts that were besetting him of what must follow a contest so unnatural. With its only practical issue, Separation, staring every one in the face at the period his diary begins—no one is bold enough to confront it. The idea is not more abhorrent to Lords North and George Germaine than it is to Chatham and to Burke. It will appear not less to the credit of Mr. Curwen's sagacity than of his humanity that he constantly urged conciliation, because he held steadily to the belief that America never would be conquered by arms; but not for an instant, till the very last, did he doubt that the downfall of both countries would follow fast on the heels of what was called "Independence." And all around him, whether favorable or not to the claims of the insurgent colonists, are not less firmly of that opinion. It was not till Mr. Curwen had been living more than two years in England, that (on the night of the 3rd September, 1777) he met one man at Bristol who held quite different views. This eccentric person will appear in our second chapter.

But whatever errors in political science might be prevalent—did the great mass of the people even on this side of the Atlantic, though much ill-blood had been violently stirred, desire other than a speedy and amicable close to this breaking out of quarrel? Mr. Curwen tells us, no. The experience of his first two months in London sufficed to prove to him that though the upper ranks, most of the capital stockholders, and the principal nobility, were for forcing at all hazards supremacy of Parliament over the insurgent colonies, yet from the middle ranks downward the people were decidedly opposed to it. He went into all kinds of coffee-houses (a better index of public opinion in those days than the club-houses since have been), and though he found the resistance of America the standing topic of dispute, and the dispute "something warm," yet it was always "without abuse or ill-nature." Indeed, in one of the very first letters he had to write out after his arrival, when he had not been five weeks in London, he mentions the surprise with which he had found "a tenderness in the minds of many here for America, even of those who disapprove of the principles of an entire independence of the British legislature, and ardently wish an effort may be made to accommodate." He went hardly anywhere into English middle class society that he did not, at the outset of this wretched quarrel, find a manly tolerance expressed for that of which he confesses he had himself in America been very far from equally tolerant. There was one

* It was printed in 1842, with the title of *Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c.; an American refugee in England*; under the editorship of Mr. George Atkinson Ward, "Member of the New York Historical Society, and Honorary Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society."

house indeed, where, with the noblest echo of this better feeling, he might also have heard a noisier and more violent majority eager to welcome extremities from which the bulk of the nation recoiled; but he could not find his way into it. In the fourth month after his arrival, Burke was upholding with unabated and unrivalled eloquence another motion in that house "to compose the present troubles and quiet the minds of His Majesty's subjects in America," but Mr. Curwen in vain exerted himself to obtain admission. After another month, Lord North in a very different spirit was urging there, amid *Hear him!* of greater triumph and with a success of numbers more potent than Burke's reasoning or wit, his bill for absolutely prohibiting all future commercial intercourse with America; and still Mr. Curwen knocked at the gallery door in vain. He remonstrated at last; he spoke to Mr. George Hayley, M. P., whom he met in the Strand; and Mr. Hayley, an active and bustling city member in those days, now faded out of human memory, could only assure the respected ex-judge that really all strangers for the present time must be excluded, for the attendances were great, the floor of the House too small, and positively the members themselves could not get on without the gallery.

But if he must wait (it is only for a time) the unbarring of those inhospitable doors, many more genial ones have been meanwhile, and still are, opening to him. Let us go back a little, and retrace what amusements or occupations they were that relieved the first months of his exile. For this agitated time offered no exception to the law which prevails at every other, and which, in presence of the most trivial interests that can engage the individual attention, seems to dwarf the mightiest that affect the welfare of the world. It is of course not really so, as a very little reflection teaches us. We perceive it to be the result of one of the wisest of providential arrangements, that when we penetrate beneath the surface of the most wide-spread calamities that absorb the attention of history, we should find the ordinary currents of human life moving on with little suffering or disturbance; and we can afford to leave entirely to the use of jaded men of fashion such regrets as Horace Walpole was at this particular hour indulging, that so little grief should be felt by the public for the public misfortunes, and that theatres, operas, parties, dinings, merry-makings, fashionable preachings, and Sunday evening promenades, should still be in progress just as usual, though armies were surrendering, fleets showing the white feather, and an incapable ministry despoiling the Crown of what Horace protests is "its brightest jewel" — the Colonies of North America!

Judge Curwen has only been one day in London when he is to be discovered strolling

about Westminster Hall, remarking it as something odd that the Master of the Rolls (then Sir Thomas Sewell) should be sitting in court with his hat on; finding the noise "much greater than would be allowed in our American courts;" thinking it unbecoming the dignity of a judge that, in place of peremptorily checking the noise and confusion, Mr. Justice Nares should actually submit to rise out of his seat, step forward, and lean down to hear; and giving other intimations of an old-world formality and love of grave precision which a modern visitor from the New World would hardly be expected to display. He saw, of course, on this and on other occasions the Chief Justice, and thought his manner very like "the late Judge Dudley of Massachusetts;" all but those peering eyes of his, which denoted a penetration and comprehension peculiarly his own. After that hard look at Mansfield, the man whose eloquence was ever loudest against his countrymen, and whose politics, admired in his tory days in America, now appear to him far less palatable in these days of exile — (an "excellent judge and mischievous politician" is the character he gives of him) — he is most anxious to get sight of Wedderburn, who only last year had flung in Benjamin Franklin's face the grossest insult that language could frame; and in Mansfield's court he discovers the indiscreet and fiery little Serjeant, but not saying anything that was worthy of remembrance. In the Common Pleas he sees Blackstone, already famous across the Atlantic as the author of the Commentaries; and, before leaving Westminster Hall, he entertains himself in the committee chamber of the House of Commons at the examination of the witnesses in the case of the Worcester election, observing the M. P.s sitting on an elevated bench looking like a court of sessions, and noting that the examination is carried on by advocates "with regularity and decency."

From the law courts to the theatres is no violent step, reflecting as they do in pretty equal proportions the passions and humors of life, alike dealing largely in fictitious pathos and purchased buffoonery, and differing mainly in the fact that the law court beats the theatre in the reality of the catastrophes witnessed or inflicted in it. Mr. Curwen being a man of some taste, of course his first attempt was to see Garrick; and on a night when he was acting Hamlet, he forced his way into Drury Lane. He found him in all respects greatly above the standard of the performers who surrounded him, yet thought him even more perfect in the expression of his face, than in the accent and pronunciation of his voice. But it is to be remembered that the great actor, now in his sixtieth year, was arrived at his last season, and after this was to be seen no more; a fact of which Mr.

Curwen had no very agreeable evidence in attempting to get into Drury Lane a few months later to see him play Archer in Farquhar's delightful comedy, when, so enormous was the crowd, that after "suffering thumps, squeezes, and almost suffocation, for two hours," he was obliged to "retire without effecting it." He attempted it with no better success a few weeks later, when the dazzling performance of Richard, which had first startled London five-and-thirty years before, was given for the last time; when their majesties both were present, the theatre was again crammed to suffocation, and Mr. Curwen again turned back a disappointed man. He had to console himself as he might with Mrs. Barry at Covent Garden, where he saw and admired her fine person in Constance; where also he saw a lady play Macheath, thinking it "a great impropriety, not to say indecency;" where he thought Quick a good actor, too; and discreetly singled out Moody for praise before the merits of that performer were publicly acknowledged. On the whole, though, this particular time was but a dull time for theatres, as the interval between the sinking of a great star and the rising of any other generally is; and there seems no reason to attribute to anything but the correctness of his taste the formal complaint of our American critic, that he has no wish to indulge a cynical or surly disposition, yet cannot help declaring that he finds great disappointment at the London theatrical performances. The bulk of the actors fell below his idea of just imitation. To his seeming they overacted, underacted, or contradicted nature; the nicest art of the stage, which is to mark the lines of separation between humors or passions bearing to each other only general resemblances, appeared to be lost altogether; the hero was a bully, the gentleman a coxcomb, the coxcomb a fool, the fine lady affected, insipid, or pert; and nothing but the lower grades of character, the gamesters, chamber-maids, or footmen, were represented to the mark of what was true. As a reward to this well-informed lover of the theatre, however, for reaching London so late as the last season of Garrick, it so befell that he did not quit London till he had assisted at the first success of Mrs. Siddons, and saw the stage as it were reawaken at the inspiration of her genius.

Nor was he, meanwhile, without other resources. He went to Vauxhall Gardens, a "most enchanting spot" in those days, with glorious gravelled walks, shrubberies, illuminated alcoves, and everywhere such myriads of variegated lamps, that the lord of Strawberry Hill was wont to protest he should never again care a button for trees that had n't red or green lamps to light themselves up with. He took boat at Temple Stairs and went to

Ranelagh, where he found infinite numbers of well-dressed people, and rubbed up against the Duke of Gloucester and the French Ambassador. At an exhibition, silly enough in itself, called *Les Ombres Chinoises*, a badly arranged puppet-show, he saw, among several well-dressed people of fashion, an elderly gentleman with a star on his coat, who was pointed out to him as Lord Temple and "supposed author of *Junius*," a notion which seems strangely to have slept from that hour till an examination of the Stowe papers reawakened it not many months ago. He went to the Royal Academy Exhibition in Pall Mall (it was its last year there), and was yet more struck by it in the year next following — its first in Somerset House. In a very full house at the Haymarket, he heard the humorous George Alexander Stevens' Lecture on Heads; and saw subsequently (of course) an imitation and attempted improvement of the same, where the heads shone forth in transparency, Captain Cooke's calling forth elaborate eulogium, and Lawrence Sterne's the accompaniment of a pathetic apostrophe; — the exhibitor passing afterwards to very surprising tricks with cards, and winding up the whole with marvellous imitations of the thrush, blackbird, skylark, nightingale, woodlark, and quail. But songs more wondrous than these, the good New Englander heard on another occasion at Covent Garden Theatre, where, in honor of Handel (the musical saint of England, he exclaims, whose performances are as much read and studied as Romish manuals of devotion by their admirers), a performance of the oratorio of Messiah was given, with an effect he can only describe by heaping epithet on epithet, as noble, grand, full, sonorous, awfully majestic. "The whole assembly as one, rising," continues the earnest old man, "added a solemnity which swelled and filled my soul with an — I know not what, that exalted it beyond itself, bringing to my raised imagination a full view of that sacred assembly of blessed spirits which surround the throne of God."

Such was the character of the amusements that our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers patronized, and incident to which, not seldom, other sights more grave were intruded. Thus, when our American holiday maker was crossing Clerkenwell Green one day, in the hope of passing a pleasant evening in company with a fellow-refugee from New England, "Mr. Copley, the limner," and his family (among whom played a sprightly child of two years old, who was destined to become Lord High Chancellor of England), he was startled by the sight of five couple of boys *chained together*, going under care of tipstaves to Bridewell — an exhibition, we grieve to say, which remained common and familiar in the same quarter for more than half a century

afterwards. On another occasion, in that same neighborhood, he was led, by an awful curiosity, having heard that it was "notorious for its constant supply of Tyburn," into a court called Blueberry Alley, which he found to be precisely what to our disgrace such courts remain at the present hour, "filled with small, huttish kind of houses, the habitations of filth and vice." Having occasion to cross Hounslow Heath, his attention is arrested by "three monuments of human folly and divine justice" — as many gibbets with the remains of so many wretches hanging in chains. At Tyburn itself, he sees thirteen executed in one day; in connection with which he has to note the melancholy consideration that robberies are nevertheless greatly increasing, as indeed is thieving of all kinds in the metropolis. Not long after, he beheld a similar exhibition of ten suffering in one day on the same scaffold. Quietly walking up Holborn on another day, shortly after having seen two pickpockets publicly whipped at the Old Bailey (when the assembled mob expressed much dissatisfaction with the very moderate lashing inflicted on the oldest offender, and loudly swore "he had bought off Jack Ketch"), he found a throng of ordinary people crowding round a chaise filled with young children of about seven years of age, and, inquiring what it meant, learnt to his horror that so many infants, "capable of being trained to useful employments, and becoming blessings to society," were already known for hardened young sinners, and at that instant were on their way to Newgate. What was his amazement, too, to find a clergyman of the church of England suddenly carried off to Poultry Compter on a charge of forgery — his real name Dodd, but better known by the name of the Macaroni Doctor; and to remember that this was the same reverend divine whom, not many months before, he had heard at the Magdalen preaching, from the text, *These things I command you, that ye love one another*, "a most elegant, sensible, serious, and pathetic discourse, enough to have warmed a heart not callous to the impressions of pity," and which did indeed warm his, until his eyes "flowed with tears of compassion."

The tears of compassion due to Doctor Dodd in the pulpit, however, were certainly not due to him in his more proper place, the prison; and Mr. Curwen's feeling, when he heard what his previous career had been, took the very different and more natural direction of surprise that such a man should have been permitted to mount the pulpit at all. But without dwelling upon this, or seeking to account for the indifferentism which at that time had crept into the church, and which the vigorous preachings of Wesley and Whitfield were rapidly driving out of it, let us

accompany our New England visitor to one of those fashionable Sunday promenades, at which it was then no unusual or indecorous thing to find yourself, in the evening, crowding and pushing past the parson under whose pulpit, in the morning, you had been sitting with reverent attention — and of which the doctor of divinity so unexpectedly committed to the Poultry was a noted and constant visitor.

The Sunday evening promenade, says Mr. Curwen (and the remark may be not unworthy of attention with such a question as the Sunday admission to the Sydenham Palace still undetermined), had been invented because less objectionable places of amusement were closed by enactment. In lieu of such, the promenade had been instituted "to compensate for twelve tedious hours' interval laid under an interdict by the laws of the country, as yet unrepealed formally by the legislature, though effectually so in the houses of the great and wealthy, from whence religion and charity are but too generally banished." It was held at the house (now D'Almaine's) in Soho Square, which the Lords Carlisle occupied to within twenty years of this date, which Mrs. Cornelys had afterwards hired for her celebrated balls and masquerades, and which — on that ingenious but unsuccessful lady's retreat from it, to vend asses' milk at Knightsbridge — was fitted up with rooms *à la Chinois*, with variegated, lamp-lit galleries, with grottoes of natural evergreens, with wildernesses of flowering moss and grass, with dimly-lighted caves of spar and stalactite, with Egyptian recesses mysterious in hieroglyphic panellings, and with tea-rooms and tea-tables for accommodation of a thousand promenaders. The employment of the company was simply walking through the rooms, and drinking (when they could get it) tea, or coffee, or chocolate, or negus, or lemonade; for which privilege tickets were purchased at the doors, costing three shillings each. What such a place would degenerate into, the reader can easily imagine. "Though it is also resorted to by persons of irreproachable character," says our grave and elderly friend, "among the wheat will be tares; the ladies were rigged out in gaudy attire, and attended by bucks, bloods, and macaronies." Full dress he found not requisite; but respectable habiliments absolutely so; and on the night he attended, the spurs of one promenader caught carelessly in a lady's flounce, whereupon the booted individual was obliged to apologize, and take them off. Yet very difficult it must have been for anybody, spurred or not, to keep clear of the flounces, seeing that the ladies appear to have come uniformly in two divisions, of which the first swept their track by long trails, and the other by enormous hoops and petticoats. A good thousand

thronged the rooms on the night when Mr. Curwen was there; and such was the jostling, interfering, and elbowing, that, for his own part, he tells us, being old and small, he received more than a score of full butt encounters with dames in full sweep, and had to admire the greater experience with which the yet more ancient Duke of Queensberry piloted his perilous way. Of the accommodation in other respects, he also enables us to judge. He made fifteen vain attempts to get a dish of tea; and when served at last, it was in a slovenly manner, on a dirty tea-stand. Of all the commoner tea resorts he had already had experience;—he knew Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House was not strange to him, nor was he unfamiliar with the Dog and Duck;—but never, in the humblest of such places of public resort, had he seen the company treated with so little respect by servants, as here. With Ranelagh, whose vacation it pretended to supply, it was not in that respect comparable; Vauxhall was a thousand times more agreeable; and taking himself off at the early hour of twelve, it was with no small content Mr. Curwen found himself once more safe in his own lodgings.

And now, week had crept on after week, month after month, and he was in the second year of his exile. The war that had driven him here was raging more furiously than ever; his wife, Abigail, who had refused to accompany him on his flight, had been obliged to pay ten pounds in Salem to find a man for the American army in his stead; George Washington was proclaimed Lord Protector of the thirteen independent states; the hope, which even Jefferson once entertained, that England and her colonies might have been a free and a great people together, was forever

gone; and nothing remained for such as held the ex-judge's moderate opinions, but to prepare for a lengthened exile. Exactly twelve months were passed since he landed at Dover, and here was a letter just come from a friend at Salem—"filled with American fancies," Heaven help them! Nothing was dwelt upon in it but their power, strength, grandeur, and prowess by land and sea; their policy, patriotism, industry; their progress in the useful arts, and their fixed determination to withstand the attacks of tyranny—"et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," adds Mr. Curwen, impatient of his correspondent's extravagance. For he feels, alas! that too soon, to their sorrow, these fanciful notions, like Ephraim's goodness, will "vanish as the morning cloud and early dew" into the land whither all such fatal delusions sooner or later pass. But, meanwhile, he may not shrink from the conclusion such letters put before him. He must no longer hope to measure his residence in England by the probabilities of weeks or months, but by the sad certainty of years.

London, then, can be no place for his continued abode. It is too expensive for the narrow means to which the necessities attendant on his flight restrict him. He must visit some of the leading country towns to ascertain whether without the cost of London, yet not wholly apart from the cultivated society to which he has been accustomed, his mode of life may be able to adapt itself to his altered circumstances. And perhaps, at some early day, the reader will not object to accompany him on this proposed ramble through the leading towns of Old England, and mark how little or how much they may still retain of what their visitor from New England observed in them Seventy-Eight Years Ago.

SPARE MY HEART FROM GROWING OLD.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

OLD Time, I ask a boon of thee—

Thou 'st stripped my hearth of many a friend,
Ta'en half my joys and all my glee—

Be just for once, to make amend;
And, since thy hand *must* leave its trace,
Turn locks to gray, turn blood to cold—
Do what thou wilt with form and face,
But spare my heart from growing old.

I know thou 'st ta'en from many a mind
Its dearest wealth, its choicest store,
And only lingering left behind
O'er-wise Experience' bitter lore.

'T is sad to mark the mind's decay,
Feel wit grow dim and memory cold—
Take these, old Time, take all away,
But spare my heart from growing old.

Give me to live with Friendship still,
And Hope and Love till life be o'er—
Let be the first the final chill
That bids the bosom bound no more;

That so, when I am passed away,
And in my grave lie slumbering cold,
With fond remembrance friends may say,
"His heart, his heart grew never old."

DEATH.

METHOUGHT a change came o'er me, strange yet
sweet,

As if unmanacled a captive sprung;
Lightness for dull incumbrance, wings for feet,
The heavy and the weak asunder flung;
To sink, to sail, to fly were all the same;
No weight, no weariness; unfleshed and
free;

Pure and aspiring as the ethereal flame,
With the full strength of immortality;
Reason clear, passionless, serene, and bright,
Without a prejudice, without a stain,
Unmingled and immaculate delight,
Without the shadow of a fear or pain—
A whisper gentle as a zephyr's breath
Spoke in mine ear, "THIS LIBERTY IS DEATH."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE. FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AUTHOR OF "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

In vain you urge me to forget
That fearful night — it haunts me yet;
And stamp't into my heart and brain,
The awful memory will remain;
Yea, e'en in sleep that ghostly sight
Returns to shake my soul each night. — S. M.

RICHARD STEEL was the son of one of those small landholders who are fast disappearing from Merry Old England. His father left him the sole possessor of twenty-five acres of arable land, and a snug little cottage, which had descended from father to son, through many generations.

The ground-plot, which had been sufficient to maintain his honest progenitors for several ages, in the palmy days of Britain's glory and independence, ere her vast resources passed into the hands of the few, and left the many to starve, was not enough to provide for the wants of our stout yeoman and his family; which consisted at that period of three sons and one daughter, a lovely, blooming girl of ten years, or thereabouts. Richard and his boys toiled with unceasing diligence; the wife was up late and early, and not one moment was left unemployed; and yet they made no headway, but every succeeding year found them in arrears.

"Jane," said the yeoman one evening, thoughtfully, to his wife, after having blessed his homely meal of skimmed milk and brown bread, "couldst thee not have given us a little treat to-night? Hast thee forgotten that it is our Annie's birthday?"

"No, Richard, I have not forgotten: how could I forget the anniversary of the day that made us all so happy! But times are bad; I could not spare the money to buy sugar and plums for the cake; and I wanted to sell all the butter, in order to scrape together enough to pay the shoemaker for making our darling's shoes. Annie knows that she is infinitely dear to us all, though we cannot give her luxuries to prove it."

"It wants no proof, dear mother," said the young girl, flinging her round, but sunburnt arms about her worthy parent's neck. "Your precious love is worth the wealth of the whole world to me. I know how fond you and dear father are of me, and I am more than satisfied."

"Annie is right," said Steel, dropping his knife and holding out his arms for a caress. "The world could not purchase such love as we feel for her; and let us bless God that, poor though we be, we are all here to-night, well and strong, ay, and rich, in spite of our homely fare, in each other's affections. What say you, my boys?" And he glanced with pa-

rental pride on the three fine lads, whose healthy and honest countenances might well be contemplated with pleasure, and afford subjects for hopeful anticipations for the future.

"We are happy, father," said the eldest, cheerfully.

"The cakes and spiced ale would have made us happier," said the second. "Mother makes such nice cakes!"

"So she does," cried the third. "It seems so dull to have nothing nice on Annie's birthday. I should not care a fig if it were Dick's birthday, or Owen's, or mine; but not to drink Annie's health seems unlucky."

"You shall drink it yet," said Annie, laughing.

"In what?" asked both the boys in a breath.

"In fine spring water!" And she filled their mugs.

"Better God never gave to his creatures. How bright it is! How it sparkles! I will never from this day ask a finer drink. Here is health to you, my brothers, and may we never know what it is to lack a draught of pure water!"

Annie nodded to her brothers, and drank off her mug of water; and the good-natured fellows, who dearly loved her, followed her example.

Oh, little did the gay-hearted girl think, in that moment of playful glee, of the price she was one day destined to pay for a drink of water!

The crops that year were a failure, and the heart of the strong man began to droop. He felt that labor in his native land would no longer give his children bread, and, unwilling to sink into the lowest class, he wisely resolved, while he retained the means of doing so, to emigrate to America. His wife made no opposition to his wishes; his sons were delighted with the prospect of any change for the better, and if Annie felt a passing pang at leaving the daisied fields, and her pretty playmates, the lambs, she hid it from her parents. The dear homestead, with its quiet rural orchard, and trim hedgerows, fell to the hammer; nor was the sunburnt cheek of the honest yeoman unmoistened with a tear, when he saw it added to the enormous possessions of the lord of the manor.

After the sale was completed, and the money it brought duly paid, Steel lost no time in preparing for his emigration. In less than a fortnight he had secured their passage to New York, and they were already on their voyage across the Atlantic. Favored by wind and weather, after the first effects of the sea had worn off, they were comfortable enough. The steerage passengers were poor, but respectable English emigrants, and they made several pleasant acquaintances among them. One family especially attracted their attention,

and so far engaged their affections during the tedious voyage, that they entered into an agreement to settle in the same neighborhood. Mr. Atkins was a widower, with two sons, the ages of Richard and Owen, and an elder sister, a primitive, gentle old woman, who had been once both wife and mother, but had outlived all her family. Abigail Winchester (for so she was called) took an especial fancy to our Annie, in whom she fancied that she recognized a strong resemblance to a daughter whom she had lost. Her affection was warmly returned by the kind girl, who, by a thousand little attentions, strove to evince her gratitude to Abigail for her good opinion.

They had not completed half their voyage before the scarlet fever broke out among the passengers, and made dreadful havoc among the younger portion. Steel's whole family were down with it at the same time, and, in spite of the constant nursing of himself and his devoted partner, and the unremitting attentions of Abigail Winchester, who never left the sick ward for many nights and days, the two youngest boys died, and were committed to the waters of the great deep before Annie and Richard recovered to a consciousness of their dreadful loss. This threw a sad gloom over the whole party. Steel said nothing, but he often retired to some corner of the ship to bewail his loss in secret. His wife was wasted and worn to a shadow, and poor Annie looked the ghost of her former self.

"Had we never left England," she thought, "my brothers had not died." But she was wrong; God, who watches with parental love over all his creatures, knows the best season in which to reclaim His own; but human love in its vain yearnings is slow in receiving this great truth. It lives in the present, lingers over the past, and cannot bear to give up that which now is for the promise of that which shall be. The future separated from the things of time has always an awful aspect. A perfect and childlike reliance upon God can alone divest it of those thrilling doubts and fears which at times shake the firmest mind, and urge the proud, unyielding spirit of man to cleave so strongly to kindred dust.

The sight of the American shores, that the poor lads had desired so eagerly to see, seemed to renew their grief, and a sadder party never set foot upon a foreign strand than our emigrant and his family.

Steel had brought letters of introduction to a respectable merchant in the city; who advised him to purchase a tract of land in the then new State of Illinois. The beauty of the country, the fine climate, and fruitful soil, were urged upon him in the strongest manner. The merchant had scrip to dispose of in that remote settlement, and, as is usual in

such cases, he consulted his own interest in the matter.

Steel thought that the merchant, who was a native of the country, must know best what would suit him; and he not only became a purchaser of land in Illinois, but induced his new friends to follow his example.

We will pass over their journey to the Far West. The novelty of the scenes through which they passed contributed not a little to raise their drooping spirits. Richard had recovered his health, and amused the party not a little by his lively anticipations of the future. They were to have the most comfortable log-house, and the neatest farm in the district. He would raise the finest cattle the largest crops, and the best garden stuff in the neighborhood. Frugal and industrious habits would soon render them wealthy and independent.

His mother listened to these sallies with a delighted smile; and even the grave yeoman's brow relaxed from its habitual frown. Annie entered warmly into all her brother's plans; and if he laid the foundation of his fine castle in the air, she certainly provided the cement and all the lighter materials.

As their long route led them further from the habitations of men, and deeper and deeper into the wilderness, the stern realities of their solitary locality became hourly more apparent to the poor emigrants. They began to think that they had acted too precipitately in going so far back into the woods, unacquainted as they were with the usages of the country. But repentance came too late; and, when at length they reached their destination, they found themselves upon the edge of a vast forest, with a noble open prairie stretching away as far as the eye could reach in front of them, and no human habitation in sight, or indeed existing for miles around them.

In a moment the yeoman comprehended all the difficulties and dangers of his situation; but his was a stout heart, not easily daunted by circumstances. He possessed a vigorous constitution and a strong arm; and he was not alone. Richard was an active, energetic lad, and his friend Atkins, and his two sons, were a host in themselves. Having settled with his guides, and ascertained by the maps, that he had received at Mr. —'s office, the extent and situation of his new estate, he set about unyoking the cattle which he had purchased, and securing them, while Atkins and his sons pitched a tent for the night, and collected wood for their fire. The young people were in raptures with the ocean of verdure, redolent with blossoms, that lay smiling in the last rays of the sun before them; never did garden appear to them so lovely, as that vast wilderness of sweets, planted by the munificent hand of Nature with such profuse magnificence. Annie could

scarcely tear herself away from the enchanting scene, to assist her mother in preparing their evening meal.

"Mother, where shall we get water?" asked Annie, glancing wistfully toward their empty cask; "I have seen no indications of water for the last three miles."

"Annie has raised a startling doubt," said Steel; "I can perceive no appearance of stream or creek in any direction."

"Hist! father, do you hear that?" cried Richard. "The croaking of those frogs is music to me just now, for I am dying with thirst;" and, seizing the can, he ran off in the direction of the discordant sounds.

It was near dark when he returned with his painful of clear cold water; with which the whole of the party slaked their thirst, before asking any questions.

"What delicious water—as clear as crystal—as cold as ice! How fortunate to obtain it so near at hand!" exclaimed several in a breath.

"Ay, but it is an ugly place," said Richard thoughtfully. "I should not like to go to that well at early day, or after night-fall."

"Why not, my boy?"

"It is in the heart of a dark swamp, just about a hundred yards within the forest; and the water trickles from beneath the roots of an old tree into a natural stone tank; but all around is involved in frightful gloom; I fancied I heard a low growl as I stooped to fill my pail, while a horrid speckled snake glided from between my feet, and darted hissing and rattling its tail into the brake. Father, you must never let any of the people go alone to that well."

The yeoman laughed at his son's fears, and shortly after the party retired into the tent, and, overcome with fatigue, were soon asleep.

The first thing that engaged the attention of our emigrants was the erection of a log shanty for the reception of their respective families. This important task was soon accomplished. Atkins preferred the open prairie for the site of his; but Steel, for the nearer proximity of wood and water, chose the edge of the forest, but the habitations of the pioneers were so near that they were within call of each other.

To fence in a piece of land for their cattle, and prepare a plot for wheat and corn for the ensuing year, was the next thing to be accomplished; and by the time these preparations were completed the long bright summer had passed away, and the fall was at hand. Up to this period both families had enjoyed excellent health, but in the month of September, Annie, and then Richard, fell sick with intermittent fever, and old Abigail kindly came across to help Mrs. Steel to nurse her suffering children. Medical aid was not to be had in that remote place, and

beyond simple remedies, which were perfectly inefficacious in their situation, the poor children's only chance for life was their youth, a good sound constitution, and the merciful interposition of a benevolent and overruling Providence.

It was towards the close of a sultry day that Annie, burning with fever, implored the faithful Abigail to give her a drink of cold water. Hastening to the water-cask, the old woman was disappointed by finding it exhausted, Richard having drunk the last drop, who was still raving in the delirium of fever for more drink.

"My dear child, there is no water."

"Oh! I am burning—dying with thirst! Give me but one drop, dear Abigail—one drop of cold water!"

Just then Mrs. Steel returned from milking the cows, and Abigail proffered to the lips of the child a bowl of new milk, but she shrank from it with disgust, and, sinking back on her pillow, murmured, "Water! water! for the love of God! give me a drink of water!"

"Where is the pail?" said Mrs. Steel. "I don't much like going alone to that well; but it is still broad day, and I know that in reality there is nothing to fear; I cannot bear to hear the child moan for drink in that terrible way."

"Dear mother," said Richard, faintly, "don't go; father will be in soon; we can wait till then."

"Oh! the poor dear child is burning!" cried Abigail; "she cannot wait till then; do, neighbor, go for the water; I will stay with the children, and put out the milk while you are away."

Mrs. Steel left the shanty, and a few minutes after, the patients, exhausted by suffering, fell into a profound sleep. Abigail busied herself scalding the milk-pans, and, in her joy at the young people's cessation from pain, forgot the mother altogether. About half an hour had elapsed, and the mellow light of evening had faded into night, when Steel returned with his oxen from the field.

The moment he entered the shanty he went up to the bed which contained his sick children, and, satisfied that the fever was abating, he looked round for his supper, surprised that it was not, as usual, ready for him upon the table.

"No water!" he cried, "in the cask, and supper not ready. After working all day in the burning sun, a man wants to have things made comfortable for him at night. Mrs. Winchester, are you here? Where is my wife?"

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed the old woman, turning as pale as death, "is she not back from the well?"

"The well!" cried Steel, grasping her arm; "how long has she been gone?"

"This half hour, or more."

Steel made no answer — his cheek was as pale as her own; and, taking his gun from the beam to which it was slung, he carefully loaded it with ball; and, without uttering a word, left the house.

Day still lingered upon the open prairie, but the moment he entered the bush it was deep night. He had crossed the plain with rapid strides, but as he approached the swamp, his step became slow and cautious. The well was in the centre of a jungle, from the front of which Richard had cleared away the brush to facilitate their access to the water; as he drew near the spot, his ears were chilled by a low deep growling, and the crunching of teeth, as if some wild animal was devouring the bones of its prey. The dreadful truth, with all its shocking, heart-revolting reality, flashed upon the mind of the yeoman, and for a moment paralyzed him. The precincts of the well were within range of his rifle, and dropping down upon his hands and knees, and nerving his arm for a clear aim, he directed his gaze to the spot from whence the fatal sounds proceeded. A little on one side of the well, a pair of luminous eyes glared like green lamps at the edge of the dark wood; and the horrid sounds which curdled the blood of the yeoman became more distinctly audible.

Slowly Steel raised the rifle to his shoulder, and setting his teeth, and holding his breath, he steadily aimed at a space between those glowing balls of fire. The sharp report of the rifle awoke the far echoes of the forest. The deer leaped up from his lair, the wolf howled and fled into the depths of the wood, and the panther, for such it was, uttering a hoarse growl, sprang several feet into the air, then fell across the mangled remains of his victim.

Richard Steel rose from the ground; the perspiration was streaming from his brow; his limbs trembled and shook, his lips moved convulsively, and he pressed his hands upon his heaving breast to keep down the violent throbbings of his agitated heart. It was not fear that chained him to the spot, and hindered him from approaching his dead enemy. It was horror. He dared not look upon the mangled remains of his wife — the dear partner of his joys and sorrows — the com-

panion of his boyhood — the love of his youth — the friend and counsellor of his middle age — the beloved mother of his children. How could he recognize in that crushed and defiled heap his poor Jane? The pang was too great for his agonized mind to bear. Sense and sight alike forsook him, and, staggering a few paces forward, he fell insensible across the path.

Alarmed by the report of the rifle, Atkins and his sons proceeded with torches to the spot, followed by Abigail, who, unconscious of the extent of the calamity, was yet sufficiently convinced that something dreadful had occurred. When the full horrors of the scene were presented to the sight of the terror-stricken group, their grief burst forth in tears and lamentations. Atkins alone retained his presence of mind. Dragging the panther from the remains of the unfortunate Mrs. Steel, he beckoned to one of his sons, and suggested to him the propriety of instantly burying the disfigured and mutilated body before the feelings of her husband and children were agonized by the sight.

First removing the insensible husband to his own dwelling, Atkins and his sons returned to the fatal spot, and conveying the body to the edge of the prairie, they selected a quiet, lovely spot beneath the wide-spreading boughs of a magnificent chestnut-tree, and wrapping all that remained of the wife of Richard Steel in a sheet, they committed it to the earth in solemn silence; nor were prayers or tears wanting in that lonely hour to consecrate the nameless grave where the English mother slept.

Annie and Richard recovered to mourn their irreparable loss — to feel that their mother's life had been sacrificed to her maternal love. Time, as it ever does, softened the deep anguish of the bereaved husband. During the ensuing summer, their little colony was joined by a hardy band of British and American pioneers. The little settlement grew into a prosperous village, and Richard Steel died a wealthy man, and was buried by the side of his wife, in the centre of the village churchyard, that spot having been chosen for the first temple in which the emigrants met to worship in his own house the God of their fathers.

DAWN.

Dawn cometh; and the weary stars wax pale
With watching through the lonely hours of
Night,
And o'er the fathomless, deep, azure veil
A sweet, uncertain smile of infant light
Spreads softly, rippling up the starry height;
Chasing the mists that like dark spirits flee
Before the breath of Morn; and now more
bright
It mantles o'er the unrepining sea,

As when on sorrowing brows first gleams the
birth
Of joy for years estranged; then as a child,
That, through the solemn woods at eve be-
guiled,
Steals with light foot-fall, 'mid the leaves
scarce heard,
Upon a bough where rests some slumbering
bird —
So steals the silent Dawn upon the sleeping
Earth!

From Household Words.

A WALK THROUGH A MOUNTAIN.

I took a walk last year through the sub-tain of a mountain, entering at the top, and coming out at the bottom, after a two or three mile journey underground. Perhaps the story of this trip is worth narrating. The mountain was part of an extensive property belonging to the Emperor of Austria, in his character of salt merchant, and contained the famous salt mine of Hallein.

The whole salt district of Upper Austria, called the Salzkammergut, forms part of a range of rocks that extends from Halle in the Tyrol, passes through Reichenthal in Bavaria, and continues by way of Hallein in Salzburg, to end at Ausse in Styria. The Austrian part of the range is now included in what is called the district of Salzburg, and that district abounds, as might be expected, in salt springs, hot and cold, which form in fact the baths of Gastein, Ischl, and some other places. The names of Salzburg (Saltborough), the capital, and of the Salzack (Saltbrook), on the left bank of which that pleasant city stands, indicate clearly enough the character of the surrounding country. Hallein is a small town eight miles to the south-east of Salzburg, and it was to the mine of Hallein, as before said, that I paid my visit.

On the way thither I passed through much delightful rock and water scenery. From Linz, the capital of Upper Austria, I got through Wells and Laimbach to the river Traun, and trudged afoot beside its winding waters till I reached the point of its junction with the Traunsee, or Lake of Traun. From the village on the opposite shore, I followed the same stream again upon its wanderings by mountain steep, and wooded bank, along the valley called after the river's name, until I came to Gmunden, where the Traun flows through another lake. At Gmunden I stopped to look over the Imperial Salt Warehouses. The Emperor of Austria, as most people know, is the only dealer in salt and tobacco with whom his subjects are allowed to trade. His salt warehouses, therefore, must needs be extensive. They are situated at Gmunden to the left of the landing-place, from which a little steamer plies across the lake; and they are so built as to afford every facility for the unloading of boats that bring salt barrels from the mine by the highway of the Traun. The warehouses consisted simply of a large number of sheds piled with the salt in barrels, a few offices, and a low but spacious hall, filled, in a confused way, with dusty models. There were models of river-boats and salt moulds, mining tools, and tram-ways, hydraulic models of all kinds, miniature furnaces, wooden troughs, and seething pans. I looked

through these until the bell from the adjacent pier warned me, at five o'clock in the evening, to go on board the steamer that was quite ready to puff and splash its way across the beautiful green lake. We went under the shadow of the black and lofty Traunstein, and among pine-covered rocks, of which the reflections were mingled in the water with a ruddy glow, that streamed across a low shore from some fires towards which we were steering.

The glow proceeded from the fires of the Imperial Saltern, erected at Ebensee. I paid a short visit to the works, which have been erected at great cost; and display all the most recent improvements in the art of getting the best marketable salt from saline water. I found that the water, heavily impregnated, is conducted from the distant mines by wooden troughs into the drying-pan. The pan is a large shallow vessel of metal, supported by small piles of brick, and a low brick wall about three feet high, extending round two thirds of its circumference, and leaving one third, as the mouth of the furnace, open to the air. Among the brick columns, and within the wall, the fire flashed and curled under the seething pan. Ascending next into the house over the great pan, and looking down upon the surface and its contents, through sliding doors upon the floor, I saw the white salt crustling like a coat of snow over the boiling water, and being raked as it is formed by workmen stationed at each of the trap-doors in the floor above me. As the water evaporated, the salt was stirred and turned from rake to rake; and, finally, when quite dry, raked into the neighborhood of a long-handled spade, with which one workman was shovelling among the dried salt, and filling a long row of wooden moulds, placed ready to his hand. These moulds are sugar-loaf shaped, and perforated at the bottom like a sugar mould, in order that any remaining moisture may drain out of them. The moulds will be placed finally in a heated room before the salt will be considered dry enough for storage as a manufactured article.

The brine that pours with an equable flow into the seething-pan at Ebensee, is brought by wooden troughs from the salt mine at Hallein, a distance of thirty miles in a direct line. It comes by way of mountains and along a portion of the valley of the Traun, through which I continued my journey the same evening from Ebensee, until the darkness compelled me to rest for the night at a small inn on a hill side. The next day I went through Ischl and Wolfgang, and spent three hours of afternoon in climbing up the Scharfberg, which is more than a thousand feet higher than Snowdon, to see the sunset and the sunrise. There was sleeping accommodation on the top: so there is on the top of Snowdon.

On the Scharfberg I had a hay-litter in a wooden shed and ate goat's cheese and bread and butter. I saw no sunset or sunrise, but had a night of wind and rain, and came down in the morning through white mist within a rugged gully ploughed up by the rain, to get a wholesome breakfast at St. Gilgen on the lake. More I need not say about the journey than that, on the fifth day after leaving Ebensee, having rested a little in the very beautiful city of Salzburg, I marched into the town of Hallein, at the foot of the Dürrnberg, the famous salt mountain, called Tumul by old chroniclers, and known for a salt mountain seven hundred and thirty years ago.

After a night's rest in the town, I was astir by five o'clock in the morning, and went forward on my visit to the mines. In the case of the Dürrnberg salt mine, as I have already said, the miner enters at the top and comes out at the bottom. My first business, therefore, was to walk up the mountain, the approach to which is by a long slope of about four English miles.

I met few miners by the way, and noticed in them few peculiarities of manners or costume. The national dress about these regions is a sort of cross between the Swiss Alpine costume and a common peasant dress of the lowlands. I saw indications of the sugar-loafed hat; jackets were worn almost by all, with knee-breeches and colored leggings. The clothing was always neat and sound, and the clothed bodies looked reasonably healthy, except that they had all remarkably pale faces. The miners did not seem bodily to suffer from their occupation.

As I approached the summit of the Dürrnberg, the dry, brownish limestone showed its bare front to the morning sun. I entered the offices, partly contained in the rock, and applied for admission into the dominion of the gnomes. My arrival was quite in the nick of time, for I had not to be kept waiting, as I happened to complete the party of twelve, without which the two guides do not start. It was a Tower of London business; and, as at the Tower, the demand upon our purses was not very heavy. One gulden-schein—about tenpence—is the regulated fee. Our full titles having been duly put down in the register, each of us was furnished with a miner's costume, and, so habited, off we set.

We started from a point that is called the Obersteinberghauptstollen; our guides only having candles, one in advance, the other in the rear.

We were sensible of a pleasant coldness in the air when we had gone a little way into the sloping tunnel. The tunnel was lofty, wide, and dry. Having walked downwards on a gentle decline for a distance of nearly three thousand feet through the half gloom

and among the echoes, we arrived at the mouth of the first shaft, named Freudenberg. The method of descent is called the "Rolle." It is both simple and efficacious. Down the steep slope of the shaft, and at an angle, in this case, of forty-one and a half degrees, run two smooth railways parallel with each other, and each of about the thickness of a scaffold pole; they are twelve inches apart, and run together down the shaft like two sides of a thick ladder without the intervening rounds. Following the directions and example of the foremost guide, we sat astride one behind the other on this wooden tramway, and slid very comfortably to the bottom, regulating our speed with our hands. The shaft itself was only of the width necessary to allow room for our passage. In this way we descended to the next chamber in the mountain, at a depth of a hundred and forty feet (perpendicular) from the top of the long slide.

We then stood in a low-roofed chamber, small enough to be lighted throughout by the dusky glare of our two candles. The walls and roof sparkled with brown and purple colors, showing the unworked stratum of rock-salt. We stood then at the head of the Untersteinberghauptstulm, and after a glance back at the narrow slit in the solid limestone through which we had just descended, we pursued our way along a narrow gallery of irregular level for a further distance of six hundred and sixty feet. A second shaft there opened us a passage into the deeper regions of the mine. With a boyish pleasure we all seated ourselves again upon a "Rolle"—this time upon the Johann-Jacob-berg-rolle, which is laid at an angle of forty-five and a half degrees—and away we slipped to the next level, which is at the perpendicular depth of another couple of hundred feet.

We alighted in another chamber, where our candles made the same half gloom, with their ruddy glare into the darkness, where there was the same sombre glittering upon the walls and ceiling. We pursued our track along a devious cutting, haunted by confused and giant shadows, suddenly passing black cavernous sideways that startled us as we came upon them, and I began to expect mummies, for I thought myself for one minute within an old Egyptian catacomb. After traversing a further distance of two thousand seven hundred feet we halted at the top of the third slide, the Königs-rolle. That shot us fifty-four feet deeper into the heart of the mountain. We had become quite expert at our exercise, and had left off considering, amid all these descents and traverses, what might be our real position in the bowels of the earth. Perhaps we might get down to Aladdin's garden and find trees loaded with emerald and ruby fruits. It was quite possible, for there

was something very cabalistic, very strong of enchantment, in the word *Konhauserankersbachtricht*, the name given to the portion of the mine which we were then descending. *Konhauser-return-shaft* is, I think, however, about the meaning of that compound word.

So far I had felt nothing like real cold, although I had been promised a wintry atmosphere. Possibly with a miner's dress over my ordinary clothing, and with plenty of exercise, there was enough to counteract the effects of the chill air. But our eyes began to ache at the uncertain light, and we all straggled irregularly along the smooth cut shaft level for another sixty feet, and so reached the *Konhauser-rolle*, the fourth slide we had encountered in our progress.

That cheered us up a little, as it shot us down another one hundred and eight feet perpendicular depth to the *Soolererzeugungswerk-Konhauser*—surely a place nearer than ever to the magic regions of *Abracadabra*. If not *Aladdin's garden*, something wonderful ought surely by this time to have been reached. I was alive to any sight or sound, and was excited by the earnest whispering of my fellow-adventurers, and the careful directions as to our progress given by the guides and light-bearers.

With eager rapidity we fitted among the black shadows of the cavern, till we reached a winding flight of giant steps. We mounted them with desperate excitement, and at the summit halted, for we felt that there was space before our faces, and had been told that those stairs led to a mid-mountain lake, nine hundred and sixty feet below the mountain's top; two hundred and forty feet above its base. Presently, through the darkness, we perceived at an apparently interminable distance a few dots of light, that shed no lustre, and could help us in no way to pierce the pitchy gloom of the great cavern. The lights were not interminably distant, for they were upon the other shore, and this gnome lake is but a mere drop of water in the mountain mass, its length being three hundred and thirty, and its breadth one hundred and sixty feet.

Our guides lighted more candles, and we began to see their rays reflected from the water; we could hear too the dull splashing of the boat, which we could not see, as old *Charon* slowly ferried to our shore. More lights were used; they flashed and flickered from the opposite ferry station, and we began to have an indistinct sense of a spangled dome, and of an undulating surface of thick, black water, through which the coming boat loomed darkly. More candles were lighted on both sides of the *Konhauser lake*, a very *Styx*, defying all the illuminating force of candles, dead and dark in its dim cave, even the limits

of which all our lights did not serve to define. The boat reached the place for embarkation, and we, wandering ghosts, half walked and were half carried into its broad clumsy hulk, and took each his allotted seat in ghostly silence. There was something really terrible in it all; in the slow funereal pace at which we floated across the subterranean lake; in the dead quiet among us, only interrupted by the slow plunge of the oar into the sickly waters. In spite of all the lights that had been kindled we were still in a thick vapor of darkness, and could form but a dreamy notion of the beauty and the grandeur of the crystal dome within which we men from the upper earth were hidden from our fellows. The lights were flared aloft as we crept sluggishly across the lake, and now and then were flashed back from a hanging stalactite, but that was all. The misty darkness about us brought to the fancy at the same time fearful images, and none of us were sorry when we reached the other shore in safety. There a rich glow of light awaited us, and there we were told a famous tale about the last archducal visit to these salt mines, when some thousands of lighted tapers glittered and flashed about him, and exhibited the vaulted roof and spangled lake in all their beauty. As we were not archdukes, we had our *Hades* lighted only by a pound of short sixteens.

We left the lake behind us, and then, traversing a further distance of seventy feet along the *Wehrschachtricht*, arrived at the mouth of the *Konhauser Stiege*. Another rapid descent of forty-five feet at an angle of fifty degrees, and we then reached *Rupertschachtricht*, a long cavern of the extent of five hundred and sixty feet, through which we toiled with a growing sense of weariness. We had now come to the top of the last and longest "slide" in the whole *Dürrnberg*. It is called the *Wolfdietrichberg-rolle*, and is four hundred and sixty-eight feet long, carrying us two hundred and forty feet lower down into the mountain. We went down this "slide" with the alacrity of school-boys, one after another keeping the pot boiling, and all regulating our movements with great circumspection, for we knew that we had far to go and we could never see more than a few yards before us.

Having gained the ground beneath in safety, our attention was drawn to a fresh water well or spring, sunk in this spot at great cost by order of the archduke, and blessed among miners. Amid all the stone and salt and brine, a gush of pure fresh water at our feet was very welcome to us all. The well was sunk, however, to get water that was necessary for the mining operations. We did not see any of these operations underground, for they are not exhibited; the show-

trip underground is only among the ventilating shafts and galleries. Through the dark openings by which we had passed, we should have found our way (had we been permitted) to the miners. I have seen them working in the Tyrol, and their labors are extremely simple. Some of the rock-salt is quarried in transparent crystals, that undergo only the process of crushing before they are sent into the market as an article of commerce. Very little of this grain salt is seen in England, but on the continent it may be found in some of the first hotels, and on the tables of most families. It is cheaper than the loaf salt, and is known in Germany under the title of *salzkorn*, and in France, as *selle de cuisine*. In order to obtain a finer grained and better salt, it is necessary that the original salt-crystals should be dissolved, and for this purpose parallel galleries are run into the rock, and there is dug in each of them a dyke or cistern. These dykes are then flushed with water, which is allowed to remain in them undisturbed for the space of from five to twelve months, according to the richness of the soil; and, being then thoroughly saturated with the salt that it has taken up, the brine is drawn off through wooden pipes from Hallein over hill and dale into the evaporating pans.

We had traversed the last level, and had reached what is generally called the end of the salt-mine; but we were still a long way distant from the pure air and the sunshine. We had travelled through seven galleries of an aggregate length of nearly two miles: we had floated across an earthy piece of water; had followed one another down six slides, and had penetrated to the depth of twelve hundred feet into the substance of the mountain limestone, gypsum, and marl. Having done all this, there we were in the very heart of the Dürrenberg, left by our guides, and entrusted to the care of two lank lads with haggard faces. We stood together in a spacious cavern, poorly lighted by our candles: there was a line of tram-rail running through the middle of it and we soon saw the carriage that was to take us out of the mountain emerging from a dark nook in the distance. It was a truck with seats upon it, economically arranged after the fashion of an Irish jaunting car. The two lads were to be our horses, and our way lay through a black hollow in one side of the cavern, into which the tram-rail ran.

We took our seats, instructed to sit perfectly still, and to restrain our legs and arms from any straggling. There was no room to spare in the shaft we were about to traverse. Our car was run on to the tram-line, and the two lads, with a sickly smile, and a broad hint at their expected gratuity, began to pull, and

promised us a rapid journey. In another minute, and we were whirling down an incline with a rush and a rattle, through the subterranean passage tunnelled into solid limestone which runs to the outer edge of the Dürrenberg. The length of this tunnel is considerably more than an English mile.

The reverberation and the want of light were nothing, but we were disagreeably sensible of a cloud of fine stone dust, and knew well that we should come out not only stone deaf, but as white as millers. Clinging to our seats with a cowardly instinct, down we went through a hurricane of sound and dust. At length we were sensible of a diminution in our speed, and the confusion of noises so far ceased, that we could hear the panting of our biped cattle. Then, straight before us, shining in the centre of the pitchy darkness, there was a bright blue star suddenly apparent. One of the poor lads in the whisper of exhaustion, and between his broken pantings for breath, told us that they always know when they have got half way by the blue star, for that is the daylight shining in.

A little necessary rest, and we were off again, the blue star before us growing gradually paler, and expanding and still growing whiter, till with an uncontrollable dash, and a concussion, we are thrown within a few feet of the broad incomparable daylight. With how much contempt of candles did I look up at the noonday sun! The two lads, streaming with perspiration, who had dragged us down the long incline were made happy by the payment we all gladly offered for their services. Then, as we passed out of the mouth of the shaft, by a rude chamber cut out of the rock, we were induced to pause and purchase from a family of miners who reside there a little box of salt crystals, as a memento of our visit. Truly we must have been among the gnomes, for when I had reached the inn I spread the brilliant crystals I had brought home with me on my bedroom window sill, and there they sparkled in the sun and twinkled rainbows, changing and shifting their bright colors as though there were a living imp at work within. But when I got up next morning and looked for my crystals, in the place where each had stood, I found only a little slop of brine. That fact may, I have no doubt, be accounted for by the philosophers; but I prefer to think that it was something wondrous strange, and that I fared marvellously like people of whom I had read in German tales, how they received gifts from the good people who live in the bowels of the earth, and what became of them. I have had my experiences, and I do not choose to be sure whether those tales are altogether founded upon fancy.

THE LAW ABOUT BETTING ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR, — Will you allow me to draw the attention of your readers and yourselves to a few evidences that show how careful our law has ever been to discountenance such silly and mischievous wagers as that which Mr. Cobden is making with General Brotherton!

Before quoting a case, I may mention that in the seventh year of Queen Anne's reign, so general do wagers of this kind appear to have become, and the mischief of them so apparent, that an act was passed actually prohibiting them under a penalty.

This act, it appears, only applied to the then existing war, and, after reciting that "Whereas several persons have of late years laid wagers and executed policies for payment of great sums of money upon contingencies relating to the present war, which practice has been found inconvenient to the public," it was enacted that after a certain day in 1709, all wagers relating to the war, and all policies of assurance for payment thereof, should be void, and all persons making such wagers should forfeit double the sum of such wager, one half to the Queen, the other to the prosecutor. This act expired with the war.

Perhaps the best known case in which a gambling agreement of the present kind was held void as contrary to sound public policy is the case of "*Gilbert v. Sykes*." This case is to be found in the 16th volume of *East's Reports*, and bears the following marginal note—"A wager by which the defendant received from the plaintiff 100 guineas on the 31st of May, 1802, in consideration of paying the plaintiff a guinea a day as long as Napoleon Bonaparte (then First Consul of the Republic) should live, which bet arose out of a conversation upon the probability of his coming to a violent death by assassination or otherwise, is void on the grounds of immorality and impolicy."

Lord Ellenborough, in his judgment, comments, on the one hand, on the adverse interest which the loss of an annuity of 365 guineas a year, dependent upon the French ruler's life, might arouse in the mind of a subject of this country to the performance of his duty in case of an invasion by that ruler; and, on the other hand, upon the temptation to encourage so foul a crime as assassination, or, at all events, to countenance the idea of it. And he says, "Is it to be allowed to a subject to say that the moral duties which bind man to man are in no hazard of being neglected when put in competition with individual interest?"

This general objection, sir, I think, may well be applied to the case before us. As I think you said in your article of this morn-

ing, a soldier of high rank in the service has in some measure in his own power means of provocation and opportunities of giving offence, which might be made matters of excuse for that very attempt at an invasion which is the subject of his bet. He has no right to put himself before the public in such a position as to make it possible that the faintest shade of such a suspicion should attach to him; and however upright, highminded, and honorable (as, thank God, we know them to be) our soldiers are, it is not the less public policy and public duty to restrain them from placing themselves wantonly in the way of temptation. It is not to the public advantage that any subject, be he civil or military, should have a large direct pecuniary interest in the invasion of his country being attempted.

There is another case of still closer analogy, in which, although no judgment was given, the majority of the judges were against the validity of the wager. It is that of "*Forster v. Thackeray*," cited in "*Allen v. Hearn*," 1 *Term Reports*. That was "a wager that war would be declared against France within three months. The opinion of the twelve judges was taken on the point whether the wager were void. The Courts of B. R. and C. P. were of opinion that it was, and the Court of Exchequer *contra*. No judgment was given."

Such wagers, then, appear to have been at one time prohibited by a penalty, and if, when occurring after that prohibition was removed, they were not always put a stop to, they were, at least, always questioned, and mostly discouraged.

I am, Sir, yours,
A BARRISTER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Observer* objects to the title *Reverend* being applied to women. He says:—

"Where is the scriptural or ecclesiastical authority for licensing and ordaining *women* to preach the gospel? I have endeavored to examine the Bible prayerfully on this subject; I can find no authority or warrant for any such order of ministers or bishops; and, as far as I have examined ecclesiastical history, I still remain in the dark. I need more information, before I can fellowship any such order of licentiate, ministers, or bishops. It causes me to feel very unpleasant when I meet with such characters."

The *Observer* adds: "We are not enough in advance of our friend to give him any information. But there is one of the qualifications of the approved bishop, enumerated by Paul, which we do not see how these feminine licentiates are to acquire—viz., that a 'bishop must be the husband of one wife.'" We fear this text was not duly considered by the association that licensed the candidates referred to.—*Er. Post.*

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AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION IN A COLLEGE.

BY JOHN DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates ;
With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
And slowly, sternly, quits it, though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And through the cloisters peace and silence
reign ;

Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain ;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
Oppressed with ale, wide echoes through the
gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where through the glimmer-
ing shade

Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early prayers,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy
bed.

No chatting females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife,
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they basked beneath the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bowed beneath their
weight ;

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How jocund are their looks when dinner calls !
How smoke the outlets on their crowded plate !

Oh ! let not Temperance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners,
last :

Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast !

The splendid fortune, and the beauteous face
(Themselves confess it, and their sires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace ;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gayety display,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing
vault
Melodious Frasi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band ?
Does 'broidered coat agree with sable gown ?
Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand ?
Or Learning's votaries ape the beaux of town ?

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darlings of the fair,
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Control the manager, and awe the player.

But Science now has filled their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils, and Truth's exalted
views,
Fired them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females — but the
muse.

Full many a lark, high towering to the sky
Unheard, unheeded, greets the approach of
light ;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers through the
night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
 Rebellion's torrent shall, like him, oppose,
 Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,

Some Pelham dreadful to his country's foes,
 From prince and people to command applause,
 'Midst ermined peers to guide the high debate,
 To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
 And steer with steady course the helm of state,

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines,

Forbids in Freedom's veil to insult the throne,
 Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs ;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind,
 With "pensions, taxes, marriages, and Jews,"
 Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
 And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
 Their wishes yet have never learned to stray ;
 Content and happy in a single life,
 They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

E'en now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
 Inclosed by doors of glass in Doric style,
 On polished pillars raised with bronzes deckt,
 They claim the passing tribute of a smile :

Oft are the authors' names, though richly bound,
 Misspelt by blundering binders' want of care,
 And many a catalogue is strewed around,
 To tell the admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
 Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book ?
 Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
 And on those cases casts a lingering look ?

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting eyes,
 Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
 For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
 And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy loved compeers,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, with prying search, in future years,
 Some antiquarian should inquire thy fate ;

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
 And say, " Each morn unchilled by frosts he ran,

With those ungartered o'er yon turfy bed,
 To reach the chapel ere the psalms began ;

" There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
 Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
 At noon he quaffed three glasses to the fair,
 And pored upon the news with curious eye :

" Now by the fire engaged in serious talk,
 Or mirthful converse would he loitering stand,
 Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
 Or launched the polished bowl with steady hand.

" One morn we missed him at the hour of prayer,
 Nor in the hall, nor on his favorite green ;
 Another came ; nor yet within the chair,
 Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

" The next we heard that in a neighboring shire,
 That day to church he led a blushing bride,
 A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear
 Improved her beauty while the knot was tied.

" Now, by his patron's bounteous care removed,
 He roves enraptured through the fields of Kent,
 Yet, ever mindful of the place he loved,
 Read here the letter which he lately sent."

THE LETTER.

In rural innocence secure I dwell,
 Alike to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
 And social quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
 Two gifts my endless gratitude engage,
 A wife — the jey and transport of my youth,
 Now with a son — the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
 In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move,
 Content with calm domestic life, where meet
 The sweets of friendship and the smiles of love.

SIBERIAN COLD.—A traveller in Siberia during the winter is so enveloped in furs, that he can scarcely move ; and, under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bear-skin collar, and covers the whole face, one can only draw in, as it were, by stealth, a little of the external air, which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling in the throat and lungs. The distance from one halting-place to another takes about ten hours, during which time the traveller must always continue on horseback, as the cumbersome dress makes it insupportable to wade through the snow. The poor horses suffer at least as much as their riders, for, besides the general effect of the cold, they are tormented by ice forming in their nostrils, and stopping their breathing. When they intamate this by a distressed snort, and a convulsive shaking of the head, the driver relieves them by taking out the piece of ice, to save them from being suffocated. When the icy ground is not covered by snow, their hoofs often burst from the effects of the cold.

The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapor ; it is not only living bodies which produce this effect, but even the snow smokes. These evaporations are instantly changed into millions of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise, resembling the sound of torn satin or thick silk. Even the reindeer seeks the forest to protect himself from the intensity of the cold. In the Tundras, where there is no shelter to be found, the whole herd crowd together as close as possible, to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen standing in this way quite motionless. Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, still cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapor, marking the track of his solitary flight.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *Poesie Complete di Giuseppe Giusti*. Bastia. 1849.
2. *Giuseppe Giusti*. Cenni di P.L.D.E. Croce di Savoia.

THE writings of the Tuscan poet whose name we have placed at the head of this article are not generally known in England, even among the readers of Italian. To many of our readers we can believe that the very name is not equally familiar with that of authors in every respect his inferior; but in Italy the reputation of Giusti is great and universal. No modern writer has more deeply impressed his countrymen. Believing that the impression is just and will be permanent, we are anxious to contribute something towards making known to English readers the name at least, and if possible something of the peculiar merit and style, of a most genuine Italian poet.

By one of those general theories to which many speculators have a fancy for adapting facts, it has been maintained that every great and marked era in the life of a nation will have its great writer or set of writers, to inspire, to guide, or to celebrate, its movement. Either the great man creates the great impulse, or the great impulse stirs up and discovers to the world the great man. We will not discuss this theory: it is sufficient to say, as illustrating the light in which Giusti is regarded by his countrymen, that the recent Italian movement claims him as its poet. Nor is the claim unfounded. There can be no doubt that posterity, as well as his countrymen and contemporaries, will connect the name of Giusti with that movement in an especial sense, and more than that of any other poet.

As a social and political satirist, he, for a series of years, roused and directed indignation against those oppressions, corruptions, and crimes, which thousands of true and brave Italians, under, alas! more than one banner, struggled and died in the field to overthrow.

His countrymen may overrate the immediate consequences upon action of these utterances, but we cannot be mistaken in regarding them upon their authority as exponents, stimulants, and in part creators, of a general feeling. In that view alone they would be important enough to merit examination. Even for those who believe that the present re-established tyrannies of Italy are to be permanent, these poems should have a historic interest, as illustrating the tone of mind which prompted the struggle. For those who still believe that Italy has a future, the words of Giusti retain a deeper interest. The indignation is still merited, and the anticipations are not falsified; they are but prophecies of which the fulfilment is deferred.

The following passage of Gualterio will illustrate the position and character of Giusti among contemporary authors. The historian is tracing the causes of the Italian movement, and among its causes, designating the men who did most to originate it. From prose writers, Gioberti, Balbo, D'Azeglio, and others, he passes to the poets; and naming first the illustrious veteran Niccolini, author of *Arnaldo di Brescia*, he distinguishes four others from the mass, Giuseppe Giusti, Toscano; Giovanni Prato, Veneto; Gabriello Roselli, Napolitano; Giovanni Berchet, Lombardo. He then goes on:—

Giuseppe Giusti was endowed by nature with that uncommon insight which dissects the thoughts, opinions, bias, manners, lives, and hearts of men, and the forms and substance of society; which distinguishes truth from falsehood, possibility from chimera; and combats all exaggerations, knowing the weak point of each, and reducing it to its natural proportions, so as to annihilate it by making it ridiculous instead of sublime, as it had appeared to common eyes. Never was a sharper assailant of tyranny and its slaves or interested sycophants. No one with equal force or greater truth scourged that herd which supported the relics of the old system, only because no ray of hope shone for them in the new; no one struck so deeply at the ignorance of the nobility, the pride of upstarts, or the follies of the populace. His sternness towards princes and men in power gave him the reputation of a republican in the sense now attached to the word:—i. e., a lover of the most comprehensive forms of democracy, and the demagogues hoped to see arise in him at the full time a zealous *tribune*. These, however, while pulling down the high, habitually flatter the low; and them Giusti never flattered; he held up to scorn and condemnation the weakness of the one side, as he did the insolence of the other. Italy was the end of every thought with him, and dear above all, and he was truly grieved to see the divisions of parties which arose before the revolution, and foretold to an observant eye the dissensions to come.

He was more prone to faith than to illusions; I mean, that he had greater trust in principle than in men, of whom he knew thoroughly the defects and weaknesses; yet he was not what you would call a pessimist, nor even a political exclusive. His verses will live as the best picture of the manners of his times; of the political passions, and, so to speak, the inflammatory humors, of the society in which he moved. The *setts* (secret societies) and their followers he hated, hoping no good from them, but only misfortune for the country. He knew intuitively their incapacity to produce anything, and painted them truly, when he called them mules for their obstinacy and barrenness.

His satire never descended to personalities, except when aimed at the occupants of high places, and then not from envy of their power, but so far as their public station brought them

within the jurisdiction of general criticism. . . . His verses aided not a little in preparing the Italian movement, and became popular in spite of the censorship. Of this there were proofs even in the bosom of Lombardy, notwithstanding the anxious precautions of the Austrian police. . . . His death was not one of the least misfortunes which accompanied or followed close upon the memorable defeat of Italy. — *Gualterio*, part ii., chap. 44.

This sketch, which many of his admirers would consider as scarcely doing justice to the Tuscan poet, will give the English reader an idea of his general scope and characteristic qualities.

It is not, however, very easy to classify him as a writer, or to give a notion of his poems by description or designation. When their popularity as circulated in manuscript, the publication of the foreign spurious editions, and some relaxation of the rules in the censorship, led him first to print a collection, he gave them no other than the modest name of "Verses." We may call them lyrical satires.

The class to which these poems belong is one which has not, at least of late years, been common in England. Attempts, indeed, have not been wanting, but some time has passed since real poetic genius has cared to manifest itself in this form. An admirable facility and humor characterize the versified politics of the author of the *Two-penny Post Bag*, and some of these assume the lyric form; but they do not come up to the idea of lyrical nature, either in depth of feeling, in passion, in ironic force, or in beauty. The only political verses which have of late years excited much attention, were those contributed to the cause of disorder by the patriots of the Nation. Like their authors, these poems met with somewhat more indulgence than they merited. They were indifferent enough, though decidedly more successful than the rebellion to which they incited. In fact, in a really free country, all the multiplied shapes of free discussion supersede the necessity, without exactly performing the functions of a satirical poet. A song can be remembered and can circulate even where the censorship leaves blanks in the journal, or where a stricter inspection prohibits not only speech, but even such evidence of silenced speech. There is indeed a degree of tyranny, under which verse and prose, the speech of the debates, and the *mot* of the saloons, are alike silenced by an impartial because all-reaching terrorism. But the state of things in which society is, and the leading article is not, has often been regarded as the very state in which the epigram of conversation is most in demand, and consequently most fully supplied. The commercial principle is verified even in the airy manufacture of witticisms, and a

similar principle may in some degree apply to the yet subtler essence of poetry. A poet, indeed, is born, and it is fortunately as impossible as it would be undesirable, to prescribe rules for the birth of this or that kind of poet or poetry. The spirit does not always come when it is called for; you cannot create it by calling; but if it is there, it is the more likely to come because it is called for.

Accordingly, it is not in England that we can look for any parallel to Giusti in any writings which may seem, by comparison, to illustrate his style and character as a poet. The two contemporary writers who most nearly resemble him, are Béranger in France, and Heine in Germany. To Béranger in particular he has been compared, not only as to a similar writer, but as to his prototype and model. Yet he would form a most incorrect conception of Giusti who should attempt to create one to himself out of his recollections of Béranger or of Heine. These names are mentioned, not so much to illustrate his individual character as to express the class to which he belongs. Of the two, widely as they differ, he approaches more nearly in form and style to Béranger; yet no view can be more incorrect than that which regards him as having made the French poet his model. Italian critics disclaim even the similarity; we concur with them in rejecting altogether the idea of plagiarism or copying. Giusti is thoroughly Italian; far too emphatically Italian to be regarded as an Italianized Béranger. He had undoubtedly read Béranger; and the influence of a great contemporary writer is necessarily felt more or less by men of genius, and sometimes manifested in their works. It will be most directly and naturally displayed, of course, by those whom similarity of genius or circumstances directs into the same line of composition, unless they should, as is sometimes the case, studiously avoid any likeness, however natural, and so perhaps sacrifice some real beauty to the possible suspicion of plagiarism. To this extent, and no more, does Giusti remind us of Béranger. The two have indeed common to them this consequence of their genuine worth as poets — that many of their simplest verses, though devoted only to subjects of contemporary interest, will outlive the more ambitious efforts on higher themes of most or all their poetic rivals. But Béranger in no way bears to Giusti the relation of the master in a school in which Giusti is a pupil.

The real master, the constant study, we will not say the model, of the Tuscan poet, was a far greater than Béranger; the bitterness of political satirists, the greatest perhaps, save one, of European poets — the Florentine Dante.

We shall not be misunderstood as advancing

for him a claim which he would have himself treated as sacrilege — a claim to any station on that level, where the voice of mankind has throned almost unapproached *L'Altissimo Poeta*. But this much may be truly said, that the devoted student of Dante was a learner from Dante; and in particular that he had learnt from him that great merit, almost lost among his countrymen of modern times — the merit of condensation. In him, more than in any recent Italian writer, do we find the short description, which, as it were, emphatically outlives the object, the single line which brands, the single indelible epithet which recalls, and seems to comprise, the character.

It must not, however, be supposed that Giusti is a personal satirist. His satire, as is observed by Gualterio, in the passage which we have quoted, never assailed individuals, except such as by their high place were necessarily public characters, and therefore proper objects for criticism. And “to them, *as to the people*, he was more liberal of censure than of praise.” Let these italicized words be noted. Giusti, as we shall hereafter see more fully, flattered no one. The triumph of the popular cause raised up for him no idol. A demagogue in his eyes might be as hateful as a vigorous tyrant, as ridiculous as an effete despot, and would meet with similar or sharper treatment.

His poetry, simple and even severe in its form, yet constructed with the most careful selection of words and attention to versification, assuming, when possible, the plainest and most popular expressions of the Tuscan dialect, condensed, vivid, familiar, was, in the strongest sense of the word, original. The novelty of the means which he employed consistently enforced the directly practical character of his object. Attacking falsehood and conventions, he used no conventional language. In the strongest language of common life, he told his countrymen how base, how hateful, was much of the life around them. Perhaps we might truly describe him by saying that very few poets have been less of “versifiers.” Nothing is ever put in for mere ornament; the exact words are used for the exact thought; thought and language are not separable; they are interfused and one. This union in its various degrees characterizes all poetry worth the name; in perfection, it is found only in the highest; its presence, or absence, is the easiest and most infallible test by which to distinguish versified commonplace from genuine poetry; it is certainly among the prominent characteristics of Giusti. He was not a careless writer, because he was natural; he was a consummate, all the more because not a conventional, artist.

Holding that Italian had been corrupted by

recent writers through the intermixture of foreign terms, he used, whenever it was possible, the spoken or vernacular phrase and idiom in preference to book language. “Others,” as he said, “put on their dress coats whenever they sit down to write; I take off my frock coat and put on a blouse.” His consequently frequent use of purely Tuscan words and idioms, combined with the necessarily allusive nature of satirical writing, makes him for foreign readers a singularly difficult author. This character is the main cause of the hitherto limited circulation of his works in England; and it will probably continue to prevent them from becoming, so to speak, popular out of Italy. Of the leading peculiarity of his style of thought, the deep seriousness which underlies his hearty ridicule, his biographer gives, in a passage which we translate, perhaps as good an idea as can be given by mere description.

Giusti laughs indeed, and that so powerfully, that woe be to him who is smitten by that immortal ridicule; but in the midst of the song rushing clothed in gladness from the soul of the poet, ever and anon one word of profound melancholy slips involuntarily over the chords of his lyre, and draws a momentary veil of sadness over the brilliant gleam of his smile, with such effect that the reader, utterly lost in the fresh sentiment which he experiences, without being able to explain it to himself, can only exclaim, in this intoxication of his feelings, *That is sublime!* Giusti weeps and laughs at once; his smile is born of his melancholy; and through that alone can it be explained and rendered intelligible and plain.

All earnest irony is born of this conflict of deep feelings; the smile may in part express contempt perhaps, or a sense of the vanity of things, but the root of it is sadness and indignation which can find no adequate direct expression. In his own beautiful words —

In quanta guerra di pensier mi pone
Questo che par sorriso ed è dolore!

It was not among mere laughers that Giusti sought his audience; he wished them to be more fit, though they might therefore be few. “If your tendency is only to amusement,” he says to his reader, in a short and most characteristic preface to one edition of his works, “do not go beyond this page; for a laugh springing from melancholy might possibly stick in your throat; and I should be sorry for that, both on your account and my own.”

This depth of feeling it was, which at once sharpened the edge of that trenchant ridicule, and raised the poet into the element of true lyric passion. This, combined with the singular force of his expressions and brief vividness of his imagery, renders Giusti not

less superior to all modern Italian writers as a lyric poet, than he is unique as a satirist : if we are not to admit one doubtful exception in the single poem " *Il Cinque Maggio*."

It will be seen, from what has been said, how intimately connected are the peculiar character of this poet and the circumstances of his time. The more naturally will our notice of his works blend itself with some account of his life, and of the Italy in which he was born. For the former the biography named at the head of our article furnishes some, though hardly satisfactory, materials.

It is somewhat meagre as to facts, and deficient in traits or anecdotes, and in those life-like touches which bring in real presence the subject of a narrative before us, and make us know the man, or at least form the idea of him, as he lives in the memory of his friends. He was born in May, 1809, at a castle in the Val di Nievole, near the high road from Florence to Pescia, with which place his family were connected as rich proprietors. Among them was at least one man of considerable eminence — his grandfather Giuseppe Giusti, the friend and minister of justice to the reforming Archduke Leopold, one of the princes who, at the head of small states, have achieved something like greatness.

We catch glimpses of a lively, clever, spirited boy, difficult to manage, " *di spirito irrequieto e vivacissimo*," growing happily up into youth ; learning not too much of Latin, and no Greek — a neglect of opportunities which (he it observed) he afterwards regretted, and tried to repair by earnest study of the Latin classics. Finally, he is sent to the University of Pisa with the object of studying law — an object which, in his case, as in that of other Italian poets, from the time of Petrarca downwards, was destined to merge in other aspirations. He was, we fear, no very steady student of the Pandects ; he " *crammed*" (" *beccava*," is his own word, as good an Italian as English college-phrase) for his examination in a fortnight. But he has left us in the verses entitled " *Memorie di Pisa*," those happy touches and records of his college life, which prove that to him, as to many others, its indirect were worth more than its direct influences. Every one who has himself been a collegian, must read these verses with a pleasure more than half melancholy. " *I too was once in Arcadia*." There is a deep truth and tenderness in the tone in which Giusti recalls those four happy years spent without care ; the days, the nights, " *smoked away*" in free gladness, in laughter, in uninterrupted talk, the aspirations, the free, open-hearted converse, as it was then, of some who are not now disguised as formal worldlings ; all the delights of that life, whether at Cambridge or at Pisa, which comes not again. All that was to be had, all that was to be enjoyed from

converse with the world around him, Giusti made his own ; and if he somewhat neglected the Pandects, he familiarized himself with the classical writers whose value he was now more capable of appreciating. Virgil, Horace, and Dante were his most familiar studies. After the usual course, he left Pisa, and settled himself in the capital, Florence, as a law-student in the chambers of Capoquidi, a noted advocate, since Minister of Grace and Justice.

One can fancy that his relations hoped to see another Giuseppe Giusti great in jurisprudence, under another Leopold ; but he had a different destiny before him. We can suppose him entering into the world with at least a fair allowance of the common youthful disposition to quarrel with much of its cold formalism and smooth-faced quackery. And the Italian world, as he saw it, contained more than the ordinary proportion of iniquities against which such a spirit could not but rebel. Of the Italy of Giusti's opening manhood — the Italy of Gregory XVI. — so much has lately been said, that it is unnecessary to dwell more than summarily on the subject now.

The great wave of the French revolution passed over Italy as over the rest of Europe, burying the old landmarks. It subsided, and they generally reappeared, so far as territorial divisions were concerned. The shadow of a King of Rome vanished, and the States of the Church passed again under the worst of human governments. The Austrians held Lombardy, with the addition of Venice ; in several other states, modified by a certain amount of cutting and carving, the old Houses reentered untaught and unimproved. The people had not, any more than their rulers, learnt to correct some of their most characteristic faults ; but the great deluge had destroyed much, and had left something behind it. The Italians had borne their share in historic events, if not as freemen, yet as the subjects of an energetic will. They had shown that under good leading they could be good soldiers ; and they saw, with the feeling which might be expected, that the first act of liberated Europe was to fling them back into the old dull servitude. They remonstrated vainly : they acquiesced in a resistless necessity. But, from 1815 onwards, ideas not conducive to the permanence of such governments as Italy saw restored, were fermenting in many minds. On the other hand, the weakest and worst of the restored governments could adopt so much of modern progress as consisted in a keener and more extensive spy-system, and in a greatly increased political activity of the police. The old veneration, even the old acquiescence, were gone, mutual distrust and hatred remained. Bad governors and disaffected subjects were the staple of the Peninsula.

In 1820, as in 1830, attempts were made in various States of Italy to right themselves against their governments. These movements, in general the original work of "sects," or secret societies, met, and indeed merited, far less universal response from the people than the movement of 1848; neither had the Italians, as a mass, been familiarized then, as now, with the ideas of freedom. Still they were, to a certain extent, successful. Naples and the Romagna showed themselves at least able to obtain some concessions against their governments, and possibly to maintain them, had the matter been left to themselves, as in mere justice it ought to have been. But Austria, encamped in Lombardy, cannot afford to be just, and therefore Austria stepped in. She, "the sword, of which the Pope is the cross," once and again struck down Italian freedom. She sanctioned, by restoring, the local tyrannies; she justly identified her name with the great or petty oppressions she upheld. The subjects submitted because they could not resist; except in the crowd of officials, the governments had no supporters, no real friends. All that authority and power of government which, in a well-arranged community, men have a natural tendency to respect and venerate, became included for the educated Italian in two words of bitter hatred and contempt. At home was the "birro," and over the frontier was the "Tedesco." To those alone who forget what Austria has done, in various instances, for Italy, can the now universal anti-Austrian sentiment appear unfounded or unreasonable. The bare statement of historical facts conveys a charge which admits of no answer.

Those English readers who wish to see the indictment, article by article, drawn and served up with irresistible force, will find the task performed for them in Mazzini's celebrated letter to Sir James Graham; and will find, too, that, on this point at least, the republican and the constitutionalist are one. According to Gualterio, and all other Italian writers, it was not until after 1830 that the idea of independence took any real hold, that is, not until after it had been practically found that Austrian rule in Lombardy meant force at hand to overwhelm any effort at improving the local governments. The cry of "Independence" in Italy was anything but a factitious clamor, a fancy got up by bookmen; it was the expression of a want, taught by a bitter experience. Unfortunately, the apprehension of a truth does not necessarily give the strength or virtue required to put it into practice. That takes a further schooling; but that, too, may be perfected with time.

In the general quiescence of the Peninsula between 1830 and 1845, an interval was given to its rulers which might have been a precious

one. How they used it, not to remove, but to aggravate, the causes of complaint, all readers of Farini know. They too know that the grotesque absurdities and exceeding pettinesses of such misgovernment were almost as marked as its iniquities. The social and political fabric was something, as Giusti's biographer says, with some point, between a babyhouse and a bastille. On this state of things Giusti's Italian critics picture him to us as looking with deliberate regard. He saw, say they, that it was irremediable, except by destruction, and accepting the principle, "Destroy in order to rebuild," he looked round for a weapon to aid in the work of overthrowing, and found one which he adapted carefully to that end, in his peculiar form of satire.

No man, we may observe, really lays out his career for himself as those who, after the events, speculate on his life, lay it out for him. Nor did Giusti, probably, more than others, foresee from the beginning, and resolve upon the course in which circumstances and his genius conducted him. The young student of Pisa did not say to himself, "I will be what Niccolini is not, what Farini is not; I will be, and that in a new and untried way, the poet of my generation, the voice of liberal Italy." But he felt towards the evil which he saw as Dante felt, and as all men ought to feel, but as too many of the countrymen of Dante have yet to learn to feel; that is, as towards a thing which ought to be attacked and destroyed; and that instinct of truth, that preference for reality over convention which is one of the indications of a masculine genius, led him, when he wished to write on modern politics, to do so directly and without disguise. He did not attempt to remove his subject to a distance, either of place or time; he did not attempt to idealize it. Thus he has not produced an Arnaldo di Brescia; but he has produced, in the "Coronation," in "Gingellino," in the "Terra dei Morti," verses which will outlast and outweigh a score of Arnaldos.

Among the great variety of Giusti's compositions, we are necessarily led to select, for more special notice, such as from the nature of the subject have the most general interest, and are most calculated for appreciation by others than the countrymen of the writer. Our attention will be thus directed rather to the properly political than to the social specimens of his satire. Emphatically characteristic, and invaluable alike as poems and as pictures of society as are, for instance, "I Brindisi" and "La Scritta," they appeal less feelingly and immediately to transalpine readers than do the odes dealing with the wider events and passions which create the history of the world.

Reluctantly, therefore, with these few words of commendation and apology to Italians, who

might otherwise think that one of their poet's varieties had escaped due recognition, we pass by the poems of the social class, although they combine a curious accuracy of costume and interior — painting with bursts of high lyrical tone, and a grave, bitter, Dantesque irony. One especial example only of the last quality we must name in the concluding passage of the "Scritta," where the profligate and ruined noble, who has just signed the marriage contract (scritta) with the uninviting daughter of the low-born usurer, while half disposed to repent of and recede from the bargain which he has made of titles against gold, falls into a dream, in which he sees his own family tree, and far back in the middle ages its real founder, a usurer of the lowest and vilest kind, surpassing in iniquity and harshness his destined father-in-law, by far more than all the superiority of old times over new. This worthy describes, in verses which really read like a portion of a suppressed canto of the *Inferno* devoted to plebeian iniquities and punishments, what he was, through what stupendous deeds of cheating and extortion he rose from vile need to viler wealth, and how his descendants bought from a ducal or vice-regal tyrant the quarters which, through a line of slothful profligates, have come down to their worthy representative, the dreamer. The final moral, of course, is rather of the cynical than the sentimental kind. "Take her, blockhead that you are, and be thankful; she is as good as you any day."

Perchi ti penti, o bestia cortigiana?
Prendi dell' usurier, prendi la figlia,
Che siam tutti d'un pelo e d'una lana.

The powers of Giusti as a writer of occasional verses were naturally known to his friends both at the university and in the capital, long before he had attained the age of six and twenty. The verses, however, on the death of the Emperor Francis, which took place in 1845, appear to have been the first of his political compositions generally circulated with a certain restricted publicity, not in print, but in manuscript. They are those entitled, from the two commencing words, "Dies Irae." In spite of the solemn name and introduction, this poem is by no means of a dirgelike or wailing, much less of a panegyric character. It is bitter and strong enough, conveying, in language neither very courtly nor very reverent, the various sentiments with which different individuals and classes might be expected to receive the dispensation. Kings and princes mourn, at least with their hats; court, army, church, and police are ready for a new oath; the court orator (an Italian is named) bleats out his panegyric; but those rascals, the Carbonari,

exult — nor does the Pole weep for the death of the Cossack's ally:

But the greedy Scythian savage
Turns an eye of hungry ravage
On the gorgeous obsequies;
As a gaunt hyena prowling
Scents afar, with long-drawn howling,
Where a brother's carcass lies.

The signs of the times are shortly reviewed, as favorable to freedom. England has her share; she is turning out her tories.

Sir John Bull, propagatore
Delle macchine a vapore,
Manda i tory a rotoli.

From an anticipation in this tone, half ironic, of a liberal millennium over the world, the poet passes to the sad and true conclusion: "For us Italians nothing is changed, except the name of our master; nothing new, except the personal identity of the wearer of the crown." A conclusion clenchingly expressed by a reference to the habitual form of announcement that Pope has succeeded Pope in the immutable sovereignty of St. Peter.

Ma silenzio, odo il cannone —
Non è nulla — altro Padrone —
Habemus Pontificem.

This, though far from equal to many of his later poems, contains lines not unworthy of being ranked with them. But the sensation which it produced is in part to be attributed to the novel diction and style in which the unknown author presented to his countrymen his thoughts on political matters. Here was a poem on modern politics, calling things and persons by their every-day names; not presenting in a scholar-like disguise, only to be penetrated by the aid of some scholarship and historical knowledge, the hopes and fears of the nineteenth century, under names and costumes borrowed from the thirteenth or sixteenth, but speaking of contemporary events in contemporary language. The style, moreover, was studious as little of ornament as of disguise, plain, short, strong, and emphatically popular; ironical, rather than abusive; brief and bitter, rather than eloquent and prolix; condensing, not expanding passion. In all these respects the verses differed from what Italians were used to meet with; and we can guess, without being told it, the kind of timid admiration, the hesitating recognition, both of the patriotism and the poetry, with which the first verses of Giusti were received by the literary circles of Italy, the followers of Niccolini and Manzoni. It was not long, however, before the claim of the poet to the attention of his countrymen was to be put forth in a stronger and more undeniable form.

The *Stivale*, or "*Boot*," was among those which attracted most early attention. It is a humorous and pointed sketch of the fortunes of Italy. The poor boot relates how it has passed from leg to leg, through a series of larcenous wearers; how much misuse, patching, unprofitable wear and tear it has undergone in the service of these unrighteous owners.

Worst of all are the priests, who have worn me spitefully and without discretion; and great is my grudge at certain blockheads of poets who have countenanced their manner of walk; as if the decretals did not especially forbid their wearing boots (i. e., possession of temporal dominion). Wretched, worm-eaten, mouldy as I am, long I needed some fitting leg to wear me and have right done to me:

No German's leg or Frenchman's — understand — I would be worn by one of my own land.

Once there was a great chief, "un certo Sere," who might have boasted that he had in me the strongest and best boot within the world's map; if he had not been so bent on rambling too far; as he would do,* until —

Alas! that snow-storm caught him far astray,
And froze his limbs, and stopped his walk midway.

The expense of mending me will be great; the repair must be total; for Heaven's sake take care to whom you entrust it, not as now, to artists who work into it all manner of colors; Imperial, Neapolitan, &c.

And look — this bit of blue — how ill it matches
With red-and-white, and black-and-yellow there; I'm a mere Harlequin of shreds and patches;
If you would really put me in repair,
Make me, with loving zeal and sense to aid,
All of one piece and one prevailing shade.

In that case it is finely intimated that the kick of the boot will be a serious matter to any insolent provoker of the same.

We have named the *Boot*, because with Italians generally it appears to be a favorite. There are intrinsic defects in an allegory of this nature, which perhaps, rather than any want of skill in the execution, prevent our rating it very high among Giusti's poems. Far superior to it, and inferior to nothing with which it can be compared, is another poem, of we believe about the same date, the "*Girella*." The name, and the dedication, "To the blessed soul of Signor Talleyrand," explain the subject of this singular, most effective, and most bitter satire. It is a sketch, as proceeding from his own mouth, in an after-dinner song, when the heart was opened by wine, of the ideal "*Girella*" or weathercock of modern politics on a grand scale. Those to whom Giusti is a sealed book, must imagine to themselves such a string as never was put together before of

creeds and causes, and leaders, all faithfully followed while strong, all in turn betrayed when weak; of professions made, recanted, and remade, with equal satisfaction and profit; in fine, of all the possible proteiform transformations of an absolute and impartial egotism, true to itself always, and to no thing or person else in the world.

We dare not attempt to translate it; no translation could give even a faint reflection of the force and simplicity of the short, sharp, pointed, stinging verses, in which is described the career of the alternate enthusiast of the revolution, and the loyalist of the restoration, the irreligious church-robber, the pious Christian, the impartial eulogist of "Pitt, Robespierre, Napoleone, Pio Sesto e Settimo, Murat, Fra Diavolo, Il Re Nasone, Mosca e Marengo:" in fine, the man who, come what will, falls ever on his legs, and upright.

Mangiando i frutti
Del mal di tutti.

Every country has had its Vicars of Bray, and celebrated them probably in some form or other, but this poem is the perfection of its kind. It is not to be taken as personal, beyond what is necessarily implied in its dedication to the most notoriously versatile of modern politicians. It would be equally good were the absolute consistency of Prince Talleyrand, through the score of governments which he served, demonstrated and admitted; or had he never existed. It is not a satire on an eminent Frenchman, it is a passionate address to the countrymen and contemporaries of the writer, against the prevalent vices of the age, cold indifference to principle, and the worship of selfish gain. Even its moral is more direct than that of most satires, and Giusti, had he written the "*Girella*" only, would have stood as a teacher above many lengthier moralists. A figure, self-clothed with the bitterest contempt and ridicule, is held up by the poet to his hearers, addressing to the conscience of each some such appeal as the following: — "This, where truth and honor are ignored, and principle put aside from interest, this is success. Be base enough, wicked enough, unprincipled enough, and you too may succeed. Such is the world, and such is the time. But do you wish to succeed at the price of being like this?"

No country and no time is above the need of such lessons, but in this, as in other cases, Giusti wrote in the main for Italy. She too had — what misgoverned country has not! — no lack of minor "*Girellas*" (the waiters on Providence of ill-administered bureaucracies), whom this satire lashed in general, and the result is said by his, we fear, too sanguine biographer to have been a practical improvement; at any rate, he does a service now and

* Bonaparte he would set out, &c.

hereafter, who makes us hate vice by making us see it as it is.

In a graver, though scarcely in truth more serious tone, is one of his most famous odes, that on the Coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand, in Milan, in the year 1838. The event itself, and the manner of its celebration, are sternly noted by the historian Gualterio, under a title appropriately coupling "*La Corruzione Lombarda e l'Incoronazione.*" Amid a profuse expenditure caused by the rivalry of splendor between the Viennese court and the wealthy nobles of Milan, amid shows of every kind, military and civic, aided and colored by an exercise of cheap clemency, a kind of profitable frenzy of local loyalty, or at least what served for such, was got up for the time. Such stage effects of pompous worship, such effervescences of prostration before crowned or uncrowned tyrants, on whichever side of the Alps, whether at Milan or at Grenoble, are easily got up; and perhaps of all the forms of human baseness there is none which it is so hard for a sterner virtue to regard with forgiving charity. Giusti perhaps did not try to do so. With the oppressors he felt that he did well to be angry, even to death, and he would have made his countrymen feel with him. Accordingly, says Gualterio, "this delirium of the Milanese inspired Giuseppe Giusti with perhaps the noblest satire that ever flowed from that pen, alas! too soon lost to his country." In whatever Italian there existed a relic of the nobleness of the past, a smouldering hope for the future, his feelings, on viewing this combination of false splendor and real degradation, found a perfect utterance in these verses.

Of some part of the "Coronation" we have attempted to give an English version, in which, it is right to observe, the metre has not been exactly followed. In the original, the sketches of the various princes of Italy who are supposed to bow before the Imperial throne, are singularly pointed and condensed. Such lines as that which describes the King of Naples,

Il Lazzarone Paladino infermo,

cling where they are thrown, and become proverbial. Mental character and outward form are seized and dashed off with one stroke. Every word hits, and every word enhances the effect of the others, and the emphatic exactness of the unflattering portrait. It will be seen that the sketch of Charles Albert naturally delineates that prince as he appeared to Italian liberals between 1830 and 1840; as the presumed betrayer of the liberal cause in 1820, earning his pardon from the Holy Alliance, first by serving it as a soldier in Spain at the storming of the Trocadero, and next by persecuting liberals at home. Charles Albert lived to merit and to receive from

Giusti, as from other wise and good Italians, a different judgment. We are bound to note, since the historian Gualterio has thought it necessary to defend his hero the king against the implied charge of servility, that the poet's second-sight misled him when it showed the King of Sardinia bending before the Imperial footstool. Charles Albert actually absented himself from the coronation at Milan, a step of somewhat marked character, which attracted notice at the time. The commencement reminds us of one of the rough old wood-cut frontispieces so dear to childhood, representing a full parliament of the beasts, at the head of some of Æsop's fables.

THE CORONATION.

The Lion King, who keeps us slaves — to him
May God preserve sound stomach, claws, and
limb:

The herd of meaner crowned ones — sleek, dis-
sembling,

 Foxes and conies trembling —
Around him cluster, and with low-drooped locks,
Cry to the sovereign shearer of the flocks,
"We, Father, in thy name, at second hand,

 Will closely clip the land."
Lo, first to soil in dust his servile knees
The yellow conscience-jaundiced Piedmontese;
Who purged the short mistake that made him hero
So well at Trocadero.

O Carbonari, yours, ye knew him well,
Your Prince, who dragged you to the block, the
cell,

He now maintains in the true king-like tone
The oaths of Twenty-one.

With trailing cloak behind sweeps blustering in
The feeble Lazzarone Paladin.

This year Palermo knew in him again
The old and cruel strain.

The satirist does not forget to notice in the case of the "Sacripant" of Naples, two characteristic accompaniments of Legitimist Absolutism, the martinet passion for drilling, and the popular piece of scandal which attributes to a "Zoccolante," or begging friar, the doubtful honor of a parental relation to the monarch.

What wouldst, King Sacripant, with arms and
thunder?

With that great fist wouldst smite the heavens
asunder?

Have done, thou ape of heroes, in thy jowl

We read the friar-like soul.

The Tuscan Morpheus follows slack and slow,
With poppy-wreaths and lettuce on his brow,
Who in pursuit of immortality

Drains bogs and pockets dry.

With law and land statistics without number,
He lulls his languid people into slumber;
And when his grandsire most he imitates

Scrapes something from his States.

The comparative indulgence shown in the preceding stanzas to the well-meaning statis-

tial and marsh-draining archduke, contrasts well with the grave and bitter censure bestowed on Maria Louisa of Parma, and with the light but exquisite felicity of the stroke with which is hit off the gay intruder amid serious despots, "Di Lucca il Protestante Don Giovanni." This, like the "Lazzarone-Paladin" above, recalls the comprehensive and exhaustive compound names given by Mirabeau — the "Grandison Cromwell," for instance, of which Mr. Carlyle truly says, "Write a volume on the man, and, if you can, say more."

To whispered scoffs, that fill the guilty place,
She, the degraded, turns her shameless face —
She, who consoled, in true Vienna style,
The Corsican's exile.

Gay 'midst the grave contrivers of our ruin,
Trips in our Lucca's Protestant Don Juan;
In the long *carte* of tyrants, lo, a dish
That's neither flesh nor fish.

Here we omit a few stanzas. The representative of Modena, of course, is not wanting. "The ill-conditioned Joshua, of the House of Este," who, between cruelty and crude logic, thinks he can stop the sun in heaven. The only one absent is Pope Gregory, and to him, after a satirical notice of the falling off in the Purgatorial revenues, the poet turns with a serious appeal; the very appeal which, some years later, events addressed to his successor, and to which for a time the world hoped Pius was capable of worthily responding. "Speak the word; if you do not, others will." It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that the iron crown of Lombardy is popularly said to be made of the nails of the true cross. In the passionate exhortation to the Lombards which follows, Legnano, the great battle in which the Lombard cities overthrew the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, appropriately finds a place.

O destined thou to keep alive and free
The sacred stem of Christ's most holy tree,
Bring back in peace, what was so rich and great,
The Gospel's poor estate.

Thy doubting, wretched children — give them rest
Beneath thy garments, meek and humbly drest:
First from thyself, then from our tyrants, tear
The mask of fraud ye wear.

Or if thy wish be still but as of old,
To drink Power's cup, and curse her foes for gold,
Then through these crowds a stronger voice shall ring:

"This crown, which makes your king,
Not from those nails of holiest renown,
As wild tales tell, was forged this iron crown;
Christ gave not to be tools of wrongs and lies
His Passion's mystic ties.

Not from the ploughshare blest, whose peaceful birth

Made demigods the patriarchs of our earth —
This crown was twisted from the robber-swords
Of ruthless Northern hordes.

O Latin race! for whom those low-bent knees?
Your Lord is heir to those old tyrannies;
Around your feet are clanking chains of shame —
Their iron is the same.

Lo, you are here — look around upon your numbers!

Rush on the hirelings: — waken from your slumbers;

Flash in your tyrant's eyes with fearless band

A different-tempered brand —
Steel of that furnace whence Legnano's swords
Reaped the full harvest of barbaric hordes,
Even as the cycle on the autumn plain
Reaps the full sheaves of grain."

Ah me — the people hears — yet looks askance:
Turns to mock fights its glad and foolish glance:
And gives the German columns, rushing, firing,
Its stupid cheers admiring.

The people — no — the giddy guilty swarms,
Nursed and corrupted in luxurious harms,
The scum of nations that from Europe drains

Down to the Lombard plains:
Hired actors, decked with servile diadems,
Sham wreaths of laurel, and sham sets of gems;
And liveried hounds, that smirch their gilt attire
With fawning in the mire;

And Folly's slaves in fashionable hosts,
Worn by false pleasure to the ghosts of ghosts;
And padded grandires, with galvanic grins
Aping their children's sins;

All like the madman, who in brainless craze
Laughs while the clothes upon his shoulders blaze,

And murders with his fist, in frenzied ire,
Him who would quench the fire.

With this bitter description and frightfully forcible simile the poem concludes. Throughout, as in the last stanza, it will be observed that Giusti speaks not merely as a mouth-piece of popular feeling. He has to stir up or even to create the passions to which he appeals. It was the "delirio Milanese" which provoked his anger; and he does not assail the wearer of the iron crown so much as the slaves who applaud him. Foreign dominion is denounced; but the indifference, lukewarmness, or cowardice of many Italians is not less openly and bitterly noted. "You who stupidly and basely admire the shows with which your foreign lords would conciliate you, the military displays with which they warn you to submit — you are *not* Italians."

The poet is a proclaimer of a truth not unrecognized, and as yet not thoroughly felt and acknowledged. What his influence was, who can tell? Who can tell how many youthful hearts were thrilled by these verses among those who but ten years later raised and manned the barricades of Milan, bequeathing to their countrymen, if not a permanent deliverance, yet the memory at least of a victory over their oppressors? We know at any rate that many hearts were thrilled. The verses made their way wherever the language of the writer was spoken; and it was felt that Italy, whatever else she might

want, had at least another poet to grace her fallen condition.

In the eyes of many, especially of those who look at it from afar, Italy is a land of the past only; a land crowded with great memories, with the proofs and relics of a double dominion, with the sculptured and painted marbles of classic and Christian art, with ancient ruins and mediæval churches, and with scenes of natural beauty, almost defying the power of art to render them; but not to be regarded as a land of living modern interests, sharing in modern conflict and progress, a portion of the civilization of to-day, a nation among the European nations. Few things can be conceived more calculated to gull an Italian than the unconsciously contemptuous judgment thus thoughtlessly passed upon his people. He knows it to be untrue, yet he feels that it has much apparent and some real truth. The partial truth makes the implied slight more bitter, and calls for a deeper resentment against those who, by foreign tyranny or by indigenous baseness, crush or paralyze the life of Italy.

LA TERRA DEI MORTI.

A noi larve d'Italia,
Mummie dalla matrice,
E becchino la balla
Anzi la levatrice;
Con noi sciupa il Priore
L'acqua battesimale
E quando si rimuore
Ci ruba il funerale.

Eccoci qui confitti
Coll' effigie d'Adamo,
Sì par di carne, e siamo
Costole e stinche ritti
O anime ingannate,
Che ci fate quassù?
Rassegnatevi, andate
Nel numero dei più.

Ah d'una gente morta
Non si giova la Storia;
Di Libertà, di Gloria,
Scheletri, che v' importa?
A che serve un' esequie
Di ghirlande o di torsi?
Brontoliamoci un requie
Senza tanti discorsi.

Ecco, su tutti i punti
Della tomba funesta
Vagar di testa in testa
Ai miseri defunti
Il pensiero abbrunato
D'un panno mortuario.
L'artistico, il togato
Il regno letterario

E tutta una moria.
Niccolini è spedito,
Manzoni è seppellito
Co' morti in libreria.
E tu giunto a compieta
Lorenzo, come mai

This common opinion, embodied by Lamartine in a probably chance expression, "*La Terra des Morts*," drew from Giusti the poem entitled "*La Terra dei Morti*." A grave and sometimes grim humor, relieved with touches of melancholy beauty, is its prevalent tone. "We are dead, it seems; it is true we lived once and to some purpose; but we are quite dead now. Our life, or rather this our present pseudo-life, is a mere fiction and impertinent intrusion among the living; you of this generation, you Frenchmen who are so thoroughly alive, say so, and you must be right; yet from some things, one would almost think we were still really living; who knows? perhaps it will turn out so." This is the theme of the poem. With this explanation perhaps even a most imperfect translation of some of the stanzas of this remarkable ode may give some idea of the deep strain of melancholy irony with which the poet accepts and applies the designation in behalf of the land of which he is sadly proud, and of the people whose life and right to live he indicates.

THE DEAD MEN'S LAND.

To us poor ghosts of Italy,
Us, mummies from the womb,
Our nurse is sexton, and our birth
But opens us the tomb.
On us the curates waste in vain
The holy font's expenses,
And charge our burial fees again
On purely false pretences.

Made up like Adam's sons
In human likeness fair,
True flesh you'd think us, yet we are
Mere ribs and long shin bones.
What do you here, poor souls misled,
Strayed from your place of slumber?
Oh, be resigned, go join the dead,
The nation without number.

For a departed nation
There is no place in story,
What is Liberty or Glory
To this corpse-generation?
Garlands on graves? What good to them?
They're just as well without it.
Let's mumble off their requiem,
And make less talk about it.

Behold, wide wandering over
This cemetery ground,
Dreamily flit and hover
From skull to skull all round.
Thoughts by the funeral pall,
Shrouded in hues of mourning.
The sphere of art, and all
The realm of law and learning,

Are only burial places.
Niccolini's doom is sped,
Manzoni with the dead
Is heaped in old bookcases.
And, young Lorenzo, say,
By what enchantment rare

Infondi nella oreta
La vita che non hai ?

Thou breathest into clay
The life thou dost not share ?

The allusion is to Lorenzo Bartolini, the sculptor, among other works, of the statue "La Fiducia in Dio," exquisitely described by Giusti in a sonnet with that title, the only sonnet we find in his works.

Romagnosi, too, what was he! a ghost—

yet a ghost who could think, and whose thoughts stirred the living. However, dead we are, and all of them, too, are dead. So you Freuchmen say; and you show that you think so from the way in which you borrow from us.

Dei morti nuovi e vecchi
L'eredità giacenti
Arrichiron parecchi
In terra di viventi.
Campando in buona fede
Sull'asse ereditario
Lo scrupoloso erede
Ci fa l'anniversario.

Our dead of old, and of to-day—
Their unclaimed heritages
Shall furnish yet a golden prey
For lively, living sages.
Most unconscientiously they prize
The riches they inherit,
And drink our solemn memories,
And spend our goods with spirit.

As for you, our censors of the church and the police, you may lay down your scissors; why so careful to emasculate the dead!

Perche ci stanno addosso
Selve di baionette,
E s'ungono a quest osso
Le nordiche basette?
Come! guardate i morti
Con tanta gelosia?
Studiate anatomia
Che il diavolo vi porti.

Why hedge us round, poor church-yard folk,
With bayonet plantations?
Why prying, Northmen, past and poke,
'Mid bones and exhumations?
What! watch and spy so jealously
Among the poor dead bodies?
Oh—you would learn anatomy—
The devil aid your studies!

Ma il libro di natura
Ha l'entrata e l'uscita;
Tocca a loro la vita,
E a noi la sepoltura.
E poi se lo domandi
Assai siamo campati.
Gino, eravamo grandi
E là non eran nati.

The register of time is rife
With welcomes and farewells;
Their turn is come for busy life,
Ours for the silent cells.
And after all, we've had our day,
And done perhaps our share;
For we were great of old, ere they
Were born yet, over there.

O mura cittadine,
Sepolcri maestosi,
Fin le vostre ruine
Sono un apoteosi.
Cancella anco la fosse,
O barbaro inquieto,
Chè temerarie l'osse
Sentono il sepolcreto.

O ancient city towers,
Majestic sepulchres,
Even in your ruin stirs
A life of nobler powers.
Lay level ditch and mound,
Rude and suspicious stranger,
Lest from their very burial ground
Dead bones learn thoughts of danger.

Veglia sul monumento
Perpetuo lume il sole
E fa da torcia a vento;
Le rose, le viole,
I pampani, gli olivi,
Son simboli di pianto.
Oh, che bel Camposanto
Da fare invidia ai vivi!

In place of torchlit gloom,
Perpetual sun reposes
Upon that favored tomb,
And violets and roses
And vine and olive wreath,
Are all its signs of sorrow.
Oh, well may life be fain from Death
So bright a home to borrow!

In the last stanza the thin mask of irony is almost thrown off, and the repressed passion breaks through with fierce and undisguised menaces, as the poet passes from the fair image of the dead land, to that of the "Dies Irae," and Day of Judgment yet waiting the oppressors. We give it in the original only:—

Cadaveri, alle corte Tra i salmi dell' Ufficio
Lasciamoli cantare, C'è anco il *Dies ira*:
E vediam questa morte O che non ha a venire
Dov' anderà a cascare. Il giorno del giudizio?

Some idea of the intellectual and moral state of a nation will ever be found in the average character of its governing men, not so much in that of the one or two leading ministers as of the more numerous officials who administer its resources. Between their character and that of the government they serve, there is a yet closer relation; and, considering the degree and extent of moral influence exercised over masses of mankind even by the satellites of power, it may be said that one of the most pernicious consequences of a base

government is the individual baseness which it creates or requires in those who serve it. This is an evil clearly distinguishable from, and perhaps exceeding in amount, all the actual harm caused by misgovernment in detail. It is a canker at the very heart of the social body. In a centralized and bureau-governed country, the existence of a corrupt class of officials is a curse scarcely less all-penetrating than that of a corrupt priesthood. In the eyes of Giusti, this evil, which may be abridged into "Scoundrelism in office," was one of the heaviest curses of Italy; one which the reformer must destroy, and which could not escape the lash of the reforming poet. In his "Gingillino," he has given us what may be called the epic of such scoundrelism; a picture, as his biographer truly says, "squalidly sublime," of the training, progress, success, and final triumph, as of a pupil and master in this school of abject vileness.

A satire more fiercely definite, alike in object and execution, was never penned; and we can easily believe, as we are told, that its effect was tremendous. Here is no allegorical beating about the bush; the form and the drift of the poem are singularly direct and plain. An essay on the subject would have been scarcely less perspicuous, probably far less downright in its language. In a prologue addressed to his friend, Alessandro Manzoni, son of the celebrated novelist, the poet simply declares a fact, and his wonder at it.

"Our rulers," says he, "are always in the habit of picking out the worst and lowest of men to serve them and the state; and then they wonder that in time of trouble these rabble are merely in the way. O royal and imperial highnesses, descendants of Gothic robber-heroes, when you call yourselves *We* instead of *I*, is it that you may include those wolves, your trenchermen, with you?" He advises a thorough clearance of the whole tribe, and proceeds to back his recommendation by a picture of *one*. Beginning at the beginning, he introduces us to his hero-scoundrel, fit to be Mr. Carlyle's ideal arch-scoundrel, in the cradle, under the auspices of appropriate gossips — the deities *eponymi* of all the servile vices — apostasy, knavery, servility, greed, &c. These, like attendant *Parcæ* or gift-bestowing fairies, assembled round the cradle, and pouring the leprous disfigurement of the precepts which are to model his future fate into the ears of the infant on whom they are about to fling with full hands such blessings as they can confer —

Chorus'd for lullaby this nursery rhyme,
Most worthy of themselves and of the time.

We have attempted to give some idea of this fatal chant; but the short, sententious flow of Giusti's dactylic measure can hardly be represented in English. The sustained and

bitter irony needs neither comment nor explanation:

Hush, baby, don't cry,
You were naked when born;
Would you learn how to die
Not so bare and forlorn?

Come list to our maxims,
Which ever hold good,
And will float you like cork
To the top of the flood.

With a back early bent,
And a pliable marrow,
Cringe, crush yourself under
The pedagogue's harrow.

With strangers and friends
Be it ever your plan,
To become a mere nothing
As far as you can.

The brilliant, the daring,
By you be forsworn,
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.

Keep your head and your heart
Undisturbed by old story,
By weak dreams of honor,
Dim spectres of glory.

And carefully seeking
To limit your learning,
To know how to read
What will help you in earning.

Shun genius, forever
A curse and a scorn,
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.

Grow up, and remember,
That blundering by chance
With an honest intention
More hurts your advance

Than the perfidy cool:
And complete as a friar's,
Wrought by line and by rule
Of your well-balanced liars.

An error confessed
By the heart in its fulness,
Hold the surest of signs
Of the arrantest dulness.

On the dirtiest fingers
Clean gloves can be worn;
Do this — or die naked
As when you were born.

In soul and in body
Be slave to the Real,
Nor get yourself lost
In some airy Ideal.

Let the fables which Reason
Has told to your youth,
Still yield to the Dollar's
Plain practical truth.

Let no noble disdain
Touch you with the folly
Of that simple poetic,
Half-mad melancholy.

Which would tell you the tatters
That honesty brings,
Are not the most wretched
Nor basest of things.

A great and old proverb,
To power well-known,
Has told us that *Being*
And *Having* are one.

Hold you by that oracle,
Never outworn ;
If you would not die naked
As when you were born.

Twenty years later we find the protégé of these goddesses taking his degree at the university, a process given with much humorous reality. He is presented by the Public Orator, as we should say, to the assembled heads, in a speech crammed with eulogies on the most regular, most obedient, most decorous of pupils—one who has ever been marked for abstaining from pipes, billiards, taverns, beards, and other disorderly proceedings, for never doing anything without leave,

Sempre abbassando la ragione e l'estro,
Sempre pensando a modo del maestro.

Confident expectations are expressed of his success in life, as a defender of things as they are. Leaving the senate-house in glory, Gingillino is met at the door by a knot of honest scapegrace students (we greatly fear that one Giuseppe Giusti was conspicuous among the number), who, saluting with mock respect the newly-made Doctor of Laws, followed after him, chanting in a tone less complimentary than the orator's, a few verses which convey their impression of the character and prospects of the model pupil.

Tibi quoque, tibi quoque
Is the faculty consigned :
Duly thou "*in jure utroque*"
Authorized to gall mankind.
All that sea of knavish troubling
There within thy cranium bubbling,
From thy skull in full relief
Raises high the bump of thief.

What is left from all you've read :
Crudest studies, bumped and hurried
In that nutshell of a head,
Urn in which the mind is buried ?
Scantiest lore is yet enough
For that soul of coarsest stuff :
Yea, the slightest tincture of it
Will fit you for touching profit.

Don the gown of learned brother
Or attorney, which you will :
One name fits you like another
While it pays your baker's bill :

Born a hound and hireling wary,
Born Cossack or Janissary,
With bowed neck and crooked shrinking
Making up for want of thinking.

Hypocrite, the laws to wrench
From your face, whoever sees ye,
Knows you travel to the bench
By the way that's broad and easy.
And they say, too, you for hire
Play the spy that blows the fire,
Follower strict and devotee
Of the apostle of the tree.

Poor Iscariot, however,
Was a miserable creature :
You, past paragon more clever,
You with hard unflinching feature,
You can sell a life that's holy
Without thinking of the folly
Of being hanged and burst asunder,
Or of giving back the plunder.

The highly approved graduate of the university has next to become the graduate of the world. For this purpose Giusti conducts him to the capital (apparently Rome), and at this point the poet pauses for a moment, and leaves the sharp ringing measures of his bitter satire, to express in slow-moving Dantean verses, of singular melancholy and untranslatable sweetness, how the contrast of ancient glories and modern degradation strikes upon the soul of him who, wandering at night through the moonlit city—

Malinconico pazzo che si giova
Del casto amplesso della tua beltà
Sempre a tutti presente e sempre nova ;

Lento s'inoltra per le mute strade
Ove più lunge è il morbo delle gente
Ed ove l'ombra più rimota cade.

But the pause is but momentary. With an indignant zest, mixed with disgust, he plunges his hero (a lawyer, be it remembered) into what, if we understand it rightly, is a kind of *Old Bailey* society—a réunion of the practitioners in every kind, on and off the bench, of every legal rascality ; and hence, by a slight transition to the somewhat wider club, including the lower orders of "*Birrocraatici*," heads and directors of "*police*," in the continental sense of the word. Crowded with allusions and difficult expressions as this part of the poem is, it is hard for any but an Italian—we might probably say for any but a Tuscan—to appreciate it altogether. Its spirit and flow commend themselves to all : but these it would be hopeless to attempt to reproduce in English.

Standing thus amid a crowd of emulous rogues, with his foot on the lowest steps of the ladder of officialty, and looking upwards with admiring envy, "*L'Eccellentissimo Dottor Gingilla*" asks and receives the lesson how to climb. Most great men, it is said, owe

their rise to feminine influence, and Giusti's hero is no exception. As a young man of promise, he is taken into filial favor by a lady, described in very direct and uncomplimentary verses as the worthy lady patroness of such a society, from whose mouth he receives what might be called the "Official Scoundrel's Manual." Sententiously and gravely are introduced the requirements of the career to which the aspirant has devoted himself. He is already perfect on the negative side; the chapter of "What to Avoid"—

Shun liberals, of all denominations,
All clever fellows with the mark of danger;
Talk not of journals, books, or publications,
But seem to all such things the merest stranger;
Shut close your soul to all, and be alone :—
This lore, I trow, full well to thee is known.

This falls within the great art of omission,
In which I've known you long, complete and clever;
To teach you that, were waste, and mere addition;
Wood to a forest, water to a river.
Well entered thus, for you is still remaining
The active half of your novice training.

Then follow the precepts of base things to be done; how to choose a patron; how to treat him when chosen; what services to render obtrusively, what inobtrusively; in short, the whole duty of the crawler, set forth with a calm and scientific accuracy, an absence of exaggeration or obvious irony, in itself most ironical. It is, in fact, a collection in clear, forcible, emphatic verse, of directions which would be felt to be, if regarded as means to an end, singularly applicable and true. Giusti has done for the low placeman, who would rise to be perhaps even a Peccheneda, what Machiavelli has done for the "Principe." The object of Giusti's picture, at least, will not be a subject of dispute. Gingillino, of course, earns, by zealous adoption of the precepts, the rewards to which they are intended to conduct; and we leave him a prosperous official, already honored with marks of his prince's favor, looking forward with devout confidence to his future admission into the higher official heaven of grand crosses and stars, and reciting every morning and evening with the deepest reverence before his commission of office, as the symbol to him most sacred, a kind of creed to the effect, *I believe in Mammon*—a creed which, with its tone of bitter and meaning parody, might be considered irreverent in England. Many among us hold that belief devoutly enough, who would be shocked at its plain expression, and for this, as for other reasons, we shall not attempt to translate it.

Such is one of the most celebrated among those poems from which, as Giusti's biographer observes, posterity will draw a living idea

of his time—of one side of it, that is to say. There was, perhaps, little hope of immediate amendment in the corruptions so bitterly denounced amid universal assent and applause. But there was dealt to the whole system of government which supported itself on such agency, a heavy and far-resounding blow; and of the many thoughts which would pass through the minds of the Italian reader or hearer (for these poems, circulating in manuscript, were, we believe, read in companies), the last would be—it cannot—it shall not stand. This was the thought which, more or less, consciously lay ever at the bottom of the poet's verses, and the thought which he would have stereotyped, if possible, in the heart of every auditor.

"Gingillino" was written late in 1844. It was the first-fruits of the poet's partial recovery from an illness which had greatly alarmed his friends; of the same kind with that which afterwards proved fatal to him, and its celebrity, perhaps, surpassed that of his former works. His name, as that of the "Anonymous Tuscan," was by this time bruited through Italy with that kind of underhand mysterious celebrity which perhaps is the most flattering and emphatic of all the forms of fame. He was known as an equal to the great writers of his nation; he had many and devoted friends; he was, as his biographer tells us, loved by all who knew him. The praise which came to him from all parts of Italy must have gratified a higher susceptibility than that of poetic vanity. It could not fail to make him feel that his words were something, that he, too, had a lever in his hand, and that there was already felt a tremulous response to the efforts of himself and others vibrating through the fabric which they wished to overthrow.

Few years yet remained for him, but much was reserved for those few. He was to see all but won more than he had ever expected, more than he can have hoped, and see it all lost again; in part by misfortune, as we call it; in part, too, by visible errors and crimes which he keenly denounced, and which would have been impossible, had the Italians been such as he would have wished to see, and potently aided to make them.

At this point, in the year 1845, the last year of Gregory XVI., while from every part of the Peninsula comes a kind of response to the voices of those who, like Giusti in verse, or like Gioberti, Azeglio, and others in prose, point the way to a better future—the dim murmur of a coming change—let us pause for a moment before the portrait of the poet of the movement:—

Those who conversed with him at this time (says his biographer), and also until a few days before his death, would have seen a man tall and

well-made, with a countenance full of vivacity and amiability, with black hair, eyes and whiskers; and at first might have thought him a person made, as the saying is, to live forever; but after more careful examination of his countenance would have perceived a kind of slight yellow tinge, like that of one whose liver is affected, and especially a shade of profound melancholy, which seemed to veil over his smile, and shed around him an air of scarcely definable sadness.

A fanciful parallel might perhaps be traced between the poet and the coming fortunes of the Italy which he loved, in the flashing smile so sadly and readily veiled, the fair appearance of strength with death already at the heart. It is more to the purpose of criticism to observe, that this look of melancholy is thoroughly characteristic, for (as already observed), as in the case of almost all genuine irony, a deep sadness is the ground-work of all the laughing satire of Giusti.

Of the private life of Giusti during these years of early manhood his biographer tells us little enough. Over many years of it, as over the life of so many eminent men, there lay the shadow of a great sorrow, in the form of a disappointed affection. A love returned, and then a broken pledge — this is all we see of an event which colored his whole life, and even in his biographer's opinion contributed in some degree to create or strengthen in his mind the tendency to look on the dark and censurable side of things. Often is it the case, and often rightly so, though we cannot but regret it, that the leading incident of an individual's life, that which in his own eyes occupied most space in his mental history, fills but a few lines in his biography. Some beautiful and tender personal poems, necessarily less broadly marked by his peculiar manner than his greater works, but the more interesting through a likeness which the difference of subject does but veil — are the memorials for the world of probably the most important incident in the life of Giusti.

An anecdote of a lighter kind has reached us on uncertain authority; how the Grand Duke himself, on some occasion, sent for the suspected author of the keen satires in everybody's mouth, and remonstrated with him in the usual paternal tone, and probably with a really kind intention. "You are a young man of great talents; you will get into trouble if you go on in this way; you might employ yourself better for your own advantage, &c." And now Giusti, not being able to afford, however thin was the veil, to lose his anonymous character, calmly answered, "that his Royal Highness was extremely good, that he had no pretensions of that kind; he regretted to say, he was an indolent young man who was very fond of fishing, and thought little of other matters."

It is scarcely necessary to observe that no deception was either conveyed or intended by such an answer. It simply amounted to a polite negative, a form of saying — I decline letting out my Pegasus — always supposing I have one, a fact which your censorship does not allow me to admit, to be put into court-harness. We do not, however, answer for the story. Of Giusti's having been subjected to sharp police supervision and censure, his poems contain a characteristic record in the verses entitled, "*Rassegnazione e proponimento di cambiar vita.*" They are an ironical recantation and repentance of former offences, for which he has been severely rebuked, of course amounting to a very pointed repetition of them. Another, entitled "*My New Friend,*" is an admirably witty sketch of the gentlemanlike and pleasing person, only rather extravagant in his liberalism, and given to underbreath confessions of conspiracy, who had lately pressed his flattering society on the poet; being of course a police spy.

Giusti's abstract politics may or may not have been generally identical with those of the illustrious men whom we have named as the leaders and representatives, or teachers, of moderate liberalism. It is right to observe that he agreed with them on the most important point of all, on that fatal point, on which difference of opinion has ruined the hopes of Italy. With the best and wisest, he said, let us have no secret societies, no conspiracies. All that is gone by, in nine cases out of ten, it never was more than an imposture of the "*birri*" spies and informers, who get up such articles to sell them in retail; and it is mere cast-off rubbish to-day:

Oggi si tratta d'una certa razza
Che vuole Storia, e che lo dice in piazza.

The poem from which these lines are taken is a kind of confession of political faith, with the significant title "*Delenda Cartago.*"

We necessarily pass over much unnoticed, but among the poems of this period of hope, there is one which for its singular beauty and unusual tenderness of thought and expression, demands especial notice, that entitled Sant' Ambrogio. It is an instance of what the simplest of incidents may become in the hands of a real poet.

Giusti finds himself one morning near the altar in the church of St. Ambrogio, near Milan, and, as it happens, in the middle of a whole troop of Austrian soldiers — Bohemians, Croats, and others, "the stakes of our vineyard," standing up stiffly in truth, as if they were so many stakes, with

Blank faces, and tow whiskers fit to kindle,
Upright before the Lord, each like a spindle.

Moreover, the poor fellows had breakfasted on garlic, and between moral and physical shrink-

ing, he admits that he felt a certain shock, a rush of feelings not proper to the time and place. But while he was looking on, there arose from the band near the altar a slow strain of mournful music

D'una gente che gema in duri stenti
E de' perduti beni si rammenti.

The music was Italian, that chorus from Verdi's Lombardi:—

Quello "O Signore, dal tetto natio,"
Che tanti petti ha scossi e inebriati.

Its beauty carried him away, and united him in feeling with the foreign worshippers. It ceased, and he was recovering with the thought, "it is our music after all, and very fairly played," when the music began again, this time a German hymn, chanted by the soldiers, half prayer, half lament, a "bitter sweet" strain, telling of the recollections of infancy, of those home songs, which, learnt at the mother's knee, come back to the heart in the days of sorrow, of the sad longings of exile, so beautiful, so tender, so imploring, so melancholy, that it enchanted him in delight and wonder, that those wooden figures were capable of such exquisite harmonies.

Un cantico tedesco lento lento
Per l'aer sacro a Dio mosse le penne;
Era preghiera, e mi pareva lamento,
D'un suono grave, flebile, solenne,
Tal, che sempre nell'anima lo sento;
E mi stupisco che in quelle cottenne,
In que' fantocci esotici di legno,
Potesse l'armonia fino a quel segno.

Sentia nell'inno la dolcezza amara
De' canti uditi da fanciullo; il core
Che da voce domestica gl'impara
Ce li ripete i giorni del dolore;
Un pensier mesto della madre cara,
Un desiderio di pace e di amore,
Uno sgomento di lontano esilio,
Che mi faceva andare in visibilo.

It left the poet full of deeper and kinder thoughts, and earnest compassion for those poor fellows, blind instruments of a tyranny which they do not understand, dragged from their home, harshly disciplined, solitary and disliked, among people of another race and speech, sent here by the politic despotism which finds in the opposition of races the instrument of its supremacy, slaves keeping down slaves,

From far Bohemia and the Ban's command,
Like droves to winter in our fat marsh land.

A thought arises in his mind, a thought of kindly brotherhood of the subject peoples, "and had I not run away, I really must have embraced a corporal, standing there with his cane as stiff as a clothes-peg."

"Your excellency," says the poet to some minister of police probably, "why do you send that stupid, deaf fellow to follow me, and make out what I and others are about? It is mere waste of money; I am perfectly ready to tell you. Take notes—is your pencil ready? First, understand that the world really is in movement, and aspires to freedom. Listen but to the bell of the Campanile, each time it tolls, 'For burial or for baptism in the morn, A tory* dies, a liberal is born.' Change, therefore, we desire; but we are no conspirators or destructives; no pseudo Gracchi or 'Robespierri'—neither do we wish absolute lords—'Padroni'—you may put that down 'Padroni no,' and to proceed. To republics, tyrants, slaves, all those convulsive and stimulating names, I have nothing to say; I can tell you in two words what we do want."

Scriva—Vogliamo che ogni filio d'Adamo
Conti per uomo; e non vogliam Tedeschi;
Vogliamo i Capi col capo; vogliam
Leggi e Governi, e non vogliam Tedeschi.
Scriva, Vogliam, tutti, quanti siamo
L'Italia, Italia, e non vogliam Tedeschi;
Vogliamo pagar di borsa e di cervello,
E non vogliam Tedeschi; arrivedello.

Respect for rights, real laws, real government,
Italy; honest payment for these blessings; and
above all no Germans; *Delenda Cartago*.

There is the *mot d'enigme*, pointedly enough given. This poem was dated December, 1846. A little more than another year, and the dream was all but realized; the time thought distant was at the very doors. As is so often the case in such things, the Revolution of Italy came, not without warnings indeed, but still like a thief in the night. Pius had succeeded Gregory, and the distant shock was already given.

There is a deep and most natural sadness in the tone with which, now that all is past, the Italian writers refer to those days of 1847, days of almost intoxicating promise and gladness, when hope after hope, as it arose, seemed to lead to its own fulfilment; when the cause of freedom, sanctioned by authority, and blest by religion, seemed, if to-day ever were to be trusted as a prophet of to-morrow, destined to a success, speedy, complete, and unstained. Unfortunately it is not so that the world is changed, and all that seemed to be won so easily without labor or tears, was yet to be struggled for and lost with tears of blood. Much undoubtedly of the excitement which prevailed was of that transitory kind, no better calculated than the flower-garlands of a

* Literally, "a Brigand;" but here used as a mere party designation—muore un *Brigante* e nasce un *Liberales*. The coincidence in original meaning with the English equivalent is curious enough.

popular fêtes to survive the storm of adversity and war. Many frivolous and many wicked follies were committed, both perhaps in rather more than usual proportion in times of great popular excitement. It is the distinction of writers of the Macfarlane school to make the most of both, and to ignore altogether the efforts made, and the sufferings undergone, by the true friends and supporters of a cause to which only victory was wanting.

We will not attempt to retrace here the history of that great failure which came so near to being the most blessed and glorious of successes. From the brilliant and transitory heroism of Milan, to the nobler perseverance of Venice—from the blessing of the Crusading banners by the Pope, to the slaughter of his subjects on the breach of Sant' Pancrazio by the French, in the name and interest of the Holy Father; all are familiar with the leading events of the eighteen months during which Italy was more than a geographical appellation. The part individually taken in these events by one of the noblest sons of Italy is all that we are now dealing with.

Towards the end of 1847 Giusti published a small volume of poems, with his name for the first time openly attached to them, and took the opportunity of expressing what may be called a hope that, in the changed relation of things, his voice, as it had been heard hitherto, might be needed and heard no longer.

I feel (said he) that this style of verse is becoming a fruit out of season, and I would gladly raise myself to the level of the new facts which are unfolding themselves before our eyes with such majesty of motion; but who can say whether the spirit accustomed to confine itself within the narrow circle of the "No," will have the vigor to break the bounds of its old pasture, and range over a wider and more productive field? If I should feel the courage and power to try it, I certainly shall not stand idle; should I, however, find myself not strong enough, I shall not be so obstinately foolish as to persist in tolling the passing bell, at a time when all others are ringing the peal for a new birth.

These words are worth noting, as showing not only how deeply Giusti felt the accomplishment of his desire for Italy, but how distinct and definite his purpose as a writer had become. His weapon had done its work—it might be laid aside. His language indicates, too, a sense not always possessed by those whose especial vocation, from nature or circumstances, has been to utter and reiterate the No—that there is a *Yes* as well. Giusti, feeling this, was fit and qualified to defend good as well as to attack evil. But the time was not yet come, nor likely to come, when the satirist could be spared. Forms of evil were rife, both new and old; and a combat-

ant for truth and right was not likely to find rest.

In the period of the short-lived union between princes and people, there was one class who saw their own calamity in the general rejoicing, that class who, at Naples and elsewhere, have since repaid themselves with interest so abundant for the temporary suspension of their system of government.

The efforts of the "birrocracy" to clutch back the sceptre which was passing from them, are celebrated by Giusti in the poem entitled "Congresso dei Birri." All who have seen and see, or who have learnt from Mr. Gladstone's letters to appreciate, the venom and force of this revived serpent—the boa constrictor which strangles out the life of Italy—may also appreciate the value of a blow which paralyzed those efforts for the time.

The poem, as its title implies, is an admirably humorous and sustained parody, so to speak, of the parties and forms of deliberative assemblies. Still there are the three shades of opinion—right, centre, and left—ultras, moderates, and a third section which guides and governs the others, as we shall see, all bent to consider what course becomes them in the present threatening aspect of affairs; when the actions of the governors are, so far have things gone, certainly criticized by the governed, and there is even talk of giving the people some voice in the management of their own affairs.

The Birri are met in solemn parliament, or rather, the object and interest of all the members being the same, we may regard it as what the Americans call, or used to call, for their political nomenclature is of rapid and transitory invention, a *caucus*—let us say a meeting to concert rapid measures for the protection of the great Birro interest.

The first speaker naturally is one of the "corabiato," an ultra conservative, or, as we say, tory "birro." Like other less strictly professional conservatives, this honorable member cannot see that in fact there is any difficulty in the case, except what arises from fearing to act upon the wisdom of our ancestors. We have left the old ways; the remedy is to return to them. Our business is simple repression. What need of talk? "Seize, imprison, and hang."

Ecco la Massima Would you a maxim?

Spedita e vera,	Two words will comprise one.
Galera e Boia	Imprison and hang 'em,
Boia e Galera.	Hang and imprison.

This savagely emphatic "bear" of a birro, be it observed, does but follow in the very steps, and almost the very words, of the ten times illustrious Duke of Modena, with his famous autographic despatch, as laconic as if it had been sent by electric telegraph. "An.

insurrection took place last night. The conspirators are in my hands. Send me the hangman."

Fiction is ever short of truth, and Giusti's birro is scarcely equal to the Prince — to the descendant of all the D'Estes. Simple and impressive as is this view, it does not, in the opinion of the next orator, altogether meet what he asserts to be the really dangerous position of affairs. You cannot stop the world by threats of hanging. Such simple methods are behind the age.

Collega riformatevi;
Siete antediluviano.

My honored colleague deems we live
Still in those blessed times
When none e'er spoke of Italy,
Save lettered men in rhymes.

My friends, to-day that name is taught
To children by their nurses,
To-day 't is in the peasant's mouth,
Not in Arcadian verses.

No doubt the peoples will come to perdition: but there is no use in trying to stop a runaway horse, which only pulls the harder. Suppose the princes were thrown first, why should we sacrifice ourselves for them? Let us watch and see what turn things take, with an eye to the permanency of our own pay, rather than to any other result.

This reasonable advice of the "juste milieu" partisan meets with a good deal of acceptance; but the climax of the discussion is still reserved for the third orator, at whose rising a hush of expectation silences and thrills the assembly.

Hush! Silence! Hear, hear!
Ran through all the Consistory:
Hear him give us the word
Of the Birrian mystery!

The solution of the problem, we see, has till now but "loomed in the distance;" it has now passed into the hands of the consummate artist who leads the house; and the true end and interest of the "Birrocacy" are to be explained.

He states calmly and impressively his differences from his honorable friends who have preceded him. They have, he respectfully submits, missed the true point at issue, in misapprehending the real scope of the great institution of which they are members. Our business is not to save the state — to coax favor out of either the people or the court, to secure a little pay. *It is to have power, and be ourselves.* ("Vivian Grey" condensed into a line.)

The brilliant orator proceeds to explain his position as regards the abstract theories laid down as the articles of belief of the party.

I hold not strict as items of my creed,
Far less reject, your block and thumbscrew fan-
cies:

I say strength aims to stand, and to succeed:
The *how* depends on time and circumstances:
The truly wise no stubborn systems heed,
But take the task that suits, as the wind chances;
Look to the end: be that your constant rule:
Who sticks at means, is a pedantic fool.*

And now for the application of their principles to the case in hand. Regarded thus philosophically, the present position of affairs, alarming as a superficial view may represent it, is in fact the most desirable of all positions — the one state of things best adapted to promote the power and interests of our order. Only let the question be thoroughly apprehended. We are not here to prevent evil. A pretty trade that would be. Conceive a really good and happy government. What need would there be of us! What place, what importance have we in a well-ordered and contented community? To keep up a good *misunderstanding* between governors and governed; to prevent their agreeing; to blow the flames which we are needed to quench; to make the princes hated by the people, and ourselves necessary to the princes, is the way to remain, as we are, supreme; to pass, as we have passed, from being slaves of slaves, to being lords of our lords! *Padroni dei Padroni*. The word of the "Birrian" mystery is this — "*Dividete e regnate*." At this point there breaks in upon the assembly, from the neighboring piazza, the shout which tells that the people and the prince are united in hope and will; the genius of the illuminated orator is quenched on his lips; and the congress for the protection of the birro interest vanishes despairing from our sight, into the limbo of past iniquities.

The aspect of things in 1847 justified such a conclusion. This, too, has passed, with so many other hopes; yet the "Congress dei Birri" was well-meant and effective in its day. In any case it remains, in verse which will not soon perish, an unmistakable embodiment of a hideous social and political evil; and it may yet aid in realizing the anticipations with which it concludes.

But there was another evil which threatened the prospects of Italy — a canker at the heart of her newly-born liberty; this, too, Giusti was one of the earliest to perceive and denounce. In verses of almost prophetic exactness and singular force, he exposed those pernicious and cowardly demagogues who sprang up in the cities of Italy, rank weeds in the midst of so much noble growth; the men who successfully labored to bring dis-

* We assure our readers that we translate closely. It is not our fault if these generalities admit of application to the leaders of other parties besides that of the Birrocacy.

credit abroad and ruin at home upon the movement, which, generally speaking, they had done little to originate, and did less to support in the field. We refer especially to the poem "Agli Spettri del 4to Sept." ("To the Ghosts of the 4th Sept., 1847"), of which the key-note is given by the first line,

Su Don Abbondio! è morto Don Rodrigo;

a line, hitting with a force of concentrated contempt, which needs no explanation to the readers of Manzoni's novel. It is difficult not to think that the objects of this fierce ridicule and heartfelt indignation must have blushed at the picture of themselves. So vivid is the unflattering daguerreotype of these coffee-house brawlers, amid flasks and cigars, the submissive slaves of yesterday, the extreme republicans of to-day, in whose hands liberty changed itself into license, aspirations after independence into calumny of the most effective champions of that cause, the "sacred war" in Lombardy, into safe sedition at home.

Bravo! Take courage; yet with calculation;
Take counsel from the time and the occasion;
Now that the conies' feeble folk can dare
The lion's hide to wear.

Now take your side, and as the people stand
Wondering at you, who live by second-hand;
Roar that you were, yea, ere the world began,
A staunch republican.

This poem is enough to show that the changed state of things would have presented themes for the sarcasm as well as for the enthusiasm of the poet. In the mean time, it opened to him another field, in which he had the opportunity of showing that his vocation was not censure alone, and that practical good sense was not wanting to his genius. Tuscany, like the other States of Italy, entered with all fair hopes and promises into a course of constitutional freedom. An assembly was elected, and to this assembly, by the constituency of his native district, the illustrious poet was returned. The unhappy differences and errors which contributed so much to the destruction of the Italian cause in the field, were not wanting in the Tuscan assembly. Giusti seems to have been an uniform adherent of prudent and moderate counsels.

The assailant of absolutism, whether paternal or not, he had already, in his Ode to Leopold II., held out to the constitutional prince the hand of frank reconciliation. With a poet's misleading enthusiasm, he placed some trust in the compact between prince and people, which he had himself seen sealed with oaths taken amid tears.

Not the less as an honest politician and citizen did he bind himself to make easy the preservation of that compact. To cement the unhoped-for alliance between prince and peo-

ple; to keep things as steady as possible during the transition from absolute to constitutional government; to avoid distrust and the causes of distrust, even in show; this was his wish. It is almost superfluous to say, that in following this course he did not escape the attacks of the Don Abbondios of politics.

Under the excitement of the times, and the sudden liberation of all tongues and pens, a crop of scurrilous papers grew up in Florence, calumniating the best of the Italians, by way of forwarding the interests of Italy. Giusti, too, was in this form to feel the ingratitude of the base; and if we may judge from the tone of his letters, he felt, with some of the sensitiveness of a poet's nature, the attacks upon him, but without the least shrinking; they had no effect upon his conduct. "Those who abuse me now," said he, "might reflect that I spoke when others were silent." A scheme for a paper or periodical, to be conducted under his directions, to neutralize the effect of these publications, was set on foot. But the failing health of Giusti—not to add his strict and high ideas of what the tone of such a periodical ought to be—caused the scheme to be deferred, and finally dropped. In the chamber he spoke seldom; when he did speak, it was with point and vigor, and in a style resembling, to a certain extent, his poetry. Very probably every deep feeling with him took, with scarce an effort, the form which he had so sedulously cultivated. He would often meet his friends, after a sitting, with some epigram upon his lips, or slight versified sketch of some absurdity which had marked the day; but he never took the trouble, it is supposed, to write them down.

After the first defeat of Charles Albert had given strength to the more violent and unreflecting party, the first Tuscan assembly, a body of moderate and sensible, but not sufficiently energetic character, was dissolved, and another named. In spite of his own wish to avoid reflection, on the ground of his failing health, Giusti's constituents would vote for no other candidate; and from a sense of duty, though with the certainty of injury to himself, he accepted the mandate, in words of some solemnity—

Fint voluntas vestra.

In the second chamber, his conduct remained unaltered; but on the flight of the Grand Duke, in February, 1849, this chamber, too, was dissolved, and a convention summoned. The revolutionary party, left by the desertion of the prince in unchecked power, did all they could to exclude Giusti. The election took place by universal suffrage; but once more his constituents of the Val de Borgo sent back, by an unanimous vote, the name which they valued highest. In legislative chamber or in constituent assembly they

would have no other representative than their illustrious countryman.

Giusti took no part in the proceedings of this short-lived convention. In a few weeks' time, its existence and that of the provisional government was terminated without a struggle, by the spontaneous and general movement which invited the Grand Duke to return from his voluntary exile, and administer the constitution which he had sworn to maintain.

Meanwhile the history of Italy went on. The sword of her independence was broken at Novara; the heroic resistance of solitary Venice, leaving to future times an invaluable example and memory, could for the present only defer the inevitable restoration of Austrian dominion in Lombardy—and the French, ever emulous of Austrian glory beyond the Alps, seized at the opportunity of restoring to the peninsula the second of its curses, in reëstablishing the priestly government of Rome.

The end of 1849 saw scarcely a trace remaining of the hopes which made glorious the beginning of 1848.

A melancholy destiny permitted the poet to survive the disappointment of all his expectations as a patriot, to survive it, and no more. He did not lose his hopes for the better future; but he knew that it would come too late for him. His health had ever been precarious, and the agitation, first of hope, and then of regret over the calamities and errors which he saw, so truly, had contributed to its rapid decline.

On the last day on which his biographer saw him, he conversed at some length on the state of Italy; the mistakes of the past, the hopes of the future; the contrast between the bright dawn of their revolution, and the darkening gloom of their present political horizon; and quoting, with a sigh, the words of Dante:

O buon principio
A che vil fine convien che tu caschi!

may God grant (he added) that at least the lesson may be profitable. When the time comes again, I shall be here no longer; do you and others, *who will be here*, and who have seen the causes that have ruined us, proclaim them aloud, and avoid dissensions. Thus alone can Italy rise again, and soon.

Yet he thought something had been gained, for Tuscany at least. "They can hardly," said he, "ever take away from us our constitutional forms again."

It seems he gave the Grand Duke credit for some degree of good feeling and justice; the Austrians, for that degree of foresight which would make one or both parties shrink from setting up among an easily ruled and affectionate people a mere despotic throne supported by foreign bayonets.

Possibly he thought, unreasonable as it must appear to those to whom the millions are ciphers and the units all, that though there had been offences on both sides, yet between the prince who absconded unnecessarily from his states and his duties, and the people who, after a short period of confusion, unanimously and earnestly invited him back, by-gones might with some degree of equity be held by-gones, and some restoration of confidence be possible. He was wrong; he overrated, as we trust it will prove, the prudence of the Austrian cabinet; he overrated, also, as poets are apt to overrate, the generosity of a prince.

He saw the Tuscan restoration, as an English poetess saw it, from the Casa Guidi windows, and as she has described it for us in the best pages of her volume under that title. He saw the return of the paternal ruler, who had given his subjects the voluntary assurance, "Before all things, I am an Italian prince," preceded, followed, and symbolized, by the steady tramp of Austrian troops and the slow roll of Austrian cannon, through the streets of the fairest city of Italy.

Giusti has left us no record of the feelings with which he viewed the ignominy of that restoration, an ignominy gratuitously incurred for himself, and inflicted on his people, by a prince of whom better things had been hoped. But he could have expressed no other feelings than those expressed by the English poetess; the shame, the sadness, the bitter blame of all alike, who by thoughtless folly, by deliberate wickedness, or by the mere braggart hollowiness and cowardice of weak hearts and heads, had falsified hopes so fair and so well founded.

Bitter things I write
Because my soul is bitter for your sake,
Oh Freedom! Oh my Florence!

Yes—let the bitter lesson be taken to heart, even as Giusti would have wished his countrymen, the countrymen of Dante, to take it; but never let our anger against those who betrayed or weakly defended the right, pervert us into forgetting on which side the right lay, or incapacitate us from doing justice to those whose conduct was worthy of their cause. It is an old saying, "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church," and like every similar struggle for right, the Italian struggle had its martyrs too. One died at Oporto, others on the battle-fields of Lombardy or Piedmont, others at Brescia, others at Rome.

The winter of 1849–50, the last of Giusti's life, he spent in the house of Gino Capponi, whose admiration for the poet was joined with a paternal affection for the man; and there, on March 25th, 1850, he died, having for some time calmly foreseen the end. The Austrianized government of Florence offered some mean,

however natural, opposition to the public funeral with which the Florentines desired to honor their anti-German poet. The opposition, however, on second thoughts, was withdrawn, and on April, 1850, crowds accompanied to the grave, on the hill of San Miniato, the remains of the last and not the least illustrious of the many great men who have added an accumulated glory to the city of Dante.

We have already, to the best of our ability, characterized the peculiar style and manner, both of thought and of expression, if these two can ever be distinguished in a poet, of this emphatically original writer. We have also pointed out how close a relation his short career bore to the circumstances of his time, and how he sought to modify those circumstances; and we know, on the authority of his compatriots, how potent an influence his writings exercised. Of the man himself we could have wished to give a more living picture, but the materials before us are scarcely sufficient for the purpose. It is always pleasant, however, to feel towards those whose writings have delighted or instructed us, that we could have wished to have known them. The biographer has enabled us, with the aid of the poet himself, to feel this towards Giuste. Here is a description of a man worthy to be remembered:

All loved him who knew him. Leaving apart his genius, and the admirable sagacity and steadiness of his politics, he was, in the converse of domestic life, of manners so gentle, and of temper so sweet and open, that it was impossible not to love him after having been even but once brought together with him. Sad, both by nature and habit, but serene and tranquil in his sadness, he had a spirit open to every noble and elevated feeling. Generally he was rather silent; but when, in a rare moment of gladness, he gave free course to his laughter, he enchanted you with delight. He was a worshipper of beauty and goodness; he adored virtue, and abhorred the vices which polluted the society in which he was born, to such a degree that in this horror it was that he found the will and the strength to become a poet. Constant in his friendships, careless of inquiries which affected only himself, kindly helpful, modest, devoid of envy or jealous ambition, without false glitter or polish, he would have been a model of a citizen for his private merits, even if his genius had not raised him to the height which he attained as a poet.

Such was Giuseppe Giusti, a poet, a thoughtful patriot, a man worthy to be added to the long roll of great Italian names. Much of what he might have done has been lost by his comparatively early death; yet he can scarcely be counted among the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown." There is nothing incomplete in what he has left, nothing in which however imperfect in itself, you recognize a

promise which may or may not be verified. He had perfected the style of composition which he may be almost said to have introduced as a novelty into Italy; he has a distinct place of his own as a poet. He felt most deeply and bitterly the social evils and political degradation of his country; he did what one man could do to expose them, with a view to their removal. His verses will illustrate the history of this time, while they preserve his own name and character in the memory of men. He was not vain, but he claimed for himself, with truth, the rarest of praises for a satirist, when he said, as he more than once did — "*Credo di non aver mai derisa la virtù, ne burlati gl' affetti gentili.*" — "I believe that I have never scoffed at virtue, or cast ridicule on the gentle affections." A thorough reformer, and alive, as few others have been, to the extent of evil operated on the national character by base and oppressive institutions, he yet felt that it was little to change the institutions unless you could reform the men also. With this end he aimed at the vices of a corrupt and trifling society his bitter ridicule inter-fused with so deep a seriousness.

Shaming some and stirring others, he who began as "*Vox clamantis in deserto*," lived to hear one responsive cry in answer to his words, and among the names of those to whom Italy will yet owe the renewal and recognition of her bound and sleeping life, she will place few, if any, above that of the author of the "*Terra dei Morti.*"

From Household Words.

FRIEND SORROW.

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her,
Grief will pass away —
"Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

Cheat her not with the old comfort,
"Soon she will forget" —
Bitter truth, alas, but matter
Rather for regret;
Bid her not "Seek other pleasures,
Turn to other things;" —
Rather nurse her caged sorrow
'Till the captive sings.

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with shield and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her,
By her dusky wings;
And she'll whisper low and gently
Blessings that she brings.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SHORT CUT ACROSS THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Monday, August 9, 1852.

THIS morning, before the door of the Gairloch Inn, stood a dog-cart, which was to take away as many of the party as could be got into it. The party consisted of a veteran and Right Honorable Statesman, his daughter-in-law and her sister, and myself. He had been persuaded to go out on a cruise in his son's yacht. The ladies went because they "supposed they must," and I went because I had no alternative but to go, or be left behind by myself. We had met with nothing but inconvenient winds ever since we sailed from the dark jaws of Loch Houra. We had managed to beat up the ragged and picturesque coast of Skye, by Kylaken, Port Ren, Rona, and Scalpa. Here we were on the fourth day wind-bound in the Gairloch, with what Hugh, the sailing-master, described as "a nice breeze dead against us." We had mutinied and deserted the yacht, resolving to make our way home by *terra firma* as best we could. A conveyance had been sent on for, over night—this dog-cart had come, and, at the conjuncture with which my narrative opens, the driver was being severely reprimanded for bringing a vehicle so unfit to carry ladies. The ladies, on the other hand, declared they were delighted with it, and only wished it had been a common farm-cart so as to be even more reduced to the true adventuresque level.

Fit, or unfit for ladies, it evidently contained no place for me. The landlord luckily had a pony. He was brought out, caparisoned in a bran-new saddle and bridle, and shaking a very shaggy, long, blacky-brown mane. I had gone down stairs uncertain of my destiny, and half-undecided whether to stick to the yacht after all. However, there was the pony, and I was recommended to lose no time; but canter away to Ochnashin (a distance of thirty miles), and take the mail down to Kylaken, where the yacht would call for me when it came by. My plans had been laid out for me by wiser heads the night before; but though I did not argue about it, I entertained a modest preference for a plan of my own, which had been formed upon the map during the discussion of my fate. This was to go across the country in as straight a line as lakes and mountains would permit.

Away I rode, as the first eighteen miles coincided with my own devices. Rising from the pine-clad glens of Gairloch, I came upon fine, craggy, hill-top scenery, among which one giant mountain-head, rising in the distance, and overlooking his fellows, arrested my attention. I cantered up, and trotted down, the uneven, winding road, by moss and crag and tarn, till I came in sight of the

beautiful Loch Maree, studded with wood-crowned islands—a rare and striking ornament for a sea-loch. Here, too, was revealed at full length the horned giant peak rising boldly from the water, a very fine mountain. But, some way, when one saw the whole of him, he did not seem so majestic as when his preëminent brow alone appeared. So I stowed him away in my memory as a metaphor on this wise:—

"As a mountain-summit afar off, dimly seen towering above his peers, is a great name in the misty perspective of history. As a great mountain near at hand, which fills the view; and whose magnitude, leaving nothing to the imagination, grows familiar to our eyes, and therefore less imposing, is a great character to his contemporaries."

This familiarity, however, did not breed in my mind contempt enough to destroy a curiosity to know the name of my great contemporary; and so, overtaking a pretty lassie, with a great tub on her shoulder, I pointed to him, and asked her what he was called.

"Yes," said she.

"But what's his name?"

"Yes."

"Good gracious! the mountain! the *ben*!" pointing up to the very peak of it. She here began to talk Gaelic with much volubility, at which I shook my head, and kept on saying "ben," and pointing at the hill-top, till she caught my idea and said, "Yes—Ghléach."

As she had beautiful smiling eyes, and seemed of an affirmative disposition, by way of changing the conversation to a more familiar topic, I asked her if she would give me a kiss, performing that little pantomime on the tip of my finger and pointing to her lips. This time, however, though she smiled yet more pleasantly than before, showing a very perfect range of pearly teeth, she said, "No," kissing her hand very gracefully over her shoulder, as she turned to resume her tub, which had been set on the wall in the stream of conversation under difficulties.

So I rode on, stowing away the smiling maiden of Loch Maree and her tub in my memory, as a pleasant recollection of a bright and simple countenance, and a happier tub than that of Dean Swift or Diogenes.

Opposite Ghléach (which was on the other side of the lake) I passed a showery gorge, through which looked down two remarkable mountains shaped like tents. If any of my readers happen to go that way, they will see what I mean—otherwise, I fear that this will not give them a very clear idea—let them be satisfied that they reminded me strongly of tents.

The long loch at last came to an end, and two miles more brought me to Kinlochewe inn. To go on to catch the mail, I should have to ride ten miles further, and this canter

of eighteen had already rather whipped the froth off my little pony. As I came to the spot, I saw a steep and stony path slanting away to the right up a great hill. This, it struck me, by my ideas gathered from the map, might lead to Craig Inn, and so, by inquiry, I found it did.

I now resolved to throw up the mail and the yacht at one double-barreled vomit, and trust to my legs and stick to *terra firma*; for, in confidence, I was very sick in the yacht. Some porridge and cream fortified me against the hunger and fatigue of a dozen mountain miles, and away I trudged in a heavy shower: for I was afraid to wait, for fear the dog-cart should overtake me with an ungetoverable reinforcement of good advice as to the really prudent thing to do.

However, I had now made up my mind to do the really imprudent thing for once—to leave the beaten track of convenience for the rough scrambles of romance. Warm in the fresh sublimity of this idea, I plodded through the rain, wrapped in my streaming plaid. I had unluckily taken the hill about two miles before the path began to slope up from the valley, and being too obstinate to come down easy, I persevered, crossing an inconvenient number of mountain-spurs with ravines between them. In one of these, where I stopped to take breath and drink, it occurred to me that it might be an advantage to know how time was going in these wild places, that I might see when it was necessary to be in a hurry for fear of being benighted, and to measure my pace. I had an old watch with me, which I carried more for the sake of the luck-money attached to it, than anything else, as I had forgot to bring the effective key. But, though the working-key was left at home, there was a superannuated, worn-out partner who had lost his teeth in the service (so that he could not bite the winch of the key-hole), but who was retained on the bunch of supernumerary hangers-on in consideration of his being a specimen of my own goldsmithery. But now I took him off his gold ring, and with a stout pebble for my hammer, and a great rock for my anvil, bruised his mouth smaller till he would bite—wound up the watch, and set it to the time of day I conjectured it might be.

At last I reached the path, toiled over the hill and down into the valley on the other side, having then come about eight miles. In the valley there was a bothy, and in the bothy a woman who had no English. I said "Craig Inn!—Craig?" pointing about.

'No English,' shaking her head.

'Craig!—Craig!—Craig!' very loud.

"Oh!" said she brightening up, "hhhré-ahshch," and a string of Gaelic, in which the word *road* predominated, and that I concluded

to mean *road*, for she pointed to a distant track up the broad sloping valley.

On I journeyed—over the slippery stepping-stones of the burn—along the grassy valley—very tired, and dragged in my weary shoulders by the weight of the damp plaid. By-and-by I took it off, and, spreading it on the sward, laid my head on a little mound, and actually went to sleep for a few minutes near another cottage, where I had intended to ask for a drink of milk, but found it silent and deserted. However, I knew that would n't do. "Rheumatism, you know!" whispered I to myself, to encourage my weary bones to move on.

I topped at last the long slope of the valley, and saw below me, on the other side, a lake at a great depth down a very steep hill. I scrambled down it in a very severe shower—found a few cottages, but nothing like an inn—tried two or three of them, and at last found a man who had some English—entered his house, and sat by the fire, asking him questions.

"Had he ever been across the hills into the Glengary country?"

He had, but went with other shepherds who knew the way, and it was hard to find, and easy to lose, and only here and there a bothy for shelter at nights.

"How far would it be to Glengary—forty or fifty miles?"

"Oh! more than that," and then he also recommended Kylaken and the mail; but the mail had gone by half-an-hour ago, and would not go again till Wednesday (the day after to-morrow). The inn was a mile back the other way. Here I almost repented of not riding on my other ten miles and taking the mail. But I said to myself, in the pride and obstinacy of my heart, "Come, now, don't be beat! don't own you were wrong to go against the good advice of older heads! take to these wild hills and steer southward by the sun."

"Ay, but perhaps I shall find nothing to eat, and starve by the way. There is a prevalent notion that these mountains are dangerous."

"Then carry some barley-scons with you; that and the water of the burns will keep you alive at the worst."

"But where shall I sleep at night?"

"In a bothy if you can find one; if not, in the heather, and think yourself lucky if it does not rain all night like this."

It was and had been raining violently. My plaid was dripping wet, and the whole of me more than damp.

Amid these reflections I reached the inn, which my informant in the cottage had said was "not a very good inn, just muddling." But the hostess was a good woman, and lighted a

peat fire in my garret bed-room, and gave me a dry plaid to wrap myself in while I dried my wet clothes before the flame. She baked me some broad, thick scones, and gave me some good tea and good cream and a fresh egg, so that I was deliciously comfortable. She seemed anxious to know where I had dropped from, and where I was going; I told her with some hesitation, fearing she would take me for an escaped maniac, as I rather think she did at first, though I took pains to talk as coherently as possible.

I asked her to send up her husband to give me what information he could about the way.

He seemed a respectable, intelligent man, and gave me a much more satisfactory account than the man in the bothy. He says it is six miles to Glen Iag, and six more to Monnar, where there is a shepherd who will set me in the very step of the way to Cluny. He was not very sure how far Cluny would be, perhaps a dozen miles, or the like of that, and then he actually mentioned a place called Tomadour, which sounded almost like being at home, for it is the nearest place and a household word to the dwellers in the happy valley of Glen Q——.

Loch Cluny too I have been at some years ago on an expedition to drive the deer; so I am fairly getting into a *pays de connaissance*. This sounds much less awful than taking to the hills by myself with nothing but the sun for a guide, for the landlord will himself set me to Glen Iag the first six miles on his pony, and then I shall have only eighteen to walk to Cluny. I have got half-a-dozen stout scones and as many hard-boiled eggs and a little paper of salt for the road. So hip, hip, hurrah! for short-cuts and romance.

This I have written sitting in my borrowed plaid by the fire, and now I will to bed, for I am to be called at half-past five.

Tuesday, 10th.

And so my mountains, after I had made up my mind with a great struggle to face them, were to turn out molehills, mere bugbears which had frightened foolish tourists with an empty rumor of difficulty and danger. Perhaps, after all, in writing the beginning of a formal account overnight, I had invested my expedition with an undeserved solemnity of literary importance. And to-day would be the *ridiculus mus* of a melancholy lack of adventures and easy travelling. Never mind. *Les aventures viennent en voyageant.*

The hostess called me at half-past five. I breakfasted on a basin of cream and a bit of biscuit, having no stomach for a huge soup-plate of porridge I had ordered overnight. Soon after six I set off on the landlord's fat, wheezy pony to ride the seven first practicable miles. After that, he said, the pony could not go.

"What was the name of this great mountain up whose knees we were climbing?"

"Skurnachanigan — that's the mearchant's hill. It was just two pack-men, that went wrong in the hill — they were dead when they got them; but I'm sure that's three hundred years ago — two hundred whatever. And it's no a very canny thing to find a road the like of this when it is dark; and mist is a curious thing. A man will think he knows the road and he will be ten miles; and many die for thinking that they know the road. But if it comes dark you will better just sit down for a few hours. A man cannot find his way on a road the like of this when it is dark, but a horse can. One night I was coming down from the gentlemen on the hill with games, and it came on to rain and as black as pitch. So I took hold of the mare's tail and she drew me in the recht way, and she drew me through the burn that was so full that nobody could pass it that night whatever."

After climbing about two miles we turned and descended into an oval, flat-bottomed valley, from which Skurnachanigan rose like a wall; and indeed it was enclosed all round, somewhat like a theatre.

"What's the name of this place?" said I. "Oh! it's just called by a Gaelic name *Neatoch*. I'll no be thinking there's any English for it."

Presuming that it was only that he did not happen to know the English word, I pressed him to explain.

"Oo! it's just suppose a doog will baark, it will give a sound."

Having thus discovered that *Neatoch* meant *Echo*, I shouted lustily, and a beautiful prolonged answer, clear and musical, rang the rocky walls of the glen and seemed to die away among the toppling heights. An echo gives back only the good elements in a sound, neglecting all the hoarse, discordant mixture which drops on the way, as the sand falls short when you throw a handful of gravel. Here is a simile for something — not clear what. Shall we say the works of an author and the response he awakes in an enlightened public? Does the enlightened public select the true and clear notes in an author's mind to echo and to dwell upon? Not perhaps at first, but let us hope it is so in the end.

We now turned to the left and got out of *Neatoch* into Glen Iag. Here we found the Shepherd's hut, but he did not "put me into the very step of the way" to Monnar, for it turned out there was not a step of way at all. He told me, however, to go up by the side of a certain rushing burn, and turn to the left when I should see a loch. This sounds well enough on paper, but climbing, say 1500 feet, up a steep, rough gully, with no sort of path, is serious work. It came on to rain too, and

having to walk in my plaid I got very hot and thirsty. Stooping down under a small waterfall to get a drink, my foot slipped into a deep hole, and my strike-light pouch in the same moment dropped out of my pocket into the bubbling water. I snatched it out as quick as I could and found that the water had not run in among the tinder.

My feet being now wet, as I had previously encountered great difficulty in finding any walkable ground, I tried wading up the burn for a quarter of a mile or so, but it was hard climbing, besides being slippery and dangerous work among great rocks and gushing waters. So I left the bed of the torrent and scrambled up four or five hundred very precipitous feet, in hopes of better walking on what appeared to be a ledge of more level ground.

This was very stiff climbing any way, and it was the worse from a painful stiffness in my right hip, brought on no doubt by my thirty miles yesterday. Besides which I had been weakened a good deal by two days' severe sickness in the yacht, being, into the bargain, suspected by my friends of a weakness in the lungs and heart. Here was a nice position for an invalid. Breathless and almost burst, with a thumping heart shaking my ribs as if I was a badly constructed little steamboat caught in rough weather. This was really a short-cut of the most orthodox character.

I felt somewhat distressed, but consoled myself with a stanza of an Arabic poet, which (I will translate it to you) runs,

Say to him whom troubles overburden,
Misfortune is not eternal!
Even as rapture passeth away,
So shall anguish have an end.

I do not translate it into verse, but literally, meaning the ingenious reader to imply that I administered the quotation to myself in the original tongue. Do you doubt me? Here goes in Arabic:

Cáll le mén yachméeloo húmma
Enna humma la yedoom
Mithlema yafn 'almasarra
Hakaza tafn 'al hamoom.

"It shall have an end! it shall have an end!" so I climbed and plodded slowly on till I topped a ridge and saw a small lake at the bottom of a long slope. Towards this lake (Lochmenlich) a stream rising in the ridge, ran down Strathmulich, a distance of about three miles. First a whisper in the moss, then a murmur in the hollow, peaty channel, then a babbling rill, and, lastly, a brawling, roaring stream was the companion of my steps, for, as down-hill is much easier work than up, I followed its example and ran down the hill too.

Being somewhat tired and out of breath be-

fore I got to the loch, I sat down by a large stone in the midst of the strath, and smoked a cigarillo, by which the reader will discover that the soused tinder responded to the flint and steel as if nothing had happened.

On again! taking the left shore of the loch, which proved to be about a mile and a half long. I was now getting hungry, and resolved that if I did not see Monnar from the other end I would eat a scon and an egg on the spot, and so I did, slaking my thirst at the stream where it began to run down the hill-side out of the lake. After a while I descended a steep hill, from which I saw that my south passage was cut off by a narrow-ended lake and a deep, impassable looking river. Another steep descent brought me to the margin of Loch Monnar.

Here were some bothies, out of one of which I got a fiery-headed, red-eyed Yahoo, who had but little English. After a tedious cross-examination I made out of him that the lake was fordable, opposite a long, narrow tongue of sand which ran into it from the other side. My feet being already wet, "accoutred as I was I plunged in" and waded about ninety yards in some trepidation lest I should blob over head and ears; but the bottom was good and the depth pretty regular, about three feet.

There were two cottages near where I emerged. In one of them I found "no English." In the other a pretty and hospitable young woman, whose husband was away to Kintail with wool. I sat before the fire to rest, being somewhat weary, and made a little conversation with my pretty hostess, by way of civility, while two great pools ran down from my wet legs upon the mud hearth.

"How long had she been married?"

"A quarter of a year."

"How long had the courtship been?"

"A year."

"Did marriage, on experiment, come up to her expectations?"

She had not entertained very brilliant expectations, and indeed attempted to make out that she had married more to please her ardent suitor than herself—a statement which I received with a polite incredulity.

She now began to cross-question me, and I satisfied her where I was coming from and going to. She asked me whether I had ever been the way before, and on my saying no, she observed, that I "must have a very strong heart to tak' the hills aloono."

I said that, "on the contrary, I had rather a weak heart, and weak lungs besides." Hereupon she suddenly inquired—

"Will you be married?"

"No; I am not so fortunate."

"That is good luck. If I was your wife my heart would be very sore for you on the hill."

She was going to have some tea, and in-

vited me to take a cup, which I did, and it warmed me up after my wade. Her hospitality had an independent dignity of manner, by which I plainly saw it would be an offence to offer her any remuneration, so, when I had done my tea, I shook hands and thanked her for her kindness, and I left the turf-cabin with more good-will and gratitude than is often carried away in splendid equipages from the doors of great mansions.

Here there happened to be a shooting-box of a gentleman I knew a little, and I called, but he was not there. I got some advice out of his keeper about the way. He pointed to a nick in the top of a stupendous mountain-range, about five miles off, towards which I toiled over bog and heather and hill and stream. As I approached it grew bigger and bigger; and as I labored up the long mountain-flank, I had to remind myself several times that I was supposed to have a strong heart. The climbing became steeper and steeper towards the top, so much so at last that, as I was rather unsteady on my weary legs, I was in serious fear of losing my footing, and rolling down a few hundred feet of the almost precipice, which had, however, sufficient protruding jags of rock to tear me to pieces long before I should have reached the bottom. But the worst thing that could have happened would have been to fall and break a leg, in which case I should have had perfect leisure to starve to death, without hope of rescue. So I clung to the rough rocks as if I loved them, and bestowed all my attention, with a painful effort, on my climbing. The reader will think that, with the alternative of breaking one's neck, it cannot take much effort to keep a bright look-out for the safest steppings, but when the same degree of danger lasts a long while the attention becomes wearied, and it is only when you stumble now and then, and nearly go over a precipice, that the inconvenience of being dashed to pieces affects the nerves with due seriousness.

At length I did get to the top. The western sun was flinging about his golden lights aslant the clouds and peaks and lake which lay around my eminence, but I had not time to stop and admire them.

As I plunged down into the shade behind the mountain, I was seized with a fancy that this might be the last time my shadow should stand upright in the sunshine. So I got on a rock, and threw my likeness at very full length on the other side of the corrie. I now turned to the right along the shoulder of the range, and then down a descent, if possible steeper than what I had climbed on the other side. After six or seven hundred feet of this, the slope of the mountain became more gradual. While running across this comparative level, I observed a pent-stack, and near it, all

of a sudden, as if by magic, a bothy sprung out of the hill. I wondered I had not seen it before. It seemed small, and there was no smoke. Probably it was a shepherd's occasional, and now deserted, place of shelter.

I resolved to take possession, even if I had to enter by the chimney. I would light a peat-fire and dry my clothes, and gather myself a heather bed. And I had three eggs and three scones to sup upon. And would n't such be a real adventure!

Approaching still nearer in the instant anticipation of seizing it to my own use, it turned out to be a great stone; but as like a bothy, with a marked line for the eaves, and an irregular pent-house roof indicating thatch, that even when I found out my mistake, I could not reproach myself with much stupidity. Petrified (like my abortive dwelling) by this melancholy discovery, I bounded away down the swampy slope, like a rolling stone, except that I gathered a good deal of moss in my shoes.

I now perceived a lake to the left, far below, and turned towards it, with the idea that at the end of it there would be houses. The sunlight was rising to the summits of the hills. It might come on before I could get down (and the head of the lake was yet three or four miles off). I should have "to sit down for a few hours," which, with my blood heated, my feet full of puddle, and every rag of my clothes wringing wet with rain and perspiration, was not a very cheerful prospect for a consumptive patient with a very light plaid.

The sunlight was lifted from the last peaks, and only lingered in the loftier clouds. Twilight had begun. Though I was very hot, a cold shiver seemed to rise from my wet feet, and to creep all over my back, as if the darkness was pursuing me, and one of the shadowy sheriff's officers that arrest people in Nature's debt, had laid his clammy hand upon my shoulder.

I increased my pace, which was already almost dangerous, and for some time ran at about ten miles an hour, often slipping and tumbling head-over-heels, but I was lucky enough not to fall in hard places. But, independent of imagination, I felt I had received a dangerous chill, and it clung to me, though I got into a furious broil.

At last I was safe down to the river running into the lake-head. Here I found a boat, and rowed myself over. On the other side was a smart new cottage, a shooting-lodge of Captain Inge's. I presented myself and demanded shelter for the night. The captain was away, but his keeper, a most kind and civil man, gave me a change of raiment and lit me a fire in a comfortable bedroom, and took my wet things to dry. A bottle of "whiskey for gentlemen" (so ran the inscription pasted on it) was uncorked. Good hat

tea followed, and, very much contrary to my expectations, I am better off to-night than I was last.

The keeper calls the lake Loch Malardich, and says, the great pass I have come over is called Balloch na Bholla, and this very hospitable lodge, Luib na Dámh. Glen Q——, which I may almost call home, is about thirty miles off. I shall not be able to get there to-morrow. I must go to bed, for it is late. I am to be called at five. To-day I have come about twenty-five miles.

Wednesday, 11th.

At seven this morning I left Luib na Damh, and followed the river Caunich up the glen to Loch Loongur. Here I turned to the left, up a wearisome rising valley, which ended, as usual, in a precipitous corrie. Up this, however, there was a decent path made by Captain Inge, between his shooting-box here and that in Glen Affric. To this last lodge (Ard Bae) I descended by an equally tedious one on the other side. The keeper did not receive me with quite so much *empressement* as my friend of last night. Perhaps my appearance was more dubious by daylight, now that two or three days' tramp had begun to tell on the respectability of my outward man.

I, however, asked for what I wanted without ceremony, and told him to be seated, and tell me the way while I drank my brandy and

milk. In proportion as I patronized him, his respect for me began to increase, and he volunteered some bread and cheese. After this I sat some time, shivering and wretched and drowsy, in a hard, uncomfortable chair, before the kitchen fire, and had some difficulty in persuading myself to depart for Cluny, which is nine miles to add to the thirteen from Luib na Damh to Ard Bae. Luckily, there was no great hill, only a slight rise up a glen till half-way, and then a fall. After the half-way there was no road, and bad walking, soft and rough. Coming into Cluny, I heard this glen was called the Currin Mor. This third day has taken the shine out of me. I sit very weary before my bedroom fire at Rhiabaie or Cluny Inn.

Thursday, August 12th.

Started at six on a pony, and turned off the road up Glen Luyng. Very rough riding; often obliged to walk. Came at last in sight of Archy's cottage. He is the forester of Glen Q——, and his cottage only three miles from the lodge. Here I left the pony, and walked on. Soon after I saw the blue waters of "Loch Q——", that most beautiful of lochs," and my troubles ended with a pleasant welcome from my friends, who had begun to think I was lost for good. Such is a short cut of about ninety miles in the Highlands.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON III.

We cannot raise our voice to swell

Her joy who mounts yon lonely throne,

Because the groans of Freedom's knell

Blend with thy triumph's every tone—

A man who mowed his people down

As coldly as he wears their crown.

We cannot say "God speed" to thee,

Though now perchance less foul thy aim,

Because upon thy garb we see

The stains of blood, the stains of shame—

Those broken oaths, that fell surprise,

Still float before our English eyes.

Let venal priests their organs blow,

And venal bards accordant sing,

(Oh! when will France the difference know

Between a tyrant and a king!)

We cannot speak, except to say

Thy darkness shows less dark to-day.

The mockeries of thy regal state,

(Oh, had those suffrages been free!)

The empire's ghost, we needs must hate;

But praise is on our lips to see

A thing of silence and of art

Show something of a human heart.

The dull monotony of kings,*

Who would not have thee in their quire,

* I feel indebted for this stanza to an article in the *Spectator* newspaper.

To interrupt with livelier strings,

The warblings of a Spanish lyre—

Had well beseeemed some nobler knight,

And e'en in thee looks almost bright.

Thy stream is tainted at its source,

And, though henceforth its waters flow

In blameless fertilizing course,

We still must eye them as they go.

We dare not trust—we cannot bless,

And yet to-day we loathe thee less.

Perchance thou yet mayst live to do

Good service to thy native land;

And, though we ne'er may deem thee true,

Nor Treachery's virtues understand—

We yet may learn to praise, and say

"His better life began to-day."

Unless it be that sensual fire

That torch eccentric lit alone;

Then soon the unwilling lord will tire

Of her who claimed to share his throne:

The maid, who Passion's hopes denied,

And rose to be an Emperor's bride.

Fair bride! whom yet we scarce may hail

As mother of a princely line,

For memory wakes a spectre pale,

Thy type—imperial Josephine:

A childless, loveless, outcast she—

Shall kings in France descend from thee?

From Chambers' Journal.

AND THEN ?

THE oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterized him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early associations, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstances of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumor did not report favorably of—greatly

enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence in years long by-gone had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seem so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them forever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how 's Miss Clara?" inquired another with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when he says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there 's patience in it if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unflinching good-nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as

heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor: "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful house-keeper, added; "Get supper;" while on stepping over the threshold, second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man: "Don't go."

"No, that I won't," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good-night" and "bless you" to Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homewards, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked: "Keen air;" to which the stranger replied in the same strain: "Fine scenery;" on which the host added: "An artist?" when the youth, laughing outright, said: "An indifferent one, indeed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued: "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"You don't," replied Mr. Canute smiling, and imperturbably good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth; "and I want to ask you a half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute courteously.

"Ah ha!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby (she's Clara's cousin too, you know; and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." The speaker paused, out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute more slowly.

"Why, then"—and the stranger hesitated—"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and, like other people,—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed with some irritation,—

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!' But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you." And, without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure, till in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life

presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely-suggestive words, "And then?" It proved a long and a toilsome night's journey for that belated traveller; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church-tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night-walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky; the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then!" the soft night-breeze seemed to whisper in his ear: "And then?"

It is true, he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and, in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from proxy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words! "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwell—the old familiar faces now seen no more. *He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was

generally opined they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travellers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new-comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenery, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forwards on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say, "Miss Clara!"—as he gazed from one to another, recognizing in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said with deep feeling:—

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion, had won his confidence and admiration.

"Two words spoken in season wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, "*And then?*" enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidently on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected,

whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man ; ergo, Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race !

The prognostication proved correct ; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowerly path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant — a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription of two words — “ *And then ?* ”

HAUNTED GROUND.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

It is the soul that sees.

THE rest have wandered on —

Stay thou with me, dear friend, awhile, awhile ;
This air is full of voices, leading on,
As o'er enchanted isle.

This ground is writ all o'er

With the soul's history ; I may not choose,
Spell-bound, but pause above this living lore
To linger and to muse.

We give of what we take

From life of outward things ; our spirits
leave,

Where they have been, a glory in their wake
More bright than they receive.

And this was once my home ;

The leaves, light rustling o'er me, whisper
clear —

“ The sun but shines where thou dost roam,
It smiled upon thee *here*. ”

And these are of the things

That God hath taken from me, safe to keep ;
Sometimes, to let me look on them, he brings
Them to me in my sleep ;

And I have been in sleep

So oft among them, *now* their aspect seems
The vague soft glow vanishing, to keep,
Of half remembered dreams.

Thou shouldst have been with me

Of old, dear friend, as now ! and borne a part
In all that was — then Life were filled with thee
As wholly as the Heart.

Then hadst thou won mine eyes

My soul to look through — half it angers me
To think a sweetness on the years can rise
That is not mixed with thee !

Yet stoop with me to trace

These olden records, over-run with bloom ;
The Dead are underneath, and yet the place
Looks hardly like a tomb.

This is the wood-walk ; oft

I feel a clasp detaining — not the fold
Of clinging bind-weed — far more close and
soft,

For here in days of old

My earliest friend with me

Walked hand in hand ; we sat long hours upon
CCCLXVI. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 15

This bank ; and I am on the earth, but she
Had wings, and she is gone.

See ! see ! the ancient hall

With sunset on it ! Now the windows flame
In evening light — they flash and glitter all —
And one looks still the same

As when my mother kept

Upon me, while I played, an eye of love ;
Since then, it oft has watched me while I wept
Still, Mother, from *above*.

As then she used to smile,

And softly stroke my head ; so now my heart
These gentle memories stroke and soothe—
awhile,

Awhile we will not part.

Kind shadows ! from the door,

At noon-day with a joyous shout flung wide
I see the merry children rush, and pour
A swift unfettered tide —

The old domestic, gray

And bowed with weight of many years, whose
look

And grave kind smile still followed on the way
Our flying footsteps took.

Such wealth was his in store

Of loving words — when fain he would be stern
And chide our rovings, all his speech the more
To tenderness would turn !

As twilight brings a face

Drawn faint, yet perfect, on the darkening
wall ;

So on me rise the spirits of each place,

Yet bring not gloom withal.

Heaven's wasted wealth, the gold

It gave for treasure slighted and ungraced,
Earth's kindly seeds of love on soil too cold
Let darkly run to waste,

That needed but our care

To bloom forever round the heart serene ;
These, these the forms of evil things that were,
Of good that might have been.

Time gathers silently,

Yet from their ashes troubling phantoms sends
More stern than these of happy hours gone by,
Than these of buried friends.

More sad than these that smile

And whisper, “ Now thou comest as a guest
Where once thou dwelt — yet mourn not thou the
while,

Because thou hast been blest ! ”

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD, AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER WITCH," &c.

WE are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I. of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally disliked on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone (and to this his son afterwards bore testimony) was the real founder of its future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading in his historian, Förster, that within one year he killed upwards of 3000 partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W——, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf-hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bedchamber, as well as the court fool, Baron von Gündling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral château. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gündling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford his majesty and the court still greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Academy of Arts, Baron von Gündling, acquired such arrogance through his titles, that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency on such occasions

would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the general laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and had to give all possible explanations in the daily meetings of the so-termed "tabaks collegien." His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him; as for wit he possessed as little as a mule; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron von Gündling, then, lay at full length in the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman who arrived rather late for the chase happened to notice it, and, taking it for some strange animal, fired point blanc at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprung up immediately, in the highest indignation, and cried out,

"You vagabond rascal, how dare you——?"

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighboring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man ploughing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner,

"Come hither, man!"

The reply he received was,

"I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you'll speak civilly, I may."

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked towards the impudent ploughman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the preceding evening at the nobleman's château. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

"How can he be such an impertinent ass? Does he not know who I am?"

"Oh, yes! he's the king's fool."

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat,

"Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out ploughing."

The clergyman replied, quite calmly,

"My gracious master will probably remember that Cincinnati was ploughed too, and he

was a dictator, while I am only a poor village pastor."

"Yes," the baron said, after inspecting his coarse and peasant-like dress; "but when Cincinnatus ploughed, he did not look like a common peasant."

"I am certain he did not look like a fool," the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy to the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king; he therefore answered, most pathetically, "But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm?"

"Well that's very true," the peasant replied, "especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple—he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I would n't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on work-days, and the pastor play the same game on Sunday, when will our backs find time to get well?"

Gündling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He therefore quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar-tree.

"Wait!" Gündling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the street; "we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher." He therefore returned to the chateau, where he looked up a captain of his acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question, "How many fellows have you already got?"

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor

gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; and so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

"Woe is me! I've but one," the officer replied, "and he's only a journeyman tailor."

"Well, then," Gündling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's no tremendous height, but still it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gündling would remain with him as company; a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken *volens volens* by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the mean while, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardor. It so happened that two ladies in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led them from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent, and not nearly so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted: "This little darling I'll make my breakfast off, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name—we presume that of her lover—while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in

joyful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them. "You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the château.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation, and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took his seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "Famulus," at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear, "Ah, mon Dieu! he's not a nobleman." Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, while the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all his gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended,

"If you would do me a real favor, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering, that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang, as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea that, in a very short time, not merely all his consolation, but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and

the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two. Carl politely accompanied them to the neighboring gate of the château, where they parted with mutual compliments.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence; but as the difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite appeared to him an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the mean while, however, the king and his suite had returned to Berlin, while Gündling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighboring garrison of G——n, as he had learned that their kind host intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was the captain's cousin. Gündling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously-desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the overcrowded church; the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth, to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gündling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gündling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in this case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by the unfortunate Carl, with the words.

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the

wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gündling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe that our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question! How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons — march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother, and sisters were driven back by the butt-ends of the muskets.

"He will not be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description of the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in his coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son from one week — from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precautions to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult, on this very account, to claim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself; that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even

themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well, or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long before received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he had died through the cold on that frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year had just ended, he received a message from the neighboring town to say that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening in company with the lady of the Dean of P—. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanation as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety. "The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us." And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-road we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf." At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now, then, tell us all, you wicked boy; you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could, I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he!" Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us — tell us how," all cried; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes," the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy, "send the carriage away. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All — among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention — seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:—

How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear

parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God; for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a hundred others — either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," supported me in all my necessities.

Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking, as usual, of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freydinghausen, "My heart should feel contented;" when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head.

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters." And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife, had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said:

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied; "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:

As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H——, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gündling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on high to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will now do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room. I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from

duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty the queen."

I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

At length I was relieved, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartments. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it, she added:

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but I will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite hymn — 'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me, "Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare sing another verse.

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised: "What! what! your husband!" all exclaimed. "I fancied you were a dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile:

The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man without, till the king laughed and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable!" the king added. "You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know."

Here the queen interposed, and begged his majesty, who was in very good-humor that day, not to torment me further. I had opened

my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. "I must beg your majesty to remember," the queen continued, "how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness."

"Well!" the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself; but *apropos* suppose he will not have *you*?"

I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying, "Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end of my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued:

I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs,

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door!—let him step out the ranks."

With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said, "Two under-officers here—take the fellow's coat off!" I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unseasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously, "I implore your majesty, with all submission——" but the king interrupted me: "Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!" The under-officers did what they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature, said—"Now his gaiters!"

I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated, in my fear, "I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

As I stood there in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

I was now certain of death when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword, at the very least, was contained. I clasped my hands, and commended

my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me. "Now, look in, and see how that suits you."

As soon as I raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or any instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again aroused me. "Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side-arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put the coat on again. Now, then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

Assuredly (the young man continued) I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me; but to my great good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favorite text, and determined I would preach on it the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—"St. Paul says, in Rom. viii. 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;'" after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes, which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made an universal and particular application of it.

I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and never once took his eyes off me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word "Amen," when he said to me, "Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat, and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

During my discourse, I had noticed that one of them seemed heavier than the other. I therefore put my hand into that one first, and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew out a gold *tabatière* filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said, "That is a present from my wife; but now look, and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and, not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as dean, signed by the king's own hand.

"How is that possible! such a thing was never heard of!" the old pastor exclaimed, as

he raised his hands to heaven. "My son a dean! A candidate and private in the Grenadiers a dean! Yes! now I understand why you sent to tell us you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor old father to the wedding—as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable."

"Did I know anything about my marriage?" the son continued; "but listen further."

I naturally tried, after all these fabulous events, to murmur out my thanks, but was interrupted by the king, who said, "Now come up to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace; and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled together with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me,

"Whom does he think he has to thank for all this?"

I answered, with a low bow,

"Besides God, my most gracious king and his most illustrious consort."

To which his majesty remarked,

"There he's right; but look ye here, this young and charming woman did the most for him. Has he nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? he's now a dean, and has his pocket full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?"

Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes, and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the ground.

All were silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of all my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments said,

"His majesty the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings on the troubled path of life, like the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardor to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God to bless us, when the king added,

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. Afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day."

The chaplain, with a deep bow, remarked, "It is impossible, your majesty; the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense!" the king objected; "I asked them myself long ago. Come, and marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them.

"I really must be dreaming," the old pastor now said; "why, it's stranger than any story in the 'Arabian Nights.' A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine."

"They kept me so long," the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily conceived, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written with his own hand, on the margin:

"I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself."

'FREDERICK WILLIAM.'

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after an examination, to which I voluntarily submitted."

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only remark that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P—.

In conclusion, we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connection with themselves.

From the *Ladie's Companion*.

MADAME SCARRON, HER FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE age of Louis the Fourteenth forms one of the most striking periods in French history. Voltaire would have said this to-day as he did a hundred years ago; for a great age is not composed solely of splendid actions or heroic conquests. It is one which gives birth to great generals and distinguished philosophers, and to celebrated poets and artists. We say, The age of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo the Tenth, and of Louis Quatorze. We never say, The age of Napoleon, because in Napoleon's time there was scarcely one man worthy of a niche in the temple of history besides the hero himself. Around Louis Quatorze we behold a radiant galaxy of distinguished men: Turenne and Condé, Malebranche and Pascal, Corneille and Molière, Poussin and Lesueur, Perrault, Fontaine, and Sully.

There are likewise some feminine stars in this shining cluster, who have transmitted the remembrance of their charms and graces for the admiration of remote generations. Such are the Farnarina, Madame de la Vallière, and the Marquise de Pompadour. Madame de Maintenon does not rank with these. Her box-wood rosaries have repelled many admirers. One does not exactly know in whose company to place her. Was she a heroine of romance, or a saintly personage? a monarch's favorite, or the Queen of France and Navarre?

She had a few partisans; we attempt not to count her enemies. Since beholding her portrait, engraved by Mercuri after Petitot, we avow ourselves a partisan. This picture represents a proud and majestic woman, of a beauty at the same time robust and delicate; with the head of the Psyche of Praxiteles, and the neck and shoulders of St. Theresa. The voluptuousness that reigns in the figure is corrected by the pride that prevails in the countenance. The heart and passions are evidently held in subjection to the intellect. Such was the woman beloved of a prince who scarcely believed himself mortal.

Let us go back to this talented woman's origin. It is said of her grandfather, Agrippa d'Aubigné, that "at six years of age he could read in four languages; and at seven and a half translated Plato." At ten, his father, the old Huguenot soldier, in passing Amboise, where the heads of the conspirators were yet suspended to the battlements, said to the boy, "These butchers have decapitated France!" Then, laying his hand upon the child's brow, he added, "My son, spare not thine own life to avenge these honorable chiefs. If thou spare thyself, thou hast my curse." Such was the vigorous school of the era.

This child, grown to maturity, was named "The man of rude probity." Thus he wrote to Henri Quatre: "Sire, your memory will reproach you with twelve years of my services, and twelve wounds upon my person; it will put you in mind of your prison, and of the hand that drew the bolts; and which has still remained pure in serving you, empty of your benefits, exempt from corruption, either from one side or the other." Such were then the servants of royalty. At the hour of death, when solicited to take nourishment, D'Aubigné said to his wife "*Ma mie*, suffer me to depart in peace, and go where I shall eat celestial bread."

In all this seventeenth century we breathe something reviving to the heart and feelings. We were in a forest of hoary and vigorous oaks, crooking their gnarled stems beneath an azure sky. Now the Gaulic forest is much decayed, being represented by a few stunted trees, thinly sown, standing amid a confused growth of underwood, with a dark and tempestuous heavens above them. In the seventeenth century, the sap rose more vigorously. Where should we now find in our French statesmen a probity equal to that of Agrippa d'Aubigné, "rude" though it were! But if virtue assumed a grand aspect in this picturesque age, vice was no less open and audacious. Witness the life of Constant D'Aubigné, son to the "man of probity." This man, the father of Madame de Maintenon, was a thorough-paced rascal. Molière and Rembrandt alone could have painted his characteristic villany. Thus his father speaks of him: "My son Constant in nothing resembles his father, though I have educated him with as much care as though he had been born a prince. Inclined from the first to play and drunkenness, he ended by giving himself to all manner of dissipation; after which he married a wretched woman, whom he has since killed. Seeking to withdraw him from court, where he was fast hastening to perdition, I procured him a regiment. But nothing could restrain him, and he soon returned, and speedily lost at play twenty times his estate." He pledged his honor—which proved a phantom. His religion alone remained to him; this he did not hesitate to sell likewise. Utterly ruined in purse and reputation, he returned to his father, who, still cherishing some hope of his amendment, gave him the command of Maillezais, believing that, though a reprobate, he was still a stanch Protestant. Constant, however, had already secretly abjured his faith and Maillezais soon became, under his command, "a public gaming-place, crowded with people of evil reputation and coiners of false money." At length Agrippa disinherited and cursed him. The wretch now entered into treasonable communication with the English govern-

ment, and was forthwith consigned to the prison of Niort. Here Françoise D'Aubigné, afterwards the Marquise de Maintenon, first beheld the light, in the year 1635.

Constant D'Aubigné had always found a plank of refuge in his shipwrecks. To do him justice, though stained with every possible crime, he was brave and gallant. For this chivalric outside, Mademoiselle de Cardillac, his second wife, fell in love with and married him. He made away with her property, loved her passionately, and ill-used her tremendously, though not to the point of killing her, as he had done his first wife. She lived on, perpetually in prison or in exile. Madame de Villette, the sister of Constant, more touched by his misfortunes than revolted by his crimes, came to the prison at Niort to take away his three children, whom she brought to her château of Murçay. The little Françoise had the same nurse as her own daughter. But for this trait of mercy, poor Madame d'Aubigné might well have believed herself accursed of God and man; for even in the prison, where she divided her time between prayer and mending her husband's old clothes, the latter was employed in coining. She wrote to Madame de Villette with a profound feeling of misery and abasement: "I fear the poor little girl will give you much trouble; may God enable her to requite you." What a singular contrast was presented here between the cradle and the tomb! She who was born in a prison, and brought up on charity, died the wife of a powerful monarch. Suppose any one had prophesied this to the poor mother, her who was brought too low by want and misery even to nourish her babe!

Françoise d'Aubigné never forgot her aunt's maternal tenderness. In later times, when entreated to abjure Calvinism, she replied —

"I will believe anything you like, except that my aunt De Villette may be damned."

Yet another notice of her father. He was set at liberty, and sailed with his wife and children to Martinique. He once more succeeded in laying hold upon Fortune; played, and lost all. His wife was compelled to return to France with her children, leaving behind her unhappy husband, whom the severe lessons he had received had not been able to convert to good.

Françoise d'Aubigné had already commenced her part of heroine. At Martinique she was attacked by a serpent. During the passage homewards she was nearly thrown into the sea for dead; but upon her mother pressing her lips to hers for a farewell kiss, the supposed corpse opened her eyes and extended her arms. The vessel was afterwards assailed by corsairs, and escaped with difficulty.

Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, on her arrival in France, was again received into the house of

Madame de Villette; who had remained a Protestant, as much out of respect for her father as for Calvin. The young girl followed the religion of her aunt.

At this epoch, proselytizing was the order of the day. Madame de Neuillant, a relation of Madame d'Aubigné, obtained an order from court to withdraw Françoise from the maternal care of her heretical aunt. Mademoiselle d'Aubigné wept bitterly at the idea of a separation; for she regarded the château de Murçay almost as her native place. At length she quitted it to live with Madame de Neuillant, but in the determination to remain true to the mode of faith her beloved aunt had taught her. At first, caresses were vainly employed to wean her from it; then humiliations. She was placed on a level with the domestics of the establishment, and employed in the care of the turkeys.

"I commanded in the poultry-yard," she has somewhere said; "it was there that my reign commenced."

The woman who afterwards dwelt so near a throne might then be seen any fine morning following her feathered charge, with a velvet mask on her face to preserve her from the effects of the sun; a large straw hat upon her head, a switch in her hand, and a small basket containing black bread and cherries upon her arm. These cherries she was enjoined not to touch until she had learned by heart five verses of Pibrac. She usually learned one verse, and ate all the cherries.

Madame de Neuillant, tired out, at length, forcibly placed her obstinate young relative in the Ursuline convent at Niort, whence the latter was shortly afterwards dismissed, Madame de Neuillant refusing to pay the pension of a Huguenot. The young girl returned to her mother, who had scarcely yet recovered from her griefs. Madame d'Aubigné, who was a strict Catholic, conducted her rebellious child to the Ursuline convent in Paris. Here they had the good sense not to force Mademoiselle d'Aubigné's convictions, and she at length embraced the parental religion.

There lived at this time a wit and a poet, who had risen from the ranks of the people. Eccentric and crippled, he laughed at his own infirmities, and by the power of his intellect and the *éclat* of his humble dwelling, radiant with liberty of thought, protested against visible grandeurs, the *prestige* of birth, and the sumptuousness of rank and wealth. Around Scarron's hearth were grouped Ménage, Péliisson, Soudery, Benserade, Marigny, Saint Amand. At his table were welcomed Marshal d'Albret, the Marquis de Sévigné, the Comte de Grammont, Martemart, Coligny, and twenty others of the same calibre.

"I also have a marquise," he once said to the illustrious assembly — "the marquise of Quinet."

Quinet was his bookseller.

One evening there appeared in the witty cripple's saloon, where a goodly company were met to laugh and sup, a young girl of fifteen years of age, "already handsome, but timid, who wept upon her entrance, being embarrassed by the shortness of her robe." She came from the provinces, where the court-fashions had not yet penetrated. Her mother was with her. The young girl was silent, but all comprehended the language of her eloquent eyes. Scarron was affected even to tears, for he had heard of Madame and Mademoiselle d'Aubigné. Upon that evening he was brimming over with wit and fun. The youthful guest was much more struck by these qualities than with the fine airs of the court gentlemen who were doing their best to make an impression on her inexperienced fancy. We see by this, how, even at that early period, intellect carried the day with her.

The girl and her mother returned to Poitou, and shortly afterwards Madame d'Aubigné left this weary scene, where her fainting spirit had been able to find no rest. Madame de Villette being likewise dead, Françoise d'Aubigné found herself almost alone in the world: she was compelled again to accept the protection of her Aunt de Neuillant, who allowed her to go "nearly naked through avarice," says Tallemant des Réaux. Decidedly the commencement of her life was not very promising.

She had left at Paris, besides Scarron, another sympathizing soul, Mademoiselle de St. Hermant. One of the letters that she wrote to that young lady was exhibited to Scarron, who answered it in a most flattering manner. It was the first gallant epistle she had ever received. This man, her future husband, we may certainly consider her first lover.

Madame de Neuillant now conducted her protégée to Paris, where she allowed her to see a little society, being at the same time proud and jealous of her beauty. The young lady became a prominent personage; her romantic adventures were generally discussed, and she was everywhere called "The Young Indian." People wondered what kind of future awaited this talented orphan, who talked like a charming book and attracted every eye. She dreaded a convent, but she equally disliked the idea of remaining in society without the protection of a husband. Yet how could she expect to marry without dowry? In this difficulty Scarron, who loved her as a sister or a daughter, offered her his hand. She gratefully accepted the proposition, being well aware that theirs would only be a marriage of the spirit. They were accordingly united in the spring of 1652. The notary asked what dowry Scarron intended to bestow upon his bride. "Immortality," was the proud reply "The names of the wives

of monarchs die with them; that of the wife of Scarron will live to future ages."

It was Mademoiselle de Pons who lent the bride her wedding attire. The latter at once assumed the dignity befitting her new position; and from the first day wrought a change in her husband's establishment. "I will teach her plenty of fooleries," Scarron had said before their marriage; but he was disappointed in his mirthful design. To his hearth, haunted by fashionable vice, she brought the reviving freshness of virtue, the smiling and graceful virtue of seventeen. She was present at every conversation, at every supper; but, as her biographer says, "she claimed respect without imposing restraint;" and, according to Madame de Caylas, "passed her Lents in eating a herring at the end of the table," because she thought it better to show a little strictness amid the license by which she was surrounded.

From the day of the nuptials she assumed her post of *femme savante*, but with a modesty worthy of all praise. She was at the same time the pupil, the critic, and the secretary of Scarron, and his devoted wife. In his suffering, as in his merry hours, she was still by his side. She learnt Spanish, Italian, and even Latin, but she likewise learnt the duties of life. Little by little her husband's sway was eclipsed by her own. People came no more to hear him, but to hear and see her. "She had," said M. de Noailles, "acquired an infinite charm of conversation." Every one knows about the servant who one day at table whispered in her ear, "Madame, be pleased to tell another story. There is no roast meat to-day."

Scarron's circumstances were not improved since his marriage. The roast meat was often wanting. Yet he always wished to live like the nobility. He even affected to protect the arts. A letter of Poussin's informs us that amid the tempest of the Fronde that great artist painted two pictures after Scarron's order. Mignard was an intimate friend. Scarron ordered pictures likewise of him. He painted the first and last portraits of Madame de Maintenon; the one in 1659, the other in 1694. Of these two portraits it is unhappily only the last with which we are acquainted. "We only behold her in her decline," says M. de Noailles. "We picture her to ourselves in her dead-leaf robe and severe head-dress—regent of a court become serious like herself." Mignard painted her as St. Françoise; noble and dignified, but sombre and melancholy, without a single reflected ray of her youth lighting up her fallow visage.

Madame Scarron lived at home. "At first," as Scarron wrote to M. de Villette, "she was very unhappy at not having either means or equipage to go abroad." After-

wards her husband's infirmities retained her near his bedside. Her virtue daily gathered strength from the fact it was her sole wealth, and would be her sole refuge. At length poor Scarron died the death of a stoic philosopher; they placed over his grave the following touching epitaph : —

Passants, ne faites pas de bruit
De crainte que je ne m'éveille,
Car voilà la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.*

* Passenger, don't make a noise, lest you waken me. This is the first night that poor Scarron has been able to sleep.

The knell of Louis the Fourteenth's reign now sounded — the reign of the monarch who, believing that all the passions of France beat in his bosom, said, "I am the State," because he saw everywhere around him bravery and genius. Scarron's widow was not of this splendid period. When she came near the throne the court was already in the decline of its splendor. We will follow her no further. The history of Madame de Maintenon, aged and a devotee, is known to all the world, for it is the history of France. In her youth she illuminated with a smile the troubles of Scarron; grown old, she veiled with a mask of severity the royal dignity.

From Punch.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A RAILWAY STATION.

The Station clock proclaims the close of day ;
The hard-worked clerks drop gladly off to tea ;
The last train out starts on its dangerous way,
And leaves the place to darkness and to me.

Now fades the panting engine's red-tail light,
And all the platform solemn stillness holds,
Save where the watchmen pacing for the night,
By smothered coughs announce their several colds.

Behind that door of three-inch planking made,
Those frosted panes placed too high up to peep,
All in their iron safes securely laid,
The cooked account-books of the Railway sleep.

The Debts to credit side so neatly borne,
What should be losses, profits proved instead ;
The Dividends those pages that adorn
No more shall turn the fond Shareholder's head.

Oft did the doubtful to their balance yield,
Their evidence arithmetic could choke ;
How jocund were they that to them appealed !
How many votes of thanks did they provoke !

Let not Derision mock King Hudson's toil,
Who made things pleasant greenhorns to allure ;

Nor Prudery give hard names to the spoil
'T was glad to share — while it could share secure.

All know the way that he his fortune made,
How he bought votes and consciences did hire ;
How hands that Gold and Silversticks have awayed
To grasp his dirty palm would oft aspire.

Till these accounts at last their doctored page,
Thanks to mischance and panic, did unroll,
When virtue suddenly became the rage,
And wiped George Hudson out of fashion's scroll.

Full many a noble lord who once serene
The feasts at Albert Gate was glad to share,
For tricks he blushed not at, nor blushed unseen,
Now cuts the Iron King with vacant stare.

For those, who, mindful of their money fled
Rejoice in retribution, sure though late —
Should they, by ruin to reflection led,
Ask Punch to point the moral of his fate,

Haply that wooden-headed sage may say,
"Oft have I seen him, in his fortune's dawn,
When at his levees elbowing their way,
Peer's ermine might be seen and Bishop's lawn.

"There the great man vouchsafed in turn to each
Advice, what scrip or shares 't was best to buy,
There his own arts his favorites he would teach,
And put them up to good things on the sly.

"Till to the House by his admirers borne,
Warmed with Champagne in flustered speech he strove,
And on through commerce, colonies and corn,
Like engine, without break or driver, drove

"Till when he ceased to dip in fortune's till,
Out came one cooked account — of our M. P. ;
Another came — yet men scarce ventured still
To think their idol such a rogue could be.

"Until those figures set in sad array
Proved how his victims he had fleeced and shorn —
Approach and read (if thou canst read) my lay,
Writ on him more in sadness than in scorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, the gilt rubbed off his sordid earth,
A man whom Fortune made to Fashion known ;
Though void alike of breeding, parts, or birth,
God Mammon early marked him for his own.

Large was his fortune, but he bought it dear ;
What he won foully he did freely spend.
He plundered no one knows how much a year,
But Chancery o'ertook him in the end.

No further seek his frailties to disclose ;
For many of his sins should share the load ;
While he kept rising, who asked how he rose ?
While we could reap, what cared we how he sowed ?

From Chambers' Repository.

THE WAR IN ALGERIA.

A SLIGHT blow on M. Deval, the French consul's check, in 1829, by the fan of Hussein, Dey of Algiers, afforded Charles X. an unhopèd-for chance of breaking the spell of ill-fortune which attached to the transmarine expeditions of France — of crushing, in the general interest of humanity, a nest of pirates that for three centuries had infested the Mediterranean; and chiefly and lastly, of diverting the attention of his volatile subjects from their new fancy — constitutional government — by the regilding of their old and tarnished idol — foreign conquest. The first-mentioned purposes were easily accomplished. The time chosen was summer, June, 1830. Great Britain, to whose hostility previous maritime disasters were chiefly attributable, partially satisfied by a verbal assurance that no permanent occupation of the Algerine territory was contemplated, interposed no obstacle to the enterprise; and a fleet of upwards of a hundred transport-ships, escorted by twenty vessels of war, under the command of Admiral Duperré, safely conveyed General Bourmont, 40,000 choice troops of all arms, and the necessary war-material, from Toulon to Sidi-Feruch, a point of the African coast a few miles westward of the city of Algiers — where the disembarkation, which occupied three days, was effected without difficulty. Algiers, though strongly fortified to seaward, was incapable of serious resistance to a well-appointed and numerous land-force; and after a brisk cannonade of the Emperor's Fort, to the south-east of the city, the dey offered to capitulate, on condition that private property and the religion of the inhabitants should be respected, and himself and his garrison of Turkish Janizaries, about 7000 in number, permitted to embark unmolested in person and effects. These terms were readily acceded to by General Bourmont; and the white flag of Bourbon France replaced (5th July) the red ensign of the pirates; the victors, moreover, finding themselves in the possession of public spoil to the amount of two millions sterling in gold and silver, besides twelve vessels of war, and more than a hundred bronze cannon. But this brilliant success availed the French king nothing in his conflict with the Paris democracy, if, indeed, it did not precipitate his fall, by inducing a belief in the royal mind, that the clamorous indignation sure to be excited

by the famous *ordonnances*, would be drowned and forgotten in the triumphal echoes of the African victory. If so, the rash monarch was ruinously self-deceived; the *coup d'état*, aimed at the popular liberties, failed miserably — solely, as we now perceive, because launched some twenty years too soon, and by the wrong hand; and the deposed dey arrived in France just as his disrowned conqueror was leaving it forever. This, we may observe by the way, has not been the only time warlike adventure in North Africa has been associated with disaster to the House of Bourbon. St Louis died in the camp before Tunis; Charles X. in the same month wins Algiers and loses France; and but for the inopportune absence in Algeria at a critical moment of De Joinville and D'Aumale, by far the most popular and energetic of Louis Philippe's sons, it is more than probable that the feebly-opposed outbreak of February, 1848, would have had a very different termination. But it was not to be so written.

There is reason to believe that Charles X., and his minister, Prince Polignac, were quite sincere in the assurances given to Lord Aberdeen — that the only object of the French expedition was the thorough extinction of Algerine piracy, so long the scourge and terror of feeble commercial states; but it was one of the cruel necessities of Louis Philippe's precarious position — resting as it did, well-nigh exclusively, upon the timid sympathies of the moneyed and middle classes, instead of upon those far more powerful buttresses of continental thrones, the traditions and instincts of a numerous army, and the passions and prejudices of the great masses of the population — that he was compelled to temporize with every whim and vanity of the popular mind that happened to be in any way associated with the military "glory" of France. Compelled by this pressure, the citizen-king's government, after the exhibition of much vacillation and infirmity of purpose, finally repudiated the engagement with Great Britain, and, admittedly against their better judgment, prosecuted the war we are about to sketch, sometimes with languid irresolution, at others with remorseless violence, till French Africa, as it is called, nominally comprised an area of 100,000 square miles, extending from Morocco on the west, to Tunis on the east — a distance of about 500 miles — and from the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the north, to the great Desert of Sahara — the Arab's "Sea

without Water" (*El baher billa maa*)—on the south, an average breadth approaching 200 miles. This country of hill and dale, plain and desert, sand and forest, rook and river, is divided into three provinces—Constantina on the east, Titteri in the centre, and Oran on the west; of which Bona, Algiers, and Oran are respectively the principal maritime towns or sea-gates—Algiers, or *El Jezira* ("the Warlike"), being placed near the centre of the coast-line between Bona and Oran, which are about as distant from each other as both are from France. Other important coast-towns are Mostaganem and Arzew, westward, and Bouteyah and Philippeville—the latter built by the French near Bona for greater facility of access to the interior of Constantina, eastward of the capital of Algeria. The great Atlas Mountains, which rise on the Atlantic sea-board of Morocco, stretch in broken and irregular masses across the three provinces in a south-easterly direction; whilst the less elevated ridges, known as the Little or Maritime Atlas, extend through the country from about Mostaganem and the mouth of the Shellyff River, in a direction more parallel with the coast than the central and southern ranges—from which the Shellyff, for nearly 300 miles, divides them. The heights of the Lesser or Northern Atlas vary from 200 to 1000 feet, and, together with the loftier chains and the extensive intervening valleys, occupy the greater portion of the surface of French Africa. Algiers itself is built in the form of an irregular triangle upon the seaward slope of Le Sahal, a magnificent amphitheatre of hills swelling gently up from the Mediterranean. These hills are based and girdled southward by the plain of Metidjah, which extends—a distance of seven leagues only—to the nearest ridge of the Little Atlas, in the midst of which, about forty-five miles south of Algiers, Medeyah, the capital of the province of Titteri, and, moreover, the key of the south country, is situated. To reach this city, and the equally populous, though not, in a military sense, equally important town of Milianah, from Algiers, the Col or Pass of Teneah, a dangerous mountain-defile, of which we shall have to make frequent mention, must be threaded. Two other towns in the vicinity of Algiers are Blidah and Koleah, separated from each other by the width of the Metidjah—the first nestled at the base of the Lesser Atlas, the other charmingly placed on the Mediterranean shore, about four leagues

westward of Algiers. The chief inland towns of Oran are Mascara, near which Abdel-Kader was born, and, till his final overthrow, the governmental capital of the province; and Tlemecen, 100 miles south-west of Oran, near the borders of the Sahara, which there approaches unusually near the coast. Tlemecen is also but a few leagues eastward of the Desert of Angada, a debatable district, famous for its ostriches, on the confines of Morocco. Mascara is on the borders of Titteri, and inland ten leagues of Mostaganem. The only city of importance that breaks in the vast plains of the eastern province, is Constantina itself, fifty leagues from the coast, and perched upon high table-land, the southern boundary of which is the Libyan Desert.

Conquerors and colonists out of number—Phœnicians, Romans, Vandals, Greeks of the lower empire—attempted, with more or less present success, the subjugation and settlement of this part of North Africa, and passed away, leaving few traces of their footsteps, till the Arabian invasion, under Kaled, "the Sword of God," in the eighth century, which, it is quite manifest, vitally impressed the language, manners, religion, and, in no slight degree, the physical conformation of the natives of this ancient Numidia. The population of Algeria, about two millions, according to General Lamoricière's estimate, is essentially Asian, not African; and all, with the exception of the Jews and negroes, are devout votaries of Mohammed. This strongly-marked and diversified people consist of Berbers, otherwise Kabyles, Arabs, Moors, Kooloolis, Jews, and negroes from Soudan. The Kabyles (clansmen) are the descendants of the hill-tribes of North Africa, and, like their Numidian ancestors, are reputed to be brave and active, as well as cruel, inhospitable, and revengeful. They still occupy the mountain-ranges, and are skilled in agriculture and the ruder mechanical arts. Their dwellings are stone huts, straw-thatched and overgrown with palm-branches, in almost every one of which there is to be seen a copy of the Koran. They are broken into innumerable tribes, constantly at feud with each other, and are governed, like their co-religionists the Arabs, by sheiks and holy men or marabouts—literally, men with rope-girdles—who possess immense influence over them. They understand Arabic, and those near the coast speak that language; and in complexion they differ little from the swarthy Arab, but their heads

are rounder, and their noses less prominent and aquiline than the Arabian types. The Arabs of the plains are a nomadic race, chiefly dwelling in tents, who have preserved the manners, faith, and language of their progenitors who immigrated to these countries; and flit hither and thither with their flocks and herds, as fancy, caprice, or the need of water and fresh pasture dictates. Some of these tribes, however, reside in villages near the chief cities, and engage in the cultivation of the soil. They are of courageous temperament, and simple, abstemious habits; in these attributes differing altogether from the servile and luxurious Moors, who constitute the bulk of the town populations—a mixed race, descended from the various nations that have at different periods settled in North Africa, although the Arabian element undoubtedly predominates, especially since the large addition to their numbers consequent upon the expulsion of the Andalusian Moors from Spain, after the conquest of Granada. The Jews, who also flocked thither in great numbers on being driven out of that country, need not be described—*semper idem*—in Algeria, as elsewhere, the ubiquitous race are the brokers, pedlers, money-changers, jewel-dealers of the community. The Kooloolis are the descendants of the Turkish Janizaries—of whose Algerine rule we shall have presently to speak—who, not being permitted to bring females with them to the Barbary States, intermarried with Moorish women or Christian captives. The negroes are, or rather were, slaves from the interior of Africa.

As might be expected, the French occupation of Algeria shows to greatest advantage in the metropolis of their new possession and its charming environs, so easily accessible from Toulon and Marseille, especially if visited during the month of June, or early in July, when the heat has not yet become intolerable, and the gorgeous vegetation of the country is in its fullest vigor, and colored by its richest dyes. At this season of the year, the harbor of Algiers, formed by the artificial connection of a small island in front of the city with the mainland, will be found alive with shipping, steamers chiefly, with frequently several crack specimens of the Royal Yacht Squadron intermingled with them. The bustle on the quays, and in the steep and narrow streets which lead from them, the hurrying to and fro, and Babel hubbub of the motley population by which they are crowded, pre-

sent a scene at once novel, striking, and picturesque; and although the vigorous commercial life everywhere pulsating around is no doubt in a great degree factitious—factitious in the sense applicable to all numerously-garrisoned towns—it is not the less impressive and exhilarating; and you will not have been on shore ten minutes, before feeling quite satisfied that the contest going on between Asia and Europe on North African soil, is already virtually decided so far as the capital of Algeria is concerned. The narrow, filthy streets, with their dead walls of whity-brown houses, have been or are in process of being cleared and widened, and the houses *turned round* with their window-faces to the passers-by—to the unspeakable disgust and dismay of the wealthy, luxurious Moors, at thus finding themselves, their harems, servants—the inner, shrouded life, in fact, to which they were accustomed in their walled-in seclusion—exposed, like the faces of Frankish, and, alas! of late, too many Moorish women, to impertinent observation and the common light of day. There has been an extensive emigration of rich Moors to the more congenial atmosphere of Tunis and Morocco, but the poorer classes, both of Moors and Kooloolis, have adapted themselves, with more or less of readiness, to a change by which they have unquestionably been greatly benefited; and as porters—a business they dispute with the emancipated negroes—waiters, clerks, household servants, boatmen, and the inferior occupations generally, display an energy and teachableness that could hardly have been predicted from their former habits and modes of thought. The Jews also remain, and make money of their new clients the French, with as keen a relish as they did of their old friends the Turks and Moors; and all the more agreeably, no doubt, that no apprehension need now be entertained of a sudden demand of “your money or your life” from a fierce aga of Janizaries, or other all-potent functionary, as in the days when their elastic shoulders stooped beneath the burden of Turkish rule.

The new buildings—the Prefecture, Cathedral, Theatre, Palace of Justice, handsome structures all of them—contribute greatly to the rapidly-developing European aspect of the city. Then the principal thoroughfares are studded with brilliant cafes, milliners, confectioners’, jewellers’ shops, almost all kept by a monsieur or madame *de Paris*. Let us

walk on to the principal bazaar or market-place, not very far from the Place de Marengo, which has not only a fresh and pleasant look at this season of the year, with its pyramids of delicious fruits — cherries, peaches, pomegranates, oranges, dates, jujubes, melons — but is perhaps the very best place in Algiers for obtaining a good, collective view of its shifting, miscellaneous population. Here we are, and the first glance assures us that officers and soldiers in the blue and red uniforms, gold, silver, and worsted epaulettes, and lace of the French army, are abundantly numerous; Zouaves and Spahis, native troops in the service of France (fighting Arabs and Kabyles — not Moors), in ornamented *bornouse* (cloaks), are scarcely less so. Yonder, a muffled Moorish lady hurries past, followed by a huge negro carrying her marketings, the lady intensely scrutinized by a bevy of elegantly-attired French dames, who, escorted by their smart and lithe, if not very gigantic husbands, that talk much more and louder than their greatly better-halves, are come over to take a peep at the capital of L'Afrique Française — one or more of them possibly to ascertain if an eligibly-situated *magasin de modes* is in the market. At a stall near them is a gay *soubrette*, unmistakably a recent importation, with her unexceptionable cap and glittering ear-drops, who wonderfully contrives at one and the same moment to bargain for a fowl with her fingers, dispose of a peach with her teeth, and play off the artillery of laughing lips, bright eyes, and the prettiest feet in the world, at a young *sous-lieutenant*, in the uniform of a *Chasseur d'Afrique*, who happens to be standing by. Here and there flash past, showily attired, jewelled Jewesses, whose lustrous Eastern eyes are, after all, their brightest ornaments. These grave-looking swarthy men in white *bornouse* are Kabyles, who, first leaving their arms at the barrier, are come to ascertain how wheat, maize, millet, which they cultivate on the slopes and in the valleys of the Little Atlas, are ruling in Algiers to-day. There are but few Arabs present, except those in uniform — the free air of the plains doubtless suiting them better than the close atmosphere of towns, Giaour-governed towns more especially; but there is a large number of Kooloolis and the lower sort of Moors running about in all directions, in the reality or pretence of business, and bawling and gesticulating in a way that greatly adds to the din and confusion of

the novel and, to a stranger, burlesque scene. The *gendarmérie maure*, who are expected to keep order in this and similar localities, are recruited from the ranks of these noisy, bustling errand-men.

Leaving this market, and passing out of the city by one of the barriers of the upper town, we find ourselves near the plateau-summit of Le Sahal, with one of the most splendid landscapes in the world stretched out before us. Beauty breaks in everywhere, encircles us in all directions. The verdant, slightly-undulating surface of the far east and west extending hills is profusely dotted with white, villa-like country-houses, peeping out from amidst vine-gardens, orange and palm groves, bouquet-like clumps of pomegranate, jujube, cypress, and almond trees; above us is the deep, cloudless blue of Italian skies; and far below, murmuring at the base of Le Sahal, and closing the distant horizon on the north, are the bright and calmly-hearing waters of the Mediterranean — the fresh breeze from whence sensibly moderates the intense heat. Even in the shade of this luxuriant foliage, the thermometer stands at 100 degrees Fahrenheit: a month later in the year it will be at least ten degrees higher — still higher when the south wind blows and scorches, as with the breath of a blast-furnace, every leaf and blade of verdure in Algeria — baking them as brown as an Arab's face, save it may be the oleander tribe, and one or two similar fire-and-frost defying evergreens; with the exception, also, of the oasis upon which we are now standing, which, at an immense cost, has been completely interlaced with a silver net-work of streams, shielded from the sun's rays by the overarching foliage which they nourish and sustain. Le Sahal was the earthly Mohammedan paradise of the chiefs of the Janizaries and the wealthy Moors, till the cannon of the Franks awoke them from their sensuous dreams of security; and, judging by the numerous epaulettes and silk dresses that glance and flutter through openings in the trees and groves, it is not less the favorite resort of the gallant soldiers and fair dames of France. Other luxurious retreats in the vicinity of Algiers are the renowned gardens of Blidah and Koleah, situated, as previously stated, one at the base of the near Atlas range, the other on the Mediterranean shore, slightly westward of the city. The towns themselves may be called gardens, the narrow streets being roofed in, as it were,

with interlacing branches of the palm and vine, partly for shade to the dwellers therein, but chiefly to prevent the drying up during the summer heats of the limpid waters of the *Chissa*, which are made to flow through them. The shop-windows of these leaf-shaded streets, opening like trapdoors, give to view peculiar industries going on within—such as the manufacture and ornamentation of silk bournouse of various colors, rich saddlery, slippers, sabre-sheaths, &c., and fruit and sweet-meat shops are well supplied and numerous. Each establishment is watched in front by the proprietor, who, squat upon a mat, and not unfrequently dabbling with his feet in the cool stream, regards the intrusive Franks with the same dull furtive expression of cowed malignity which one sometimes detects in the quickly-drawn glance of his richer countryman of *Le Sahal*; seeming, like him, to be searching his opium or tobacco muddled brains for a solution of the mysterious decree of Allah, which permits the unbeliever to command in places once sacred to the faithful, and trodden by the Christian only as a slave.

These are no doubt exceptional spots, but Algeria, generally speaking, is of considerable average fertility. The slopes of the *Atlas*—three ranges of which rising one above the other, can be discerned from the plateau of *Le Sahal*—are clothed, in most instances, to the summit with wood and verdure; the intervening valley, watered by innumerable streams, bring forth abundantly; and the plains of Bona and Constantina have a historical reputation for productiveness. The experimental agriculture of France has not yet, however, produced very favorable results. Soon after General Bourmont's conquest, the glowing reports sent home relative to the capabilities of the magnificent expanse of the *Metidjah*—comprising forty-five square leagues of dead-level ground, in the immediate vicinity of Algiers—induced considerable numbers of French farmers, spite of their generally unenterprising character, to quit *la belle France*, and encounter the perils of the *Mediterranean*, with a view to locate themselves permanently in a land of such splendid promise. Pestilence and the sword, however, quickly dispelled the sanguine dreams of the unfortunate colonists. The beautiful green-sward was found to be a forest of tall, reedy grass, in which, without a compass, a man might be lost as easily as in an American

wilderness—the fair-seeming plain itself, a pestilential swamp in winter, and in the summer, still more fatal to human life, from the deadly vapors issuing from the cracked surface of the undrained ground. Hundreds of colonists perished miserably; and those whom fever spared, fell by the hands of the Arabs and Kabyles, who, issuing from the *Col de Teneah*, swept the *Metidjah* repeatedly with sword and flame. The hapless condition of the scattered colonists, in this last respect, may be estimated from the remark of Baron Pichon, civil intendant of Algeria—“that the government model-farm, distant only about six miles from Algiers, always required a battalion to guard it, and a half-battalion to inquire every morning after their comrades' welfare, and the manner in which they had passed the night.” The incursions of the Arabs have been at length effectually restrained by a wall and chain of block-houses, which completely encircle the *Metidjah*—a sort of miniature Chinese wall, devised by General Bugeaud in 1845; but the deadly pestilence has been mitigated only by the partial draining that has taken place, and millions must be yet sunk in the devouring soil ere the rate of mortality can be reduced to a satisfactory average. And it is only in the *Metidjah* that any serious attempt at agricultural colonization has been made. The vast plains at the eastern province are still solitudes, broken only by the shifting locations of the nomadic Arabs. In fact, after twenty-two years of unparalleled sacrifices and prodigious exertion, the French are still only encamped in Africa, not settled there. Their dominion, according to Marshal Bugeaud, an unexceptionable authority upon such a point, is limited to the range of their cannon—“*Nos boulets marquent les limites de notre puissance en Afrique.*” This is the thrice-told tale of French colonization, for which that versatile and ingenious people do not indeed appear to possess the slightest aptitude. They colonized Canada during more than two hundred years; and when Wolfe's victory over Montcalm finally wrested it from them, Canada could boast of 23,000 colonists, men, women, and children; twenty years afterwards, the number reached 113,000. The chief cause of these lamentable failures seems to be their entire lack of faith in any associative enterprise which is not originated and dominated by the government. They appear to have a downright passion for being regulated—“organized” is the favorite term—by

authority, whether the purpose be great or small — the mode of waiting at the doors of a theatre, or of founding a great colony; a remarkable idiosyncrasy, which has no doubt its value in a military point of view, but is quite incompatible with the self-relying energy, the individual vehemence and determination which constitute the vital force, the inherent and expansive life, of all permanently successful colonies. Still, as the French nation prefer being organized for such enterprises, let us hope that the railways which the *Journal de l'Empire* announced in December last to be contemplated by the government (one from Algiers to Blidah across the Medjidjah, the other from Philippeville to Constantina by the Saza Valley), will not only be speedily accomplished, but that the correlative decrees which the emperor may issue, commanding the prompt and permanent colonization of Algeria, will be as effectual as those of Louis Philippe were notoriously futile and useless. This, by the way, is not an entirely disinterested aspiration; for if there is one thing clear in the hazy domain of international politics, it is that France, by establishing herself in Algeria, has entered into a bond to keep the peace towards Great Britain to the full value she places upon its retention; and, as earnest friends of peace, we shall rejoice at the success of any measures which may tend to render the pledge of amity more precious in the eyes of the French people. The protests of successive British ministries before alluded to, were from the first solely dictated by anxiety for the independence of Morocco, with which this country has important commercial relations, and whence, moreover, the supplies for Gibraltar are drawn. That point conceded, as it has ultimately been, the French settlement in North Africa is a matter of congratulation for Great Britain, not jealousy.

It will be necessary to introduce our sketch of the war, still unconcluded, that has for so many years desolated the interior of the country, whose more salient physical and moral features we have briefly glanced at, by the shortest possible summary of the origin and character of the Turkish power encamped there, in nearly the same positions as the French now occupy, for three hundred years previous to the capture of Algiers by General Bourmont. And it may be as well in this place to request the reader to bear in mind — especially when his blood flames and his eyes fill with indignation and pity at the bare recital of deeds which outrage the humanities even of war, if such a phrase is permissible — that we transcribe those passages from records furnished by the perpetrators of the deeds themselves, and necessarily so, inasmuch as the adverse parties in the terrific contest — the Kabyles and Arabs — publish no newspapers, indite no bulletins; a circumstance,

moreover, which may perhaps in some degree reconcile the apparent contradiction between the confessedly unsatisfactory result of the war and the unusually large number of brilliant military reputations that have been created by it.

Algerine piracy owes its origin, in reality, to a war of proselytism, initiated by Ferdinand, called the Catholic, of Spain. That monarch, not satisfied with expelling the Mohammedan Arabs from Spain, pursued them with relentless zeal to Africa, where they had fled for refuge; and his forces obtained possession, in the commencement of the sixteenth century, of Oran, several minor points on the coast, and the small island in front of Algiers, then unconnected with the mainland. Eutemi, the Saracen chief of Algiers, terrified at the progress of the invaders, applied for assistance to a co-religionist and desperate pirate called Baba Horush (*Father Horush*), corrupted by European sailors into Barbarossa, whose exploits in the Levant had invested his name with a terrible celebrity. He acceded to the request with alacrity, landed his sea-banditti near Bona, and, in concert with the Moors, recovered from the Spaniards all their acquisitions, except Oran and the island before Algiers. He next slew Eutemi, and governed the Moors in his stead with brutal ferocity. At length, on returning from the sack of Tlemecen, he was attacked near Oran by the Spaniards and revolted Moors, defeated, and slain. His brother, Khair-ed-Din, who succeeded to his authority, lost no time in placing himself and his dominions under the protection of the Commander of all the Faithful, Selim I., sultan of Constantinople, who, guided chiefly by religious motives, accepted the charge as affording a valuable maritime counterpoise to the growing power of Spain, and the zeal of the Knights of St. John, established at Malta for the avowed purpose of enforcing Christianity in the Mediterranean by fire and sword. Khair-ed-Din was created a bey, subsequently capudan pacha, or high-admiral, and was furnished with a body of Turkish Janizaries, who assisted him to retake the island in front of his capital from the Spaniards. The organization of Algerine piracy dates from this time; and so vigorous and rapid was its development, that when Charles V. ascended the throne, the corsairs of Barbary were not only the terror of the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas, but insulted the very coasts and harbors of Spain almost with impunity. In 1541, Charles V., the most powerful monarch at that time in Europe, sent a great armament against Algiers, which resulted in disastrous failure. The fleet was shattered by a hurricane, and the army compelled to reembark in confusion and dismay. The insolence of the Algerines now overtopped all bounds, and indiscriminate

war was made upon the vessels of all Christian nations that refused to pay them tribute. Admiral Blake, however, taught them to respect the English flag; the French, in 1684, bombarded the pirate-city with the like purpose and success; the Dutch, Swedes, and Danes, purchased forbearance by annual subsidies; but against the weaker maritime states, the piratical war continued with unabated audacity. The United States, after their separation from Great Britain, were supposed to be in that category—a mistake which the dey, in 1815, had to pay dearly for. The following year, Lord Exmouth battered Algiers, and compelled the liberation of every Christian slave in the dey's dominions—not one of whom, by the by, was a British subject; and in 1830, as we have seen, the dominion of the Turkish Janizaries, after three centuries of ferocious misrule and oppression, was finally brought to an end.

That turbulent and licentious militia, though always recruited in the Ottoman dominions, had long ceased to owe more than a nominal allegiance to the sultan; and the deys, whom they elected from their own ranks, held their precarious state upon a throne but one step from a bloody grave, into which, at the caprice of the Janizaries, they might be at any moment hurled. The rule of the deys did not extend beyond the towns and the Arab villages in the immediate vicinity; and they were accustomed to make war upon the Kabyles and nomadic Arabs precisely after the corsair fashion practised in the Mediterranean—namely, by sudden incursions in quest of booty, the most valuable being the chiefs of principal families, and their wives and children, whom they bore off, not into absolute slavery, for—the prisoners being followers of the Prophet—that was forbidden by the law of the Koran, but into rigorous captivity, from which they were only released upon payment of heavy ransoms by their relatives or tribe. This system, incredible as it may appear, has been continued, and in some respects improved upon, by the generals of France. In the cities, the Turkish sway was ruthless; and as the arrival of the French brought only a change of masters, they were submitted to by the Moors with the same timid obsequiousness as they manifested when crouching beneath the iron rod of the Janizaries. The Jews and Kooloolis welcomed the new-comers from the first; so that France has really had to contend only with the Kabyles and nomadic Arabs, and not with all or nearly all of these, for many of the most warlike tribes have constantly sided with the invaders, and furnished the battalions and squadrons of Zouaves and Spahis, the most effective troops, according to French authority, in the army of Africa. It was the Zouaves who covered their new eagle with glory at the

recent storming of Laghouat, and, said General Randon, governor-general of Algeria, inscribed with their victorious swords the first page of the military annals of the new empire. We now commence the narrative of a war, of which we have just quoted the latest triumph.

Soon after the capitulation of Algiers, a considerable number of Arab chiefs met in council at Blidah, to consider whether it might not be politic to continue on the same terms with the new as with the old masters of Algiers, Bona, and Oran, the deys of which latter towns had already transferred their allegiance, whatever that might be worth, to France, and been confirmed in their authority. They, the Arabs, had been accustomed to purchase, by certain fixed payments, the privilege of grazing their flocks and herds within reach of the Turkish garrisons; and the continuance or discontinuance of this species of tribute was the especial matter for discussion. General Bourmont went to assist at the conference with 2000 infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and six pieces of cannon, for the sole purpose, as he stated, of personally assuring the Arabs that France had no other object in sending an expedition to Africa, than to relieve them of the detestable yoke of the Algerine Turks. The Arabs did not wait to receive this friendly message; and when the misunderstood general was returning the next day but one to Algiers from his abortive mission, he was assailed by such a swarm of Arab cavalry, and pressed so fiercely, that, spite of the unquestionable bravery and discipline of the troops under his command, it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after severe loss, that they succeeded in regaining the shelter of the city. The prosecution of the Arab war, thus rashly provoked by General Bourmont, was intrusted by Louis Philippe's government to General Clausel, who succeeded to the chief command in September, 1830. This officer's views in Africa embraced from the first a wide horizon; and the preliminary steps for their attainment were entered upon with vigor. He recommended colonization on a grand scale, commencing with the plain of the Metidjah, and the formation of native battalions, in imitation of the policy of Great Britain in India. These views were to some extent adopted by the French ministry; the immediate colonization of the Metidjah was decreed and formalized in the *Moniteur Algérien*, and a commencement made towards organizing a powerful force of Zouaves and Spahis. A foreign battalion, composed, according to one of them, whose narrative has been translated by Lady Duff Gordon, of adventurers and vagabonds from every nation in Europe, except Great Britain, but commanded by French officers, was formed and permanently attached to the army of Africa, which,

consisting of about 40,000 men when General Clausel assumed the direction of affairs, has been since gradually increased to 100,000, the average force usually maintained in French Africa.

The first military exploit of General Clausel was directed against Medeyah, the capital and residence of the Bey of Titteri, whom it was resolved to depose, says Baron Pichon, because he wrote insulting letters to General Clausel. The troops employed amounted to 10,000 men; the Metidjah was traversed in safety; and first leaving a garrison at Blidah, the French general pushed on through the Col or Pass of Teneah, occupied Medeyah, deposed the refractory bey, and installed Ben Omar, a Moor of Algiers, in his stead. Whilst General Clausel was thus busied, the Sheik, Ben Zamour, descended from the hills at the head of a numerous body of Kabyles, massacred, as he swept through the Metidjah, fifty artillerymen who had lost their way there, and attacked the garrison left at Blidah; General Clausel instantly hurried back to the rescue of his rear-guard, dispersed the assailants, ordered military execution to be done upon a number of native traitors to French rule, "*pour encourager les autres*," and returned to Algiers. He subsequently entered into negotiation with the Bey of Tunis with reference to a joint expedition against the Turkish Bey of Constantina; and having concluded an arrangement which the French ministry refused to sanction, the mortified general threw up his command, and returned to France. General Berthézène succeeded to the vacated post — a very onerous and difficult one in the then indecisive see-saw state of French African policy — one day veering towards peace, the next, yielding to the clamors of the war-party, inclining to vigorous hostilities. General Berthézène, although a distinguished veteran of the imperial school, was a strenuous partisan of peace, chiefly, no doubt, because he had formed a truer estimate of the probable duration and calamities of a death struggle with a fanatical and hardy population than the *badads* of Paris. His military measures were, nevertheless, prompt and energetic. On the 1st of July, 1831, he forced the Pass of Teneah; relieved the garrison of Medeyah, hotly besieged by a numerous force of Kabyles and Arabs; and fought his dangerous way back again in safety to Algiers, though beset and hemmed in on every side by a multitude of fierce and desperate assailants. This homeward march was a hurried one — occupying fifty hours only, writes Baron Pichon, though the advance to Medeyah had consumed five days.

The efforts of General Berthézène to bring about an accommodation with the Arabs of the plains, which his recent march to Medeyah

and back did not induce him to slacken, would perhaps have succeeded, had he not been suddenly superseded by Savary, Duke of Rovigo. On the arrival of this officer in Algiers, the negotiations were peremptorily broken off, and it was ostentatiously proclaimed that the new commander-in-chief was in full possession of the confidence of the French king and ministry, and heartily determined to carry out the plan mutually agreed upon for the subjugation of the native population. There can be, we think, no doubt that this was a calumnious misrepresentation; and that the frightful deed which has branded the African command of the Duke of Rovigo with indelible infamy, was that of one ruthless man only, irritated by the vexations incidental to his very difficult position, and not the deliberate counsel of a cabinet of calmly-judging statesmen. The prime object of the Duke of Rovigo was evidently "to give a lesson" to the Arabs — one that they would not easily forget; a design in which he unquestionably succeeded to admiration, though not in the sense he had anticipated. The tribe of Ben-Ouffas, a friendly and peaceful one, against whom Baron Pichon says no serious, well-founded complaint could be alleged, was selected for the experiment.

On the night of the 6th of April, 1833, a battalion of the Foreign Legion and a squadron of Zouaves fell suddenly upon the unsuspecting Ben-Ouffas, and the morning's sun rose upon the mangled bodies of the entire tribe, surprised and slain whilst they slept! Tidings of this atrocious massacre flew, as if on wings of fire, through the land, everywhere kindling into flame the yet smouldering passions of the vast majority of the country population, and lighting up the fierce war of despair which has since cost France so dear alike in men, money, and reputation. So universal was the outbreak, that in the opinion of the Duke of Rovigo himself, his "great lesson" necessitated immediate and powerful reinforcements. They were granted; and the duke's conduct, in reply to the angry reclamations of several eloquent speakers in the Chamber of Deputies, indignant that such dishonor should be brought on the great name of France, was defended, or rather excused, by the plea of necessity. Marshal Soult, at a subsequent period, defended an act, if possible, of still greater enormity by saying, "that what would be a crime against civilization in Europe, might be a justifiable necessity in Africa." This geographical morality of the invader of Portugal in 1808, may pass for what it is worth; but we must not forget to mention, that many French officers entitled to a share of the spoil obtained by the Ben-Ouffas *razzia*, refused to contaminate themselves by its acceptance, and that Savary,

Duke of Rovigo, arrived death-stricken in Paris, and died there in the June following the slaughter of the Ben-Ouffias.

The terrible example he had set survived him: the system of night-razzias—that is, of swooping, during the hours of sleep and darkness, upon unsuspecting villagers, in revenge or reprisal of the hostility of the armed countrymen of the sleepers—became a settled practice of the war. They form the underplay, as it were, of the grand military drama enacted in Algeria; and as the limits of this paper preclude more than an outline of the more important operations, it will be as well to give in this place, and once for all, a description of the mode of executing a razzia, extracted from the narrative of an actor in one of them, who evidently, from the easy frankness with which he writes, was quite unconscious that he was relating any blameworthy or uncommon exploit. The writer was at the time in the Foreign Legion, under the orders of Lieutenant-colonel Picolou; and the scene of the enterprise was in the neighborhood of Dschilegu, between Budeschia and Philippeville, on the sea-coast of the eastern province. The translation is Lady Duff Gordon's:—

"The commandant marched up into the mountains one night with the whole garrison, to chastise the Kabyles for their insolence. We started at midnight under the guidance of some Arabs who knew the country, and marched without stopping, and in deep silence, up hill and down dale, until, just before day-break, the crowing of cocks and the baying of dogs gave us notice that we were close upon a tribe. We were ordered to halt, and two companies, with a few field-pieces, were left behind upon an eminence. After a short time, we started again, and the first glimmer of light showed us the huts of the tribe straight before us. An old Kabyle was at that moment going out with a pair of oxen to plough; as soon as he saw us, he uttered a fearful howl, and fled, but a few well-directed shots brought him down. In one moment, the grenadiers and voltigeurs, who were in advance, broke through the hedges of prickly pear which generally surround a Kabyle village, and the massacre began. Strict orders had been given to kill all the men, and only take the women and children prisoners. A few men only reeled half awake out of their huts, but most of them still lay fast asleep: not one escaped death. The women and children rushed, howling and screaming, out of their burning huts in time to see their husbands and brothers butchered. One young woman, with an infant at her breast, started back at the sight of strange men, exclaiming: 'Mohammed! Mohammed!' and rushed back into her hut. Some soldiers sprang forward to save her, but the roof had already fallen

in, and she and her child perished in the flames. . . . We then returned with our booty, and it was high time, for other tribes of Kabyles came flocking together from every side, attracted by the noise. We were forced to retreat in such haste, that we left the greater part of the cattle behind. The fire of the companies we had stationed in our rear and the field-pieces at last gave us time to breathe."

The narrative goes on to say, that, two or three days afterwards, messengers from the Kabyle tribes came to treat for the ransom of the captive women and children; and that "they conscientiously ransomed even the old women, whom we would have given them gratis." It is only fair to add, that a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, states that General Cavaignac, when engaged in such enterprises, gave orders "only to kill the men in the last extremity."

The tumultuous uprising of the Arabs consequent upon the Duke of Rovigo's massacre of the Ben-Ouffias, elevated for the first time an individual into notice whose name has since become famous in the world's ear—the renowned Abd-el-Kader—a brief account of whom, previous to this period, may not be unacceptable.

Abd-el-Kader (Adorer of God) is the son of a saintly and ambitious marabout of the name of Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj. He was one of six children—five boys and one girl—and his place of birth, in 1806, was in the vicinity of Mascara. His mother, Leila Zahara, who still lives, and has shared her son's long captivity in France, is said to have been a beautiful and highly-instructed Arabian woman; and Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj, his father, claimed to be in some way descended from the Prophet of the Mussulmans—a circumstance which, combined with the more positive fact that he had made two pilgrimages to Mecca, gave him an immense influence with his countrymen, which he appears to have very skilfully availed himself of, in the hope, it is alleged, of one day founding an Arab dynasty upon the ruins of the Turkish power. He very early discerned, or imagined that he did, indications of the qualities which lead to eminence, in his favorite son, Abd-el-Kader; and it was sedulously given out, that a halo of celestial brightness had encircled his baby-brows at the moment of birth, seen, however, only by his father and mother, who were alone at the time. There could be no doubt that this was not only a special testimony to his descent from the Prophet, but a promise, certain to be fulfilled, of future greatness; and that he might be worthily fitted for the high position thus miraculously proclaimed to await him, the utmost pains were lavished upon his education, by which he so rapidly profited, that at twelve years of age he could repeat the

Koran by heart. This solid foundation for more secular teaching accomplished, he was sent to Oran for further instruction, and of course soon distanced every competitor in the race after knowledge. Some suspicion of Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj's perfect loyalty having found a lodgment in the brain of Hassan, bey of Oran, the saintly marabout was requested to attend his highness' divan on a particular day, for the purpose of clearing up the doubts which troubled the bey's mind. This Abd-el-Kader strongly advised his father not to do, and offered to attend himself instead, and give the required explanations. This course was agreed to; and Bey Hassan was so charmed with the son's eloquence, and so entirely convinced thereby that his suspicions had fully wronged the excellent marabout, that he made the youthful orator a handsome present, and charged him, moreover, with a most pressing invitation to his father to pay his highness a friendly visit at the palace of Oran, where he would be received with all the favor and distinction due to his illustrious descent and many virtues. The message was delivered; and the result was, that Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj departed forthwith on a *third* pilgrimage to the holy city, this time accompanied by his counsellor and son, Abd-el-Kader. In passing through Egypt, they obtained, we are told, an interview with Mohammed Ali, the career of which energetic barbarian had previously excited the enthusiastic admiration of the future emir — an admiration which a nearer view of the great man served to increase. Before returning, the father and son visited the tomb of a celebrated marabout relative, not far from Bagdad — one Mulei-Abd-el-Kader, who had lived exactly a hundred years, precisely half of which he had passed upon the summit of an isolated piece of rock, miraculously fed by a starling. This visit was a fortunate one in many respects. The departed marabout reappeared to the two pilgrims, and presented his youthful relative with an apple of remarkable properties; inasmuch that when Abd-el-Kader, on his return home, commenced eating it in the presence of his family and a few intimate friends, the same halo of azure light which at the moment of birth had lightened round his brows, again encircled them with a prophetic glory! What is certain, however, is, that Abd-el-Kader's reputation for wisdom, sanctity, and as possessing the especial favor of the Prophet, increased rapidly; and it was chiefly in deference to his counsel, that his former dangerous friend, Hassan, bey of Oran, who had incurred the displeasure of his Junizaries, was refused an asylum at Mascara. The future emir's marriage with Leila Kheira, the daughter of an influential sheik, and a very charming maiden — that is, according to the notion of what is charming entertained by Arabs — added con-

siderably to his importance; and it began to be quite evident that, apart from miraculous interposition, a brilliant perspective was disclosing itself to the eager gaze of Mahli-ed-Din-Hadj's aspiring son. The personal appearance of Abd-el-Kader was not of that kind which usually commands the respect of a rude people, nor had he yet shown any proof of the impetuous courage which, in the absence of the slightest pretension to military ability, properly so called, has since won for him a wide renown. He was under the middle size, but active and robust; and his large, thoughtful black eyes, and abundant beard of the same color, gave a sombre as well as intelligent expression to his palish-yellow countenance. His hands — his especial vanity — were small and delicately formed, and his voice was soft and musical; so that, altogether, he seemed rather a reflective, meditative man, than one of fiery, impulsive action.

Such was Abd-el-Kader, as he appeared in the presence of the large gathering of Kabyle and Arab chiefs assembled at Egris, after the destruction of the Ben-Ouffas, to concert measures for proclaiming a holy war against the French, and deciding as to who should lead them in the desperate contest. The indecision that for some time prevailed as to the choice of a leader, was put an end to by a celebrated marabout called Sidi Al Amich, who announced, amidst a breathless silence, that having been nearly the whole of the previous night engaged in prayer to Mohammed, that he would be pleased to indicate the person most worthy to lead his — the Prophet's — people in the war against the infidel about to commence, he received an answer just at the rise of sun, when Mulei-Abd-el-Kader suddenly appeared before him, and, beckoning, led the way to a magnificent tent, the entrance-curtain to which being self-withdrawn, revealed Abd-el-Kader, the son of Mahli, the Pilgrim (ed *Din Hadj*), seated upon a magnificent throne, with the pale-blue halo, twice before seen, encircling his head as with a celestial diadem. This was quite sufficient — more than enough, in fact. The decision of the Prophet, so unmistakably intimated, was instantly ratified by the loud acclamations and flashing swords of the congregated chiefs. Abd-el-Kader was forthwith proclaimed Emir of Mascara, Prince and Commander of the Faithful, and invested with the violet bournou, the badge and emblem of supreme office and authority.

At once broke the hurricane of war, sweeping the open country to the very walls of Algiers, Bona, and Oran, with terrific violence. Blidah, Medeyah, Koleah, were invested by multitudes of half-frantic cavalry, whose glancing swords and waving banners, however, though terrible and imposing in appearance, were of slight avail against stone

walls and well-pointed cannon. Lavish reinforcements arrived from Toulon and Marseille, and the French commanders gradually resumed the offensive. General Demischels made a successful razzia upon a tribe of nomade Arabs, slew 300 men, and carried off the women and children safely to Oran, though sorely pressed during his retreat by the gathering tribes; who, failing to rescue their unfortunate relatives by the sword, purchased them of the general a few days afterwards. Much desultory fighting ensued, with varied and generally indecisive results; but the French, notwithstanding, persistently extended themselves along the coast-line, both east and west, of Algiers. General the Count d'Ernon had succeeded the Duke of Rovigo in the chief command, with the title of Governor-general of the French Possessions in Africa; and under his administration, the maritime state of Arzew, and the important town of Mostaganem, eastwards of Oran, were wrested from the Arabs. An expedition direct from Toulon encountered and defeated the Kabyles of the eastern division of the Little Atlas, and captured Bouteyah. In pursuance, however, of the policy announced at this time by Marshal Sult in the Chamber of Deputies, in reply to General Clausel, that France had no intention or wish to seize upon the interior of Algeria, and merely intended keeping possession of a number of strong positions on the sea-board, negotiations were opened with Abd-el-Kader; and ultimately a treaty was concluded with the new prince of the Faithful, by which he was solemnly recognized as the lawful emir of the province of Mascara, with the exception of Oran, Arzew, and Mostaganem, and the immediately adjacent land. The Shelliff was to be his eastern boundary.

This treaty was much cavilled at in France, as having a direct tendency to swell the prestige and enhance the authority of the emir with his turbulent, fanatical countrymen — a criticism fully born out by the result. It was not, however, very long observed. Abd-el-Kader, urged by the impatient clamors of his Arabs, to which his own eager ambition gave willing audience, to renew the holy war against the intrusive infidel, crossed the Shelliff (1835) at the head of a numerous force, burning with fanaticism, and individually brave enough, but withal little formidable in open fighting to French or any other European troops. General Trézel, left Oran to encounter the audacious emir, but, after marching and countermarching for several days in vain search of his enemy, was debating whether it might not be advisable to abandon the seemingly hopeless attempt to bring the wary Arab to action, when an unforeseen and tempting chance presented itself. The army was halted on the plain of Frigor, where an Arab presented himself, and offered, for a cer-

tain reward, to conduct the French general by a short route direct to the emir's camp. General Trézel yielded to the temptation, the army was immediately put in motion, and the troops pressed forward with alacrity and vigor. Towards the middle of the day, the leading column found themselves entering upon a spongy morass, and the more desperately they struggled onwards to reach the firm ground, which the guide assured them was only a few yards further on, the deeper both men and horses floundered and sank in the mud, till at last they were up to their bellies in the yielding soil. Suddenly the traitorous Arab disappeared through a coppice (*taillis*), unharmed by the shower of balls sent hastily after him, which, a moment after, were replied to by a tempest of the same missiles from the flanking woods, where Abd-el-Kader had been for some hours impatiently awaiting the French advance. Fortunately, the rear-guard had not yet entered the treacherous bog, and its fire checking that of the ambushed Arabs, the main body of the troops were extricated from their perilous position, though not without considerable loss both in men and material. The French army passed the night on the banks of the Sig, and at earliest dawn General Trézel marched, as he thought, towards Arzew, on the sea-coast. He followed the course of the Mukta, a stream which, during a part of its flow, does lead towards Arzew, but by insensible windings turns away for some leagues in a totally different direction. The way seemed long, still the troops marched on undoubtingly, till they came to the entrance of a long narrow defile, shut in on each side by precipitous lofty rocks, where some hesitation was manifested. It appeared, however, of necessity that the ugly pass should be threaded; there was no enemy to be seen, and the march was resumed in the quickest military time. Two thirds of the distance had been accomplished, when tumultuous cries high overhead, as if a multitude of mocking voices were calling to them from the clouds, caused the soldiers to raise their eyes and see the heights crowded with exultant Arabs. The checked pulse had scarcely time to beat again before huge stones, enormous fragments of rock, came bounding, leaping, thundering down — a granite hail-tempest, to which no resistance could be opposed, accompanied by the pattering of musketry, not less fatal in its effects, though not so terrifying to the imagination, as huge jagged masses of rock whirling through the air; and in a few minutes the dreadful pass was heaped with the dead and writhing bodies of men and horses. The march of the troops, hurried from the first, fell rapidly into confusion, and presently became an utter rout, the soldiers casting away even their arms in frantic anxiety to escape what seemed almost inevitable

destruction. Happily for them, the pursuit of the Arabs was checked by their eagerness for booty, or the loss of 1200 soldiers, besides caissons, cannon, baggage, &c., would have been nothing like the extent of the misfortune. This murderous business is Abd-el-Kader's great battle of Makta; it was a surprise, a massacre, perfectly justified no doubt by the usages of war, but a battle it cannot be called. The exultation of the emir, though quite natural, was absurd in its exaggeration. He had slain French troops, but he had not beaten, as he boasted, a French army, for the simple reason that he had not encountered one.

The shock of this disaster vibrated painfully through every vein of military France, and signal vengeance, it was promptly agreed, should be taken on the perfidious emir. General Clausel's reasoning upon the folly of attempting to quell the Kabyles and Arabs by a few settlements along the coast, came suddenly into remembrance and favor, and that officer was himself despatched to the scene of action with reinforcements and large discretionary powers. As it was determined that Mascara, the emir's capital, should be stormed, as a set-off against Makta, and there could be no reasonable doubt of success in such an enterprise, the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe's eldest son, was sent over to participate in the glory thereof. Abd-el-Kader, after vainly attempting to arrest the march of the French troops at the Sig, and subsequently at the Habrah, abandoned Mascara to its fate, which was first to be plundered by bands of hostile Arabs, and afterwards fired (December 9, 1836) by the French army; which done, General Clausel returned to Algiers, the Duke of Orleans to France.

The measure of vengeance for Makta was not yet full; and after permitting himself only a few weeks' breathing-time, General Clausel led his army against Tlemecen, the emir's second capital, on the confines of the Sahara, and 100 miles, in a south-westerly direction, from Oran. This city he also found abandoned by the emir and his Arabs, who had withdrawn into the eastern mountains. The Moors received the French with resigned indifference; the Jews and Kooloolis, the latter of whom garrisoned the *Kasbah* or citadel, with acclamations. The citadel was at once surrendered to the French general, who, after making arrangements for the safe-keeping and government of the city, returned to Algiers by the valley of the Shelliff, on the south of the Little Atlas, and consequently through the Pass of Teneah, between which and the Algerian capital he caused a military road to be constructed. A garrison was left in Tlemecen, under the command of Colonel, now General Cavaignac; and Jussuf, colonel of Spahis, was charged with the collection of 500,000 francs, ordered by General Clausel to

be levied upon the inhabitants that had so well received him. A more unscrupulous agent than the colonel of Spahis could not have been selected, and the Moors and Jews of Tlemecen were both numerous and wealthy; yet, spite of all Jussuf could do in the way of ransacking, plundering, and threatening, only the value of 100,000 francs could be obtained, and that chiefly consisting in finger and ear rings, and other female ornaments. The remainder of the tribute was formally remitted.

These successes gave a permanently bolder tone and wider aim to French-African policy. General Clauzel was directed to organize a powerful expedition against Constantina, with the avowed object of annexing that city, and the whole of the interior of the province which bears its name, to the French dominions in fact as well as theory. Success was deemed so certain, that Colonel Jussuf was named bey of the menaced city long before the army commenced its march towards it; and in November, 1837, the Duc de Nemours came over to share the fame of an assured conquest. The result signally rebuked these confident boastings. Constantina was numerous, garrisoned by the Turks and Kabyles, who fought under the red flag of Algiers; and the usually brilliant and impetuous, if not very stubborn, valor of the French troops, would seem to have been chilled and weakened by the terrific hail and snow storm which they encountered upon the high land whereon Constantina is built; for the assaults directed by the general upon the gates El Cantar and El Raba, feeble and ill-sustained, were easily repulsed; and so discouraged were the troops, that it was necessary to order an immediate retreat. A confused and hurried one it proved, involving much loss, and affording Algiers the strange spectacle of a numerous French army chased to its very gates by a crowd of undisciplined triumphant Kabyles! The usual penalty of non-success, well or ill-deserved, awaited General Clausel; he was recalled, spite of his earnest entreaties to be permitted an opportunity of retrieving his tarnished reputation. "What," wrote the indignant general, "would be now the fame of the Duke of Wellington, had the British government recalled him after the failure before Burgos?" The angry absurdity of the comparison is very amusing; and, as the French ministry were unmoved by his appeal, we may fairly presume that they also demurred to the perfect appropriateness of the illustration.

In the mean time, General Bugeaud had been winning his first African laurels. By a rapid march along the sea-coast, he relieved Oran from the Arabs, by whom it was beleaguered; and then turning south-westward, he hastened to the succor of General Cavaignac, who had been for several months cooped up in Tlemecen, inflicting on his way a heavy defeat

upon Abd-el-Kader in person, by whom he was attacked whilst crossing the Sikhah. On this occasion, it should be remembered, to General Bugeaud's honor, the first successful attempt was made to prevent the native auxiliaries of the French, the Zouaves and Spahis, from decapitating the prisoners that fell within their power. General Bugeaud was quick enough to save the lives of thirty of them; and he interdicted, under no less a penalty than death to the offender, such practices in future. General Cavaignac was relieved, and Bugeaud returned to France—a lieutenant-general.

General Danrémont obtained the African command; and as it was deemed imperatively necessary to efface the failure before Constantina by the capture of that city, preparations, civil as well as military, were diligently set on foot, which once matured, would leave no doubt of triumph. The expeditionary army was to be composed of between 20,000 and 30,000 men; but even that amount of force might prove inadequate while Abd-el-Kader's numerous and daring, and, though frequently defeated, still formidable forces, ranged the open country. *Divide et impera* is a maxim seldom lost sight of by civilized ministries; and in this crisis of Algerian affairs, it was acted upon with great success by the cabinet of Paris. General Bugeaud, who had already made himself respected by Abd-el-Kader, was despatched to Africa with orders to arrange a truce with the emir—peace was the word used—upon any terms short of the surrender of the sea-line cities in the actual possession of France. This was the turning-point in the emir's career, and it argues ill for his patriotism, worse for his sagacity, that he permitted a personal repugnance to the Turkish Bey of Constantina, and a revengeful longing to punish the Arab tribes that had refused him tribute, and defied his authority, to seduce him into making peace with the French invader at the very and only moment his hostility might have been effective. General Bugeaud, escorted by 10,000 men, met the emir on the banks of the Tafna, where a treaty of peace (May 30, 1837) was speedily agreed upon between the high contracting parties. The terms, readily consented to by the French envoy, were such as could only have been dictated by the emir if a conqueror, holding the very existence of France, in Algeria, in his hands. This alone, did he possess the clear intellect imputed to him by generous natures, prone to magnify into greatness the most ordinary qualities of those who, after bravely combating, fail in a just cause, should have sufficed to reveal the artifice employed against him. He was not only reconfrmed Emir of Mascara, but created Emir of Titteri. Tlemecen and Medeyah were surrendered to him, and his boundary

was to be the ridge of the Northern Atlas! In fact, France merely affected to retain Algiers, Mostaganem, Oran, Bona, and other sea-stations, whilst preparing to march inland to Constantina! The treaty was signed; General Bugeaud returned in triumph to Paris; Abd-el-Kader commenced his preparations for the punishment of the refractory Arabs; and General Danrémont, accompanied by the Duc de Nemours, marched with the assured step of a conqueror upon Constantina. The garrison of Turks and Kabyles again offered a stout resistance, but not with the same good-fortune as before. General Danrémont was killed by a cannon-ball whilst speaking to the Duc de Nemours; and the direction of the siege devolved upon General Vallée. Finally, the city was stormed, and after a deadly struggle, continued from the breach along the narrow streets, captured; and the Duc de Nemours took up his residence in the palace of the bey, who had escaped to Tunis.

Abd-el-Kader, on his part, was equally successful. The defection from his authority had been extensive. His uncle, Sidi Aby Ben Taleb, not only disputed his descent from the Prophet, and miraculous gifts, which, considering that he, Sidi Aby Ben Taleb, had been one of the family-council, is not so surprising, but positively refused to pay his nephew tribute, or, as our accustomed tongues would say, taxes. He thus expressed himself in a letter which subsequently fell into the hands of the French: "Thou wert nothing before the arrival of the army of the French—thou wert nothing before thou madest a peace with those unbelievers. I was greater and holier than thou; and it was in the hope of usurping my authority, O Abd-el-Kader! that thou madest a treaty with the Christians. When thou thoughtest thyself great enough, thou brokest the treaty with the French, and thou wilt that we should acknowledge thee for our sultan. But I have ever been greater and holier than thou, and never will I bow before thee; neither will I pay the tribute which thy horsemen demand in thy name."

Bravely as these words sounded, Sidi Aby Ben Taleb was compelled to pay his nephew tribute, and was very glad to be let off with no worse punishment for his contumacy; and after a protracted struggle, the emir succeeded in overcoming all his domestic foes. His chief adversaries were Sidi-el-Aulid, Mustapha Ben Ismaël, and Moressa Ben Kaoui. The first was early slain, the second perished in battle, and Moressa Ben Kaoui was driven into the Desert. This home-campaign employed the emir upwards of a twelvemonth; and it was not till January, 1839, that the Arab and the Frenchman, disembarassed of other foes, again confronted each other—both with the flush of victory upon their brows, mutually-courteous

words upon their lips, and hate and scorn in their hearts, ready to leap forth, like their swords, at the first favorable opportunity, and upon the slightest provocation. The emir sent General Vallée the journal of his recent triumphs, compiled by Léon Roche, a young Frenchman, who had acted as his secretary during the war; and the French general sent in return some handsome presents to the emir.

The first overt provocation to a renewal of hostilities was no doubt given on this occasion by the French. In May, 1839, the Duke of Orleans arrived in Algeria, visited Constantina surrounded by a brilliant cortège, and after distributing a profusion of decorations amongst the leading Moors, marched with ostentatious triumph through the Biban and the Iron Gates — a remarkable and lofty pass in the central Atlas chain — and, disdainful alike of license or apology, through the territory of the Emir of Titteri and the Col de Teneah, back to Algiers. Abd-el-Kader's preparations were not yet complete, and he simply protested against the violation of his territory by his highness of Orleans. This was laughed at — not so the second holy war proclaimed by Abd-el-Kader in the following October, the first huge wave of which, as in 1833, swept the open country with resistless violence. The unfortunate cultivators of the Metidjah were sabred, and their dwellings given to the flames, and many isolated detachments of French troops were overwhelmed and destroyed; but, as at the former period, steady bravery and discipline gradually prevailed against the fluctuating impulses of fanatical enthusiasm; and the Kabyles and Arabs were driven back to the fastnesses of the Atlas, where, during three years, a war of razzias and guerilla adventure raged with varying fortune but equal ferocity on both sides.

It was soon after the commencement of this second holy war, that the brilliant affair of Mazagran occurred, which, in the language of the Paris papers, flashed like a gleam of lightning (*coup d'éclair*) athwart the deep gloom of the African war, and covered Captain Le Lièvre and his heroic companions with imperishable glory. According to the published reports, to which it almost seemed there would be no end, Captain Le Lièvre, commanding the 10th Company of the Battalion of Africa, numbering 123 young soldiers, was posted on the 1st of February, 1840, at the small military post of Mazagran, distant somewhat less than two leagues by the road — much less in a direct line — from the garrison-town of Mostaganem, on the coast. Mazagran mounted one piece of artillery, a 4-pounder; and, besides a barrel of gunpowder in the magazine, the garrison had a supply of 30,000 ball-cartridges. Towards evening, on the 1st of February, the post was suddenly attacked by 15,000 horsemen under Ben

Khami, who, moreover, were furnished with two pieces of cannon — 8-pounders. At the first shock, fourteen standards were planted on the wall of the devoted fortress, and, but for the close, rapid, murderous fire of the 10th Company, it must have been carried at once. As it was, the fierce billowy sea of Arabs was hurled back, scattered into spray as from a rock; and the same fate attended their efforts, which were incessant during the rest of the night, the following day, and night again. Colonel Dubuessil, who commanded at Mostaganem, continued not only unaccountably blind to the near presence of 15,000 cavalry, but to the incessant roar of the cannon, and the interminable flashes of musketry; whilst the continuity of the attack, as well as how thoroughly the post was encircled, is made evident by the fact, that it was impossible to send a messenger to Mostaganem, to warn the supine French commander of the peril of his countrymen. One apprehension alone disquieted Captain Le Lièvre — would his ammunition last till either the garrison were relieved, or the Arabs driven off! During a brief interval of quiet, the cartridges that remained were counted, and Captain Le Lièvre addressed his soldiers in the following words: — "Frenchmen, comrades, friends! there are only ten thousand cartridges left. I propose continuing the defence till they are exhausted. I shall then fire the barrel of gunpowder in the magazine, too happy to die for our country. Vive la France!"

"Vive la France!" echoed the excited soldiers, with wild enthusiasm, and, rushing back to the walls, reopened their terrific fire upon the astounded assailants, scarcely a bullet sent amongst whom, from their crowded numbers, failing of its aim; the slaughter amongst them may therefore be approximately estimated by the number of used-up cartridges. Two more days and nights the desperate contest continued, when, and not an hour too soon, for the cartridges were almost exhausted, Dubuessil heard in some way of what was going on at Mazagran, marched to its relief, and the surviving Arabs fled!

The foregoing is really a cold, weak summary of the details of the extraordinary affair, as published in the *Moniteur* and the non-official Paris papers. Captain Le Lièvre was made a commandant, and had the cross of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him. Nothing else was talked of for many weeks; a huge mimic Mazagran was got up in the Champs Elysées — it was stamped upon paper-hangings, pocket handkerchiefs, painted upon the scenes of theatres, engraved in every variety of style; and Mazagran pantaloons, hats, gloves, shawls, &c., became instantly and universally the vogue. At length it began to be whispered, that the officer commanding at Mostaganem had demanded a court-martial

either upon himself or Captain Lièvre, nobody knew exactly which, for the Paris papers, like the *Moniteur Algérien* from the first, had suddenly become religiously silent upon the subject. Next it was said, that the subscription raised for the widows and orphans of the fallen heroes was to be returned—not a single soldier of the 10th battalion of Africa having been either slain or wounded in the terrible defence of Mazagran! Finally, the London *Morning Chronicle* boldly proclaimed and challenged the French government, day after day, to contradict its statement—that the Mazagran story was a fain, an invention from end to end! Only one Paris newspaper, *Le National*, reprinted the *Chronicle's* exposure, evidently derived from unquestionable authority, and demanded explanation of the government. The government answered not a word—all allusion to the subject was dropped by general consent, and has not since been revived; Captain La Lièvre the while keeping the step in rank he had acquired, his cross, and a handsome sword presented to him by the merchants of Marseille. Who the hoax originated in, it would be idle to inquire—possibly the government, desirous of relieving the public anxiety relative to the renewed and formidable outbreak in Algeria by a well got-up if somewhat extravagant popular fiction; but whoever its author may be, it offers only a more flagrant proof than others, of the bold impunity with which African army news has been habitually got up and seasoned to the palate of the French people. Real fighting, however, if not of the super-humanly heroic Mazagran kind, had begun in serious earnest.

General Bugeaud, who had replaced Marshal Vallée, organized a plan of campaign by movable columns, radiating from Algiers, Oran, and Constantina; and, having 100,000 excellent soldiers at his disposal, the results, as against the emir, were slowly but surely effective. General Négrier at Constantina, Changarnier amongst the Hadjouts about Medeyah and Milianah, Cavaignac and Lamoricière in Oran, carried out the commander-in-chief's instructions with untiring energy and perseverance; and, in the spring of 1843, the Duc d'Aumale, in company with General Changarnier, surprised the emir's camp, in the absence of the greater part of his force, and it was with difficulty that he himself escaped. Not long afterwards, he took refuge in Morocco, excited the fanatical passions of the populace of that empire, and thereby forced its ruler, Mulei-Abd-er-Haman, much against his own inclination, into a war with France—a war very speedily terminated by General Bugeaud's victory of Isly, with some slight assistance from the bombardment of Tangier and Mogador by the Prince de Joinville. Upon this occasion, an understanding was

come to with Great Britain, by which the retention of Algeria by France was acquiesced in, upon the agreed condition that the French dominion should not be extended either east or west—in other words, that the independence of Morocco and Tunis should be respected. The governor-general returned to Paris soon after his victory of Isly, which made him a peer and marshal of France, but not till he had taken measures for encircling the plain of the Metidjah with a wall, ditch, and chain of block-houses, for the much-needed protection of its still sparsely scattered cultivators—nearly one-half of whom, by the way, are Spaniards and Germans.

The star of Abd-el-Kader's military life had not yet finally set, though obscured by clouds, and rapidly nearing the western horizon. The struggle amidst the hills was maintained by his partisans with scarcely abated vigor, even whilst he himself still lingered at the half-friendly, half-hostile court of Morocco; and it was nothing doubted that the emir would make yet another trial of his fortune before abandoning the unequal struggle in despair. There is only one incident in this intermediate, desultory warfare which it is essential to reproduce in these pages, but that one is of so terribly significant a character, that it cannot be omitted in a paper designed to give the reader a true impression of the character of the war in Algeria. We will endeavor to state it without prejudice or exaggeration. On the night of the 12th June, 1843, about three months before Marshal Bugeaud left Algeria, Colonels Pelissier and St. Arnaud, at the head of a considerable force, attempted a razzia upon the tribe of Ben-Ouled-Riah, numbering, in men, women, and children, about 700 persons. This was in the Dahrah. The Arabs escaped the first clutch of their pursuers, and when hard-pressed, as they soon were, took refuge in the cave of Khartani, which had some odor of sanctity about it; some holy man or marabout had lived and died there, we believe. The French troops came up quickly to the entrance, and the Arabs were summoned to surrender. They made no reply; possibly they did not hear the summons, or perhaps the courage of despair had steeled them to await the attack of their foes, however numerous and sure of ultimate victory those foes might be, and endeavor to sell their lives as dearly as possible in the holy and vantage ground they had happily reached. Colonels Pelissier and St. Arnaud would certainly not have been justified in sacrificing the lives of the soldiers under their command by attempting to force a passage through windings and intricacies thronged with armed and desperate men; but, as there was no other outlet from the cave than that by which the Arabs entered, a few hours' patience must have been re-

warded by the unconditional surrender of the imprisoned tribe. Colonels Pelissier and St. Arnaud were desirous of a speedier result; and, by their order, an immense fire was kindled at the mouth of the cave, and fed sedulously during the summer night with wood, grass, reeds, anything that would help to keep up the volume of smoke and flame which the wind drove in roaring, whirling eddies into the mouth of the cavern. It was too late now for the unfortunate Arabs to offer to surrender. The discharge of a cannon would not have been heard in the roar of that huge blast-furnace, much less smoke-strangled cries of human agony. The fire was kept well up throughout the night; and when the day had fully dawned, the then expiring embers were kicked aside, and as soon as a sufficient time had elapsed to render the air of the silent cave breathable, some soldiers were directed to ascertain how matters were within. They were gone but a few minutes, and they came back, we are told, pale, trembling, terrified, hardly daring, it seemed, to confront the light of day. No wonder they trembled and looked pale. They had found all the Arabs dead—men, women, children, all dead! had beheld them lying just as death had found and left them; the old man grasping his gray beard; the younger one, grim, rigid, stern as iron with fanatic hatred and despair; the dead mother clasping her dead child with the steel gripe of the last struggle, when all gave way but her strong love!

This is no fancy picture; it is the plain record of an indisputable, undisputed fact, justified on the elastic plea of necessity. The French ministry of the day, moreover, in order to mark, it seemed, their contempt for the indignant clamor which the recital of the dreadful deed excited in France, as well as in other civilized communities, actually rewarded, with an air of courageous defiance of public opinion, which but thinly masked the real pusillanimity of their conduct—the favor of the army being in issue—Messieurs Pelissier and St. Arnaud with a step in their profession! It was in reference to this tragedy that Marshal Soult used the words we have before quoted—"that what would be a crime against civilization in Europe, might be a justifiable necessity in Africa." In a subsequent debate upon the affairs of Algeria, an eminent French statesman observed, amidst the loud cheering of the National Assembly, "that he was reconciled to the enormous sacrifices required of France by the exigencies of the African colony, by the value he attached to the warlike experience and habits the French army had acquired there." It is seldom that eloquent sentences are so speedily and strikingly illustrated as in this instance, the morning of the 2d of December, 1851,

having seen both the orator and his applauding audience seized and hurried to prison by soldiers whose habits had been contracted in Algeria, acting under the orders of colonel, by that time General, St. Arnaud, and minister of war! A more luminous commentary upon the dangerous unsoundness of Marshal Soult's geographical ethics, and the folly of supposing that, to decorate men for outraging humanity in Africa, is to train them to respect law and right in Europe, could hardly be imagined.

We now turn the last page as yet written of Abd-el-Kader's public life. Driven, at the instance of France, from the cities of Morocco, he still lingered on its half-desert frontiers, and gradually drew together a considerable force. If the Emperor of Morocco did not wish to involve himself in another war with France, it was imperatively necessary that he should at once take decisive measures against the obstinate and impracticable emir. He resolved to do so, and without delay. An army, chiefly composed of the Kabyles of Morocco—who, especially if considerable booty, as in this case, was likely to be obtained, were nothing loath to do battle with Arabs—was hastily assembled, and sent against Abd-el-Kader, with orders to drive him out of the Morocco territory, whatever expenditure of life might be necessary to effect that object. The emir, finding he could not avoid the contest, boldly assumed the offensive, and in an attack on the night of the 20th December, 1845, obtained a momentary triumph, by an expedient as extraordinary as it was cruel. General Lamoricière thus describes the emir's strange ruse: "Abd-el-Kader plastered four camels all over with pitch, loaded them with immense heaps of dried grass, mixed up with pitch, and had them conducted in the dead of night to the edge of the Morocco camp by four soldiers, who had been previously paid 100 duros each for the service, and there set on fire." The plunging and tearing about of the maddened, flaming animals, produced, as was expected, much consternation and confusion amongst the Morocco troops, greatly increased by the impetuous charge of Abd-el-Kader's horsemen, led by the emir in person, and for some time the advantage was greatly on the side of the assailants; but the hour of dawn, showing the Morocco Kabyles the fewness in number comparatively with themselves of the Arabs, and the camel-meteors having long since burnt themselves out, was that of hopeless, irretrievable defeat. The emir's entire force was either destroyed or dispersed; and the only alternative left him, was either to surrender upon terms to General Lamoricière, who had been anxiously awaiting the issue of the struggle between Abd-el-Kader and Abd-er-Haman, or to endeavor to escape by the eastern mountains. The French general, upon hearing of his defeat, despatched

Bou Kraïi with twelve chosen Spahis, to endeavor to intercept him, if, as was likely, he should take the road through the Col de Kérboures. The completeness of the emir's defeat is strikingly shown by General Lamoricière's letter to the Duc d'Aumale, at this time governor-general of Algeria, announcing the precaution he had taken to prevent Abd-el-Kader's escape, though doubtful that he should be able to do so: "Bou Kraïi, with twelve Spahis, will be stronger than the entire escort of him whom only yesterday Morocco struggled against with 38,000 men." There was no opening for the services of the Spahis. The fallen emir determined on surrendering himself to General Lamoricière upon certain conditions, which were negotiated through the Cadi of Tlemcen, who, General Lamoricière states, was of great service to him in the affair. The terms were agreed upon, first verbally, but afterwards reduced to writing, and subscribed by both parties. In reality, there was only one essential condition, which was thus stated in a despatch from General Lamoricière to the Duc d'Aumale, dated 23d December, at nine o'clock in the morning: "Let it suffice, that I assure you I have only promised and stipulated that the emir and his family shall be conveyed to Alexandria or to St. Jean d'Acre; they are the places which he himself indicated in the conditions which I accepted." The great news of Abd-el-Kader's surrender brought the Duc d'Aumale to the French camp, where General Cavaignac had previously arrived. The governor-general personally assured the emir, that he entirely approved and confirmed the engagement which he, Abd-el-Kader, had entered into with the general, to whom, upon the faith of that engagement, he had surrendered himself, and that it would be religiously respected. The Duc d'Aumale, who, there can be no question, acted throughout the transaction with perfect good faith, and within the limits of his official powers, announced the emir's surrender to the French minister of war in the following terms:—"Monsieur le Ministre—a great event has just been accomplished. Abd-el-Kader is in our camp. Beaten by the Kabyles of Morocco, chased from the plains of Moolouia by the troops of Mulei-Abd-er-Haman, abandoned by his people, who took refuge in our territory, he has confided himself to the generosity of France, and has surrendered upon condition of being conveyed either to Alexandria or to St. Jean d'Acre." There is a trifling slip here, intended, no doubt, as a rhetorical flourish. Abd-el-Kader had not confided himself to the generosity of France—that is, of the government of France—for he had made a bargain with her representatives, binding them, with all the power that a solemn engagement possesses, to convey him

to one of the two places named in the deed of surrender—he undertaking not to return without the permission of France to Algeria. There lingered, it is plain, in the Duc d'Aumale's mind, a harassing doubt of the good faith of his father's government, for he goes on to say: "The moment I arrived here, I ratified the engagement made by General Lamoricière; and I have the firm hope that the government of the king will sanction it." And as if resolved that there shall be no excuse for unfair dealing, he insists that the emir's surrender was entirely voluntary on his part: "The emir had in his favor darkness, a difficult country traversed by paths unknown to our guides. Flight was still easy for him."

Steam swiftly conveyed the important news to France, and as swiftly returned with the reply of the Paris cabinet: Abd-el-Kader must embark immediately for that country! Accordingly, he, his mother, three children, his cousin and brother-in-law, Hadj Mustapha, and suite, in all ninety-three persons, embarked in the steam-ship *Asmodée*—not an unfitly named vessel—and arrived safely at Toulon, after a stormy passage, on the evening of the 30th December, 1845, to find themselves close prisoners, probably for life—at all events, for an indefinite period, the probable termination of which could not be even approximately indicated by the French ministers themselves. Not long afterwards, Abd-el-Kader himself, his family, and such persons of his suite as he chose to name, were transferred to the Castle of Amboise, on the left bank of the Loire, between Blois and Tours.

Strange, unlooked-for events knocked at the gate of the old castle, and glanced in at the captive, with a promise of relief, during the seven weary years which the unfortunate emir lingered through there; the dethronement, exile and death of the monarch in whose name he had been imprisoned—the setting up of a republic, whose shibboleth was freedom! liberty! Illusive promise-breakers all! The chafed spirit of the emir still hopelessly fretted itself against the unmoving bars of his dungeon, when, like a shift of scene in a theatre, the door flew open, a mass of glittering uniforms floated in with a sudden light-burst, and the bewildered captive felt the chains put on by a king and riveted by a republic, fall off, as if by magic, at the voice of one who but the other day was a prisoner like himself, and in apparently more hopeless bondage! Whatever may have been the motives of Louis Napoleon in freeing Abd-el-Kader—perhaps delight in the exhibition of supreme power, a wish to obtain a reputation for chivalric generosity at the cost of a cheap, unhazardous magnanimity, the desire to contrast his own conduct towards the emir as strikingly as possible with that of the fore-

going royal and republican governments — matters very little, after all, to any one but himself. The act itself was a just and honorable one; and the manner in which it was performed added greatly — an important consideration in France — to its dramatic effect. In truth, one can hardly imagine a more effective incident. Consider it for a moment. The place, a royal castle of the elder Bourbons, built by Charles VI., where Louis XI. instituted the order of St. Michael, and Charles VIII. was born and died; the captive to be set free, originally a prisoner of the monarch who had usurped the hereditary seat of those ancient kings; and the liberator himself, though his foot was now upon the step of an imperial throne, but a brief space previously having escaped from the custody of Abd-el-Kader's jailer, in the dress of a laborer, a rough, heavy plank borne across the shoulder, soon to be graced by the imperial mantle! The dialogue of this showy *pièce de circonstance* was not less *bizarre* and misplaced than its other accessories. "I believe you," said Louis Napoleon, addressing the emir, "to be capable of resigning yourself, as both your religion and mine enjoin us to do, to the circumstances of the position in which you are placed, and thus your word is sacred; I rely upon it confidently, knowing, as I do, that amongst honorable men no other bond is required!" To which the emir replied by commanding one of his suite to read aloud a passage from the Koran, which denounces the breaking of a promise, though made to an unbeliever, as a dishonor and a crime! There, reader, you may travel far and read much before you light upon so amusing and suggestive a scene as this, enacted late in the fall of last year at the royal castle of Amboise.

Abd-el-Kader left France just as the news of the storming of Laghouat by General Pellissier, of Dahrah-Cave memory, arrived in that country; unmistakable evidence, were any required, that the war, of which we have endeavored to present a faithful, unexaggerated outline, is not yet at an end — a result much, we think, to be regretted for the sake of the native population themselves. They can never hope to expel France from their sea-frontier; they are hemmed in east and west by numerous populations, bitterly hostile — through dread of France, no doubt, but still bitterly hostile — as the sanguinary overthrow of Abd-el-Kader by the Morocco troops clearly showed; and although even thus crippled, and divided as they are amongst themselves, the fastnesses of the Atlas might perhaps be held for an indefinite time, the prolongation of a conflict without reasonable hope or definite aim, must be chiefly hurtful to the aborigines themselves. A maritime war would no doubt totally change the con-

ditions of the strife; but we doubt whether the compelled evacuation of Algeria by France, supposing no other European nation willing or able to supply her place, would not be the greatest misfortune that could befall the natives, now that the smashing, slaying, firing part of the business must be pretty well over. They have been forcibly brought into contact with a more potent civilization than their own, by which they must ultimately be greatly benefited; railways, the precursors of material progress, are, it is said, about to be constructed on the plains; and the government, by the establishment of schools, evince a laudable anxiety to advance their moral as well as physical condition. The subjugation of Algeria, so far as it has gone, has assuredly added nothing to the reputation of the French armies either for prowess or humanity; but the civilization of Northern Africa presents an ample field for exertion, success in which will make amends for the past, and cause men to acknowledge, with unalloyed satisfaction, the signal service rendered to mankind by France in putting down the vast and formidable system of piracy which, for three centuries, had been permitted to organize and intrench itself on the shores of the Mediterranean.

PREDICTION. — In the "Astronomical Diary," or an Almanac calculated for the meridian of Boston, in New England, for 1758, and published in that year, by Nathaniel Ames, in an essay on the "Past, Present, and Future State of America," a subject which the writer says is "daily becoming more and more interesting," occurs the following paragraph: — "The curious have observed that the progress of human literature (like the sun) is from the east to the west; thus it has travelled through Asia and Europe, and is now arrived at the eastern shore of America. So arts and sciences will change the face of nature in their tour from hence over the Appalachian mountains to the Western Ocean — the rocks will disclose their hidden gems — the inestimable treasures of gold and silver will be broken up; — huge mountains of iron ore are already discovered, and vast stores are reserved for future generations — shall not these vast quarries that teem with mechanic stone — those for structure be piled up into vast cities — those for sculpture into statues to perpetuate the honor of renowned heroes, even those who shall now save their country? Oh! ye unborn inhabitants of America! should this page escape its destined conflagration at the year's end, and these alphabetical letters remain legible, when your eyes behold the sun after he has rolled the seasons round for two or three centuries more, you will know that in Anno Domini 1758 we dreamed of your times." What would Nathaniel Ames say now, if he could rise up from his grave and contemplate America as she stands in less than a century from the time when he penned the above prophecy of her future destiny? — *Daily Ad.*

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

MR. DARLEY'S WYOMING.

AMERICAN subjects are not usually favorites with American artists. We must admit the costumes and accessories—the materials which go to *make up* a picture—to be more picturesque and effective, more abundant, striking, and significant, in the old world than in the new. A Swiss peasant girl, in the foreground of an Alpine landscape, is a more agreeable object to the eye, than a young lady with a parasol, among the mountains of Fishkill. We have in this country many estimable gentlemen of the Hebrew faith, whose portraits, no doubt, would be intensely interesting to their families and friends; and yet, we think a likeness of Judas Iscariot, after he hanged himself, likelier to be relished by the indiscriminating multitude. Mr. Seward's full-length, with a copy of "Uncle Tom" in his hand, even in these days of excitement, might, we fancy, be a less desirable subject for a painter than that of Machiavelli with a scroll. With certain privileges of art, custom has made us familiar. Respectable elderly gentlemen suffer themselves to appear in marble, in this climate of coughs, colds and catarrhs, with nothing but a slight fold of drapery across the pectoral muscles; and we gaze calmly upon the statue of Washington, in the trappings of Caligula, without the least suspicion of the palpable anachronism. In brief, however paradoxical it may seem, the elements of art are more attainable, more obvious, more easily recognized in the remote than in the near; and there are certain principles of effect, that have become legitimate, because hereditary, which artists, who wish to be on the safe side, had better acknowledge.

Happily, however, we possess certain achievements in American art that are independent of time and place, of costumes and accessories—transcripts of nature, as it is now, has been, and ever will be. We recognize in the sketches of Mr. Darley—in those expressive faces, and speaking lineaments—a language that needs no interpreter. In the beautiful landscapes of Cole and Durand, of Kensett and Church, we see something that will be understood wherever grass grows and water runs, wherever trees rustle or clouds mantle the sky.

The beautiful valley of Wyoming, our Eden, sweet, elegiac place, filled with the romance of our history, through which, like a silver thread, runs the Susquehanna river, has been a theme for a great European poet; but the "Gertrude" of Campbell, however admirable, does not embrace a tithe of the real interest inwoven with its own sad history. The very seclusion of the valley, its peaceful tran-

quillity, seemed to invite invasion, and its unwritten epic is the most sad, and the most heroic in consequence. Who can pass through that primeval forest on the road to Wilkesbarre, not misnamed "The Shades of Death," without recalling vividly the suffering of those poor innocents—helpless age, and widowed mothers, and young children, perishing of hunger (as many did), rather than expose themselves to the merciless savage, or his no less merciless employer? We read, in Mr. Miner's history, of children who were born and died in that dismal swamp; of men who refused to touch a morsel of food, that their wives and little ones might not perish by famine; of mothers carrying their dead infants twenty miles beneath a July sun, to give them burial—to save their poor senseless remains from being devoured by wolves; we read of the constant, patient martyrdom of those faithful pioneers in the cause of liberty; we read the names of our great countrymen inscribed upon the monument in memory of the "massacre;" and feel, that as Thermopylæ was to the Greek, so is Wyoming to the American—a watchword, and a battle cry, against the standards of oppression!

Mr. Darley's picture, from which a large engraving is now published, represents, with exquisite fidelity, one of the incidents in that fruitful portion of our history. The Indians in the pay of the British, in 1778, had been gathering in and around the Valley, and the story is thus briefly told in that admirable work by Chas. Miner, "The History of Wyoming:"—

At Fort Jenkins, the uppermost in the Valley, and only a mile above Wintermoot's, there were gathered the families of the old patriot, John Jenkins, Esqr., the Hardings, and Gardiners, distinguished for zeal, with others. Not apprized of the contiguity of the savages, on the morning of the 30th of June, Benjamin Harding, Stukely Harding, John Harding (a boy), James Hadsell, James Hadsell, jun., Daniel Miller, John Gardiner, and Daniel Carr, eight in all, took their arms and went up about three miles into Exeter, to their labor. Towards evening, at an hour when aid could not be expected, they were attacked. That they fought bravely was admitted by the enemy. James Hadsell and his son Benjamin, and Stukely Harding were killed. John Harding (the boy) threw himself into the river, and lay under the willows, his mouth just above the surface. He heard with anguish the dying groans of his friends. Knowing he was near, the Indians searched carefully for him. At one time he was so close that he could have touched them.

This was the opening of the campaign.

How well this is delineated by the pencil of Darley, will be seen by referring to Mr Darley's picture.

From the Paris Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune.

UNCLE TOM IN FRANCE.

UNCLE TOM's literary success I have spoken of in former letters; it had then surpassed anything of the kind since the issue of the *Mysteries of Paris*. It is still going on without abatement. It has been published at Paris in the feuilletons of the *Presse*, of the *Pays*, of the *Estafette*, of the *Presse Littéraire*, and of another paper; it has also been published in eight distinct book-forms, of one of which an edition of one hundred thousand has been sold. Not one of the numerous circulating libraries that has not its well-thumbed copies. Besides the large importation from England, the house of Baudry has issued an edition for English readers; and still a new translation, the eleventh, is announced in press. Not a journal or literary periodical, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Debats*, down to the *Chronique de France* and *Charivari*, that has not had its article on Mrs. Stowe and her book. Engraved portraits of the lady are displayed in the shop windows; artists are already transferring to canvass the graphic scenes from her pages; a reflex fame illustrates the merits of her other writings, and two translations of her smaller tales have appeared. And all this began only three months ago; Uncle Tom came out in a French dress for the first time last October. We briefly express the universal popularity of a person by saying his name is familiar throughout the land as a household word; it is indicated in this latitude by its appearance at the head of the play-bill. No book that has attained anything like the astonishing success of Mrs. Stowe's, if its scenes and characters offer any dramatic elements, fails to be adapted to the stage.

The French, more sensuous (if I may so apply the word), but less imaginative, more gregarious and less domestic than we, love to see and hear in sympathetic crowds what they have wept and laughed over in solitary perusal. Consequently, the Ambigu Comique and the Gaité, the two largest theatres in Paris, are nightly crowded from pit to gallery with eager listeners and spectators to the thrilling words and brilliant tableaux of the dramatic spectacles founded on the American book. It would not be worth the while here to present an analysis of these two plays. You will find one given in all the Monday feuilletons of your Parisian files received by last steamer. It is enough to say that, with abundant errors in manners, scenery and local coloring generally, the *black* shade was essentially American; for, as one of the critics last Monday observes: "We have no slaves; on touching the noble soil of France one becomes free." The acting at both theatres is ex-

cellent; the personation of Eliza by Madame Guyon at one, and of Eva by Mlle. Felix, a sister of Rachel, at the other, drew down—tears of applause. At the Ambigu, one of the scenes represents an auction sale of slaves at New Orleans, where George, returned a free-man from Canada, bids for his own wife; his competitor is his former master, whose passion is roused by the charms of Eliza; the wealth of the latter soon enables him to run up the merchandise to a price beyond George's resources; two friends add their purses, but they are outbidden by the planter, now mad with passion; at the moment, however, when the chattel is to be struck off to the latter, false news is brought to him that his house is on fire, and he hurries off; George is enabled, by another friendly contribution, to rise on the last enormous bid, and the auctioneer *knocks down* his wife to her husband. "*Il a réussi!*" shouted at this instant a worthy blouse, who, with his body half extended over the railing of the gallery, had followed every incident of a scene so novel to a Frenchman with breathless interest.

This is but one of several instances where the audience seemed to confound the fictitious horrors passing before them with some dreadful reality. I must note, with thankfulness, that the authors of the dramas had not taken the occasion to retort upon America the hard words which we have found cause to use toward France during the last year. The two theatres which I have mentioned, seat together an audience of 3,700 persons; they count upon a hundred successful representations of the American dramas. Still two other theatres, the Gymnase Dramatique, with 1,300 seats, and the little theatre du Palais Royal, with 930 places, severally announce as forthcoming the *Cabane de l'Uncle Tom*, and the *Cassine de l'Uncle Tom*. Finally, Mr. Ida or Ira Aldrige, a "black Macready," who would doubtless be mobbed at the Astor-place House, but who has been well received at the elegant Opera House in Berlin, is soon to play his round of Shakespearian characters on some Parisian stage. He is, I believe, our compatriot. *Lebas le Nègre*, who, in this revival of the dramatic black art, figures nightly with sufficient applause, is not, and cannot be further treated of among American representatives abroad.

By a letter from M. Chauvel, printed in the *Indépendance Belge*, on the subject of the estate given to M. De Lamartine by the sultan, we learn that the Turkish minister has repurchased the concession from the French poet for an annuity of 80,000 piastres (about 750*l.*) to be duly paid for twenty-three years. — *Athenæum*.

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I HOPE YOU WON'T PROPOSE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

You say "the dew is on the rose, the stars are
o'er the sea" —
Roses and stars have seldom been discussed by
you and me,
Save when we viewed the former in the Flower-
show's bright array,
Or gazed upon the latter from a side-box at the
play.
You never wore in Regent-street such sad and
anxious looks —
You never talked in Belgrave-square of cottages
and brooks !
Why do you speak about "the bliss that mutual
love bestows" ?
Why quote from Shentone's *Pastorals* ? I hope
you won't propose !

Now, should you really ask of me my freedom to
forego,
And I pronounced (for so I should) a frank, de-
cisive "No !" —
Just tell me, could you ever hope hereafter to
appear
In public, as my chosen knight, my favored cav-
alier ?

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We must pass by one another with looks as cold
and proud
As the couple in Haynes Bayly's song, who
"met, 't was in a crowd !"
Refusals leave a sting behind, so every wise man
knows ;
And those who doubt the answer should beware
how they propose !
Nor could I soon another find so ready at my
call,
So careful of my handkerchief, my bouquet, and
my shawl.
Who would secure the opera-box ? who would so
ably choose
The best and most conspicuous seats at races and
reviews ?
Who would mount guard beside my stall with
such a gallant air,
When I vended "lady-trifles" at the crowded
Fancy Fair ?
And who would take a second when I sang "The
Boatie Rows" ?
In our water-parties on the Thames ? I hope you
won't propose !
Then, when we once were seen apart, imagine, if
you can,
What snares society would set to trap the marry-
ing man !

Girls, chaperons, and mothers would be always
in your way ;
You would feel in every drawing-room just like
a stag at bay.
While I, unwelcome suitors would beset my path
by scores ;
Pert coxcombs, country cousins, blockheads, for-
tune-hunters, bores,
All ready to pursue, annoy, plead, flatter, fawn,
and prose.
Do save me from the horrid tribe ! in pity don't
propose !

By all the gay assemblies we have gone to, night
by night,
(Termed, I believe, in poetry, "the halls of daz-
zling light !")
By our soft and quiet whispers, when with Jul-
lien's concerts dined —
By our speechless rapture when we heard the
notes of Jenny Lind —
By our Crystal Palace saunters, when we saw in
rapt surprise
The wonders of Arabian tales unfolded to our
eyes —
By all the "Claude Lorrain effects" that faithful
Memory throws
Over three successive seasons, I adjure you, don't
propose !

I fear that "love in idleness" must thrive in
scenes like these ;
Do let us quit these silent shades, these "odious,
odious trees !"
I scarcely think the little god would ever cross
your path
On the breezy cliffs of Brighton, or the gay pa-
rades of Bath.
And when the London Spring returns, with all
its countless train
Of pleasures to attract the eye, and fill the busy
brain,
New dancers, singers, pictures, books, plays,
parties, belles, and beaux,
My mind will be relieved from fear — I *know* you
won't propose !

From the Spectator.

SONG OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath day — the gracious day !
Bringing the gift of peace,
Chasing life's rudest cares away,
Letting tired labor cease ;
Breaking like sunshine on the earth,
Bidding vain shadows flee ;
Calling for praise and sinless mirth ;
Making the bondman free.

The Sabbath day — the priceless boon !
Let not the sordid deem
It yields no gain, it comes too soon ;
It is of light esteem.
Let not the bigot sternly say
His temple claims it all ;
Who shall imprison Mercy's ray
Within that narrow wall ?

The Sabbath day — the separate :
For which with yearning sighs
The wearied workers patient wait,
And joy to see it rise ;
The aching hand, the o'er-tasked brain,
Alike may find repose,
And gather strength to toil again,
And strength to conquer woes.

The Sabbath day — the gift divine !
That, whatso'er our creed,
Supplies with bounteousness benign
Leisure for every need ;
For prayer, for praise, for soothing rest,
For thought of boundless scope,
For heed of Charity's behest,
For love, for joy, for hope.

The Sabbath day — the glorious day !
Beyond the city-gate
Let tens of thousands wend their way
Where breeze and sunshine wait ;
And let them see the streamlets flow,
And tread the daisied sod,
And look upon the buds that blow,
And search and find out God.

The Sabbath day — the buckler strong
That guards the poor and meek,
Shielding the desolate from wrong,
Leaving the tyrant weak.
The Sabbath day — O, prize it well !
Its wisdom learn to scan ;
Alike in temple, field, or cell,
"The Sabbath made for man."

JULIA DAY.

INDIAN FRONTIER.

28th February, 1853

In the approaching dismemberment of Turkey, Austria seeks to gain possession of the Valley of the Danube ; Russia of Constantinople and the adjacent country ; France, of the "Holy Places," or Syria. Under these circumstances, is it not time for England to make provision for securing her Northern Indian frontier, more especially that part of it which extends from the 30th to the 60th meridian East of Greenwich ?

Commencing at the meridian first mentioned, that frontier is truly the Mediterranean, or the boundary of Asia as far as the Black Sea ; from that sea to the Caspian, still the same boundary, or the watershed of the Circassian mountains and the Caucasus ; and from the Caspian eastward to the Sea of Ochotsk the watershed of the Altai, or the mountain-chains separating the rivers that fall into the Arctic Ocean from those that flow into the Aral Sea and southwards.

Within these limits, do not wisdom and duty alike require that, borrowing an idea from her Transatlantic descendants, England adopt and so far carry out "the Monroe principle," as to preclude acquisition of territory by any power but herself ? — *Spectator*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE OCTAVIUS OF MINUCIUS FELIX.*

WE are grateful to Mr. Holden for this new edition of the *Octavius of Minucius Felix*. To a carefully revised text, improved by consultation of the best manuscripts, he has appended a learned introduction and compendious scholarly notes, which really elucidate the author without vexing the reader by theological crudities or prejudices. And this is no mean recommendation in an age when patristic literature is so often employed as a weapon of offence in religious frays. Minucius Felix was, on many accounts, worth the pains of a new edition. If not one of the most powerful or original of the Christian apologists, he is one of the most pleasant to read. More compact and graceful than the treatise of Arnolius, *Adversus Gentes*, less rhetorical and tedious than the *Institutes of Lactantius*, his *Octavius* sets before us the general points of the Christian controversy with Paganism in a fair and lucid form. Minucius, indeed, is no Boanerges like Tertullian, yet he is an abler defender of the cause which he advocates than was the sophist Libanius, or his imperial pupil Julian, of their decrepit Paganism. The heathen Cæcilius might perhaps make a better fight for his Olympian friends, and the Christian Octavius might hit straighter blows. Celsus and Origen, Faustus and Augustine, Jerome, and Rufinus, handled their swords less like dancers. Yet Octavius and Cæcilius quarrel, on the whole, with earnestness; and their controversy, as recorded in this Dialogue, may be taken as a fair sample of the discussions between the old law and the new which must often have occurred under the porticoes of a Roman villa, or in the studious retirement of Athens. The burden and heat of the strife were borne in other scenes—in the market-place, when some zealous neophyte denounced the procession of the Salian priests on the Martian calends; in the fore-court of the temples, when some stern enthusiast refused to throw incense upon the altar of Jupiter; in the theatre, when some outraged moralist raised his voice against the pollution of the games of Flora; in the camp, when some scarred and grizzled centurion abjured

his allegiance to the eagles; or at the prætor's tribunal, when some hardy convert rejected the oath to the Genius of Cæsar. But amid friends and in the home-circle, where the new creed, as its author had foretold, had sown division of hearts, more temperate discussions would occur; and among kinsfolk and acquaintance who really esteemed one another, may have been conducted and concluded with as little acrimony as the dispute in this elegant Dialogue of Minucius. One member of the family—we will suppose an imaginary case—had attracted notice or incurred reproof from his elders for omitting to salute the Lares on his goings-out and comings-in. He had for some time absented himself from the temples on holidays, and had not bowed his head when the statue of Jupiter or Isis was borne in procession through the streets. His singularity had been remarked by the Flamen, and talked about at the prætor's table. Marcus, it was whispered, had become a denier of the gods; had even gone frequently of late to a Jews' chapel on the river's side, and had been seen standing up to his waist in the water, while the Jewish priest muttered over him some unintelligible words. Marcus, too, was ever and anon repeating to himself a kind of charm—carmen—but so far as the words of the charm had any discoverable meaning, they referred to neither love nor war, neither resembled any of the hymns which were sung in the temples at the calends, the ides, or the spring and autumn festivals. Nay, more, Marcus seemed to have taken to evil courses; for he had been traced to an obscure house in the suburbs, where, in an upper chamber, some of the rabble were wont to assemble after sunset—for what purpose no respectable person could say; they could only surmise it was for no good one, since the doors of the chambers were opened only at a certain password. With Marcus, accordingly, it had become high time to talk seriously, for the credit of the family. Prying eyes were around them; the priest of Jupiter had even condescended to speak with the priest of Isis on the subject, and the prefect of the night-watch—the *præfectus vigilum*—had threatened to bring the case, on the next Nundines, before the sitting ædile. Yet, when Marcus was questioned and reproved, his defence of these proceedings was so good, that he was better than matters ten times worse in the eyes of all right-thinking men. He not only neglected, but defied Jupiter.

* The *Octavius of Minucius Felix*; with an English Introduction, Commentary, Indices, and Analysis. By the Rev. H. A. Holden, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College. Edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1853.

He maintained his statue to be a block of stone, his altar an abomination, his flamen an impostor, his worshippers dupes, and his pretensions to prayers and frankincense as hollow as the pedestal which supported him, his eagle, and thunderbolts. Marcus averred that, for his part, he adored a mysterious, and sublime, and beneficent Being, who had neither statue, nor altar, nor pompous temple, but who had proved his divine authority by tokens more astounding than even the mysteries or the oracles, and who had given to mankind a written record of himself, older than the Night and Chaos of the Bæotian minstrel, Hesiod. And with such power, and withal such gentleness, did Marcus explain his novel doctrines, that before long the priest of Jupiter suffered further losses in his congregation. The household of Marcus came no more to the temple.

The Dialogue of Minucius represents one of these milder forms of conversion to Christianity. Its plot is simple; its dramatis personæ are three only in number — Minucius himself, the Christian Octavius, and the heathen Cæcilius; the arguments are drawn from the surface of the conflicting creeds, and the language in which they are canvassed would have won an approving smile from Cicero, as a well-intended copy of his own philosophical dialogues. The form and accessories of the *Octavius* are remarkably graceful. From Plato the ancient writers of imaginary conversations learned the art of prefixing to philosophical discussions a pictorial proscenium of woodland, and running waters, and cool green valleys yielding prospect of "towered cities." In the *Octavius*, the beach of Ostia, and the "blue Mediterranean," whispering among the shingle, and the distant hum of the port of Rome, and the measured chant of fishermen pushing off their boats, and the laughter of children skimming smooth pebbles on the surface of the waves — we have played at "duck and drake" ourselves, to our great contentment — are the pictorial adjuncts of the scene. It is the autumn of a year — early, Mr. Holden thinks, in the reign of the good Alexander Severus, the cosmopolite emperor who placed statuettes of Abraham and of Jesus in his cabinet — and throughout Campania, and on the sunny slopes of the Falernian hills the in-gathering of the grapes is proceeding busily. At this season three Roman gentlemen of the bar have the smoke and noise and pomp of the

metropolis for the quiet shore and marine baths of Ostia. Minucius dwells upon the freshness of the morning, and the gentle oscillations of the sea and the sand, and the delight of leisure and congenial company — "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." He had earned his relish for these sterling pleasures by assiduous attendance in the courts of law during a July spent in Rome. But lawyers, even in vacations, are an argumentative race. Sir Matthew Hale used to "put cases" to his children in their country walks; Lord Keeper North would read the "Reports" in an arbor opening on his bowling-green; and Lord Eldon is said to have drawn a case of trespass — *in re Douglas versus Northumberland* — upon the evidence afforded by "Chevy-Chase." So long as Minucius and his learned friends converse about things in general, "all goes merry as a marriage-bell." But a controversy soon springs up. It seems that upon that Ostian shore was erected a temple, or at least a statue of Serapis, who, after his migration from the kingdom of Pontus to Alexandria, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, had moved further westward, and had become a fashionable deity in the Italian peninsula. We do not know whether he had supplanted Neptune, or whether the Italian mariners saluted him on leaving and returning to port, or whether those who had escaped the sirocco were wont to suspend votive tablets in his chapel. But whatever his business may have been, there and then Serapis was; and Cæcilius paid his compliments, in passing, to the Pontic deity by kissing the tips of his own fingers. This harmless mark of respect — upon a par with Madame de Sevigné's going to mass *par politesse* — stirs, however, the bile of the Christian Octavius, and he forthwith reproves Minucius for allowing his friend to continue in such heathen ignorance. The rebuke, although uttered half-aside, reaches the ears and wounds the pride of Cæcilius. He turns sulky for a few minutes, and, "after short silence," challenges Octavius to maintain his incivility by a formal argument in defence of his new-fangled creed. Cæcilius and Octavius respectively plead the cause of the declining and the ascendant faith. Minucius acts as "judicious bottle-holder" to the combatants, and the Pagan champion, as was preordained by the author of the dialogue, "gives in" at last, and politely thanks the instrument of his conversion.

We shall not recapitulate their arguments ; they are drawn from the common stock of the Christian apologists, and many of them had long before been stored in the quivers of the philosophical schools. Plato and Epicurus and Lucian barbed some of the keenest shafts for the Christian archers. Moreover, the dialogue itself is short and agreeable to read, and Mr. Holden's commentary will increase the pleasure as well as the profit of perusing it. We shall rather attempt to direct the reader's attention for a few minutes to the controversy itself, and to some of the social and ethical phenomena appertaining to it.

The struggle between Paganism and Christianity, even if surveyed in its intellectual aspect alone, is one of absorbing interest. As respects its general form, there can scarcely be imagined a more striking contrast than that between the rude vigor of the earlier Christian manifestoes, and the polished art and erudition of the philosophical treatises of Cicero and Seneca. Unfortunately, we possess scarcely any means of nearer comparison, since the bigotry of their opponents has left fragments only of the Pagan apologists, as they chanced to be accidentally imbedded in the writings of their foes. As respects their subject-matter, there can hardly be a more marked distinction than that between the impulsive earnestness of Paul of Tarsus, Ignatius, or Justin Martyr, and the dexterous gladiatorial fencing of the later heathen moralists. The former write "as with authority," and seldom regard the laws of logical combat ; the latter build up their arguments with the polished and plausible eloquence of men who are making the best of their case, without being vitally convinced of its truth. With the one it is a matter of life or death spiritually ; with the other, a stake of skill and reputation intellectually. The one fight like men leading a forlorn hope ; the other, like men who are maintaining their ground in a fortress planned by Vauban, and impregnable while assailed only by the ordinary rules of war. Until the fields of Morgarten and Nancy had proved the contrary, no one dreamed that the chivalry of Burgundy would bend as reeds before the pikemen of Soleure and Lucerne ; and in the second century, it seemed as incredible that the assertions of a few Galilean peasants, even when backed by a pupil of Gamaliel, would shiver the dialectics of centuries, and make

practicable breaches in the strongest forts of philosophy.

Most fair indeed, in the eyes of contemporaries, was the aspect of Paganism during the first two centuries of the Roman empire. War, at least upon the scale of the unceasing and absorbing wars of the Commonwealth, had died down. The frontiers of the Rhine and the Euphrates, indeed, bristled with the summer and winter camps of the legions, and the Parthians and Germans occasionally swept off the harvests and wheeled around the fortresses of the northern and the eastern provinces. But these calamities touched upon the verge only of the Roman world. Within its ample circumference the Pax Romana abode securely. The capitals of ancient kingdoms, which the consuls had laid in ashes, were restored by the emperors to their original grandeur and beauty ; the rude villages and towns of Gaul and Iberia were replaced by stately and flourishing cities ; and if Greece and Asia Minor were somewhat shorn of their early splendor, western Europe was brought within the pale of Hellenic civilization. Rome, indeed, for the most part, made large compensations to the world for the independence it suppressed, and for the sufferings which it had inflicted. In its material aspects the evening of Paganism was calm and even august ; and to the superficial observer its moral surface presented no signal tokens of decrepitude and decay.

Yet the perpetuity which its poets, orators, and panegyrists promised to Rome—and promised probably without insincerity or misgivings—rested on a hollow basis. Its great mutations had been acted. Its serenity was the slumber of approaching dissolution. The only living principle throughout its inert mass was Christianity, and that was directly hostile to the perpetuity of Rome. It was hostile to the Cæsars, because they assumed in life and in death the honors due to Christ alone ; it was hostile to the established religion as "the doctrine of devils ;" to philosophy as "a tissue of errors, if not of fraud ;" to literature, as the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbals of pride or impurity ; to the arts and recreations of society, as the garnish of idolatry or the ministers of sensuality ; to the general tenor of ethnic manners and morals, as inconsistent with the precepts of their lawgiver. It is not, indeed, easy for us, whose social system presumes, even

where it does not exhibit the influence of the Gospel, to realize the feeling with which a Christian of the second century contemplated the world around him. The features of Paganism, which we, standing apart from them, regard with interest, were to him foul and hideous deformities. We painfully unroll the rolls of papyrus, and preserve in museums the storied urns and mutilated busts; he would have flung the *Æneid* back into the flames, to which its author on his death-bed had recommended it, and would have shattered the Apollo, even as Josiah purged the valley of Hinnom from the abominations of the Zidonians. As difficult is it to represent to ourselves the surprise and indignation with which even conscientious heathens of the same period regarded their Christian neighbors. From mere humanity, or sentiments of neighborhood and friendship, they would not join in the cry of the multitude, *Christianos ad leones*; yet they might fairly think that such perverse offenders against law and custom were legitimate objects for coercion by the magistrate. Now and then we read in our police-reports of some crack-brained fanatic's dashing to pieces the storied window of a cathedral, or scoring with his knife a picture of the Trinity, and thinking that he is doing the Lord's work by so much wilful damage. But such outrages, which among ourselves may not happen once a year, were of ordinary occurrence in the earlier ages of Christianity, and were not perpetrated by fanatics only. Yet they were not the less inexplicable to heathen observers because they might be frequent. They would infer from the conduct and conversation of such neighbors—and there have been many inferences less just—a rooted malignity, or at least a most incomprehensible perverseness of nature. "What," they may be supposed to have said, "would these people have! The state-machine moves smoothly; the taxes might be lighter, yet, at all events, they are no longer 'jobbed,' by companies or individual *publicani*, but collected regularly by Cæsar's procurators. The conscription no longer decimates the people, for there are no wars, and the soldier is as likely to die in his bed as by a Parthian arrow. It were better if the poor were employed; meanwhile they are fed by the government; and if the theatre does not conduce to good morals, it is not worse than it was a hundred years ago, when none found fault with it. As for our religion, it sufficed our ancestors, and they were wise, and honest, and brave men; and he whom the oracle pronounced the wisest among them, especially enjoined his hearers to respect the creed and rituals of the state. In worshipping the Cæsars we indeed sometimes pay but a scurvy compliment to the gods by giv-

ing them such copartners in their incense and oblations. Yet, even in this matter, we are hardly innovators; for did not the old Romans make a god of Romulus! and the Egyptians, whom in their obstinacy these Galileans much resemble, deified their Pharaohs and Ptolemies. As for our household-life, it is not more lax than was that of Carthage, Athens, or Syracuse, while our literature is at least as decorous as it was in the time of Ovid or Martial. And yet, forsooth, these peevish puritans would persuade us that the world is coming to an end through the transcendent wickedness of this our generation. They would fain mend all things according to their own fancies, and their mending would be some such work as that of drunken Flaccus the tailor, who yesterday, putting a new border to my *prætecta*, rent the whole gown from top to bottom. A murder on him and them! They would displace the Cæsars, throw down the statues of the gods, shut up the theatres, stop processions on the calends, and even put out the lamp on Vesta's altar, because they have picked up notions from the Jews' books that such observances are displeasing to the gods. Nay, these pestilent meddlers are not even content with vilifying our rites and opinions; but claim our homage for a Galilean peasant whom one of our procurators put to death more than a century and a half ago. Our divinities, they allege, are evil demons in human shape; or if, as Euhemerus supposed them to be, once mere men, they were men of the worst character, who for their crimes merited a carnifex, rather than a pontifex, to wait upon them. Now, neither my friend Sossius Senecio, the philosopher, nor my good neighbor and kinsman Lucius, the *ædile* of the markets, a worthy common-place person enough, yet no fool, believes that Jupiter really bestrides a ridge of Olympus, or wears such ambrosial curls as Homer and Pheidias ascribe to him. Yet neither of them scruples flinging a few grains of incense upon his altar, or occasionally buying a kid heifer for his Flamen to kill and eat. For so did our fathers five hundred years back; and the gods prospered the work of their hands, and gave them wit and valor enough to win this empire which we now possess in security, and might with comfort, were it not for these cavillers of yesterday. It was a good deed of the old emperor Tiberius, to pack four thousand of them off at once to Sardinia, where the marsh fever gave them something to grumble for."

We have endeavored to exhibit in a somewhat dramatic form the opposite views which a Christian and heathen respectively would take of the moral and social world in the age of Alexander Severus, and about the time when Minucius probably composed his dia-

logue of *Octavius*. To our fancied interlocutors we have ascribed the opinions which Minucius and the Christian apologists in general attribute to their opponents, or adopt for themselves. We now proceed to examine other features of this memorable contest between "old things and new."

To every earnest mind the contemplation of an outworn and decaying system of belief is unutterably painful. Man, individually, remains much the same under any system of belief. His youth is actuated by similar passions; his manhood affected by similar objects of desire; and his old age consoled or embittered with similar retrospects and relaxations of activity. But, in an age of social and moral decrepitude, the passions of youth are more feebly controlled by law and by opinion; the aspirations of manhood have fewer definite aims; and the retrospects of age are less fraught with satisfactions derived from the past. It is too late for great thoughts or great deeds; for the one there is no longer a proper centre — for the other, no possible career. In the decline of Paganism, and before Christianity had infused new vigor into the principles of action, so much of life as was not absorbed by sensual or selfish cares, must have been tinged with sadness — with the sadness which ever attends upon uncertainty. That it was so tinged, we may discern in the subdued tone of the later ethical writers, in the good-natured Plutarch, in the sterner mood of Epictetus, and even in the sarcastic humor of Lucian—who, by the way, is much misrepresented, when, on the ground of a few, and not the best of his writings, he is described as a mere scoffer. The philosophy which at the time Minucius was writing arrayed itself against Christianity, was both in its form and purpose syncretic — that is, it aimed at a species of notional optimism, and attempted to harmonize all previous systems, and to extract from each, however discordant or however irreconcilable, their joint or several stock of truth. But, unluckily for this and all subsequent and similar attempts, there is such a thing as over-truth, or truism; and truisms, or general maxims which nobody questions and which nobody acts upon, were the unavoidable results of this syncretic process of filtration.

Let us take a familiar illustration. In the realm of diamonds the Koh-i-Noor is the acknowledged king. Yet, of the many thousand spectators of this prince of gems who peered into his tabernacle of glass in 1851, few went away contented with his adamantine majesty. "His form is clumsy," said one party; "his lustre is feeble," said another; a third discovered specks on his surface; a fourth suggested "soap and water." There was ground, it seems, for these re-

proaches; for subsequently the king of diamonds has been trimmed and polished, and has come forth from this process "much improved." Now, to the metaphysicians of the third century of the Christian era, philosophy was somewhat in the circumstances of the Koh-i-Noor. It was not shapely enough; it was not luminous enough; it was flawed; it needed "soap and water;" it must be ground into fair and marketable proportions. The Koh-i-Noor, we are informed, has gained, by the lithotrical treatment to which it has been subjected, greatly in splendor, and lost next to nothing in size. Philosophy did not fare so well from the raspings to which it was subjected. "Accommodate is a good word," but accommodation of principles leads to much bungling work in philosophy, and does not succeed at all better in religion. By its syncretic regimen philosophy was attenuated more than it was refined; it was made to sparkle in sententious epigrams rather than to emit a steady brilliance. It had even degenerated in form. No species of composition, except the pure drama itself, is so dramatic as Plato's dialogues. We become as anxious for the denouement of the dialectic plot as for the solution of the tragic or comic fable. The interlocutors are as proper personages as Agamemnon and Antigone, and Socrates is as amusing a character as the Demos or the sausage-seller themselves. But if we except a few of Lucian's dialogues, we must convict in the mass the ethical dissertations of the later Greek and Roman philosophers for their dullness and defect of dialectic power. The inferiority arose from the want of vital interest in any great philosophical truth. The great problems of psychology had all been mooted without being solved; the great experiments in law and politics had all been made, and had ended in despotism. Religion had long been regarded as a conventional imposture, at which the very priests smiled in the streets, and which the magistrate had almost ceased to view as a useful auxiliary to the police. It was to little purpose that the four leading philosophic sects were beginning to abandon, in the presence of their common foe, their separate tenets, and to merge their discrepancies in a superficial uniformity. The life which had forsaken the parts could not be transferred into the whole. For organic union a new centre and principle of psychological truth was requisite.

These were found in an unexpected quarter — in a suburb which philosophy had long regarded with as much disdain as the burghers of Warsaw and the Hanse Towns felt for the Jews' quarter in their cities. "Can any good thing come out from Galilee?" was once again superciliously asked, when the first obscure apologists presented to Trajan

and the Antonines their appeals for a fair hearing. These men, it was alleged, who petitioned Cæsar for indulgence, are the Pariah caste of a nation more mutinous than the Egyptians and more effeminate than the Syrians; and, thrust out by their own nation and kindred, they are suing for admission into the company of our pontiffs and philosophers.

If Trajan or Aurelius had at any time leisure or inclination to turn over the scrolls of a Christian apology, he was probably struck with equal surprise and disgust at its contents. On the one hand, he would marvel at the high moral tone of its ethics and at its constant assertion of the unity of the divine nature — a truth which the philosophic systems had each, in its turn, adumbrated, but none of them broadly announced. He would mark with satisfaction that these treatises were couched in a spirit of fervent loyalty; that prayers — such as they were — and often they were such as, for their comprehensive piety, would have well befitted the secular games — were offered up for his own welfare and that of the empire; and that they denied none of his earthly attributes, but rendered cheerfully unto Cæsar the things which were his. If, moreover, the emperor, as Hadrian had been, was initiated in the mysteries, his wonder would be increased in proportion as he discovered in the rude manifesto before him intimations of secret bonds and recondite emblems or dogmas more awful and enigmatic than any which the Eleusinian hierophants had disclosed to his gaze. On the other hand, he would be offended by the presumptuous tone of the apologists. Men untrained in the schools, and unacquainted with the very A B C of philosophical terminology, denounced in this audacious roll the wisdom of the wise as folly and the creed of the civilized world as a rank imposture. The petitioners, he would remark, seldom argued and generally asserted: they cut the knots of the deepest ethical problems without scruple, and challenged discussion while they ignored the practice and theoretic of every sect in its turn. What manner of men are these, he may well have pondered in himself, who, in the very act of seeking protection for their dogmas, wage universal war with received opinions, and combine a philosophy worthy of Plato with the impiety of Diagoras the Melian?

Such, probably, was the aspect which the earliest manifestoes of the Christians presented to a philosophic heathen. To the magistrate the next important question would be, how far have these opinions already prevailed? The apologists themselves alleged, and the police reports of the day would confirm their allegation, that they had reached to Cæsar's household, and had insinuated

themselves into the camp, the forum, and even the very temples of the empire. It did not appear, indeed, that they were connected with any political movement, for, upon inquiry, the recent tumults in Cyprus, and that everlasting caldron of sedition, Judæa, were not merely disowned by the apologists, who, in fact, were hated by the insurgents, and hated them in turn with true theological rancor. In fact, so far as they had aught in common with any party or person, the Christians were most inclined to fraternize with the Platonic academy, and a syncretic reconciliation had in fact commenced in some quarters, and especially at Alexandria, between them.

Now syncretism, under every possible form — ethical, political, social, and theological, was the favorite policy of the Roman emperors. They would have all the varieties of mankind called in and restamped at the Cæsarean mint. Syria should bear the same impress as Britain, and the Morinian, who picked up amber on the shores of the Baltic, be brought to resemble the Bibyan who yearly descended the Nile with ivory and frankincense. In the world of thought similar tendencies were visible. No writers resemble one another more closely than the Roman poets and historians who flourished between the reigns of Claudius and Commodus. There are, indeed, diversities of gifts among them, but there is an extraordinary similarity in the character of their minds. If all memorials of the authors had perished, no attentive reader could doubt that Quintilian, the Plinys, and Tacitus, belonged to the same age, or that Lucan, Silius, and Valerius Flaccus held similar canons of poetry. Nor was Christianity itself, in spite of its occasional denunciations of the world and its rulers, averse to syncretism, on certain conditions, with the empire. Its records were addressed to all mankind: its missionaries had penetrated into every region, and it found everywhere, short of the verge of barbarism, the human race gathered into two principal hemispheres of government. From the Hyphasis to the Atlantic — the arena in which the new religion moved principally — two empires, and two alone, were to be found. Each minor body politic had been drawn into one or other of these mighty circles. He who was neither the subject nor the ally of the Cæsar whose throne was on the Seven Hills, was the slave or the friend of the great king of Susa or Ecbatana.

The unity of the political world paved the way for the unity of creed and ritual. And in this respect Christianity possessed over its antagonist an advantage almost in itself alone decisive of victory. Although not without internal divisions, it possessed certain primary and universal truths common to all its sects:

it regarded Pagandom as its common foe, and it marched in a compact mass to the assault of the established religion. Its adversaries, on the contrary, had no common principle of union; neither code nor charter of opinion; their philosophy was caviare to the general, and their ritual an empty, and often an absurd and offensive, pageant to the instructed. Even when Cicero was drawing up his manuals of ethics and theology for the use of his countrymen, and interpreting, not very successfully, to their more practical understandings, the subtle speculations of the Greeks, mankind at large had become weary both of their priestly and their philosophical teachers. The latter they knew for pedants, the former they more than suspected to be quacks. Consciously or unconsciously, they required a law by which to steer amid the ebb and flow of opinion, and since philosophy doubted, while Christianity decided, the latter rapidly attracted to its banners all who desired relief from doubt.

So far we have attempted to compress the argument between the old and new belief, as it related to religion and philosophy. But this is by no means the only ground on which the apologists and their opponents contended. Each side in these controversies produced a list of crimes committed ordinarily by the adverse faction, and Octavius and Cæcilius respectively bandy reproaches of fraud, cruelty, and licentiousness. This, indeed, is the favorite ground of attack and the most secure position of defence with all the Christian writers. Yet to us, who command a view of the entire battle-field, the assault probably appears more effective, and the position stronger than they appeared to contemporary eyes. So much, at least, we infer from the anxiety with which, on these points, the apologists prepare them both for defence and reprisals. The attack was comparatively easy. The arts, the literature, and the social life of Pagandom, even in its better ages, were all deeply infected with impurity; and at the time when Minucius wrote, a fresh stream of Syrian corruption had recently been poured into Rome by Elagabalus. Yet rife and even anomalous as were the vices of the Roman world in its period of decay, we should perhaps accept the relations of the apologists with some caution. Seneca, in his caustic and antithetical way, has sketched the portraits of certain prodigies of immorality in his time; but he has also drawn the lineaments of many noble characters among his contemporaries. The most delightful portions of the letters of the younger Pliny are those in which he describes the life of the country-gentleman — if we may transplant the term — of Italy, the accomplished Terentius and his no less accomplished wife, Pliny's neighbors at

Comum, and Spurinna, an Etruscan Squire Allworthy. In Macrobius and Aulus Gellius we have glimpses of circles where high intellectual cultivation went hand in hand with at least decorum; and even in Apuleius we meet with records of unobtrusive virtues in the heart of social corruption. We are not in a position to decide whether these are rare or ordinary exceptions; but at least these casual examples of worth afford a ground for doubting the wholesale denunciations of the apologists. Fashionable literature — such as the poetry of Ovid, Martial, and even Ausonius — is but an indifferent test of the morality of an age. It may have floated down to us, because it was from the first popular by virtue of its corruption. Paul de Kock and Dumas will probably survive, as they long since supplanted Fenelon. Neither is history necessarily a sure guide, since it deals only or chiefly with the eminences of social life, and these, like the dregs, are, for the most part, in corrupt eras, the chosen haunts of vice. We read Tacitus and Suetonius with some distrust; and we extend our distrust, in some degree, on similar grounds, to Tertullian and Augustine, when they declaim upon manners and morals. They had a case to make out; and they had plenty of witnesses to call, and they have had the Christian world ever since for their jury and judges. Compared with other apologists, Minucius is moderate in his assault upon the vices of his time; and the tone of his reproaches is that of an earnest but good-natured man, displaying as much pity as anger in his rebuke. The defence of the Christians, again, may appear to us easier than it really was at the time to its actual champions; for they were committed, *in limine*, to two formidable objections. First, in denying the truth of the state-religion they denied the authority of the Cæsar as supreme pontiff, and thereby exposed themselves to the penalties of the *lex majestatis*, the law of high treason; and, secondly, by setting themselves against the entire texture and machinery of Paganism, they assailed the whole system of gentile, local, and national worship, and accordingly so far arrayed themselves against so many of the elements of social order. Consequently we find, both in the dialogue before us, and in longer and more animated manifestoes, elaborate, exaggerated, and punctilious expressions of loyalty to the emperors, in their civil capacity, as the rulers appointed by God. No Jacobite was ever more zealous and laudatory toward his exiled prince, than Tertullian shows himself to the Cæsar of his day; especially after some civic picture of the everlasting torments in store for two thirds of the Cæsar's subjects, and by implication accordingly for the Cæsar himself, if he sanctions or partakes in

such and such abominations. So that the Christian apologists ran inevitably upon the horns of this dilemma—professing themselves the most obedient and orderly of citizens, they did their best to pull down the social machinery of the world; and, avowing themselves the most loyal of subjects, they assailed the most sacred attributes of the Cæsar, his pontificate and his apotheosis. This was indeed bearding the lion in his den; these were worshipful truths to tell the master of thirty legions and of any number of lictors, with sharp axes upon their shoulders, to boot. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think that, all circumstances considered, the Cæsars, from Nero to Constantine, were a tolerant race of despots. Francis I., of France, to expiate, in the eyes of Christendom, his alliance with the Sultan against Austria; Henry VIII., to maintain his own divine right to curb men's consciences, and Philip the Second and Third of Spain, to clear their dominions of Jews and Moriscos, committed more wholesale atrocities than were perpetrated by the Pagan emperors, and without their excuses for ignorance or panic. Fortunately for the apologists and their brethren, the age in which they wrote their fiery declamations was not a reading age, and the sovereign and his ministers were generally too deeply engrossed in business or pleasure for the Christian defences to reach the imperial or ministerial bureaux regularly with the other police and provincial reports. We know from Pliny's letters, when they did reach head-quarters, how greatly they perplexed the circumspect and humane Trajan, and how reluctantly he signed the rescripts for punishing the offenders against the majesty of Jupiter and his own.

We have endeavored to place before our readers the argument of the Dialogue of Octavius in the light in which it was probably regarded by contemporaries. We, who see the results only of the diffusion of Christianity, who live in a social system which presupposes its truth and partially adopts its maxims, and whose private as well as public morals profess to be founded upon its laws, can but imperfectly appreciate the position of its early champions, unless we place ourselves, so far as we can ideally, upon the ground occupied by them. We repeat our thanks to Mr. Holden for placing within the reach and drawing the attention of the student to this classical writer. We trust that he may be induced to extend his labors in this direction, and employ his various and accurate scholarship upon other popular treatises of the patristic age. Our universities have been too prone hitherto to regard the writings of the Fathers as merely foundries for Church of England artillery against dissent, and we are glad to receive from the

Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, as an earnest of better things in future, this edition of a Christian apologist, who illustrates the history of opinion without adding fuel to controversy.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS. — Jan. 11. — J. M. Rendel, Esq., President, in the chair. "On the Nature and Properties of Timber, with Notices of several Methods, now in use, for its Preservation from Decay," by Mr. H. P. Burt. The author examined the different species of home and foreign grown timber, their various properties, uses, tendencies to decay, under certain circumstances, the most apparent causes of dry rot, the formation of fungi, and the action of wet and of heat; noticing the extraordinary duration of specimens of timber found in Egypt, in the ruins of Nineveh, and in the more recent monastic and castellated edifices of this country. The chemical constitution of wood was examined, in order to trace the origin of decay, and to lead to the consideration of the most efficient means of arresting it. The necessity for some efficacious and yet moderately cheap system of preserving timber, was insisted on, from the great demand for railway and other engineering works, not only in Europe, but even in the East Indies; where it was remarkable, that the wood which would resist the climate and the ravages of the white ant, was only to be found at such distances inland, that the expense of carriage, in a country devoid of good means of communication, rendered it more economical to buy fir timber in the north of Europe, convert it to the required dimensions, and saturate it with creosote in England, and convey it by sea to India, for the use of the railway now in course of construction in that country. The earliest records of preserving animal and vegetable substances were traced back to the Egyptians, whose mummies were embalmed by being boiled in pitch, found floating in the lakes; the linen and the timber, so preserved, gave the first idea for adapting the process to the wants of the present period, and several of the patents granted were enumerated and commented on; the greatest space being devoted to those of Kyan, for chloride of mercury; Burnett, for chloride of zinc; Margary, for acetate, or sulphate of copper; Payne, for the use of two solutions in succession, mutually decomposing each other, and forming an insoluble substance in the pores of the wood; and Bethell, for creosote, or oil of coal-tar; — which last had, by its extensive employment in harbor, railway, and other engineering works, proved, that when properly executed, the preservation of the timber from decay and from the ravages of insects might be considered complete. The paper was illustrated by a series of models and drawings, showing the various apparatus for the several processes, enlarged diagrams of microscopic views of sections of several kinds of timber, both in the natural state and after being creosoted; experiments on the degrees of saturation by the process, and on the transverse strength of the timber; with the results of the improvements introduced into the system by the author, whose experience had been very extensive. — *Athenæum*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

FLIES IN AMBER.

BY PROFESSOR ROBERT HUNT.

STRANGE mysteries appear to surround this curious natural production. It long stood between the three kingdoms of nature, like the Egyptian sphinx, an unsolved enigma: hence amber attracted the attention alike of the poet and of the philosopher, and it became the basis of more than one romantic story. Eventually, by subjecting amber to a peculiar kind of optical analysis, the enigma was solved; and, by its action on polarized light, it was determined most certainly to be a vegetable resin.

A fine transparent piece of amber appears as though it were a thing of yesterday — the gathered tears of some oriental gum tree, full of sunlight: yet it is as old, it may be older, than the hills. *The flies in amber* tell us thus much — there they are:

We know the thing is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how

they have become entangled in the now stony resin. It must have been distilled from the branches of trees, and, hanging thereon like honey dews, have enticed, and afterwards entangled them in its viscous mass. Severe has been the struggle, in many cases, by the poor prisoners; they have sought to regain their liberty, and sacrificed their limbs in the effort. It is no unusual thing to find flies of all sizes, and even sturdy beetles, who have been caught in the slimy juice, with their legs and wings torn off and scattered around them; yet was the struggle in vain — they remain entombed, mummified with more than Egyptian art, as beautiful and as delicate as they were in life; dismembered things, preserved to tell the story of a very ancient existence.

The forms are numerous, the varieties of *flies in amber* are very various; yet there is scarcely one of them which is identical with any living creature. The entomology of the amber mines informs us that they were the winged denizens of the air, and the creeping things of the earth, at a time when a tropical climate extended as far north as the Baltic Sea. That indeed they lived in ancient forests, far back in geological time, when south-eastern England had not yet risen from the ocean, and when, probably, a line of cliffs, extending from Weymouth to Scarborough, were still beaten by the waves of a wide-spread sea. Of these imprisoned specimens a curious history is yet to be written; but it is with other *flies in amber* that we have now to deal — with mysteries more occult than these, and principles which appear to have a world-wide application in each varied form of development.

The study of the psychological phenomena

of the Grecian mind brings us acquainted with some beautiful manifestations of that exaltation of human intellect which advances beyond ordinary reason, and assumes many of the characteristics of inspiration.

In the writings of the philosophers of Greece, and in their poetical mythology, we find numerous examples of the outshading of philosophic truths, which inductive science has since rendered familiar to the world. It would appear, that, by careful culture of the powers of the mind, the lovers of wisdom became enabled to *think* out great truths, which are now developed to us by the mechanical process of *experiment*.

The Greek mythical creations display the resistless powers of supreme intellect in developing life, and order, and beauty, out of the chaos which belongs alike to every theogony. They are all sublime outshadings of the spiritual nature which was seen to exist behind ordinary nature. They show, as through a veil, the workings of those subtle agencies by which the great phenomena of creation are produced. The philosophers taught the people to believe that everything in nature was under the guidance of an especial spirituality; and thus were created those "spirits of air, and earth, and sea," which were the presiding powers of the organic and of the inorganic worlds. Even where observation led to the discovery of a fact, it was clothed in this spiritual vesture, and it became to the Greeks a divinity. Thus, a fine old Grecian, Thales of Miletus, who was probably examining the flies in amber, discovered that when this substance was rubbed, it acquired the power of attracting light bodies; and he interpreted this truth, by supposing amber to possess a spirit, which, being irritated, left its transparent prison, and, gathering up all floating bodies near, flew back with them again.

Electron was the Greek name for amber, and *electricity* was the epithet by which Thales and his disciples distinguished the spirit they had learned to raise. We have lost the history, if one ever existed, of the progress made in tracking out this wonderful spirit in its devious workings and wanderings; we only know that for nearly two thousand years this fact remained barren of all results, and that the *mystery* in amber was regarded as one of the unknown things which are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Eventually, an English dreamer, a pensioner of the Charter-house, called Stephen Gray, in 1720, informed the world that something of the mystery of electricity he had solved; and he showed that the same spirit which dwelt in amber was also found in glass, hair, silk, and feathers. Twenty years passed, and some ingenious men at Leyden thought they could devise a plan for eliminating this spirit of the amber, and for collecting and retaining it when

once developed. A large glass globe was fixed on an axis and turned rapidly; a gun-barrel, suspended by silken strings, was hung near it, a wire fastened to the gun-barrel, dropping into a glass of water at the other end. The glass globe was excited, as old Thales excited his amber, by friction with the hands; and the person holding the glass of water, upon applying his finger to obtain the spark from the barrel, received a shock, which convinced the terrified experimenters that the spirit was a giant in its wrath. The most exaggerated statements were published in all the large cities of Europe. The glass globe and the Leyden phial, as it was called, was exhibited in Paris and London, and crowds of spectators flocked to witness the discharge, and to feel the "fearful" shock. The spirit of the amber was now fairly developed, and its powers were examined by experiment, guided by the new ideas. Men no longer used thought as the only element in the discovery of knowledge; they had begun to employ their senses and to cultivate habits of observation.

At length, a great single-minded man, who had made his home

*In lands which echo further west
Than the Greeks' island of the blest,*

seeing through some of the mystery which enveloped this subtle spirit in amber, resolved on determining by an experiment, beautiful in its simplicity and grand in its danger, the relation which it bore to the awful spirit of the thunder-storm.

The sculptor has idealized the noble form of the impious Ajax defying the lightning; how much more dignified would be a statue of the philosopher compelling the thunder of the heavens to speak aloud its secrets! Benjamin Franklin stood forth from among men in the boldness of his views, and he saw, or thought he saw, in the attractive principle of *electron*, a power of universal diffusion, and he resolved to examine for himself. He had previously made himself acquainted with the laws by which electricity appeared to be guided, and availing himself of this knowledge, Franklin devised his grand experiment.

He mounted a kite into the air, insulated its string, which served as a conductor, and, waited to see the result. For some time he waited in vain, the evocator received no answer to his call, the spirit refused to obey his summons. But when man calls on nature in the purity of his soul, and solicits earnestly a development of natural truths, nature rarely fails to vouchsafe a reply.

Franklin stood watching his arrangement; presently every fibre of his kite-string was seen to stand on end, and, on applying a pointer to the ball to which it was attached, he was saluted with a discharge of electric

fire of precisely the same character as that which had been previously developed from resin and from glass. Here we had a modern Prometheus, indeed, stealing fire from heaven. Thus it was proved that lightning was only a grand manifestation of the same phenomena which had first excited the attention of Thales of Miletus. The danger incurred by the illustrious Franklin was soon fatally proved by the death of a continental philosopher, who repeated his experiment. Professor Rickmann had reared high in the air an electrical conductor, and connected it with some experimental arrangements in his study. Proceeding without sufficient caution, the discharge from a passing thunder-cloud flowed through the conductor, and, penetrating the body of the philosopher, destroyed his life.

Further researches in the same direction confirmed the great result of Benjamin Franklin, and proved that the earth and the air were equally under the influence of this all-pervading element. It was shown that no body existed in nature through which this subtle principle was not diffused, that changes were constantly being produced by the interference of other physical powers, and that in the efforts made to restore equilibrium we had the manifestations of electrical phenomena.

During all the stages of animal and vegetable growth, electricity is either absorbed or given off, and no change can take place in the form of matter without its effecting a corresponding change in its electrical relations. Thus water is converted into vapor, and it takes from the earth some of its electricity. This ascends into the air, and floats as clouds, accumulating in this way its quantity of electrical power. Circumstances may arise through which the electricity is quietly returned back to the earth, or such as may determine a concentration of the electrical element in the atmosphere. It floats on, dark and lowering, with its stored artillery, until, becoming overcharged, it bursts forth in fury, and too frequently performs the work of devastation.

A hill, a tall tree, a pointed spire, becomes the object of heaven's wrath, and it is torn and splintered by the violence of the disruptive discharge from the cloud. We have learnt something of this, and we are profiting by our knowledge. The electricity does not—it cannot—pass by the solid matter of the object upon which it falls; consequently, it endeavors to find its way into the earth by the interstitial spaces between the particles of the solid matter. These channels being insufficient to convey it, they are split and rent in all directions. There are certain bodies which, by their peculiar molecular constitution, have the property of allowing this fluid to pass through it very freely; and if we place such a mass of matter as is sufficient to convey

all the electricity of a thunder-cloud to the earth, it will pass along it quietly and harmlessly. Hence we raise a little above the highest point of a building a rod of copper, and continue it to the lowest point, connecting it with the moist earth. In our ships we carry a band of the same metal from the topmast to the copper sheeting beneath the water, and thus all is rendered secure.

There has been a popular error that lightning conductors may become lightning attractors. There are no such thing as attractors of electricity; it strikes a tall tree or church spire, because such objects offer the easiest road for it to return to the earth and restore the electric equilibrium. The lightning copper conductor bears precisely the same relation to the atmospheric electricity, that the pipes which we place from the roofs of our houses, and continue to the earth, do to the rain which falls from a condensing cloud. Neither the rain nor the electricity seeks the channels, but they are provided, and through these they flow.

By a good system of lightning conductors, any extent of country might be protected from thunder-storms; indeed, science proves that it is within the power of man to establish such channels of communication between the solid earth and the ambient air as to maintain a constant balance in the electrical conditions of both, and thus prevent the development of the thunder-storm.

The vineyards of the south of France formerly suffered severely from devastating hail-storms, produced by the sudden congelation of the water of the rain-cloud by its being robbed of its latent heat through a sudden electric discharge. Experience has taught the vine-growers that, by raising lightning conductors over their gardens, they quietly discharge the surplus electricity in the air, prevent the congelation of the water, and consequently remove the cause of injury. The *paragrailles*, as they are called, are the safeguards to the vine-grower, and where they are plentifully distributed, severe hail-storms are now rarely known.

Thus it is that, by investigating some of the most minute and apparently uninteresting phenomena, we arrive at great truths. The attractive power of amber, first observed by Thales, has led to the solution of the mystery of the thunder-storm; has instructed us how to disarm it of its terrors; and there are yet other points of interest, to which we shall return, showing the advantages which man has derived from studying the *flies in amber*.

From Chambers' Journal.

A WORD ON BRISTLES.

WE went one day to call upon a mercantile friend, and found him in his store. The place was greatly choked up with casks—quite an

imposing array of them; but when told, in answer to our inquiries, that they were full of nothing more than hogs' bristles, the story of much cry and little wool passed across our memory, and, unbending into a smile, we remarked to our friend, that hogs' bristles were probably not a very valuable commodity. "Oh! so, so," replied he; "we are not very full at present; you do not see before you more than some fifty or sixty thousand pounds' worth." Fifty or sixty thousand pounds' worth of hogs' bristles! That seemed fabulous; and it was only by slow degrees, and after much cross-questioning, we arrived at the conviction, that the small article which serves as a jacket to the hog, as a needle to Crispin, and the subject of our paper, is in itself important enough to give the dealers in it a high rank among the merchant-princes of London.

How many who daily use an assemblage of bristles or brushes, named, from these materials, brush,—whether hair-brush, tooth-brush, nail-brush, clothes-brush, hat-brush, or scrubbing-brush,—give a single thought as to its origin, or suffer the thought, if entertained, to go beyond the truism, that the hair comes off the hog's back! Even the gentleman to whom we were indebted for a sight of his stores, frankly confessed that his knowledge of a hog's bristle was much more complete with regard to its quality and value, than to its production and physiology. We may mention, however, that, unlike hair, wool, and other analogous animal coverings, it has two capillary vessels instead of one. It differs, also, in having (technically) a "flag," or a separation of the end into several parts. The rough projections on the surface of other kinds of hair, revealed to the eye by the microscope, and to the touch by drawing them between the thumb and finger, are absent in the bristle. With the cobbler, the flag serves to interweave and fasten his threads, while he sews with the root-end; just as if a tailor were to thread his needle at the point, and work with the eye. All this we introduce parenthetically, just to show the reader that we are "well up" in the subject, and that he may rely upon our learning.

One would imagine that so common a thing as a bristle, identified with the morning-experience of the man who shaves, and of the maid who scours the floor, would have its history narrated in every book of reference upon our shelves. Just so thought we when we shook our friend by the hand, and started off to verify what he had told us, and to add to the stock of knowledge already amassed. Our Britannicas, Metropolitans, and Jury Reports, however, were searched in vain for additional lore. So unimportant in its details is the subject considered, that it figures in books only as an item among other things,

and, by means of books, can be traced back to the chief place of export — no further. But there it forms a something worth observing.

We had been through a friend's warehouse, as we have said, and had been astonished over and over again, as we peeped into a tub, and were told that the bristles it contained were valued at from one to two hundred pounds. Having passed a small dark counting-house, whose aspect hardly testified to the real extent of bristle transactions, we were initiated into the chief arcana of the craft. Craft is the proper word; a bristle has to undergo so many processes before it reaches the hand of the brushmaker, that it becomes really a manufactured ware. Arranged on a series of shelves were many bundles, not striking in their appearance, yet very striking as an exemplification of the unthought-of value of familiar things. These bundles represented a goodly number of Russian rubles. They were of various sizes, tied up very neatly, and, in appearance, like corpulent dusting-brushes without handles. Some of them were as they had left their own shores, others had undergone a good many operations — washing, cleansing, combing, bleaching, dyeing. They come over occasionally just as they have been pulled out of the hog's back — dirty, mixed with wool, and saturated with a disagreeable dust; the last a thing which often draws worse than blessings from the dressers, who, to the great prejudice of health, necessarily breathe it into their lungs. Hogs in Siberia, and in other parts where the climate is cold, have an under-coat of woolly hair, of little value in trade, although sometimes it is curled, and serves to stuff cushioned furniture. It has to be combed from the bristle either here or abroad; but as the wool adds materially to the weight, and allowing it to remain saves a good deal of trouble, the folks abroad often remember to forget this part of the manipulation.

Bristles are of various colors — black, white, and intermediate tints. Upon the color the value in some degree depends. White is most valuable, and yellow second; black and gray are inferior. The color of the light varieties is improved by bleaching, and defective colors are dyed black. Incidentally, we wonder that old-fashioned sulphur is still used as a bleaching agent, and that the more effective power of the modern chlorides has not been applied. Is it that the trade, in its manipulations, pursues the even tenor of its way just as in its closeness as a craft? Nearly all the bristles come from Russia. It is commonly said, that a squirrel might leap from tree to tree between St. Petersburg and Moscow and not touch the ground. The same trees whose branches form tenements for the squirrel, tempt innumerable herds of

swine to make their habitation beneath. Germany exports the greater quantity next to Russia. The notoriety of Westphalia hams, generally accredited bear hams, is our guarantee for the prevalence of hogs in that country. Included in the supplies is much that is gathered in the provinces of Austria, particularly in the south countries and the mountains of Transylvania. Forests abound in these parts, and the wild boar is common; about one third is forest-land, and food for the hog is profuse. Oak-apples to the extent of 200,000 bushels are thence exported annually. The fact will serve as a clue to the boars' means for nourishment; for where there are oak-apples, there will also be mast — the favorite food. France and Belgium provide a few fine sorts, which overmatch in delicacy but do not approach in quantity the amount from other sources. A small box upon the merchant's bench — say, three feet by one, and one foot deep — as beautifully packed with small pencils of hair as a case of perfumery or chemicals, all as beautifully white as bleached bristles can be made, illustrated well the characteristic *délicatesse* of the French. Of late years, some have also arrived from America, chiefly from Cincinnati, but in parcels so small, that they hardly form an item in the trade. It is rather remarkable, that the huge continent, covered as it is with mighty forests, where countless hogs run wild, is not more prolific in bristles. Its go-ahead inhabitants have assuredly found out their value, for what involving a profit cannot they espy? Pig-meat is at a discount, and only eaten, as a rule, by the poorest; yet bristles are purchased by America, and in larger parcels than by any other country, next to England, which possesses almost a monopoly of the trade. The Russian and British markets are linked together, and have very little connection with any other in this article. So far as Russia is concerned, the same might be said, indeed, for the whole commerce of the empire. The balance of dealings with any other country almost invariably goes through an English banker.

Not many years ago, the bristles which now come over so nicely prepared, arrived in a higgledy-piggledy state. All lengths and qualities were tied together with a garter — we fall back on our friend's experience — a piece of rag, hide, tow, matting, or any other rude band. The difference is at present so great, that the brushmaker now seeks to emulate him who was once his pupil. The Russians have little claim to originality, but they can copy so well what they see done, that they often excel their preceptors in skill. The value of a bristle is materially increased by the dressing it undergoes. From time to time, a perceptible difference shows itself in all Russian merchandise, as the

dealers gain information about the subsequent processes and uses of the articles. The factories of the country are very freely open to the inspection of foreign merchants, for, as our friend remarked, they have everything to gain and nothing to lose from the intercourse.

Some of the bundles shown to us, not the largest, had a circumference of two feet. All the bristles were placed in one direction, and tied round the base with cord made of twisted bark. The roots of the bristle remained, clearly showing that the porcine race are subjected to being plucked, just like a goose of the fens, or a young collegian. It puzzled us a good deal to know how so large a quantity could be made up in one bundle. When a bundle was opened, however, it puzzled us still more, for the mass consisted of several varieties kept quite distinct. The centre-plug of a bundle was of one quality and color, while round it was a casing of another kind, which, again and again, had a concentric band of other hues.

We incidentally mentioned that the bristles are brought over in casks. Arranged in our friend's capacious rooms were half a thousand of them, weighing four or five hundredweight each — a stock about enough, we remarked in our simplicity, to supply every awl with wax-end hairs for life, and the whole world, including savages, with brushes. Yet this was not a large stock. The trade had been brisk throughout the season, and had reduced it; while an early winter in the north had frozen in the fresh consignments, and prevented the replenishment of the stores. Some of those we saw were strong horny spines, seven inches long. Some even reached ten inches; but what they gained in length they lost in wiriness — a great desideratum. The best bristles vary from five and a half to seven inches.

The English pig, which is domesticated for its flesh, supplies no bristle worth preserving, it is the semi-tame herds in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, and in the interior of Russia, which provide the bulk of the bristles; the strongest come from the wild boar, and are used by the shoemaker for his thread, and by the shearman in the brush with which he lays the nap after shearing cloth for the last time. The names distinguishing the various qualities, even of the produce of Germany, are Russian. After the fashion that obtains in zoological collections, a twofold nomenclature is used. The first name refers to the merchant or place, the second to the quality. Here is a specimen. "Mesdrikoff's Okatkas" are highest on the list; then follow successively, "Moscatineff's first sort;" "Koschinikoff's Suchoi;" "Siberian or Veliko Looki, second sort;" "Mettschoffsky's Brack or Rifings" — that is, refuse.

The half-wild animals referred to are bred

near the *Salgans*, or tallow-houses of Russia; buildings used for boiling down fat oxen, which are so numerous as to be slaughtered for their hides and tallow. In the melting season, many herds of swine are farmed by the proprietors, and fed upon the refuse. A month or two will make them so sleek and greasy, that they are driven off to the steppe, and given a few seeds of corn, to refine their flavor. They are so fat, that it is easy to conjecture the hair to have no very tenacious root. With the owners of these animals, the bristle harvest takes a place analogous to shearing in England; but, as we remarked, it is only in the aggregate we know much about the matter. Bristles, in their history, have escaped the notice alike of travellers, authors, and merchants. An author, however, states from hearsay, that a large number of the creatures being driven into a confined spot, the atmosphere is heated to a degree that irritates the skin and makes it soft; and when in this condition, the crop is gathered, and the animal set free.

Every peasant, from the Baltic to Kamtschatka, knows that bristles are available for trade. Agents traverse the continent, and gather in the results of cottage economy in the bristles that have been laid aside. These, with other rural produce, are then transferred to the great fairs of Russia, and disposed of on a gigantic scale. In our own country, where trade is dispersed, we can have no proper idea of the business done at these fairs; at that of Novgorod, it is said that sales are transacted to the extent of 7,000,000*l.* sterling. Purchased by merchants principally at these fairs, bristles form an important article of export from Russia. In 1852 the quantity exported from St. Petersburg alone amounted to 2,187,516 lbs. Think of nearly 3,000,000 poundweights of hogs' bristles leaving one port of one country in one year!

Russian trade, however, depends upon the frost; even hogs' bristles are at its mercy. Winter sometimes approaches so rapidly, that the calculations of the merchants are at fault. The breaking up of winter is equally peculiar, one day serving to crumble into floating mountains what was the day before a continent of ice. Last season, the winter set in so severely, and so early, that many merchantmen were caught and locked in the ice; and our friend himself has at present a store of bristles ice-bound. It will serve to show the magnitude of this extraordinary trade, when we say, that the project was seriously entertained of cutting out the ship, rather than suffer a delay of six months in the consignment. What is more, the project would actually have been carried out if the frost had not been too sharp upon the enterprising projectors. Altogether, 3000 poods, or 108,000 lbs., have been thus kept back at the depot by the frost.

THE LOVE-TEST.

AN ALLEGORY.

A NOBLE maid in olden time,
When lowly love was deemed a crime,
Looked with a gracious eye
On one, whose soul with thoughts sublime,
And ardent hopes, beat high.

Yet was his birth beneath her state,
For her proud sire could boast a great
And royal ancestry,
While his were poor; and ruthless fate
Denied nobility.

Yet worthy of her love, as well
His deeds in arms and arts might tell,
Though but in youthful prime;
And he was known to much excel
In lore of that old time.

Her modest heart to him denied
A secret love; though, with the pride
That turned her sire from worth,
She might not hope to be a bride
To one of lowly birth.

The father, as the tale was told,
Trembled with rage, as calm and bold
He spoke his tender love;
And bade him, ere the day grew old,
Such fond devotion prove.

“Carry the girl to yon hill-top—
And, if you neither faint nor stop,
Yon lady is your own;
But fail—and banish every hope
That mercy shall be shown.

The forfeit then shall be thy life,
And thou shalt wed another wife,
The cold and cheerless grave!”
He dares the chance, and woos the strife,
His hope and love to save.

At once the trial must begin:
And anxious crowds are grouped within
A space the hill beneath;
But small their hope that he may win
So sweet release from death.

The hill was high and steep; the road,
That seldom was by traveller trod,
Was rough, and all o’ergrown
With weeds that grew in slippery sod,
Among the clay and stone.

The lady trembling stood, her hand
Locked in his own; around them stand
The crowd with pitying mien;
The haughty father gives command
To end the anxious scene.

She lies within his proud embrace,
And, sweetly blushing, hides her face,
Some secret tears to shed;
While he to mount the rugged place
Begins with careful tread.

With joyful looks, as though it were
Reward enough his love to bear,
He braves the steep ascent;
And seeks his eager strength to spare,
Lest it be early spent.

Soon half the height is gained, but still
Rears up its head that fatal hill,
As if their hopes to blast;
But yet, with proud, unconquered will,
He goes secure and fast.

The wondering crowd that gaze below
With pitying eyes as he doth go,
Behold him on his way;
Some watch his path in silent woe,
Some Heaven’s succor pray.

The strongest man the country round
Would not, to reach that lofty ground,
So burdened, strength preserve:—
They little know how love is found
The heart it fills to nerve.

They see her wipe his heated brow;
They see her kiss his forehead now;
Then hold her arms on high
To aid his strength, and lighten so
The toils that on him lie.

Still on he goes, the top is near—
When, with a sudden thrill of fear,
They see him stagger wide;
His strength is failing fast;—oh! where
Shall succor be supplied!

But even yet he totters on;
And see, the highest point is won;—
He falls, and she beside him:
His tender love to be his own
No more shall be denied him.

Up to the hill the people speed,
And bid them rise;—they take no heed,
So close and still they lie:—
They’ve won each other for their meed,
But ’t is beyond the sky!

WOULD YOU REMEMBER ME?

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Would you remember me, take for a token
A flower from the garden, a rose from the tree,
And when the blossom lies scentless and broken,
Withered and dead—’t will remind you of me.

Would you remember me, walk by the ocean
When the rich sunset falls over the sea;
The weeds at your feet, cast ashore by its motion,
The sport of the waves—they’ll remind you
of me.

Would you remember me—should it be only
Where in the summer I wandered with thee;—
Then, if you feel in the world you are lonely,
Check not the tear—’t will remind you of me.

Would you remember me when we are parted,
Never, perchance, more each other to see;—
Mingle again with the young and light-hearted;
The mirth and the song will remind you of
me.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

FALCONRY.

THE pean of the Falcons is being sung again. An amusement originally derived from the East, where the "Grand Seigneur" once boasted of a retinue of 6000 falconers, and still almost universally practised in countries where people are too indolent for the more active sports of the field, is about to be brought back from the same country, and is again spoken of as a most noble and gentle pursuit—fit for "knight and ladye fair;" a source of healthy and innocent enjoyment, and, above all, "a pageant of past glory."

Knox, in his pretty little treatise on "Game Birds and Wild Fowl," has given a graphic account of this exhilarating sport; Mr. W. B. Barker, who has had much experience of the art as practised in the Levant, has devoted two interesting chapters to the subject in his work on "Cilicia;" and we have now before us a still more graphic and amusing sketch of Oriental falconry, in Mr. Burton's "Falconry in the Valley of the Indus."*

It would be more difficult, indeed, to imagine scenes for sport of any description more prolific or more gorgeous than are presented by the long Valley of the Indus.

It was a heart-gladdening spectacle for a sportsman. The pure blue sheet of water, lined with a fringe of vivid green, was literally covered with feathered life. The king-curlew with his ruby crown, and the common curlew so celebrated, despite his homely garb, for the soaring and racing chase he affords, were pacing the banks in busy troops. Gulls and graceful terns hovered over the marsh, here alone in the air, there mingled with flights of red and white Brahminee ducks, wheeling about in search of a spot to light on. The tall Sarus stood in pairs, now plunging their bills into the shallow waters, now scattering pearly drops from their pink throats; the bittern's ruff peeped out of the green weeds, and the snowy white cloak of the paddy-bird glistened dazzlingly amongst the russet-colored uniforms of duck and diver, snipe and snipe, plover and wild goose. Lank herons were there, and stout, matronly pelicans gazing stolidly before them, with bustards large as turkeys, and a goodly array of plump little teal; the painted snipe with beautiful dark colors ornamenting his wings; the mallard with his gorgeous plume, and many varieties of quiet-looking cranes swam and dived, and shook, and splashed, all screaming, each in his own tongue, their natural joy in a life to them at that moment full of charms.

The fates protected the denizens of that marsh. Hawks generally dislike flying at birds over water; and unfortunately for us the thick vege-

tation of the leeward bank prevented our taking the wind of the water-fowl.

This became apparent, when a couple of match-lock balls whizzing through the air, and the loud report ringing upon the surface of the Jheel, startled its occupants from their proper occupations. Those that caught sight of the hawks fled shrieking down the wind towards another pond, in a straight line, so that pursuit would have inevitably entailed the loss of a Bashah. Others, with instinctive cunning, wheeled round and round the crystal floor, never passing its limits, till fear allowed them to settle again. A few, but so few, exposed themselves to danger, that we lost nearly two hours in "bagging" half a dozen snipe and teal.

Presently we left the marsh. Our Bazar had remarked, with many curses, a huge "tiger of the air," an Ukab towering in his "pride of place," high above the dense vapors and the reflected heat of the plains. He was apparently determined to dine on a Bashah, for, fast as we shifted our position, he followed us from Jheel to Jheel, and ended by triumphantly ejecting us from his hunting-grounds.

The Ukab, or Scinde vulture, alluded to in this extract, is a mortal enemy to every species of hawk: witness the following example, related to Mr. Burton, by the Ameer Ibrahim Khan Talpur:—

"Well, Sahib," continued the Ameer, speaking by jerks, as his breathlessness allowed him; "one day I flew my beautiful Bahri after a little heron, which we all expected to see killed in a moment. They took the air well together, when, of a sudden, 'See the Ukab! oh, the Ukab!' cried the Bazar. True enough! High above us was the wretch, a black dot in the blue sky, looking out, like an Afghan, for what he could plunder. We shouted—we waved the lure; unfortunately my poor Bahri was so eager after her quarry, that nothing could tempt her out of destruction. Then the Ukab disappeared from our eyes, and we thought that the Maloon had been frightened by our noise. The falcon and the little heron kept rising and rising, till we lost sight of them also. Presently, by the Prophet's beard I swear to you, Sahib, as we stood looking upwards with straining eyes, a speck appeared like a fly in the air larger; and larger it grew; the instant after, plump fell a body at my feet. It was poor Sohni, my falcon. The accursed vulture had shattered her skull with his foul beak. And since that day I have liberally dispensed Kisas to all his breed."

Mr. Burton and Mr. Barker both agree that the round-winged hawks have been much neglected in this country. Both in the Levant and on the Indus they are principally used, although by far the more expensive to purchase, reclaim, and keep. "I doubt," says Mr. Burton, "whether *Falco gentilis* in the West ever gave better sport than does one of Ibrahim Khan's favorite goshawk's."

Our old authors appear to have been fond of commending the goshawk. Tuberville, in

* Falconry in the Valley of the Indus. By Richard F. Burton, Lieut. Bombay Army, Author of "Goa and the Blue Mountains," &c. John Van Voorst.

the "Book of Falconrie," speaks highly of its qualities. Others designate it a "choice and dainty bird." "Most majestic," says Mr. Burton, "was her attitude as she sat upon the arms of royalty, clasping it with her singles (toes), and finally resisting the wind — *chevuachant le vent*, as French falconers express it — with the stiffness of an eagle." Sir Thomas Sebright, however, one of the few living falconers, expresses his surprise that any one should use goshawks for sport; and others insult the bird by declaring that she is only a big sparrow-hawk. The fact is, Mr. Burton says, that a good goshawk is an excellent bird, but, at the same time, as difficult to find good as she is common. Mr. W. B. Barker, who has trained a German goshawk from the Zoological Gardens, and introduced two trained birds into this country from the Taurus, says, that without wishing to detract from the merits of the peregrine or lanner, that, generally speaking, the goshawk will answer the purposes of most sportsmen; and if ever falconry, he says, is revived in England, this bird will be the one to which we must have recourse.

The goshawk of the Indus is so game a bird, that it will kill even the antelope; a fact of which Mr. Burton gives us a very graphic pen-and-pencil illustration. We can only extract the first:—

"Stop!" said the Ameer, painfully excited. "You, Gul Mammad, ride softly round, and place yourself behind the brow of that hill. You, Fauju, to the opposite side."

My friend's acute *coup d'œil* had marked a pair of antelopes quietly grazing in the bit of green valley far beyond. A glance through the glass assured me that he had not erred; what to the naked eye appeared two formless, yellow marks upon a field of still undried grass, became, by means of the telescope, a pair of those beautiful little beings our poets call "gazelles."

Ibrahim Khan disposed his force skilfully. Reserving the falconer and a Kuttewala with two fierce, gaunt Kelat greyhounds, he stationed his men in a circle concealed from the sharp eyes of the antelopes, leaving a gap to windward of them to prevent the scent reaching their nostrils, and to serve as a trap for them to fall into.

Presently the horsemen, emerging from behind the rocks and hill tops, began to advance slowly towards the quarry, and in a moment the startled animals, sighting the forms of many enemies, sprang high up, and bounded towards the only way of escape.

As the doe passed us at headlong speed, the Ameer turned round so as to conceal her from the view of the goshawk. A few moments afterwards I gave the signal; he bent forward over his mare's neck, and, directing the Shahbaz towards the buck as he flew by, threw up the bird from his wrist with a shout.

The two greyhounds, free from the leash, dashed forward at that moment. All was hurry and excitement. Horsemen and footmen crowded

in pursuit, every man straining his eyes to keep the quarry in full view.

The rocky ground, unfavorable to the pursuers, was all the antelope could desire. His long thin legs, almost disproportioned to the size of the body, were scarcely visible, so rapid were their twinkling motions. Here he cleared a huge boulder of rock, there he plunged into the air over the topmost twigs of a euphorbium bush; here he threaded his way through the pebbly bed of a torrent, there perched for an instant upon a stony ledge, he fearlessly prepared to foot the slippery descent beyond. Such a country could not but be puzzling to dogs; though ours were wary old greyhounds that had hunted by sight for years, they fell far behind, and to all prospect the gazelle was lost.

"She has eaten too much — a blight upon her mother!" cried a furious voice by my side. The Ameer was right. Had his bird been sharper set, the chase would have lost half its difficulty.

The Shahbaz, who at first had flown gallantly at the quarry, soon began to check, and as we were riding far behind over the difficult ground, appeared inclined to abandon her game. But when, escaping from the punchbowl of rock, we reached a long level plain of silt, the aspect of affairs improved.

At a distance, which was palpably diminishing, we saw the goshawk attacking her game. Now she swooped upon its back, deeply scoring the delicate yellow coat as she passed by. Then she descended upon the animal's head, deafening it with her clashing pinions, and blinding it with her talons. This manœuvre, at first seldom practised out of respect for the dagger-like horns, whose sharp, black tips never failed to touch the pursuer's *balai*, or pendant feathers, was soon preferred to the other. As the victim, losing strength and breath by excess of fear, could no longer use its weapons with the same dexterity, the boldness of the Shahbaz increased. She seemed to perch upon its brow; once or twice it fell, and when it arose, its staggering, uncertain gait gave evidence of extreme distress.

Then the dogs, who had become ferocious as wolves, gained sensibly upon their victim. The sound of their approach but added to its terror what it took from its speed. Even before they had fastened their fangs upon its quarters, the unhappy gazelle was stretched panting and struggling, with the Shahbaz straining every nerve to pin its head to the ground.*

The death of the gazelle is now considered the highest triumph of eastern falconry:

Meer Ibrahim Khan Talpur the remainder of that day was almost as lively a companion as a subaltern newly returned from "seeing service." He slew his antelope some twenty successive

* Mr. Barker thinks that Mr. Burton's Shahin must have been a lanner, or a peregrine. Goshawks cannot, he says, take gazelles, which never start at a lesser distance than 300 yards, and the goshawk cannot fly fast enough, or far enough, to overtake them. In the Levant, the Barbary peregrine is called Shahin, or Sheheen.

deaths, praised to the skies everything that was his especially; more especially his Bashahs, his falconer, his dogs, his dogkeeper; most especially as her due, his goshawking. As regards the latter, a little romance was allowed to mingle its alloy with the pure vein of veritable history. Every bough we saw on our way home reminded him of some doubtful exploit performed by the same Shahbaz. At dinner, the gazelle steaks brought her mention prominently forward, and the music, wine, and joviality of the evening elevating him, also tended in no small degree to elevate her and her qualities. At last it was proposed to try her upon one of the wild goats that roam over the deserts separating Cutch from Scinde.

"Her success," said the Ameer, "is certain."

"Certain," repeated Kakoo Mall.

"Certain," nodded Hari Chand, whispering; "the gazelle of this year, next year will be a Gorkhar!"

Whether the sneer has, or has not been justified, I know not. Perhaps it may so happen that in some day to come the Ameer Ibrahim, seduced by the *gobemouche* auditory of a wonderful British traveller, may point to the bird in question with a—

"You see that Shahbaz? Well, Wallah! By the beard of the Prophet I swear to you, five years ago she felled a wild ass. You may believe me; although a Beloch, I do not tell a lie. Billah! A 'man-with-a-hat' was with me when it happened. Ask Burton Sahib, if it did not."

Then will Kakoo Mall, if he be living, ejaculate "certainly," and Hari Chand, if he be present, exclaim "certainly;" and, in a word, every man and boy that has ears to hear and eyes to see, will rescho "certainly," and swear himself an eye-witness of the event, to the extreme confusion of Fact and Fiction.

We doubt much, however, if the reader will peruse this account of the death of the antelope without a pang. Mr. Burton says, "There is an eternal sameness in the operation of shooting, which must make it—one would suppose—very uninteresting to any but those endowed with an undue development of destructiveness." And Colonel Bonham, of the 10th Hussars, we are told by Mr. Knox, has laid aside the gun and the rifle for the enjoyment of the "noble craft;" but the gun has at last the advantage of putting a bird, generally speaking, out of misery at once. Who can read the following conclusion of a combat between a Khairu, a hobby-hawk, and a crow, without feeling for the victims of the sport?—

The battle is not finished. *Corvus*, in spite of his fall, his terror, a rent in the region of the back, and several desperate pecks, still fights gallantly. This is the time for the falconer to assist his bird. From the neighboring mimosas, roused by the cries of their wounded comrade, pours forth a "rabble rout" of crows, with

noise and turmoil, wheeling over the hawk's head, and occasionally pouncing upon her *unguibus et rostris*, with all the ferocity of hungry peregrines. We tremble for Khairu. Knowing her danger, we hurry on, as fast as our legs can carry us, shouting, shooting pellets, and anathematizing the crows. We arrive, but hardly in time. As we plunge through the last bushes which separate us from the hawk, twenty cawers rise hurriedly from the ground; the Bazdar hurries to his Laghar. The quarry lies stone dead, but poor Khairu, when taken up and inspected by thirty pair of eyes, is found to have lost her sight, and to be otherwise so grievously mauled, pecked, and clawed, that the most sanguine prepare themselves for her present decease.

Alas, poor Khairu!

It is undoubtedly very picturesque to read of knights riding out with hawk on fist, and knight's lady on fiery jenet, with merlin clasping her embroidered glove, the look of the thing, the pomp of its apparatus, and the antique costume impart a kind of black-letter interest to the good old sport; there was excitement, also, in witnessing the combined working of horses, hawks, and hounds, but we doubt if of the kind well suited to "ladye fair." The effect upon the temper of the Ameer of Scinde appears to have been anything but agreeable. A sparrow-hawk had been thrown at a pigeon.

Unfortunately, however, for the hawk and my friend's temper, she had not been seen "sharp set" that morning. This at once became apparent from her manoeuvres. Instead of grappling with the quarry, she, "checked first at one bird, then at the other, amused herself with following them on the wing; and, lastly, when tired of the unprofitable exercise, she "raked off," and, retiring to one of the Peepul branches, took up a position there with such firmness of purpose that all the falconer's "Ao Bachehs" and violent swingings of the lure were unavailing to dislodge her.

The Ameer's brow clouded; certain angry flashes escaped his eyes, and low growlings threatened an approaching storm. For a Beloch to make such a goose of himself! Every one stole furtive glances at the blunderer, the lean nephew; and even he, despite his habitual surliness of demeanor, could not help showing in looks and manner that conscience was stirring up uncomfortable sensations within him.

"Give me the bow," shouted the Ameer in his fury, "and let me do for that brother-in-law of a bit of carrion at once."

The Bazdar wishing, but not daring to deprecate such an atrocious act of sacrilege as the shooting of a hawk, slowly handed a polished horn *kaman* to his master, and a *tako* or blunt arrow shod with a bit of horn. The Scindians are particularly expert at the use of this weapon; they throw the missile transversely so as to strike with the side, and when a large covey is the mark aimed at, they sometimes bring down

as many as three or four birds with a pair of shafts. So it happened that the Shikrah, who was quietly "mantling" upon a clear branch in a nice sunny place, had the life summarily knocked out of her by the Ameer's *tako*.

Falconry, as a partial sport, is, however, well worthy of preservation, more so than the situation of a grand falconer without falcons. The enclosed state of our country makes it objectionable for the peregrine, which cannot be easily followed; but the goshawk can be followed at a hand-canter, and Mr. Barker tells us that there is at the Zoological Gardens a

precious and beautiful specimen of the Australian goshawk, which is perfectly white, with eyes the color of bright rubies, and which he thinks would, from his large hands and small body, be swifter in flight, and, on the whole, a more efficient bird than our goshawk. "It forms," says Mr. Barker, "in my opinion, the beau-ideal of perfection in a hawk. I consider it worthy of a princely hand, and should be happy to see his Royal Highness Prince Albert patronize the training of this bird to afford amusement to our young Prince of Wales."

From the National Era.

AN OLD MAID'S MUSINGS.

BY ELIZA SPROAT.

Sitting in the twilight,
Looking out into the rain,
Through the blurred and dripping dimness
Of my window-pane;
Waiting in the chilly twilight
For the supper bell to ring,
Float a flood of fancies o'er me —
Thoughts of the spring.

Oh, the early spring-time!
In the woodlands, even now,
Life is rising, tightly swelling
Twig and bulb and bough.
Through the clods the moss is pushing
Homeward birds are on the wing;
Earth is quick with coming glory —
Oh, for the spring!

Spring has something sweeter;
Leaves enfolded, thick and brown,
Bursting soon, will drop their shadows,
Softly trembling down.
Birds will bloom and skies will deepen;
Waters flash and woodlands ring;
Through long grass the brooks will rustle —
Oh, for the spring!

Life has something sweeter;
Strange, to feel old fancies start,
Violet-sweet, of youth and passion,
From my wrinkled heart!
May gone, whose flowers were kisses —
May, whose songs but one could sing;
Heart abloom, so sudden blighted —
Ah, my lost spring!

Still something sweeter;
There's a home-love underlies
Passion, as the fruit that greeters,
When the blossom dies.
Plans of homestead, long forgotten!
Plans that fancy used to bring
Round me in the fragrant twilight
Of my lost spring.

Still something sweeter;
Other loves about me stand;
Thrills a round cheek on my bosom —
Feels a little hand.

Baby eyes in mine are smiling;
Baby fingers round me cling;
Baby lips are lisping, "Mother" —
God! my lost spring.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

TURNER AND CLAUDE.

Is Genius a modest maid?
A coyly-peeping peering flower?
Content, unseen, to bloom and fade
With nought but sweetness for her dower
If poet ever so indited,
Was poet ever more benighted?

Was great Napoleon diffident?
Was Milton blind to mundane glory?
Did Luther need encouragement?
Was Chatham deemed a bashful tory?
Was Turner (painter much lamented)
Through great humility demented?

What time this mighty painter died
He willed the nation pictures twain,
Provided they were hung beside
Two specimens of Claude Lorraine:
Or failing this he judged them meet
To form a painter's winding-sheet.

That strange old man was passing-prond
Who left, with calm premeditation,
His finest work to form his shroud,
If thwarted by a thankless nation;
—A man indulging in such quirks
Must, must be wrapped up in his works!

At Charing Cross are duly hung
This noble pair of pictures;
Some critics have their praises sung,
And some have dealt in strictures;
Some Turner choose, a few award
The laurels to his rival Claude.

Poor Claude! sad victim to the freaks
Of "rough and ready" dilettanti,
Who scrape and scrub thy ancient cheeks,
And then find out thy claims are scanty,
So hung (to dry) what Institution
Could fail to blame thy execution?

Rise up — some ghostly vengeance take —
Resume thy brush, assert thy due,
The nation's faith thou need'st not break;
So prove thyself a Turner too.
Thy works restore, or turn them all,
Both thine and Turner's to the wall!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LEWIS—WHAT IS IT?

I WONDER how many London people are familiar with this name, "The Lewis." How many will ask, "What is it? Is it Lewis the Great? Is it Lewis Napoleon? Is it a fish, a man, or a place?" A few who remember their geography—a canny Scot or so from the West Highlands; or those who are "well-up" in their Boswell, and recollect Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides, may just conclude, that I mean the island of that name, far up amid the stormy seas of the North Atlantic. But with great respect for the Fellows of the Geographical Society, some even of whom have probably bestowed too much attention on the remoter provinces of Japan, or on that "interesting tract" between the Himalayas and the Arctic Seas, to be acquainted with our Caledonian dependency, I believe most people would have stared, as much as I did myself, when, at the beginning of last long vacation, I was asked by a kindly erratic and peppery Highlander, to accompany him to his native place "in the Lews."

"I would be delighted, indeed, if I knew where it was," was my (I hope) polite reply.

"What, not know where the Lews is! That comes of a Southern education. It's sometimes called 'The Lews,' or the Island of Lewis, and surely you must have heard of it."

I had a vague notion of proving my topographical acquirements by a neat and succinct description of the ancient Eubœa, or a particular account of Samos, or Melita, but, on reflection, thought it better to confess ignorance, and to content myself with muttering a modest hypothesis, that it was "somewhere about the Orkneys." Then did I hear my friend launch out with all the eloquence of enthusiasm on the charms of this new "Isle of the Blessed." He told me of its desert wastes of moor and mountain—of its streams "barbecued" with salmon, and all varieties of trout—of its rugged shores lashed by ceaseless billows, the noise of which would have set old Homer on some new word to convey it—him who threw away that splendid "poluphoisboio" on the gentle murmurings of the Ægean—of the uncertainty of regular postal communication—of the absence of "The Times" and politics—of mountain-mutton, oat cakes, barley-bannocks, pure whiskey, grouse-pies, whales, seals, curlews, duck, deer, *feræ naturæ*, in man and beast—in fact, he vividly sketched a state of deliciously civilized barbarity and unbounded hospitality. What more tempting picture could he draw to a briefless barrister, whom no county court attorney had smiled upon in his hermitage, up three pair of stairs in Pump Court—where could one

better escape duns, and the unprofitable tumult of the Forum? It was delightful to think of such a recondite solitude, especially to one like myself, whose wickedest and most determined spirits of hard reading had been often interrupted by the fancied echoes of a grouse's wings, as he started up crowing defiance from the most learned pages of "Hearne's Contingent Remainers," and who had often "worked" a salmon over the most lively chapters of "Sugden on Power." "I'll gang, my chief, I'm ready," was the word; and two days after beheld me steaming away down the muddy canal from Glasgow to Greenock, on board the little steamer "Islay." The morning was fine and bright, but with the peculiar atmospherical dispensation that prevails in Scotland, the moment we shot out on the full bosom of the river, and got a glimpse of the glorious scenery on its banks, a "thick horror" fell upon us, and land, sea, and sky were wrapped in a mantle of pea-soup, with a lining of fleecy clouds, anything but water-proof. It was pleasant to know that "Dumbarton was" over "there," and the Kyles of Bute were "close here," as it exercised the imagination, and encouraged fancy to fly under difficulties, but all we could see with the physical eye was a wall of fog around us, and now and then the obscure hull of a fishing-boat or merchantman, or a drab-colored sea-gull wallowing about in the air, half in doubt whether it was sky or water; the big burly buoys tied by the tail, and using desperate efforts to set themselves at liberty, and make a night of it.

Why is it that the passengers under such circumstances always stay upon deck as long as they can? Why do they stare moodily into the sky, where they know they can see nothing? The wettest, windiest, dismallest day that ever came out of heaven, you will be certain to behold on the deck of any steamer, ocean or river, a set of dripping lunatics in pea-coats and waterproofs, trying to look hardy and nautical, when they might be dry and comfortable "below stairs" in the cabin. The "Islay" was no exception to the truth of the remark, for her quarters presented the customary array of well-ducked passengers, looming very hazy, large and moody in the vapor.

There were two students from Edinburgh "Free Church," and of a serious turn of mind, who were rendered prematurely unhappy at the awful prospects that await the great mass of humanity in the other world, on account of their not belonging to that small but select Christian community; a number of "ministers" hastening from some great Convention of their body at the capitol, a laird with a tendency to a short pipe and a long black bottle, and a very drunken "docthor," who was apologizing to every one for

insulting them, and inviting them soon afterwards "to have it out on deck"—a very ferocious sporting major, with gun-cases and fishing-rods enough for all Scotland, and a few "merchants" of the isles. The Mull of Cantire soon exhibited its magical effects in reducing all on board to a common state of suffering and indifference to life, and the nautical characters, who spoke learnedly of "tideways and nasty short chopping seas," were soon left alone in their glory above, while even the ministers were driven from their "wee crack" and toddy by the only demon (I venture to hope) they could not face—that evil son of Neptune who as yet laughs at our science and our ruling of the waves—"sea-sickness." The very expressive name of this marine county may teach one what he has to expect, and though it is suggestive of a deuced good pun or two, my recollections of it forbid the attempt, lest I should be punished when next I get into the power of the presiding Triton. Night passed in wailings for the steward, who, when his victims became unable to shout lustily, wisely retired to bed, and, in despairing soliloquies, most of them evidently composed under the influence of a monomaniacal disregard for the first law of nature. Next day was wet, foggy, and blowy, instead of being merely foggy and wet. Now and then we saw black stumpy rocks, against which the slow surge rose and broke in sheets of foam, "the lather of Neptune's beard," or the clouds broke, too, for a little, and, lifting up, disclosed on the right hand, rising close to us from the sea, the sides of massive mountains, heaped up like giant waves, adown the heather-clad steep of which tumbled numberless impromptu cataracts, filling up the watercourses with tumultuous streams, running riot among stones, rocks, and boulders, till they found rest in the bosom of the ocean; but ere the eye had rested on it for a moment, the watery veil swept over it again. The strong-winged gannet skimmed past us, or dashed down like a bolt of lead into the sea just by the ship, and presently sprang up with a herring, mackerel, or pollock in his bill; little fleets of divers, guillemots, or puffins, lay to, or bolted under water as we splashed by, and occasionally we came near a ledge of sharp rocks, on which a whole army of hungry black cormorants sat moodily in the rain, like a lot of apothecaries without business. At intervals of three or four hours we rushed into an island harbor, got a glimpse of some whitewashed houses on the shore—saw a face of a few natives—the women always washing and "beetling" clothes; and the men looking as if they would be much the better for undergoing the same process; disembarked a couple of captains and ministers, and a load of herring-barrels—took in more

captains, maybe a major, certainly some more ministers, and more herring-barrels, and having hove-to for "the lady in the boat," who is always late, and renders the very existence of marine commanders wretched, rushed out on the sea into the fog again. Skye and Mull, and many places of note, were thus visited, but their beauties were all lost on us, while we were twice very nearly lost on their *dissecta membra*, which ran out like the fangs of some hungry beast to seize upon us. Once, as we slowly backed away from one of these long black teeth, warned of the danger by the gurgling splash of the tideway over it, a huge mass of brown roundness heaved itself above the water for an instant with a lazy roll, and up with a mighty breath spirted a blast of air and water from the end of it, full two fathoms high!

"A whale!—a whale! And a monster too!" But he had no mind to be made into train-oil, and, with a sullen angry plunge, down he dived again right across our bows, giving a graceful wave of his tremendous tail in the air by way of a parting salute, and as an indication of his general sentiments on the subject of steamboats and the mercantile marine. We heard the fellow puffing and blowing, and blasting, like an alderman running after the last bus to the City, for some time, and a strong impression was left on my mind as to the undesirableness of being a herring, or, indeed, anything swaller than a whale in these seas, if one were compelled to be a subject of King Proteus.

Seals now and then shoved up their knowing heads, to take a glimpse of us, and with one glance of that lovely, mild eye, saw all they wanted, and returned to the pursuit of salmon as ardently as Mr. Scrope himself; but, notwithstanding such interesting visits from the mammalia of these waters, I was not sorry when, on the third day of the fog, we felt our way into Stornoway, the capital of the Northern Hebrides.

I had become quite tired of the smell of whiskey-toddy, and the talk of the ministers and the sporting major—"Killed him, sir! Dead! Egad! At seven—ty-three yards! The best shot!" &c.—while the ministers were continually spinning yarns of a serious character, or engaged in vivid descriptions of the "respectable characters" in their parishes, which seemed always, somehow or other, to be connected with the possession of a certain amount of pecuniary resources.

It must be admitted that Stornoway, notwithstanding the notion of the natives that in regal splendor it is superior to the great metropolis itself, is not possessed of much natural beauty or artificial attractions. There is an absurd-looking castle, brun-new, with the usual allowance of cruel-frame turrets, donjons, and embrasured parapets (placed at

a moderate distance from the mud-bank, which is left high and dry twice a-day, for the use of the inhabitants), with a little lawn in front, and an air of *parvenu* impudence about it, which contrasts strangely with the stolid look of the great white-washed blocks of houses, perched higgedly-piggledly up and down the substitutes for streets. This is the mansion of the proprietor of the island, and is of his own manufacture. Much more creditable to his taste are the various works he has carried on in the neighborhood; the patent ship in the harbor, which is, however, more for ornament than use; the good roads in embryo and *in posse*; the market-place, the chapel, the gas-lamps.

The island, which belonged in the good bad times to the Mackenzies of Seaforth, is as big as many a German principality, being about forty miles long, with a breadth varying from twenty-four to ten miles. It is now the property of a gentleman, who is at the head of a great mercantile house, engaged in the opium and Chinese trade. Stornoway, the capital, is its sole town, and has a population of—

But I am becoming statistical. I was very near entering on the kelp question, on emigration, education, straw-plaiting, crofters and tacksmen, and the reclamation of land.

Poor, dear, dirty, hospitable, busy, herring-curing, cod-drying, ling-splitting, fish-selling, and smelling Stornoway! with your institutions and commerce, and mermaid population, and old tower, and nasty suburbs, with your floating hulks, fitted up as shops and habitations, so that one may see on the stern of a quondam herring-boat, "Dougal Mackenzie, Merchant, licensed to sell Snuff, Whiskey, and Tea;" or read on the bows of a *ci-devant* collier, "Angus Mackenzie, Potato Merchant and Shoe-maker." I must leave you, though I bear with me many a pleasant memory of jolly evenings (the mornings were sometimes less agreeable), good grog, and kind friends! The fiery Highlander was driving his fiery little horse at a great pace. We had travelled over some miles of road, bounded on the one side by the sea and on the other by a wild expanse of bog, which rose in the distance into rounded hills, all impurpled with the rich heather-bells. Now and then we had passed a clump of wigwams built of mud, and rarely possessing windows; the smoke issuing from holes in the roofs, which were composed of great flakes of straw tossed on in bundles, blended with squares of turf and fastened down by hay-ropes ballasted with heavy stones. It was wonderful to see what healthy young Celts rushed out to gaze on us, and what clean faces we could see peeping out modestly from the doorways, while the strong frames of the men we met showed that health had not deserted these

unpromising abodes. Patches of fine oats and potatoes were scattered at long intervals over the vast sea of moor like little islands, but not a tree or shrub was to be seen. Even in the most miserable parts of Ireland one could scarcely find such apparent desolation. The worst cabins in Kerry were as good as the crofters' huts, but I am bound to say the dress and aspect of the people of The Lewis was much better, and bore signs of comfort unknown to their Celtic brethren in the western kingdom. The young grouse flew "cheeping" across the road, roused by the noise of the wheels, and curlew and whimbrels got up from the dykes as we passed with a wild, startled cry; huge flocks of plover, sandpipers, and sea-larks whirled about with whistle and scream over the face of the dark bog, the snipe flashed up from the rills and piped a shrill treble for their long-billed partners in the rushes—now and then you caught sight of an orderly line of mathematical wild geese flying in an isosceles triangle, as if bent on doing the *pons asinorum*, and making as much noise as if Rome was in danger, and mallard, teal, and widgeon quacked and flew around in all directions—altogether it seemed as if it was a capital country for a man to live in, if he could only turn his mouth into a bill, and get waterproof leggings and a swimming-belt.

"I must get out," quoth I.

"For what, man? You're miles from the place."

"Nevertheless, cross this stream, oh, child of the mist! I will not, till I have one whip of my Martin Kelly over that water, and try the attractions of a green-bodied wren with Lewis trout."

The stream in question was about six feet broad, so brown you could not see the bottom, and splashing from pool to pool till it flowed into the sea about one hundred yards from the spot where we had stopped, which was close by a line of stones that served as a bridge when the water was high. At present they were useless, for I had just seen a wee lassie run across like a redshank, and scarcely covering her ankles in the water; but I had seen, too, the whirls of the fish up and down the stream.

"De'il tak' me, but you're just mad, there's not a trout the size of a sprat in the whole burn."

But I was not to be intimidated. My little rod was put together in a minute, reel put on, and in two points the gut casting-line flashed brightly in the sunshine. "Saw you ever the like of that?" The flies had not touched the water ere splash, splash!—two yellow-bellies were fixed hard and fast. The eyes of the Highlander were very big indeed—not half so big, however, as those of a shock-headed boy, who had joined him in a

grin of derision, and had pronounced many decided opinions in the Celtic with respect to my proceedings, which had been duly interpreted for me by my friend.

"He says you'll not catch one; there's not a fish."

At this point, however, I had two of them, small to be sure, but in a minute more they were kicking about on the turf. Another cast. "By Allah, see this! here's a fellow—a white trout, as I live—up in the air, flounce, dash, dive! up again! you'll soon be tired, my fine fellow, and the pool not being bigger than the wash-hand basins in Trafalgar Square, I must kill you for spoiling my sport."

The fight was a short one. The Limerick still held fast, and a two-pound trout walloped about on the gravel; in a few minutes, I tried a little pool close at hand, out of which I tossed trout after trout, till in ten minutes I had taken *thirteen!* I am not proud, I hope; but I must admit that I felt very like a hero, as, I suppose, heroes feel, when I stowed them away in the gig, and heard the wondering remark, "Well, how the de'il you managed it, I can't tell." That night, in a low-browed, comfortable room, with the clear peat-fire burning cosily, good tobacco, and unrivalled whiskey at hand, after a glorious dinner of real Scotch broth, real fish—not the flabby imitations got up for the London-market, but firm, crisp, yet tender as game, with hare, venison, great grouse pies, recondite compounds of cream, bitter marmalade, honey and jams, we caroused after the fashion dear to our forefathers. Had Ossian been wandering past he might have heard the strains of a Highland song, by a gillie, in the corner, succeeded by a brindisi, or a bit of Bellini; smelt a deal of tobacco and toddy, and seen a great deal of gun-washing and flask-filling for the morrow; as it was, the witnesses of the scene were the two large dogs, two or three hare-footed gillies, an "own-man," and a pet sea-gull; the latter of which seemed to take a great interest in a bag of No. 6 shot and some Eley's cartridges. "Back from the moors."

Here's a bag of game!—three brace and a half of ducks, a teal, three widgeons, a curlew, two whimbrels, a heron, a leash of hares, a jer-falcon, six and a half brace of grouse, fifteen golden plovers, thirty-two sand-larks (killed in three shots), a nondescript, hit in a pool, and taken out by a dog, said by the gillie to be a "Choraghebhagh," as near as I can spell it—a field-fare, and a brace of snipes; besides stalking a deer and putting a dose of No. 3 into his stern, as he went away from me, and firing at the place where an otter had dived!—Glorious sport!—"Dinner's ready—your whiskey (a dram)

and hot water up stairs. To-morrow we'll try for a salmon, and let the moor rest for a day."

THE Australian papers bring sad intelligence of the long-lost Dr. Leichardt. The *Moreton Bay Courier* says, "We learn, with deep regret, that the reports of the melancholy death of Dr. Leichardt and his companions have proved but too well-founded. A correspondent at Drayton informs us that Mr. Hely's party had returned from the search, bringing with them bones, watch-key, &c., belonging to the missing party. Mr. Hely had gone on towards Sydney by the most direct route from Surat, for the purpose of making his report; and we are thus left for the present without further information concerning this melancholy event." The report here spoken of as concerning the full particulars has since made its appearance. The *Adelaide Observer* writes: "Mr. Hely's official report is before us. It is a voluminous but able document; but all we can do at present is, to state that the details furnish a mournful confirmation of former distressing (though unauthenticated) intelligence." These melancholy tidings will awaken many emotions; for the whole story of the enterprise, in which it is now feared that the adventurous explorer has sacrificed his life in the interests of science, reads like a chapter in romance. The way in which he nursed his zeal for Australian discovery—his industry, promptitude, and success—the care with which his journeys were prepared—his return over three hundred miles of ground to the nearest frontier station to report the wonderful fertility and beauty of the countries which he had found—a return, he said, prompted by the fear that there might be none from the greater journey which he contemplated, and that thus his discoveries up to that point might be lost—his leave-taking with this consciousness in his mind—and his final disappearance into the wilderness out of which he was never to emerge—all these things tend to invest his memory with the interest that ever clings to a devotion so exalted. Men like Dr. Leichardt are the true heroes of a young country—and his name should be remembered on that vast continent at the antipodes with affectionate gratitude. — *Athenæum*.

At the recent annual public session of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, held in St. Petersburg, it was stated, that the great scientific expedition about to be sent by that body into Eastern Siberia and Kamtschatka was on the immediate eve of setting out. The expedition comprises twelve young men who have been trained by the society expressly to the duty of taking astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations. It was further stated, that another expedition would be despatched to examine the condition of the fisheries in the Caspian Sea—and a third, to explore in a geological point of view several regions of European and Asiatic Russia. — *Athenæum*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE LEGEND OF THE MARIE-STEIN.*

A NORWEGIAN BALLAD.

On Gousta's height,
In the still moonlight,
The shadowy rein-deer roam,
And the dark lake gleams
In the fitful beams,
And the glacier torrents foam !

The gray clouds rest
On the mountain crest,
And the eagle hoarsely screams,
Where the wild wind sweeps,
And the white snow sleeps
As the soul in hallowed dreams !

Like giant old,
On the lonely wold
Rises the blasted pine ;
And the bitter wings
Where the birch-tree clings,
Above the Marie-Stein.

And the spectral shadows haste,
Shrieking o'er the moorland waste,
Amid the drifting snow ;
And when the night with morning meets
The Rinkan's thundering voice repeats
The maiden's tale of woe !

The leaves were red upon the tree,
The waves were white upon the sea,
The kine had left the upland plain,
The summer flowers were on the wane,
As winding up the green pathway,
Beneath the birch-tree's dropping spray,
A maiden went with noiseless tread,
The dead leaves rustling o'er her head
With a sad and moaning sound !

But there was a light in that maiden's eye,
She heard not the moaning sound ;
She saw not the cloud in the lowering sky,
Or the leaves upon the ground ;
Her waving hair of golden brown
Was twined with ribands gay,
As Northern maids are wont to wear
On feast or holy-day ;
And gladsome was her heart I ween,
Its full throb wildly beat —
To-night long pent-up tears will flow,
Long parted lovers meet !

Thrice o'er the forest pines had swept
The winter's chilling blast,
Since at the twilight's saddened hour
These twain had parted last !

* The Marie-Stein (Mary's Path or Cliff) is a rugged and dangerous mountain-path, almost overhanging the reeking abyss of Rinkan Foss, in Norway, leading from below the Fall to the heights above. The memory of the beautiful Mary of Westfoldalen and her hapless story still lives among the peasantry in the neighborhood of the valley of the Maan, and the Rinkan Foss.

Oh, could these true young hearts have known,
Rushing with feverish haste,
The coming grief — or had they seen
The future's dreary waste !

Beside the Rinkan's mystic fall
Sitteth the maiden lone,
And round her sighs the Autumn wind
With a low, foreboding moan ;
Down, down with a booming roar
Came the whirling wreaths of foam,
And the mist-cloud, like a spirit,
Rose from its cavern home,
As if it spoke amidst the din,
In solemn tones and mild,
And asked the reason of the strife
Of waters raging wild !

And soon the twilight's darkening shade
Hung like a phantom shield
Upon the embattled hills of snow
Above the Gousta-Field ;
But still the maiden lingered there,
And darker grew the sky,
Then strange thoughts struggled in her breast
And trembled in her eye !

" Oh ! wherefore comes he not ? " she said,
" The night is stealing fast ; "
But it was the echo answered her
And the lonely mountain blast !
" Wherefore, oh, wherefore comes he not ? "
The maiden sighed again —
But hark ! oh, is it the fall of his eager step,
Or the sound of the coming rain ?

'Tis he ! 't is he ! far up the cliffs,
Grasping the shattered pine,
Her lover hastes with a fearless bound
O'er the track of the Marie-Stein ;
Nearer and nearer yet he comes —
" To meet and never part ! "
Oh, what a wild and joyous cry
Bursts from that sinking heart !

He heard that well-remembered voice,
The voice he had longed to hear,
And it sent through his inmost soul a thrill
Unfelt for many a year ;
" I come, I come, " his eyes grew dim,
Her form flashed on his sight,
He stretched his arms, and with a shriek
Plunged from the dizzy height !
Down, down to the reeking gulf,
The lover's stormy grave !
The white spray wreathed — he slept beneath
The Rinkan's foaming wave !

When the snow lay on the wold,
And the winter's wind blew cold,
And the bare and leafless trees
Sighed wildly in the breeze,
Day by day a form was seen
Bending 'neath the waving pine,
Watching on the Marie-Stein !
Weary, weary, watching ever
For the one who cometh never !

Like a vision fair she seemed ;
 But those eyes, oh ! how they gleamed
 With the wandering light of madness,
 Softened only by their sadness,
 And the shadow of despair
 Hiding darkly — ever there !

Day by day, year by year,
 Summer green, and Autumn sear,
 Wandered still that woman's form
 In the calm and in the storm ;
 Through the dark and misty night
 Gleamed her robe of spotless white,
 And her streaming hair which fell,
 Like a shroud, above the swell
 Of that yearning breast of snow
 Beating so wild and sad below !

Many years have passed away,
 How many it were hard to say ;
 But time hath told upon that brow,
 So high and saint-like even now,
 And touched her pale cheek, once so fair,
 And changed to gray her golden hair ;
 But still upon that mountain path
 The hunter pauses with a start
 And a tremor at his heart,
 To meet those eyes so wildly cast
 A moment on him — but he's passed,
 And with head bowed down and silent
 Passeth on that vision mild,
 Through the tangled bushes wild !

Many years have passed away —
 On that wild and mountain track
 Haste the rein-deer as of yore,
 But the sad and weary-hearted
 Wanders there no more ;
 In her grave the maiden lies,
 In the grave of time
 Lieth now the aged head,
 And the gleaming eyes are quenched,
 But the spirit is not dead !

In the dim and shrouded twilight,
 When the soul to thought is given,
 And the feelings sad and chastened
 Make it more akin to heaven ;
 When the pale stars glimmer forth
 From the soft and hazy skies —
 Beaming on the sleeping earth
 Silently, like angel eyes ! —

Then, when all things are at rest
 But the Rinkan's troubled breast,
 Heaving, heaving !
 Like a wounded giant,
 Yet defiant,
 Hoarsely breathing !
 The peasant seeth through the mist —
 But it may be phantasy —
 Spirits twain — one with long and shining hair,
 Meeting in the wreathed air,
 Melting dimly then away,
 Mingled with the glittering spray !

M. M. M.

SONG.

CLOUDS SHINE AND FLY.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORLEY.

CLOUDS shine and fly,
 Leaves flush and fade,
 Swans sing and die —
 Naught here hath stayed.

Snow gleams and melts,
 Bright founts are dried,
 Rich rainbow-belts
 Pale in their pride.

Stars leave the sky,
 Swords flash and rust,
 Towers reared on high
 Heap dust on dust !

Waves dance — and break,
 Fair fruits decay,
 Sunset's rich streak
 Turns to faint gray.

Gales sweep — then sigh
 To a drear hush,
 Meteors driven nigh
 Fail in mid rush.

Sounds swell and pause,
 Smiles, tears become,
 Still the worm gnaws
 Where tempts most bloom.

Chords thrill — and snap ! —
 Dews glance, and go,
 Sails fill — and flap —
 Brave trees lie low.

Suns rise and sink,
 Flowers blush — and droop,
 Flames leap, and shrink ;
 What of man's Hope ? —

Loveliest things part
 When they're most bright ;
 So from Man's heart
 Dreams take their flight.

When they're most dear,
 Fairest and best —
 Leaving him drear,
 Flies each bright guest.

Clouds shine and fly,
 Founts flow and waste,
 Swans sink and die —
 Bright dreams ne'er last.

Swifter than all,
 They still decay,
 Change, fade, and fall,
 Things of a day !

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CROWN MATRIMONIAL OF FRANCE.

FOR upwards of sixty years has France exhibited to the world the spectacle of a phantasmagoria — wild, fitful, and incoherent as a nightmare-dream. The horrible and the pathetic mingled with the grotesque; things incongruous and unexpected succeeding each other with transformations as rapid as legerdemain; massacres and festivals; miseries and orgies; reckless license and stringent despotism; strange visions of murdered sovereigns, and ephemeral consuls and dictators. Dynasties changing like the slides in a magic-lantern; an emperor rising from the chaos of revolution as from a surging sea; sinking, re-appearing, then again sinking. A long-guarded captive seating himself on the throne of his captor; a Republic with the anomaly of *Equality* for its motto, and a *Prince-President* at its head; and *Absolutism* established in honor of *Liberty and Fraternity*.

Party colors glance on the sight like the tints of a quick-shaken kaleidoscope; the white of the Bourbon lilies, and the blue of the Napoleon violets; imperial purple, tri-colored cockades, and Red Republicanism. Another shake of the kaleidoscope, and again the purple predominates. But the present *resumé* of the empire has not the *prestige* of its original, whose birth was heralded by glittering trophies, and the exciting strains of martial music. No! Here is an empire created by slight of hand amid no prouder minstrelsy than that of the violins of fêtes.

With a new slide of the magic-lantern we behold an imperial wedding, surpassing in brilliant externals even the nuptials of the Napoleon and Maria Louisa. But the bridegroom is not Napoleon the Great, nor is the bride a daughter of the Cæsars. We must give the bridegroom due credit for proving that he still possesses some freshness of feeling, not yet wholly seared by *coups d'état* and diplomacy, and that he amiably prefers (for the time, at least) domestic affection to self-interest and expediency. But how long will he be permitted, by the most changeable, the most uncertain people on earth, to enjoy his love-match in peace! With the populace it may be acceptable, so long as it gives them pageants to "assist" at, to gaze upon, and talk about; but the alliance of an emperor of France with a Spanish countess, the subject of another sovereign, is not *glorious* enough for the other classes, who are really aristocratic in their hearts, notwithstanding occasionally short freaks of democracy. Republican governments have never governed the French; they are only impressed by the opposites of democracy, by the *prestige* of rank, titles, and distinction. Louis XIV., a far more mighty sovereign than Napoleon III., and who, on his firmly established

throne, was servilely worshipped as the "*Grand Monarque*," never dared to avow his clandestine marriage with Madame de Maintenon. Napoleon I. showed how well he understood the genius of the French people, when he replaced his really beloved Josephine by the daughter of an emperor, and required his brother Jerome to put away his first wife, Miss Patterson, for a German princess.

Louis Napoleon himself seems to have had his misgivings as to the effect the step he contemplated would have on the mind of the nation; and the fall of the French funds, from the time the marriage came on the *tapis*, was full of significance. Instead of following the usual example of monarchs, and simply announcing his intended marriage, he proceeded to make his notification a *pièce justificative*, full of explanations and apologies, in which his anxiety betrayed him into inconsistencies and errors of judgment. At variance with his *hereditary pretensions* as Napoleon III., he rejoiced in the character of *parvenu*, and then boasted the "high birth" of his consort. He endeavored to frame his speech, as though he had taken for his text Ovid's maxim —

Non bene conveniunt nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et Amor. — *Madam. lib. ii. 816.*

Yet he has labored to overload love with the most far-fetched and dazzling majesty. He complacently instanced his grandmother, Josephine, as beloved by France, though not of royal blood; seemingly oblivious that Napoleon I. had not stooped from the throne to raise her (she had been his wife ere men dreamed of him as a monarch) — and that his policy soon compelled her to descend from the throne, and give place to a prouder bride. Louis Napoleon has promised that the Empress Eugénie will revive the virtues of the Empress Josephine: far wiser had he not touched on the topic, to remind his bride that the reward — the earthly reward — of those virtues was divorce and a broken heart; and to remind his people how easily the non-royal wife could be moved aside, whenever the interests of the crown or the nation should require it. He who has declared that "the empire is peace," has dropped ominous words of "the hour of danger," in which the good qualities of his Eugénie will shine forth; in contrast, he evidently meant, with the incapacity and selfishness of Maria Louisa, when France was invaded by the allies; but how utterly distasteful to the French public must that ill-judged reminder be! He spoke, in his ante-nuptial speech, of the unhappy fates of the illustrious ladies who had worn the crown of France — a suggestive theme, in which we are about to follow his lead; but from his lips the subject seemed peculiarly ill-chosen and ill-timed. Verily, his Imperial Majesty has been singularly infelicitous in his

selection of topics. In every country of Europe there are still men whose hearts can respond to the sentiment —

Dulce et decorum est PRO PATRIA mori. — Hor.

Such men would have esteemed it more judicious to have avoided any mention of the deceased father of Eugenia de Montijo, than to have announced him as one who, in the struggle of Spain for independence, fought *against* his own countrymen, and *with* the invaders of his native land. The unnecessary allusion to the bereaved Duchess of Orleans is in such bad taste, that to comment on it would be a continuation of the fault.

But we must excuse the inconsistencies of a man too much in love to see the import of all he said; and we must not, in common courtesy, omit for his bride the customary compliment to all brides, the expression of our good wishes. We wish her happiness, and the more willingly for the sake of the good blood in her veins — the blood of worthy, sagacious, and *patriotic* Scotland (derived, *not* from her father, but from her mother, a Kirkpatrick). May the "canny drop" be allowed free circulation through her heart! Yes, we wish her happiness willingly, but *very doubtfully*; not because she has wedded a Bonaparte, for the men of that name have not the reputation of unkind husbands (even to the wives they repudiated), and she might be very happy with Louis Napoleon in another sphere; not merely because her position is trying, and apparently insecure, but because she places on her head the *crown matrimonial of France* — a circlet with which some dark fatality seems connected; for, among the many fair brows on which it has rested, there are very few that it has left without a blight or a wound.

When our memory passes in review the royal and imperial wives of France, we are surprised to see how many have been divorced, how many broken-hearted, how many have left a disgraceful name behind to posterity. And among the smaller number, the innocent and the happy, how many have been snatched away by a premature death, or have been early and sadly widowed! The crown matrimonial of France has been borne, by the majority of its wearers, unworthily, unhappily, or too briefly. For some it has been imbued, as it were, with a disfiguring stain; for others, lined with sharp, cruel thorns; for others, wreathed with the funeral cypress. If history, holding her mirror to our view,

Bids us in the past descry
The visions of futurity,*

with *such* a history of French queens and empresses before our eyes, it is but natural

* Quoted from the Prologue to Bland's Translations from the Greek Anthology.

that good wishes for the bliss of Empress Eugenia should be damped by doubts and fears. By casting with us a quick and comprehensive glance over the memoirs of the royal ladies to whom we have alluded, the reader will be convinced of the great preponderance of cares, crimes, and sorrows, over peace, innocence, and felicity, in their lives. We will commence our summary with the reign of Charlemagne, as a remarkable era, and sufficiently early for our purpose.

Charlemagne, A. D. 768 (date of his accession).

His first wife was HERMENGARDE (daughter of Desiderius, King of the Lombards), whom he had been persuaded by his mother, Bertha, to wed, contrary to his inclinations, and whom he divorced in two years after his accession, on the plea of her ill health. She had the grief to see her father dethroned by Charlemagne, whose prisoner he died. The desolate Lombard princess died in obscurity.

The second wife, HILDEGARDE, a noble Swabian, was fair, wise, and good, but was calumniated by Taland, a half-brother of Charlemagne, who (in revenge for her disdain of his own proffered addresses) accused her of criminality with a foreign knight, during the king's expedition against a German tribe. Obligated to conceal herself from her incensed husband, she lived in great poverty, till her accuser, struck with remorse after a dangerous illness, declared her innocence. In memory of her restoration to her home and her good fame, she founded, in Swabia, the Abbey of Kempten; in the annals of which religious house is written the history of her patience and her suffering (during her concealment), and her noble forgiveness of her persecutor. But her recovered happiness was brief; she was snatched by death from her numerous children at the early age of twenty-six, in 784.

FASTRADE, the third consort, daughter of Raoul, Count of Franconia, so disgusted the people by her arrogance, that a conspiracy was formed to dethrone her husband on account of her influence over him. This plot, though abortive, caused Fastrade much mortification and anxiety; and she died very young, in 794, as much hated as her predecessor had been lamented.

LUTGARDE, a German, the last consort of Charlemagne, handsome, generous, and literary,* loved her husband; and to enjoy his society, usually accompanied him to the chase. But he was faithless to her, choosing for his favorite one of the ladies of her train. Whatever mortification Lutgarde might have felt was soon terminated by death. She died

* She enjoyed the friendship of the learned Alcuin (disciple of the venerable Bede), at whose persuasion Charlemagne founded the University of Paris.

young and childless (in A. D. 800), after a union of little more than four years.

Louis I. (le Debonnaire). 814.

His first wife was HERMENGARDE, daughter of Ingram, Count of Hesbay.* She has left an unenviable reputation as cruel and despotic. When Bernard, a petty Italian king, who revolted against Louis, had been conquered, Hermengarde sentenced him and his adherents to death; and though the sentence was commuted by Louis, she caused the eyes of Bernard to be pulled out, and such tortures to be inflicted on him, that he expired in consequence. She herself died soon after her victim; having, however, been more fortunate in her lot than her predecessors, for she had enjoyed a peaceable wedded life for twenty-one years.

Her successor, JUDITH, daughter of Welf of Bavaria, was an artful and licentious woman, whose bad conduct caused her step-sons (children of Hermengarde), to revolt, filling the kingdom with trouble. They published her profligacy with Bernard (the son of her husband's tutor), whom she, by her influence over Louis, caused to be created Duke of Septimanie. She was taken by her step-sons, and imprisoned in a convent at Poitiers, and compelled to pronounce the vows; but was liberated by her husband when he had put down the revolt, she having solemnly sworn to her innocence. Again the young princes revolted; and Judith, again captive, was sent to Tortona, in Italy, and her young son Charles separated from her, and shut up in a monastery; the unfortunate Louis himself being confined at St. Medard; from whence he was released only on submitting to some very abject conditions. He received back his wife and her son, but soon died of grief. Judith survived him but three years; having, however, lived to see the murder of her favorite Bernard, by the hands of her son Charles, who stabbed him for a revolt. She has left an odious name in the records of history.

Charles I. (the Bald). 840.

He married first HERMENTRUDE, daughter of Odo, Count of Orleans. She was prudent and good, but her life was one of sorrow. Her eldest son, Louis, had an impediment in his speech; her second son, Charles, died young; her third son, Carloman, rebelling against his father, because the latter required him to become a monk against his will, was taken prisoner, had his eyes put out, and was imprisoned in the Abbey of Corbie. Her only daughter Judith, widow of Ethelbald, King of England, eloped from the court with Baldwin of Flanders, causing great scandal and trouble. Hermentrude had not the consolation of her husband's affection; for Louis

formed an attachment for Richilde, sister of Boson, King of Provence, and ill-treated Hermentrude, whom he sought to divorce, but found public opinion too strong in her favor. The unhappy wife died, overwhelmed with cares, A. D. 869, and was buried at St. Denis.

In three months after her death Louis married RICHILDE, who hated, and was hated by her stepsons, and fomented great disorders in the royal family. Having accompanied the king in his expedition against the countries on the Rhine, on his defeat she was obliged to fly from Heristal in the middle of the night, without clothes or money; suffered great hardships, and lay in by the roadside, with no one near her but one attendant. All her children (four sons and a daughter) died young. After her husband's death she lived a most licentious life, and pillaged and fired houses in her Bacchanalian riotings, until the Bishop of Rheims threatened her with excommunication unless she restrained her disgraceful conduct.

Louis II. (the Stammerer). 870.

ANSGARDE, the daughter of a Count Hardouin, was privately wedded by Louis, during the life of his father, Charles the Bald, and bore him two sons, Louis (afterwards king), and Carloman; but being of an inferior rank, Charles compelled her husband, whom she tenderly loved, to divorce her, and to espouse

ADELAIDE, daughter of Count Begon, whose life was embittered by her doubtful position; for, on the death of Charles the Bald, Ansgarde obtained from Pope John VIII. the establishment of her children's* rights, because Charles had not applied to the ecclesiastical power to sanction the divorce between her and his son Louis. Wherefore Adelaide was generally accounted only the concubine of Louis, and the deserted Ansgarde as his lawful wife. Adelaide, who suffered great uneasiness of mind, was encephalic at the time of Louis' death, in 879, and had a posthumous son, Charles, surnamed the Simple.

Charles III. (the Fat.) 884.

He married in 877 RICHARDA, a lady of Scottish birth. She was esteemed for wisdom and virtue; but was accused by her feeble-minded and credulous husband of infidelity with his prime minister, Luitgard, Bishop of Verceil. Richarda in vain protested her innocence, offering to submit to the ordeals of fire and water; she was divorced, and retired to a convent in Alsace, which she had founded, and lived there ten years in retirement.

Charles IV. (the Simple). 893.

The life of his first consort, FREDERUN, sister of Beuves, Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne,

* In the country of Liege.

* Her eldest son, who reigned as Louis III., died unmarried, as did also his brother Carloman.

offers nothing remarkable. She had four daughters, but no son; and died 918, after a marriage of eleven years.

His second wife was OGINA,* an English princess, sister of King Athelstane. Her royalty was clouded. Her husband was dethroned by his subjects, and imprisoned at St. Quentin, where he died in great misery. Ogina, divided from him, fled to England for the protection of her only child, Louis, thence surnamed *Outremer*, or "beyond sea." On her son's recall, after thirteen years of exile, she returned to France, where she married (at the age of forty-five) Herbert Count of Vermandois, then but twenty years of age, and son of Herbert de Vermandois, who had betrayed and imprisoned her royal husband, the dethroned Charles. This ill-assorted marriage alienated the love and respect of her son, King Louis. Ogina lived happily, however, with her young husband, but only for two years, as she died in childbirth, 853.

Louis IV. (Outremer). 936.

He married GERBERGA of Saxony, daughter of Emperor Henry the Fowler, and widow of Gilbert Duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in attempting to cross the Rhine on horseback, to escape the pursuit of Louis d'Outremer, then at war with him. Gerberga defended her dead lord's fortress so gallantly, that when King Louis at length succeeded in taking it, he admired the spirit of his fair adversary so much that he offered her his hand and throne. She was loved and respected by Louis, whose friend and counsellor she was; but her lot had many cares. The king, in an expedition, was made prisoner, and remained a year in captivity; her young son Charleman died while a hostage for his father; others of her children also died young; and she survived her affectionate husband.

Lothaire. 954.

Married, in 966, EMMA, daughter of Lothaire, King of Italy. She was depraved, and gave cause of scandal with Adalberon, Bishop of Laon; and then poisoned her husband, in the hope of reigning in the name of her son, an only child, *Louis le Faineant*, or the Idle. Louis, on his accession, threatened Adalberon and herself with punishment; but he, too, died by poison; and the Duke of Lorraine, uncle to the king, imprisoned both Emma and Adalberon, and treated them with severity. Emma escaped from prison in 988, but became a miserable outcast and wanderer, and died in the following year.

Louis V. (le Faineant). 986.

He married BLANCHE,† daughter of a noble of Aquitaine. She was very beautiful, but

* By some called Edguina.

† By some writers she is called Constance.

the marriage was an ill-suited one; for Blanche was animated, and Louis inert, and so much disliked her vivacity, that he often retired from her company to a country residence. She became corrupt in her conduct, and attached herself to the Count de Verdon, and afterwards to several others. At length she poisoned Louis, after a short reign of fifteen months; and in him ended the Carolinian race.

Blanche re-married with Hugh, eldest son of Hugh Capet, the next heir, for whose benefit she removed her first husband, but shortly afterwards died childless.

Hugh Capet. 987.

His queen was ADELAIDE of Guinne, who appears to have lived in tranquillity; but enjoyed her elevation to the throne only two years, dying in 989.

Robert (the Devout). 997.

His first wife was BERTHA, daughter of Conrad of Burgundy, and widow of Odo, Count of Blois. But the Pope, Gregory V., pronounced their marriage invalid, because Robert had been sponsor to one of Bertha's children by her first marriage, which circumstance had constituted what the canons of Rome termed "a spiritual affinity" between them. But the royal pair was strongly attached, and refused to separate. The Pope laid France under an interdict; Robert and Bertha retired to the Castle of Vaivert, near Paris, where they were rendered miserable by crowds of their subjects daily haunting them, with piteous entreaties that they would consent to part; and so terminate the evils the kingdom was enduring from the interdict. All their friends and attendants fled from them; and they would have been utterly desolate, but for two servants who remained to aid them, but who, notwithstanding, viewed their wretched master and mistress with such horror, that they passed through the fire for purification everything which had been touched by the excommunicated couple. The king remained firm, refusing to forsake his unhappy wife; she lay in of a premature birth from grief, and Robert being assured that she had produced a monster with the neck of a goose,* he considered this (fictitious) occurrence as a proof of the wrath of Heaven, and at length consented to give her up. In two years after, Bertha, still loving, and who still called herself queen, went to Rome to solicit the new Pope (Sylvester II.) to establish her marriage; but while she was urging her suit, Robert

* A similar legend was related of Bertha, queen of Pepin, and mother of Charlemagne, who was said to have borne a child with the leg of a goose. And, strange to say, Bertha herself is represented in effigies still extant, with one foot that of a goose.

made another alliance, and the unhappy Bertha retired to a convent, and died 1016.

CONSTANCE, Robert's second wife, daughter of William Count of Provence, was beautiful, but haughty, violent, and hard-hearted. Robert disliked her so much that he would never term her wife or queen; and took, to console him, a mistress, Almafede, who had been betrothed to a Count de Beauvoir, at which Constance was so much chagrined that she caused the count to be assassinated, in revenge for his having yielded his claim on the hand of Almafede. Robert, in consequence, sought to divorce Constance; but the bishops of the realm interfered to prevent him. Thirteen persons, accused of heresy, being sentenced to the flames at Orleans, in 1022, Constance chose to be present at this dreadful spectacle; and perceiving amongst the condemned, one Stephen, who had formerly been her confessor, she was so much incensed against him, that she attacked the wretched man on his way to the scene of his torture, and thrust out one of his eyes with her staff. Her eldest and favorite son died young, leaving the succession (to her great chagrin) to her second son, Henry, whom she hated; and she fomented strife in the royal family by her endeavors to place on the throne her youngest son, to the prejudice of Henry; and she excited her children to rebel against their father, and to quarrel among themselves, till they were obliged to fly far from her baneful influence. After her husband's death, she conspired against her son, then reigning; but was defeated, and closed an odious life at the Castle of Melun, 1032, and was buried at St. Denis.

Henry I. 1031.

He married ANNE, daughter of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, whose life with him appears to have passed in tranquillity. But after his death, having contracted with Raoul Count de Crespy, an ill-advised marriage (for which she was excommunicated, and was finally divorced), she displeased her son, the reigning monarch, and finding herself deserted by her former friends, she retired to Russia, separated forever from her children.

Philip I. 1060.

His first wife, BERTHA, daughter of Fleuri, Count of Holland, lived happily with him for many years, till his affections were alienated by Bertrade, wife of Foulques le Requin, Count of Anjou; and, accordingly, he divorced Bertha, to make way for the beautiful but evil-disposed BERTRADE, who, being repudiated by the complaisant Foulques at the king's desire, married the latter in 1073, a step which roused the indignation of the nobles and the Pope Urban II.; and Philip, compelled by excommunication, submitted to

divorce Bertrade, and restore her to her first husband. During her short union with Philip, Bertrade had plotted to cause his son Louis to be detained a prisoner in England, whither he had gone to attend the coronation of Henry I.; but being thwarted by the good faith of the English king, she administered to Louis a poison, which he discovered in time to defeat, by an antidote, but his face ever after remained colorless. Bertrade incurred reproach and contempt for continuing to receive the visits of Philip at the chateau of the Count Foulques; but after the king's death, she became a prey to remorse, and retired to a convent, where she inflicted on herself such severe penances, that she fell a victim to her austerities, and, in 1117, closed her evil and troubled life.

Louis VI. (le Gros, or the Fat). 1108.

He married ADELAIDE, daughter of Humbert Count of Maurienne. She was lovely and amiable, and forms an exception to this gloomy list of regal consorts, for she lived happily and worthily with Louis. One grief, however, she felt in the premature death of her eldest son, Philip, by a fall from his horse. After the king's decease, she married Matthieu Sire de Montmorency, Constable of France, from whom, after fifteen years, she separated, to retire to a cloister she had founded.

Louis VII. (the Young). 1137.

His first wife, ELEANOR of Aquitaine, disgusted him by the gross improprieties of her conduct in the Holy Land, whither she had accompanied him, and where she had incurred scandal with the celebrated sultan, Saladin, and others; and even with her own uncle, Raymond of Poitiers. Louis, therefore, divorced her, and she immediately married again with Henry II. of England. But the shadow of the crown matrimonial of France rested upon her still; witness her well-known unhappiness with Henry, their mutual dislike, her jealousy, the discords she excited between her sons and their father, and her deserved and long imprisonment. CONSTANCE, daughter of Alphonso, King of Castille, second wife of Louis, was worthy of the influence she possessed over his heart; but their happiness was very brief, being terminated in four years by the early death of Constance in childbirth. She was buried at St. Denis. The third queen of Louis, ALICE, daughter of Thibaut, Count of Campagne, and niece of our English king, lived peacefully, as it appears, and, surviving her husband, was regent for her son.

Philip II. (surnamed Augustus). 1186.

His first wife, ISABEL, daughter of the Count of Hainault, was married to him when both

bride and bridegroom were only twelve years of age. Philip having afterwards quarrelled with her uncle, the Count of Flanders, the girlish queen, then but seventeen, was accused by some malicious persons of taking part with the count against her husband, who, imbibing a dislike to her, exiled her from court, and sent her to live in a kind of disgrace at Sens. At length relenting, he recalled her; but her young and clouded life was terminated by her dying in childbirth at the age of twenty-one. Her successor was *INGERBURG*, daughter of Waldemar, King of Denmark. She was beautiful, with a profusion of fair hair, and was scarcely seventeen when married. The day after the nuptials she was crowned. During the rites Philip was observed to gaze upon her, and then to turn pale; and became so troubled, that he could scarcely be induced by his ministers to allow the ceremony to continue. But in a fortnight afterwards he called a council and divorced the poor young foreigner, who, on learning from an interpreter what the proceedings meant, burst into tears, exclaiming in a broken dialect—"Bad France!—Rome!" implying that she appealed to Rome from the injustice of France. But Philip brutally imprisoned her in the convent of Cisoien, near Lisle, and left her in such penury, that she was often dependent on her needlework for her food. In 1196, Philip married *AGNES*, the lovely and amiable daughter of the Duke of Merania. But Pope Celestine, at the instance of Canute, Ingerburg's brother, annulled the divorce of the latter, and dissolved the marriage of Agnes and Philip. The king refused to renounce his new wife, and shut up Ingerburg in a still more rigorous imprisonment than before, at Etampes. The kingdom was laid under an interdict, and a council was called at Soissons, where the cause of Ingerburg was pleaded so earnestly, that Philip, without waiting for the termination, silently retired; and riding to the prison of the young Dane, placed her behind him on horseback, and, without any attendants or respect, carried her to Paris, and acknowledged her as queen. Agnes de Merania, seeing herself abandoned, died of grief soon after at the Castle of Poissi. After her death, Philip again cast off the so-often insulted Ingerburg, and again imprisoned her; but was constrained by the Pope to release and recall her to court, where she continued to reside meekly and patiently, ill-treated by the king, but pitied by the people. She survived her tyrant, who has incurred the odium of making three lovely and virtuous young women undeservedly miserable.

Louis VIII. (the Lion). 1223.

His queen, *BLANCHE*, daughter of Alphonso VIII. of Castille (and of Eleanor of England),

was so fair that she was called *Candide*, and was good, prudent, and pious. She enjoyed her husband's love in a happy union of twenty-six years. Yet she was not exempt from royal anxieties; for during her regency for her son (St. Louis), she had many troubles, cares, and difficulties, on account of the insurgent nobles and the Bretons. She had lost four sons and a daughter in infancy, and she finally died of grief at Maubuisson, on hearing that her son, St. Louis, who had gone to Palestine, was a prisoner in Egypt.

Louis IX. (St. Louis). 1226.

When only nineteen, he married *MARGARET*, daughter of Raymond Berenger Count of Toulouse, who was herself but fifteen. She had every advantage of person, mind, and heart, and was ever beloved by Louis. But in her early days she experienced great vexation from her mother-in-law, *Blanche*, who so entirely separated the affectionate young couple, that she would not permit them even to converse together. On one occasion when Margaret was dangerously ill, and Louis had ventured to her room to inquire after her health, his mother, finding him there, took him by the hand to lead him out; and the poor invalid called to her in tears—"What, madame! will you not suffer me, either living or dying, to speak to my lord and husband?" After the death of *Blanche*, the domestic happiness of Margaret was unbroken, if we except her natural grief at losing six of her eleven children. But her greatest affliction was the loss of St. Louis, who died of the plague in Tunis. She died 1295, and was buried at St. Denis.

Philip III. (the Hardy). 1270.

His first wife, *ISABEL*, daughter of James I. King of Arragon, was only fifteen at the time of her marriage, and had a fair prospect of happiness, had life been spared. But she died at twenty-five, in consequence of a fall from her horse, which occasioned premature confinement. She was buried at St. Denis. The second queen of Philip, *MARY OF BRABANT*, daughter of Henry, Duke of Brabant, was handsome and intellectual, and was at first beloved by her husband. But a gulf was soon opened between them by the calumny of a man named *La Brosse*, an upstart favorite of Philip, who accused Mary of having poisoned Louis, the son of her predecessor Isabel. Philip imprisoned the queen, and treated her with rigor. But her brother, then Duke of Brabant, came forward in her defence; and, after a searching examination, *La Brosse* was convicted (by the confession of one of his tools) of the young prince's murder, and was hanged. Mary was honorably acquitted; but she had suffered severely, in mind and in health, from the trials and indignities to

which she had been exposed. After Philip's death she lived in close retreat from the world. One of her daughters, Margaret, was the second wife of Edward I. of England.

Philip IV. (the Fair). 1284.

His queen was JOAN, daughter of Henry, King of Navarre. She had great talents, and a taste for the fine arts; and seems to have escaped, in great degree, the sorrows of the crown matrimonial of France. But she had only attained the age of thirty-three at her death. One of her daughters, Isabel, was married to Edward II. of England subsequently to her mother's decease.

We come now in order of time to four Burgundian princesses (two pairs of sisters), whose respective husbands filled the throne of France in succession, under the titles of Louis X. (le Hutin), Philip V. (the Tall), Charles IV. (the Handsome), and Philip VI. (de Valois). These ladies were MARGARET and JOAN, daughters of Robert II., Duke of Burgundy, consorts of Louis X. and Philip de Valois, and JANE and BLANCHE, daughters of Otho of Burgundy, and wives of Philip V. and Charles IV.

MARGARET was married when scarcely fifteen to Louis X. She was very handsome, and depraved in no ordinary degree. She, with her sisters-in-law, Jane and Blanche, inhabited the Hotel de Nesle, that stood on the Seine,* and that has acquired an infamous celebrity from the scandalous revels of these beautiful but wicked young females, who are said to have caused the guests they admitted secretly to be hurled down a trap-door and drowned in the river, if they unfortunately recognized in their fair and anonymous entertainers the wives of their princes. Margaret and Blanche had selected two favorites, Norman knights and brothers, named Philip and Walter d'Aulnay. The latter had been attached to a Mademoiselle de Morfontaine, who, finding herself neglected, was inspired by jealousy to watch her fickle lover, and thus discovered the double intrigue, which soon came to the knowledge of the king (then Philip IV). On the trial of the criminals, revelations especially disgraceful to the princesses were made. The brothers D'Aulnay were executed after being put to tortures too horrible to relate. Some persons proved to have been accessories to the royal intriguants were likewise put to death. Margaret and Blanche were degraded, and stripped of their inheritances; their heads were shaved, and they were imprisoned in a most rigorous manner in the Chateau Gaillard, about seven leagues from Rouen. Margaret was strangled by the hands of an executioner in her dun-

geon, by the king's order, in 1315, when only twenty-six.

BLANCHE remained a close prisoner for twelve years. She was then removed to the Abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, but did not long survive her profession. Her two children pre-deceased her. She was never crowned as the consort of Charles IV., but the shadow of the crown matrimonial projected itself forwards, and fell upon her, as it were, by anticipation.

JANE was sentenced to imprisonment in the Castle of Dourdan. But she was the heiress of the province of Franche Comté, which her husband did not think it good policy to restore, as he should do if he divorced her. He therefore affected to believe her innocent of the charges brought against her, and applied to the parliament for her acquittal and restoration to her rank and honors. During the life of her husband, King Philip V., Jane lived decorously; but her after years proved the truth of the former accusations; for her widowhood was a career of the utmost profligacy. She died in Flanders at the age of thirty-seven.

JOAN of Burgundy, sister of Queen Margaret, and wife to Philip VI. (de Valois), bore a very different character from that of her guilty relatives. She was prudent and virtuous, and was beloved by her husband, but had the grief to see his kingdom overrun by the English. The fate and the criminality of her sister must have given her many bitter pangs. She died at fifty-five, and was buried at St. Denis.

After the execution of Margaret in the dungeon of Chateau Gaillard, her husband, Louis X., took for his second wife CLEMENCE of Anjou. But she had been only a few months wedded when Louis died, leaving her *enceinte*. The violence of her grief brought on fever, and her posthumous child died in a few days after its birth. She herself died young, in retirement.

After the demise of Blanche in her cloister, her widower, Charles IV., married MARY of LUXEMBURG, daughter of the Emperor Henry VII. She was amiable, discreet, and beloved, and died in childbirth, aged only eighteen, in a year after her marriage.

The third wife of Charles, JANE D'EVREUX, his cousin, was worthy of the love and esteem he bestowed upon her. But she lost her affectionate husband by death after three years only of union. Jane lived to the age of sixty, and was buried at St. Denis. The crown made for her coronation was used to crown the succeeding queens of France.

On the death of Joan of Burgundy, the virtuous sister of the strangled Margaret, Philip VI. married BLANCHE of NAVARRE, then only eighteen. But her regal splendors and domestic affections were overthrown by the

* Its site is now occupied by the Palace of the Institute, and some other buildings.

death of Philip, in a year and a half after their nuptials; and she was left a widow and *enceinte* before she had completed her twentieth year. She had subsequently the misfortune to lose her only child, Blanche, in the bloom of youth. Queen Blanche lived in retirement, and died at seventy, and was buried at St. Denis.

John (the Good). 1350.

He was much attached to his estimable wife, BONA of LUXEMBURG; but the calamities of his unfortunate reign were a source of anguish to her, both as wife and queen. The realm was torn by civil factions, and devastated by the victorious arms of the English, under Edward III. Bona did not long survive the, to her, disastrous battle of Cressy, in which so many of the French nobles perished.

His second wife, the charming JANE D'Auvergne widow of Philip de Rouvres, Duke of Burgundy, had her share of sorrows, as queen, wife, and mother. She saw her royal husband defeated at all points by the English, taken prisoner at Poitiers, and carried to London, to endure a four years' long captivity; and the kingdom, in his absence, a prey to the horrible atrocities of the peasant war, called the *Jacquerie*. The dauphin, her step-son, treated her with disrespect, deprived her of the regency, and obliged her to retire to Burgundy. Her own two daughters died young; and when her husband was free to return to her, in 1361, it was with estranged affections, he having fallen in love, while in London, with a lady, to be near whom he returned to England and to captivity, in which he died. Grief shortened the days of his unhappy queen, who survived him but a year. She died in 1365, and was buried at St. Denis.

Charles V. (the Wise). 1369.

His wife, the accomplished and handsome JANE DE BOURBON, died in childbirth, leaving her husband inconsolable. Of her nine children, six had died before her. Dying in 1378, aged forty, she was buried at St. Denis.

Charles VI. (the Beloved). 1380.

He married the beautiful and depraved ISABEL of BAVARIA, notorious for her conjugal infidelities, her violence, cruelty, prodigality, and want of natural affection for her children. On account of her licentious conduct, the king caused her to be imprisoned for a time; his subsequent insanity, however, gave her power and liberty, which she abused. She was disgraced by her intimacy with her husband's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and then with the Duke of Burgundy, the murderer of Orleans. Her favorite, Boisbourdan, was put to death by order of the king, issued in a lucid in-

terval. Another, Saligny, was arrested by the dauphin, who confined his mother in a prison, whence she was delivered by the Duke of Burgundy, in arms. France was overrun by the English, and deluged with blood by intestine factions; the people were starving, the king insane, and with his children often in want of the commonest necessities. Isabel and her son, the dauphin, detested each other; she endeavored to poison him, and failing, negotiated, in order to ruin him with the English, for the cession of France; and made a marriage between her daughter Catherine* and Henry V. of England. On the death of the lunatic and neglected king, Isabel, despised by the English, and abhorred by the French, fell into merited poverty and desolation; and when she died, none could be found to pay any regard to her remains, which were conveyed at night in a little boat across the Seine to St. Denis, accompanied only by one priest and the boatman.

Charles VII. (the Victorious). 1422.

He married MARY of ANJOU, daughter of James II., King of Naples. She was a woman of most exemplary conduct, good sense, and religious feelings, and was at first much esteemed by Charles, till he was alienated from her by his mistresses; then he treated her with the utmost disdain, and would not even speak to her; and his favorites (with the exception of the celebrated Agnes Sorel), emboldened by his example, behaved to the queen with great indignity. Yet she endured all with uncomplaining meekness, and declined the advice of her friends to withdraw from court, the scene of her griefs, lest it should injure the king with his people, who were suffering deeply from the English armies in their country; and, to add to her griefs, her son, Charles of Normandy, was poisoned. After the death of the king, Mary founded twelve *chapelles ordentes*, with twelve priests in each, to pray night and day for the repose of his soul. She died in 1463, and was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XI.

The first wife of this bad man was MARGARET, daughter of James I. of Scotland. She was witty and accomplished, but had no personal attractions, and was disliked and ill-treated by Louis. Having been calumniated, and without redress, by a gentleman named Count James de Tilly, she fell ill from chagrin, and was so weary of her sad existence, that she refused to take any remedy to save her life, saying, "Fie upon life! let no one speak of it to me any more." Mary died childless,

* Her daughter Isabel had been previously married to Richard II. of England, who was dethroned by the father of Catherine's husband.

and very young. She was never queen; but being dauphiness, was queen expectant; and the crown matrimonial had cast its dark shadow forwards.

The second wife of Louis, and his crowned queen, was CHARLOTTE, daughter of Louis, Duke of Savoy. She was amiable, meek-spirited, and modest; yet her evil-minded husband treated her not merely with unkindness, but with brutality. He insulted her by his numerous infidelities, and kept her in such poverty, that her food was scanty and coarse, and her apparel mean and patched. When he was at war with the Duke of Burgundy, suspecting the queen to be well-inclined to the interests of his adversary, he imprisoned the unfortunate Charlotte in the Chateau of Ambois, where she suffered still greater distresses than ever. Of six children, she buried two sons and a daughter young. Her constitution was so broken by the inroads of penury and constant vexation, that she died in three months after the decease of the tyrant. Her tomb at Clergy was broken open and profaned by the Huguenots in the subsequent religious wars.

Charles VIII. (the Courteous). 1443.

His consort was ANNE, only child of Francis II., Duke of Brittany—a princess distinguished by brilliant advantages of mind and person. She was at first attached to the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII., but was required to relinquish him; in order to marry Charles VIII., to whom she made an affectionate wife. In her early years some clouds dimmed her horizon; but subsequently hersky was calm and bright. Charles was, for some time, a negligent and unfaithful husband; and she lost all her children, three sons and a daughter, in infancy; the loss of the young dauphin, in particular, afflicted her severely. At the close of his life, Charles became more sensible of his wife's merits, and more endeared to her; and she grieved sincerely at his premature death. But her destiny was prosperous; she retained her rank as queen consort, by becoming the wife of her first love, the Duke of Orleans, who succeeded Charles on the throne; and over the heart and mind of Louis she ever preserved a strong influence. Yet she died early, in childbirth, when she had scarce numbered thirty-eight years; she was buried at St. Denis. The predecessor of ANNE, with Louis XII., had been JOAN, the sister of Charles VIII., and daughter of Louis XI., whom Louis, when Duke of Orleans, had been reluctantly forced to marry when the princess was but twelve years old. This ill-fated lady was remarkably plain, and even somewhat deformed; but wise, pious, good, and tender; and was, unhappily for her peace, affectionately attached to a husband to whom she was

an object of dislike.* She was allowed, for a brief space, the empty title of queen, of which Louis XII. was in haste to despoil her, for the sake of her brilliant rival, her brother's widow, Anne of Brittany. The new king assembled a council to sanction his divorce from Joan; and the proceedings took a peculiar course, that were torture to the mind of a delicate and sensitive princess. After her divorce was pronounced, Joan retired to the Convent of the Annunciation at Bourges, where she lived in the odor of sanctity, and died at the age of forty-one.

The third wife of Louis XII. was MARY, daughter of Henry VII. of England—an unwilling and sorrowful bride, constrained to marry, in the bloom of seventeen, an infirm old king, while her heart was given to Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. Her love for Brandon, who had accompanied her to France, was discovered by the Countess of Angouleme, whose son Francis was heir to the crown, Louis having no male offspring; and the young queen had the mortification to find herself placed under a rigorous and humiliating *surveillance*, established by Madame d'Angouleme, who had determined to keep watch over her conduct. However, the death of Louis, after a brief union of only three months, terminated her restraint, and her unwelcome royalty. She wedded her first love; but numbered no more than thirty-seven years at her death.

Francis I. 1515.

His first queen, CLAUDE, daughter of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany—amiable and mild, but not handsome—was neglected by her husband for his many mistresses. Of seven children, she lost four, and died forsaken and spirit-broken at twenty-five, and was buried at St. Denis. Her successor was the handsome and accomplished ELEANOR, sister of the Emperor Charles V., and widow of Emanuel King of Portugal. Notwithstanding all her attractions, she received neither attention nor respect from Francis; who, ungrateful to her for all her exertions to maintain peace between him and the emperor, seemed as though he studied to distress her by his public and various profligacies; and she was, in particular, deeply pained by the ostentatious appearance of the Duchess d'Etampes (Anne de Pisseleu) at court. Eleanor felt the sorrow of being separated from her first lover, Frederick, brother to the Elector Palatine—of losing an amiable, respectable husband, who loved her, and whom

* Madame de Genlis' Novel, "*Jeanne de France*," of which this princess is the heroine, in representing Louis XII. as cherishing any tender feelings for her, deviates from the general testimonies of history. Scott's "*Quentin Durward*" conveys more truthful impressions of his sentiments.

she esteemed — and of being parted forever, by state policy, from her only child, the Portuguese infanta, Maria, on account of her marriage with the French king, who proved to her so unworthy a husband. After the death of Francis, Eleanor, weary of court life, devoted herself to religious observances.

Henry II. 1547.

His queen has left a detestable memory in the records of Europe. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS, daughter of Lorenzo Duke of Urbino, and niece of Pope Clement VII., handsome, talented, and wicked, in a corrupt and turbulent time, seems to us like a blood-red meteor gleaming from a black and stormy sky. By her own criminal conduct she gave a pretext to her husband for his undisguised infidelities with ladies who were more the queens of his court than his wife was permitted to be, and she was often threatened with divorce. Catherine, ambitious to reign under her son's name, wickedly strove to incapacitate her children from power by a bad education; she indulged them in idleness; early initiated them into luxury and licentiousness; and seared their feelings by bringing them to behold, as spectacles, criminals tortured and executed, and animals tormented. But as she sowed she reaped. Her sons, broken in constitution from their dissipated habits, died early, and without heirs; by which she saw the sceptre pass into the hands of Henry of Navarre, whom she detested, the husband of her daughter Margaret, who was scorned by that husband for her profligacy, the result of her education; and she saw her innocent daughter Elizabeth, unkindly treated by her morose consort, Philip II. of Spain, who suspected a female brought up under the auspices of Catherine de Medicis. After the death of her husband (killed in a tournament), Catherine fomented the feuds of the Guises and the Montmorencies, that distracted France; and instigated her son, Charles IX., to the massacre of St. Bartholomew; which subsequently so preyed upon his mind, that on his death-bed he drove her from his presence with horror. His brother and successor, Henry III., being defeated by the League, and obliged to quit Paris, in consequence of his mother's intrigues and bad advice, forbade her to reappear at the council, reproaching her with such severity, that irritation, at the words of the only child she had really loved, brought on a fever of which she died; despised for her lapses from virtue, and execrated for her many cruelties. She was buried at St. Denis.

Francis II. 1559.

This only amiable son of Catherine de Medicis was married at fifteen to the beautiful Mary-Queen of Scots, who had been educated

with him in France. They tenderly loved each other; but in two years after their marriage, and one year after coming to the throne, Francis died childless, to the great grief of his young widow. Mary frequently indulged and solaced her affection by composing little poems to his memory, and singing them to her lute. As a specimen of these effusions, we translate one of the shortest with which we are acquainted: —

When slumbering on my couch I rest,
In dreams thou still art near;
My hand by thine is warmly prest,
Thy kind voice glads mine ear.
By night, by day, in good or ill,
Repose or toil, thou'rt with me still.

It was with deep regret that Mary, compelled by the machinations of the queen-mother, Catherine (who dreaded the influence of her talents and her beauty at court), found it necessary to leave France, which she loved as the scene of her youthful happiness, and return to Scotland. The crown matrimonial of France had fallen from her head, yet its thorns claved to her, even when she crossed the seas; for much of her subsequent and well-known misery is attributable to her French education, and to the manners and ideas she had learned in the French court, which had unfitted her for the more sober and decorous country of her birth.

Charles IX. 1560.

ELIZABETH, his consort, and daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, was good, sensible, and pious; but, though respected by the king, she was very unhappy. The profligate court was a scene shocking to her piety and purity, and she lived in it, but not of it, a very solitary life; seldom speaking, and then only in Spanish, her vernacular tongue. Though she bore meekly with the mistresses whom her husband paraded before her, she was deeply hurt by his infidelities. Charles, on his death-bed, confessed himself unworthy of so amiable a wife, and regretted the sorrows he had caused her; sorrows which left such enduring traces on her mind, that though young when widowed, she retired into a perfect seclusion, refusing the proffered alliances of the kings of Spain and Portugal, and founded at Vienna a convent, in which she devoted herself to religious exercises till her death, at the age of thirty-eight.

Henry III. 1574.

His wife, LOUISA, daughter of Louis, Duke of Mercœur, of the house of Lorraine, had a cheerless lot. She was separated from her lover, the Count de Solm, to whom she was about to be united, and wedded a man who, though at first dazzled with her beauty, soon wearied of her melancholy and of her inanimate manners;

and the queen dowager, Catherine, by her mischievous interposition, estranged him still more from his fair bride. Louisa had the misfortune to lose her only child at its birth; and the murder of the Guises, her beloved relatives, by the treachery of her husband, filled her with horror. She felt great indignation at the insolent conduct of Henry's mistresses at court; and he, in revenge for her complaints, dismissed all her attendants, leaving her in a state of solitude. She sunk into melancholy, became negligent of her dress and appearance, and seemed anxious to forget she was a queen. After the murder of Henry, by James Clement, Louisa dedicated her life to religious seclusion, imposing on herself so many pilgrimages and austerities, that she shortened her days by them, and died 1601.

Henry IV. (the Great). 1589.

MARGARET DE VALOIS, his first wife, daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, corrupted at an early age from the bad examples around her, was noted for her abandoned conduct; yet her beauty and her talents won for her much admiration and even literary homage. Political considerations occasioned her marriage with Henry of Navarre, when her heart was devoted to the Duke of Guise; an ill-omened marriage, celebrated hurriedly and without the usual regal pomp, and stained soon after with the blood of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Margaret and Henry hated each other for their mutual infidelities. To compel her to consent to a divorce, that he might marry his favorite, Gabrielle D'Etrées, Henry treated Margaret with contempt, exposed her to want, allowed his mistresses to insult her, and at last imprisoned her in the Castle of Usson, where she suffered great privations. After the death of Gabrielle, Margaret yielded her consent to her divorce, retaining, however, the useless title of queen, but seeing the real regal honors transferred to her successor, Mary de Medicis. Margaret lived to behold the annihilation of her house, and even the extinction of the name of Valois; all her flatterers forsook her; she existed poor and neglected; and solaced herself partly in devotions, partly in revelries unsuited to her age, sex and position; and partly in composing poems and memoirs commemorative of her many lovers, several of whom died violent deaths. She is said to have habitually worn a large farthingale with numerous pockets, and in each pocket a box containing the embalmed heart of some one of her deceased favorites. As she advanced in years she became hypochondriac and gloomy, and died at the age of sixty-three. She composed for herself an epitaph,* from the original French of which we make the following translation:—

* This epitaph is in Margaret's handwriting, in one of her MS., preserved in the "Bibliothèque

EPITAPH.

This flower of Valois' tree, in which hath died
A name so many monarchs bore with pride,
Marg'ret, for whom fair wreaths the Muses wove,
And laurels flourished in the classic grove,
Hath seen her wreaths, her laurels withered all,
Hath seen at one rude stroke her lilies fall.
The crown that Hymen in too fatal haste
Upon her brow 'mid wild disorders placed,
The same rude stroke to earth hath cast; and now
Despoiled she lives, like wind-swept, leafless bough.
She, noble phantom, shade of what had been,
A wife, but husbandless—a realmless queen,
Lingered amid the relics of life's fire,
And saw her name before herself expire.

Margaret was buried at St. Denis.

In the Anthology of Constantine Cephalus we have met with a Greek epitaph (by Antipater) on an unfortunate bride, which contains a few lines singularly applicable to the disastrous marriage of Margaret de Valois, in which both bride and bridegroom were equally unwilling, and which was peculiarly calamitous, as the prelude to, and the signal for, the carnage of St. Bartholomew. That the reader may judge of the applicability, we give our translation of the Greek lines:—

Canst thou, O Sun! this vast calamity
With patience see!—Woe worth yon nuptial
torch;
Whether it were unwilling Hymen's hand,
Or willing Pluto's, lighted up its blaze.

MARY DE MEDICIS, second queen of Henry IV., and daughter of Francis, Grand Duke of Tuscany, was very unhappy. She was eclipsed in her own court by her husband's mistress, the Marchioness de Verneuil, who publicly treated her with disrespect, and mimicked her Italian accent and manner. The queen complained of the favorite's insolence, and her remonstrances caused violent quarrels between her and the king, who frequently threatened to divorce her, and illegitimize her son, the dauphin, in order to marry the marchioness. Mary's temper was soured, and her mind rendered irritable by her constant vexation and apprehension. After Henry's assassination she had the affliction to see her friends, the Marquis Concini and his wife, put to death by the order of her son; by whom, also, she herself was twice imprisoned on account of her disagreement with his prime minister, Richelieu. She witnessed the misery of her daughter, Henrietta Maria, wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, and she became an outcast. Dismissed from England by Cromwell; obliged to quit Holland from Richelieu's influence; denied by her son a shelter in Paris, where she had reigned, she retired to Cologne, where, deserted by all, she suffered such poverty that, in the last

du Roi" at Paris. An ecclesiastic once falsely claimed the authorship of it, the merit of which has been established to belong only to Margaret.

winter of her life, she could not purchase fuel, but was obliged to burn her scanty furniture. Her privations brought on dropsy, of which she died. We have ourselves stood in front of the plain-looking, mediocre house in Cologne, occupied by the exiled queen before she retired to the convent in which she died, and have recalled to memory the expressive epitaph composed upon her fate; we offer the reader our translation of it from the original French:—

EPITAPH

BY AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR.

The Louvre saw my splendors—like a star
My husband's deathless glory shone afar:
Two kings* my daughters wed; my son's proud
name

Shall live in light upon the page of fame.
Ah! who amid my grandeur could foresee
An exile's death, a foreign grave for me?
Cologne, thou guardian city of the Rhine,
That gav'st a tomb† to this poor frame of mine,
If e'er the passing stranger seeks to know
The tale of all my greatness, all my woe,
Tell him, a queen lies in this narrow space,
Whose blood runs warm in many a royal race;
Yet, in her dying hour, bereaved and lone,
No spot of earth had she to call her own.

Louis XIII. 1619.

His wife, the handsome and majestic ANNE of AUSTRIA, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, was married at fifteen to a cold, unfeeling man; and they lived in a constant state of estrangement, increased by the mischievous interference of Mary de Medicis, who took pains to incense her son against his young wife. Anne was accused of participation in a conspiracy of the Prince of Condé to dethrone Louis. She endured the humiliation of being reprimanded in open court; and was often moved to bitter tears by the sarcasms of Louis, who dismissed all her Spanish suite, and thus rendered her very solitary. Even her correspondence with her father, her only solace, was interrupted; her papers seized, and herself imprisoned for a time at Chantilly, on an accusation of Richelieu, that she revealed the affairs of France to her father. Her married life was joyless; her regency, in her widowhood, stormy. The revolt against her minister, Mazarin, forced her to quit Paris, and she endured much personal privation. At the close of her life (painfully terminated by cancer), she was consoled by the filial love of her son, Louis XIV.; but she forms no exception among the unfortunate queens of France. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XIV. (the Great). 1615.

He married MARIA THERESA, niece of Anne of Austria, and daughter of Philip IV. of

* Charles I. of England married Henrietta Maria; and Philip IV. of Spain married Elisabeth.

† Her body was subsequently transferred to St. Denis.

Spain. Though mild, amiable, and affectionate, she never possessed her husband's love, but was slighted for a constant succession of mistresses, whose presence in her court was a continual outrage to her feelings. She lost the greater number of her children very young, and died broken-hearted at forty-five. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XV. 1715.

His wife, MARIA CHARLOTTE LECKZINSKA, daughter of Stanislaus I., the unfortunate King of Poland, was attached to the Count d'Étrées, an officer of the garrison of Weissenburg, where the Polish king and princess resided during their exile; and she was on the point of being united to him, when her hand was demanded for the King of France. She spoke six languages, was fond of painting, and had various accomplishments. Her prospects of conjugal happiness were soon destroyed by the depraved French courtiers, male and female, who made it their task and their triumph to seduce the king from her. Her feelings were wounded by seeing his meretricious favorites appointed to places at court which brought them into contact with her. She mourned over the untimely graves of her son, the dauphin, and his young wife, and several of her children. The sad and forsaken queen endeavored to amuse her mind by writing, drawing, and working for the poor, but she would never give fêtes. Grief for the tragical end of her father (burned to death by his robe-de-chambre taking fire), occasioned an illness of which she died, 1768. She was buried at St. Denis.

Louis XVI. 1774.

The woes of his beautiful and most ill-fated wife are familiar to the world as "household words." The name of MARIE ANTOINETTE recalls, rapidly and vividly, as a flash of lightning, agonies so varied, so intense, so uncommon, that the mind is struck with wonder, horror, and compassion, at the hundredth repetition, even as at the first recital. As "all rivers run into the sea, yet it is not full," so the floods of affliction flowed upon her from all sides, yet the ocean of her misery was never full till the last moment of her cruel martyrdom; and the tale of her sufferings, like an ocean, infinite and perennial, has never been exhausted, though the theme of a thousand pens.

Napoleon. 1804.

The smooth brow to which the blood-stained diadem of Marie Antoinette was transferred, seemed for a season exempted from the ordinary fatality. JOSEPHINE was happy in her children; happy in her imperial husband's love and his glory; happy in her extraordinary elevation; happy in the respect of her court,

where no unblushing rival dared, as in former reigns, to parade within the circle of the fair sovereign. But the unseen and unsuspected thorn within the crown matrimonial worked its way. Who knows not the anguish of that unmerited and ungrateful divorce, to which she was forced to consent, by the man whom she had materially served, and whom she had so affectionately loved?

Her Austrian successor could not be accounted otherwise than unfortunate, since early deprived of empire, parted forever from a husband whose sincere wish it had been to render her happy, and bereaved by death of her amiable son, if she had but possessed ordinary sensibility. But cold, apathetic, and selfish, MARIA LOUISA evinced but little feeling for her every way blighted boy — none for his imprisoned and fallen father; and her subsequent connexion with her one-eyed chamberlain, Count Neipperg, disentitles her to our respect or sympathy. Doubtless the reader will remember how Byron has characterized her heartlessness in his "Age of Bronze," in the sarcastic lines that conclude thus: —

Her eye, her cheek betray no inward strife,
And the ex-empress grows as ex a wife!
So much for human ties in royal breasts!
Why spare man's feelings when their own are jests?

Louis Philippe. 1830.

But who shall withhold his pity from the respectable ex-queen, AMELIA, the last, and still living victim of the crown matrimonial of France? She, in her domestic affections, was happy till the diadem pressed her temples; then, she was destined to weep over the graves of her eldest son (Duke of Orleans), snatched away in the prime of manhood, and of her lovely daughter, Marie, in the bloom of youth, with her nuptial garland just wreathed; and at last to fly into a foreign land with her husband, from the rage of his revolted nation; and to remain in exile, widowed and dethroned.

And now, reader, have we not laid before you a black catalogue of those who have worn the crown matrimonial of France? Out of sixty-seven royal and imperial consorts, there are but thirteen on whose names there is no dark stain of sorrow or of sin. Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; thirteen were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken make up the remainder. All those who were buried at St. Denis — about twenty* in num-

ber — were denied the rest of the grave; their tombs were broken, their coffins opened, their remains exposed to the insults of a revolutionized populace, and then flung into a trench, and covered with quick-lime.

Does history show any parallel to this list of queens and empresses in any civilized country? With pride and pleasure we contrast with it our English history; for, though several of our queens have had sorrows, the number of the sufferers is smaller, and their griefs were (generally speaking) of a more chastened kind. Nor has the English diadem been disgraced by so many examples of wickedness, nor by turpitude of so deep a dye; and how few are the divorces! — none since the Conquest save in the reign of one king. We are not about to investigate the causes of the fatality so evidently attending the crown matrimonial of France, with whatever idiosyncrasy, so to speak, in the nation or in the court, it may be connected; nor *why* the dark shadow should spread into other lands when their sovereigns ally themselves with French royalty. But we cannot help observing the remarkable fact, that the shadow has rested upon our British crown when shared with a daughter of France. The two persons among our queens-consort notorious for their wickedness, were both French princesses, Eleanor of Aquitaine, divorced by Louis VII., and married by Henry II. of England, and Isabel (daughter of Philip IV. and Jane of Navarre), the faithless and cruel wife of our Edward II. — she whom Gray has apostrophized: —

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate.

Richard II., husband of the gentle child-queen, Isabel de Valois (daughter of Charles VI. and Isabel of Bavaria), was dethroned and murdered. Henry V. survived his marriage with Isabel's sister, Catherine de Valois, but two years; and on his death, in the flower of manhood, England's glory was long obscured; and from the second marriage of the same Catherine, descended Henry VIII., the greatest tyrant that ever oppressed this realm. Charles I., husband of Henrietta Maria (daughter of Henry and Mary de Medicis), was beheaded. Constance of Provence, Isabel of Angoulême, and Margaret of Anjou, the partners of the troubled reigns of Henry III., John, and Henry VI., though not daughters of French kings, were, nevertheless, French women.

In retracing the miseries of the unfortunate royal marriages of France, our memory has involuntarily and naturally recurred to the familiar lines of Horace, descriptive of unions of an opposite character. If any one wishes to adopt those lines, as a good augury for the new "imperial bride," whatever doubts we

* This number only refers to the royal consorts from the time of Charlemagne; others of earlier date were buried at St. Denis, and subsequently exhumed.

may feel, we will not in courtsey gainsay him :—

*Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula : nec malis
Divulsus querimonis,
Supremâ citiûs solvet amor die.**

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

ESCAPE OF JAMES II.

FROM THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

MR. URBAN—In the Autobiography of Joseph Pike, who died in 1729, aged 75 years, is the following note relative to one Francis Randall, which may be interesting to your readers,† as it introduces some particulars relative to the escape of James the Second from Ireland in the year 1690, after his loss of the Battle of the Boyne, which have not hitherto found their way into the pages of more popular historians, nor are they noticed in the excellent and elaborate edition of O'Kelly's *Macariæ Excidium*, published by the Irish Archæological Society in 1850.‡

“ Francis, son of Henry and Jane Randall, of Lyndhurst in Hampshire, came to Ireland with the English army in 1649. He appears to have joined the Society of Friends about 1655, having laid down his military profession on the conclusion of the Civil Wars. He settled at the ‘ Deeps of the Slaney,’ now Randall's Mills, near Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford. He suffered much persecution for his adherence to what he believed to be his Christian duty, particularly in the reign of Charles the Second. In 1662, for not paying money for christening his children, and absenting himself from the public worship, he was excommunicated, and upon a writ, ‘ excom. cap.’ he was imprisoned in the gaol of Wexford for above two years, as well as

* Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bond unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
Even to the latest hours of life.

Francis and Pye's Horace.

† It occurs at p. 105 of the fifth volume of “ A Select Series, Biographical, Narrative, Epistolary, and Miscellaneous, chiefly the production of early Members of the Society of Friends, intended to illustrate the spiritual character of the Gospel of Christ,” edited by the late John Barclay, of Stoke Newington.

‡ The following is James' own account of this journey in his *Memoirs*:—“ The King . . . setting out about five in the morning, marched leisurely to Bray, about ten miles from Dublin, where he ordered the two troops he had with him to stay till twelve at noon to defend that bridge as long as they could, if any party of the enemy should fortune to follow them; and then continued on his journey through the hills of Wicklow, with a few persons, till he came to one Mr. Hacket's house near Arolo, where he baited his horses some two hours, and then followed on his journey to Duncannon. The King . . . travelling all night, got to Duncannon about sunrise.”

subsequently for some time for the attendance of the religious meetings of the society to which he belonged.

“ In 1690, King James, when flying in distress after the Battle of the Boyne, and almost without attendants, not knowing on whom to depend for assistance to reach Duncannon Fort, near to which a French ship of war waited to convey him to France, recollecting that Francis Randall had often visited his camp to obtain the restoration of horses for himself and his friends, and the king believing he could depend on his fidelity, determined to trust his person in his hands, and accordingly proceeded from Enniscorthy to his house. But, being observed by a party of men employed by Francis Randall in fitting out a small vessel, they proposed seizing on him to obtain a large reward, when Francis Randall interposed, and would not suffer the least interference with his guest. On taking him into his house, observing the danger the king was in from the pistols in his belt being cocked, he took them, and, adjusting them, remarked the risk to the dejected monarch, who replied that he had not noticed it. After getting some refreshments, Francis Randall sent his son, with fresh horses, to escort him to the fort, which he reached in safety. The king left a token of his gratitude for Francis Randall's kindness, which is still in possession of his descendants.”

CHANGE AT THE WOOL-MILLS. — In consequence of an advance that has taken place in the price of olive-oil from 40l. to 70l. per ton, the manufacturers of woollen cloths have had recourse to experiments that promise to change materially the economy of the wool-mills. It has been found by one of them in the neighborhood of Thurlstone, near Pennistone, that milk mixed with oil answers the desired purpose greatly better than oil alone; and the consequence is, that the “ milky mother” is in great request by speculators in the districts of the mills. This discovery will probably reduce the sanitary influence ascribed to wool-mills in our last number, while it may perhaps give greater facilities for the revival of the old practice of oil-anointing.

STRAW PAPER. — This manufacture was first introduced about fifty years ago, but was only partially successful. By an interesting and important improvement in the mode of preparation, the use of straw as a material for paper may now be considered permanently established in England, Ireland, and the United States. So little difference is perceptible between rag and straw paper, that the latter is used by one of the London journals regularly. One peculiar feature of the manufacture is, that although the article can be produced at a price not exceeding that of ordinary printing paper, it is applicable for both writing and printing purposes. — *Journal of the Society of Arts.*

From Chambers' Repository.

THE WOODEN SPOON.

ALTERED FROM THE SWEDISH.*

There is silence in the forests. Nothing is more beautiful than on a fine sunny summer-day to wander in the vast fir-forests of Sweden, especially those which are here and there broken up by patches of light-green grass, covered over by pieces of moss-grown rocks and tall birch-trees. It is so solitary in these few open places, that, unless a trap is seen, set in the winter to catch foxes, one might believe no human being had ever been there.

Every Swede feels a necessity for being alone at times with himself; he indulges a fervent love for that quiet, hidden nature, within whose shade he played when a child. Always, even in the most stirring scenes of life, he hears a voice from his silent forests, inviting him to peace and tranquillity, calling him back to all that is most beautiful, good, and holy in his experience.

There lies near to the mountain-chain that separates Sweden from Norway, a narrow dale, bounded by high hills; a light-green birch-forest spreads its shade round a small lake, which is so full of islands that the water seems to be divided into several sparkling mirrors reflecting them underneath. This lake is hidden among the mountains and almost endless fir-forests of Norrland. Few have heard of it, but those who once visit it will often think, amid the tumult of the world, of that wild, yet peaceful scene. Behind the birch-wood, the land rises in high terraces; fir and pine trees tower up there, and look like the forest's head—so dark-green and tall, so grave and solemn. But still higher on the mountain come the birches again, for these trees form in the north both the front and rear guard of the great fir-forests. High over all appears a peak of snow; and a hundred mountain-streams trickle through the dark trees, and carry their white foam over rocks and stones, to cast themselves into the lake, or join the river that flows from it.

It is well this place is so little known, or so much forgotten; were it otherwise, some speculator might erect a cottage on the banks of the lake, in Swiss style, in order to hire it out to an Englishman, who wished to get rid of his spleen by means of fishing. If I could guide you thither, however, you would immediately perceive one solitary red wooden house, which stands on the edge of the forest, and quite near to the lake. The ground at the back has been cleared, and is now divided into corn and pasture fields; the former of

which sometimes yield more than the seed which was sown in them. One must not expect too much from good Mother Nature, up here in the north, for she is poor, good mother, very poor, and therefore, perhaps, all the dearer for what she gives. Almost the only communication which the inhabitants of this red wooden house had with the rest of the world was yearly, in the beginning of March, when "the house-father," its owner, had to travel between fifty and sixty miles off, in order to sell to "rich Erik," the farmer, a quantity of fish—a sort of char, which in these mountain-lakes are of superior quality—and some hundreds of ptarmigan, which had been taken in nets, and were to be transmitted to Stockholm. This journey was a great event in the Norrland "new-settler's" house: the two children, especially, were long beforehand engaged in preparing father's travelling necessities, and in feeding up the two reindeer which should draw the sledge, with all its precious load, to its destination. On the present occasion, father's journey had caused even more excitement, for he had gone so far as to the market-town—more than one hundred miles from his home.

"I think," said little Anna, one evening when they were looking for his return—"I think father will bring something grand for mother; yes, I think mother will get something."

"Ah! he may never think of that," said the mother, who well understood her little girl; "but perhaps you, child, may get something: father thinks of his little Anna—he does."

"Does mother think so? Do you hear, Anders! Mother thinks that father will buy us something fine. How grand it must be down there! There are many hundred people, father says, and he was there even before we were born. He was a farm-servant down there with a captain—a captain who had such a fine uniform, and a sword, and all that."

Anders, who sat and carved wooden spoons, looked up and laughed. "Anna! she wants to be so grand—she does. I wonder, now, what she will have—a necklace, or a ring on her little bit of a finger!"

Anna's cheerful face took a shade of displeasure. "So Anders talks! But I shall get nothing, for I can do nothing useful. It is different with Anders, who can sit and carve spoons, and set out nets in the forest, and is quite like a man; he is past thirteen years old, and I am not ten; and so"—

"You are both good, clever children, both of you," said the mother; "if you would only read your lessons, which always go heavily on."

"Yes, that is because I never can be at peace for Anders. Now, do not look at me,

* The beginning of this story is translated from a Swedish work by "Uncle Adam." Throughout the remainder the original idea only has been preserved.

Anders. I say, don't look at me, or I shall jumble the words all together." Anna began to read; the restless blue eyes wandered often from the crooked German characters of her book. She read a tale of a boy who was very good, and very poor. "Yes, that is a truly beautiful story," she said, hastily closing the volume; "but does it not appear wonderful that he should not be happy when he was so good?"

"Ah, child, do not believe that happiness and riches are always united," said the mother.

The girl looked at her, as if she did not quite comprehend her meaning. "Mother must know that it is happier to be great, and rich, and admired, than to be poor, and never thought of by any one."

"Sister Anna is like the wooden spoon," said Anders, without stopping his work.

"Like the wooden spoon! Am I like a wooden spoon? Well, that is amusing!"

"Yes. You see, Anna, there was once on a time a wooden spoon!"

"I will not listen to you, Anders."

"That is no matter. There was once a wooden spoon!"

"I tell you, I do not hear you, Anders."

"That, also, is no matter. Once a wooden spoon, that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner—one could never see a more delicate and tasteful wooden spoon; and no one took it up without saying: 'Ack, how pretty it is!' Thus the little spoon soon grew vain and proud. 'Ah,' thought the beautiful wooden spoon, 'if I could only be like a silver spoon! Now I am used by the servants alone; but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself should eat rice-milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal-porridge I serve out to quite common folk.' So the wooden spoon said to the meat-mother: * 'Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon; I feel within myself that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great tables. I am not suited to the servants, who have such coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon.' The meat-mother wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon; so she carried her to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then was she glad and proud, and scorned all her old companions. When she came home, she lay in the plate-basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver, wished the teaspoons to call her aunt, and called herself first-cousin to the silver forks. But it happened that when the other spoons

* Mistress.

were taken out for daily use, the silvered wooden spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that even when there was company, and all the silver was brought out, the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket, she complained again to the mistress, and said: 'Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected.'

"Ah," said the mistress, 'the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered.'

"Weight! weight!" cried the silvered spoon. 'What! is it not by the brightness alone that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?'

"Dear child, silver is heavier than wood.'

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the spoon. 'I long to be as good as the rest, and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant.' The mistress, still willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the goldsmith.

"Dear heart," she said to him, 'make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one.'

"To do that," said the goldsmith, 'it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle.'

"Ah," thought the poor spoon, 'then must he bore straight into my heart'—for the heart of a wooden spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say, when wooden spoons have hearts—'but one must bear all for honor. Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real heavy silver spoon.' So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. But she suffered all for honor's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket. Now the servant came, and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference; so she was placed with the rest on the great dinner-table, passed for a real, beautiful silver spoon, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honors. So time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was she silvered, and so heavy had she been made. But the meat-mother died. At that, the silvered spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every

time she had lain shining on the great table, she had recollected that the meat-mother was the only person who knew that she really was nothing more than a simple wooden spoon; and so, if her mistress took another spoon instead of her, she became quite jealous, and said to herself: 'That is because she knows all about me; she knows I am a wooden spoon, silvered outside, and with a lump of lead within me.' But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself: 'Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I am not quite what I seem.' The goods, however, were now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up, in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest; she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. 'They will burn us up!' she cried. 'They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct!'

"O no!" said an old silver spoon and fork, who lay composedly side by side — they had been comrades from youth, these two, and had already gone through the furnace, I know not how often — 'O no! they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us; the furnace will do us good rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form.'

"The silvered wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah," sighed the silly little spoon, 'I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is known!' The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried in great excitement, and with a trembling voice: 'Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not of the same sort of silver as the other spoons; I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke.'

"Indeed! What are you, then? Perhaps tin?"

"Tin! can the dear master think so meanly of me?"

"Perhaps even lead?"

"Lead! ah, the dear master can easily see if I am lead."

"Well, that will I do," said the master, and began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two, for wood will not bear bending like silver, any more than it will bear melting.

The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead. "So!" cried the master; 'only a common wooden spoon silvered over!'

"Yes," cried the poor spoon, which, so soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy — 'yes, I am only a common wooden spoon. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be mended, and set me in the kitchen again, to serve out meal porridge for the rest of my life. Now know I well how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to want to pass for a silver one!'

"And so the wooden spoon should be me," said little Anna, pouting; "simply because I know that the rich live in gladness and joy, and the poor suffer sorrow and want."

"But we do not suffer want, dear child," said the mother. "We have all that is necessary, and even more. Wait a little: you shall see that father will have coffee and sugar home with him; yes, a whole pound of each sort, I doubt not."

"But, mother, I heard father himself say, that there are people in the world who drink coffee every day: they are certainly happier than we are."

"There is a doubt of that, my girl. God divides not so unequally as we think."

"God gives us always so much as ought to content us, but He cannot give us so much as that we shall be content, for thereto He will not constrain us," said Anders, as gravely as a judge.

"Hear Anders! hear him!" cried his sister; "he talks like the priest."

"Yes; for these words the priest said last year, when he preached down there at Björkdal, and we travelled to church."

"That I do not remember," said Anna.

"Oh, thou wert but a little girl; and then the priest's daughter was so grand that day."

"Yes, so grand! she had a fine necklace of red stones, or of glass, or some sort of red berries, but they shone like glass-stones."

"And you sat and looked at that," said the mother, "instead of hearing God's word!"

"She was only a child, mother," said Anders excusingly.

Just then the rapid sound of the reindeer hoofs was heard, and the jingling of the sledge-bells coming over the frozen lake, as if keeping time to that regular sound, while the hoofs struck one against the other in their hasty progress over the hardened snow. A few minutes more, and the house-father was at home. "Good-evening, old woman; good-evening, Anna. Thank you, Anders; yes, you may drive the reindeer to the shed. Well, all goes right at home?"

"Yes, dear Jaeris, all is well."

"You may believe, mother, there were people down there," continued the good man, as he threw aside his great goat-skin pelisse, and sat down to his supper; "yes,

it is amusing to see folks at times, but I was glad enough to get away. Thank God, I am at home again!"

"That you may well say, Jacris; and I say so too."

"But do you know, mother," said the husband, who all the time loved a journey well—"do you know, I must make a long journey again this winter!"

"Where, then? A long journey! Where to?"

"Well, you see, there is a German, or an Englishman—it is all the same—who has bought up twenty-five reindeer, which he will have taken to Stockholm, in order to be sent out—where, I know not, but that is all the same. They must then export the mountain, and forest, and moss, also, I said to the agent. And he laughed, and answered: 'Rightly said, Jacris; but that is not our concern. Will you conduct the creatures to Stockholm?' So I agreed, for, you see, he would not trust them to any but a respectable person."

"What a long journey! It will be a dreary time," the wife replied.

"It will soon go over, little wife. It will be better for thee, who will be at home; worse for me, who must go out into that villainous world, which I have not seen for so many years—not since I lived with the captain, and followed him once to Stockholm; but I shall be well paid; and—Yes, mother, now comes the knot. I shall take Anna with me; you must have the boy at home, but some one must also be with me."

Anna flew to caress her father, kissed her mother, and clapped Anders. "Ack, but I am glad! I shall then see the king, and the king's wife—the dear little queen. I shall know them all directly, for I know already how they dress themselves."

"How, then, is that?" Anders slightly inquired.

"The king wears a red frock down to his knees, with gold seams, and stands always beside a table, on which a gold crown lies on a red cushion. The queen wears a red petticoat, also with gold seams; and has peaked shoes, with heels so high—so high!"

"And how knows little Anna all that?"

"Because there's a picture therein in the lid of mother's clothes-chest, and the king and queen are painted there, just precisely as they stand and go here in this world. Yes, I know all that; and I shall get to see it soon."

"Provided you do not first drop your little eyes out," said the father, laughing.

Eight days afterwards, Jacris and his little daughter set out with the drove of reindeer for the capital. The mother wept when she embraced her darling child; but the thoughtless little girl was so elated with the prospect

before her, that she scarcely felt grieved at her mother's tears.

II. KAMRER MILLER.*

"It is six years this day since the death of our dear girl," sighed Mrs. Accountant Miller, as she drew from a drawer some small precious articles which had belonged to her only child. "To-day she would have been sixteen years old; a great girl she promised to be—but God willed it otherwise."

"Six years to-day," the Accountant echoed, "and still"—

"We miss our girl. It is just childish, Miller," she added, with a sorrowful smile, for she knew her husband missed the child even more than she did.

"You should be reasonable, dear Emily. See me now, I took it calmly and reasonably from the beginning."

"I do not grieve, Miller; but I love the child's memory."

"Yes, yes; but that memory is—is—Come, now, little Emily, let us drive out and take the air; the fresh air is always a good remedy."

The Accountants drove out in their comfortable sledge, up Drottninggatan, and out by Norrtull. They met a herd of reindeer, and stopped to look at them. Bundled up in the sledge sat little Anna, in her little goat-skin frock, a dark fur-cap on her head, with ears tied down at each side of the cheeks, which the winter frost left as red as a rose.

"Now just see! is she not like our Annette?" said the Accountant. "What is your name, little girl?"

"Anna—Jacris' dotter," was the reply.

"Anna! Do you hear, Emily! Our little girl was Annette; quite the same thing. How old are you?"

"Ten years, within a few weeks."

"Ten years? Emily, what do you say now?"

"The girl is truly not unlike our Annette," she replied.

The truth was, that the Accountant had long wished to follow a fashion very common in his country, and adopt a child for his own; he had never found one quite to please him; but Norrland's Anna, as he called our little friend, was precisely to his taste. Her

* The love of titles which pervades all ranks in Sweden, and the total abolition in discourse of that useful pronoun "you," lead to the absurd practice of addressing persons by the title of their office or employment, instead of their simple names; and these titles have their feminines, which must also be used. Kamrer, or Accountant, makes, in the feminine, Kamrerska, or Mrs. Accountant; the feminine of Kapten is Kapten-ska, or Mrs. Captain; a priest's wife is Prostinna, or Mrs. Priest; or more precisely, Priestess; and so on.

lively blue eyes, her quick concise answers, took his fancy at once; and he thought it perfectly unaccountable, that on the anniversary of Annette's death he should meet an Anna who so entirely resembled her. Thus his decision was made, and communicated to his wife, who willingly acquiesced in it. The Accountant opened a negotiation with Jacris for his daughter; the Norrland settler at first plumply answered "No;" but when he came with Anna to visit Accountant Miller at his house; when he saw all the comfort and even wealth that surrounded him, and was assured that he would bring up the girl as his own child, and eventually make her his heiress; and then thought of his own poor house in the mountains of Norrland, and of all the fortune he could hope to leave her — a couple of reindeer at the most, and a few rix-dollars — he doubted if he ought to oppose the child's good prospects. Anna's emotion was very lively; her cheeks were crimson; her bright eyes trembled in tears and sparkled in joy; she could scarcely speak, but the round red lips seemed to utter the same mixed language of smiles and tears. The decision, however, was made; and in its confirmation little Anna pronounced a tearful, yet unhesitating, "Yes." The new-settler of Norrland left his child with Mr. and Mrs. Accountant Miller; and Anna, of her own free-will, remained.

It became a happy house to the old couple when the little girl grew reconciled to her strange and grand abode — grand to her at least — when they heard themselves once more called papa and mamma, and were caressed by the child, whom they soon loved almost as their own. And into that little heart, guileless as it yet was, came another love, dormant till then — the love of the world — and mingled with all the love that was felt for Papa and Mamma Miller, and obscured the love that had been felt for the poor father and mother away in the hills of Norrland.

III. EIGHT YEARS AFTER.

"Who is that girl dancing there, in the gauze dress — that light pink gauze — with white roses in her hair?"

"Which? — there are so many pink gauze girls here."

"That very pretty girl with the fair curls, who is dancing with that fine-looking lieutenant."

"Oh! with Hjalmar. Yes, I see now; that is Accountant Miller's foster-daughter; not a relation, I believe — in fact, there is a strange story about that — some noble — it is easy to see she is noble, on one side at least."

"I should say the lieutenant has intentions."

"Intentions! he may have them if he will. A girl like that, and the heiress of that old

Miller, who is at all events well-to-do in the world! That would be something too good for Lieutenant Hjalmar."

"Who is he, then, this Hjalmar?"

"He is nothing but what you see — a good-looking fellow enough; but for the rest, he is lieutenant in some land-regiment — up there in Norrland, or Helsingland, or perhaps in Lapland."

"Ha! in that case, such a girl could never think of flitting off there: so fair a flower must adorn the capital. Yet one might feel envious of that lieutenant too."

This conversation passed between two young men in civil uniforms, and with glasses stuck into one eye; they were looking on at that furious dancing which a ball-room in Stockholm displays during the winter season. Their remarks came to a stop here, for the young pair they were observing whirled out of the dancing-circle, whirling still, quite through the bystanders, into the clear space beyond. There the girl stopped to breathe, and the young lieutenant to wipe his hair with his handkerchief.

"Well, if he has not intentions, what makes him look with those earnest, serious, questioning sort of eyes, so fixedly into hers! And she — yes, just see now! — does she not seem to be under a conjurer's spell while he looks that way?"

"Serious or gay," replied the other young man, "I tell you the girl is too ambitious to think of him: he may look as he pleases, but she will aim at being Grävinan, or Frö-herrinnan at least." *

"You think so? Now, I think he will propose, and that she will consent; yes, perhaps this very evening," said his companion, directing the glass-covered eye after the lieutenant and his partner, as they retreated to an anteroom in search of a seat. They found the seat; but in Sweden no young girl can sit alone with a gentleman, even for a few minutes, and whether it were for this cause, or from any other, the lieutenant did not propose.

"What makes you so silent, dear child?" asked Mrs. Accountant Miller, as the sledge glided homeward from the winter-ball.

"Were you not amused?"

"O yes, mamma."

"You might well be contented, Annette" —

"Contented? Yes, mamma, certainly I am contented. Dear mamma must not imagine that I am not contented."

"You were perhaps the brightest flower of the ball-room," said Mr. Accountant: "it was truly amusing to see how the butterflies gathered round our pretty rose."

"Ack, he is not a butterfly!" sighed Annette — as Norrland's little Anna was now

* Countess, or baroness.

called—and she colored highly, and was glad that the stopping of the carriage at the Accountant's door prevented the words she unconsciously uttered from being heard. Out of all the assemblage, one alone dwelt in her thoughts; and Lieutenant Hjalmar was not a butterfly.

IV. ANNETTE'S ROOM.

It was a tasteful room, the pretty Annette's chamber: the walls decorated with engravings, and some paintings; the prettily-displayed toilet-table, with all its little elegances for use or ornament; and the many windows of a Swedish apartment, shaded with thin muslin curtains, as white as the scene that lay glittering beyond them. But what was rather curious, was to see, in a hidden spot, a pretty sketch of the lake and red wooden house in Norrland, of which we have already spoken in the commencement of our narrative—the scene where the story of the wooden spoon was related. It had been put up to please the Accountant, who had got a travelling artist to make the sketch, and had presented it to his foster-daughter on her name-day; but it was almost hidden, and kept as much as possible out of sight.

"Why do you keep that little picture so out of sight?" asked the good man once.

"It is so dear to me," said Annette, coloring, "I wish no one else to see it."

"A beautiful sentiment!" murmured the foster-mamma, much moved.

"A pretty thought!" said the foster-papa, gravely.

It is now the morning after the ball. The young girl sat on a sofa, just before the open door; she had sat down there in a moment of sudden thought; and thought had followed thought, so that she forgot to rise. Her unemployed hands, interlaced in each other, rested on her knees, her eyes looking earnestly forward, only fastened on the floor of the room. Annette was much prettier in this thoughtful mood than when she laughed and talked; she was much prettier in a simple morning-dress than in ball-room attire; there was something about her appearance that suited with simplicity better than finery; and there was more sensibility in her face when it was serious than when it was merry. Perhaps the reason of the latter was that, when she was serious, she thought of things which drew out all the hidden sensibilities of her nature. "What does he think of me? Does he think of me at all?" Annette was now mentally asking; "Does he think of me more than of others? If not, why does he look at me so earnestly, so inquiringly, as if there were always some question in his mind concerning me which he longed to make, or which he wished himself to answer? What if he should know all!—if he should know that I

am not really the person I seem to be; that my position is a false one; that I am only a Norrland new-settler's daughter! How that thought haunts me! He, so elegant, so refined, evidently highly born—though that I have never heard; but it is so easy to know. Ah! if any where to see my brother beside him, or my poor father! I used sometimes to dream of my old home with pleasure, with tenderness at least; but now how ill-placed should I find myself there—how unsuited to it I should be! Yes, I was happy there once," she said to herself, nodding to the picture of the Norrland lake and dwelling; "happy and glad; and I thought of it once with pleasure; but now, now I fear continually. I fear when he gazes at me with those questioning, serious eyes, which seem to reach my very heart; I fear he may be thinking of this. And now, if my father should come here—the good, rough new-settler; or my brother, with his long hair down the sides of his face—if he should come up here and embrace me—the common peasant! ah! I should die of shame. And yet he is my father; and I have a mother too. How the memory of childhood will return! 'It is strange that it does not quite die out. Once it would come like a butterfly, fluttering round the soul, to draw some honey from its flowers. Alas! I believe the flowers are dead; there is no honey for memory to feed on now. How happy I used to be when Anders brought home some fish in the basket, or a hare that was taken in the snare! Then we had a feast in the house, and none of the great parties I mingle in now make me happier. Now I hear many whisper my name, and I fancy they may be saying: 'She is only called so; she is nothing but a laborer's, a new-settler's daughter.' And if he should say that—if he should hear it! But my mother, my poor mother! I loved her once so inwardly, so warmly; I can remember sitting on her lap and learning to spin, when she was at the spinning-wheel; and when I so often broke the thread, how patiently she would join it! Aok! And at the weaving-loom, also, how she used to make me believe I was weaving the piece for my own frock, or for father's or Anders' wear. Yes, all that I could think of once, and without pain; but now that I have gone out into the world, that I have been presented in society; now—yes, Annette, be sincere with thyself—now, since thou hast known *him*, since thou hast seen his eyes fastened upon thee, since thou hast wished to be his equal—his!"—The girl's thoughts dared not syllable to herself the word; she started from it.

But Mademoiselle Annette had not been at all aware that for one full minute at least she had been intently, perhaps admiringly, regarded through the open door. Lieutenant

Hjalmar had come into one of the adjacent rooms, and when introduced into one room of a Swedish dwelling, you generally have a view of others. He stood and looked at the young girl, sunk in deep and serious meditation, and looking so unlike his pretty and lively partner of the evening before. Never had she seemed so pretty in Hjalmar's eyes, and never had she felt so dear to his heart. "How lovely she is! how sweet, how earnest, while she sits there alone, communing with her own good heart! Yes, with such a face, such a brow, such eyes, there must be a heart: she cannot be trifling, worldly, ambitious."

Now, had good Lieutenant Hjalmar pursued his reflections for five minutes instead of one, he might possibly have acted less precipitately than he did; but just at that instant Annette, starting away from the thought, or the word, that brought a blush to her cheek, looked up to meet the very eyes whose expression dwelt continually in her mind, regarding her just as if asking if such indeed were the current of her thoughts. Hjalmar advanced, making one, two, three, profound bows. He could not enter the room where she sat; but her extreme confusion, her deep blushes as she came tremblingly forward to meet him, her sudden, involuntary exclamation, showing that he himself had been the subject of those "communings with her own good heart," which he imagined made her look so full of sensibility and loveliness, — this pushed the lieutenant's resolution to the point; and forgetting the caution, the reserve, he meant to practise, he seized her hand, exclaiming: "Annette, dear Annette, let me speak to you; I have longed, anxiously longed to do so." Tears dropped from Annette's downcast eyes, and fell down her burning cheeks; it was well they did so, or surprise and emotion would have overcome her. Hjalmar loved her; Hjalmar asked her to be his wife; and — she consented. This was the way in which she understood his eager request to be allowed to speak. A faltering "Yes" was pronounced in answer to that request, and she could have wept many tears upon his breast, for her doubts, her fears were over.

But Hjalmar's mind had stopped far short of Annette's conclusion. He was anxious to speak with her, for he had long desired to give her a brief history of himself; but he had intended to do so more cautiously, and in a manner that should ascertain what her own mind was on a subject of doubt and anxiety to him. He had only led her into the outer room, when the door of the great *salong* opened, and Mrs. Accountant Miller, who had been hurrying out to receive him, entered it with a troop of visitors, who had just encountered her. By the barbarized word *salong*, for the French word *salon*, is meant the large

and more public room of a Swedish dwelling, round which the other apartments usually congregate; it is the room of first entrance, and generally commands a view of some others, so that privacy in such a home is nearly unattainable. The young couple sat on thorns for the space of nearly half an hour; but the visitors seemed not at all conscious that they had given them the thorns to sit on. Their stay was the more provoking, because the lieutenant had to announce that some military duty called him out of town that afternoon, and he should be absent for a week or ten days. He looked at Annette when saying this, as if he would imply that his half-told tale must remain in that unsatisfactory state until his return; and then he rose, to make a great many bows, and retire.

Annette's cheeks were very red; but when her blue eyes glanced for one instant at his, they grew bluer and darker than before; for a whole stream of love and hope and happiness poured over her heart, and those pretty eyes were suffused by emotions that deepened their color.

And Lieutenant Hjalmar went on his way, strong in hope, and deeply in love. He loved Annette truly, passionately; but he loved her as a man ought to love; he would not, if he could, make her his wife, unless he knew he could make her happy in all respects, even by means of his circumstances and position in life; neither would he make her his wife, unless he was persuaded she possessed the qualities calculated to render him permanently happy. He had had doubts in each of these cases. The truth is, that Lieutenant Hjalmar, elegant, polished, fascinating, as Annette considered him — as indeed others as well as Annette might consider him — was himself a peasant's son. It is true his father was no longer poor, and had already been twice elected to serve as member in the Peasant's House of the Swedish Parliament; thus he bore the highly honorable title of Rix-man, or Parliament-man, conferred on all such members for the term of their natural lives, and by which they are always addressed. But though this was the case, he lived just as peasants do: he worked for his daily bread, and his good wife did so likewise. They were a worthy couple, and brought up their son well; spared no cost to advance him in life, and now were reaping the reward of their parental care and love, in the honest pride they felt in seeing him. Lieutenant Hjalmar loved and honored his parents; it was still his greatest happiness to visit them in their humble but comfortable home, and to roam with his good father through the fields, where he had often worked at his side when a child. Hjalmar's wife must love and honor these good parents, even as he himself did; without this, she could not make him happy; and

this was the doubt he felt when he gazed on pretty Annette, and felt his love for her growing stronger and stronger the longer he knew her, and the more frequently he was in her society. People chose generally to say, that the adopted daughter of Accountant Miller was the child of noble parents; there was some mystery about her birth, and they solved it thus. Annette, at times, was changeable. On some occasions, warm sensibilities, simplicity, and generous feeling, would raise his love almost to its climax; at others, an air of haughtiness, a contempt for lowly life, an extreme tenacity in the observance of all the usages of what is termed good society, would cause it to sink to a lower point than it had been at before. Then he went to see her, thinking it should be his last visit; that it should determine him in his belief that Mademoiselle Annette was quite unsuitable to his peasant parents, and, consequently, not suited to himself; but he came away rather more in love than ever. He had long wished to speak to her of his own life, his circumstances, his parents, and resolved to do so without declaring his love. He had been thrown off his guard in his first address, when such an unlooked-for opportunity presented itself; but he should soon have recovered his self-possession, and Annette might have been saved from falling into a great error, had not that ill-timed interruption broken up their conference, and prevented the very sensible discourse he had meditated. Still he went on his way in hope and love, for he felt he was loved; and with such a conviction, was it possible not to hope — to hope all things!

V. — THE OLD HOME IN NORRLAND.

How goes everything up there in the old red wooden house, on the edge of the fir-forest in Norrland! The new-settler had gone on well; the cleared land had become productive; old Jacris possessed three cows and a horse, besides his reindeer; there was no want, no poverty, in the red wooden house; there was a good deal of industry, and industry had its reward. Some Stockholm traveller had at first brought tidings there of the child that had left it; the parents had heard how well, how happy, how charming, their little Anna was; and the mother had wept — whether tears of joy or of sorrow, no one said which — and Anders had laughed, and said the wooden spoon would be well silvered; and the father had looked grave, but remained silent.

The girl, however, did not write to them, and it was now long since they had ceased to hear anything of her. Mrs. Accountant Miller was jealous of every shadow of doubt existing as to the reality of her own mothership; she wished to forget that another possessed a truer claim, and therefore she

never dreamed of reminding the adopted girl that any love or duty was owing to the peasant parents who dwelt away in the far north. The Accountant, indeed, had given her the picture of her childhood's home; but that was only an evidence of the sentimental turn which forms, more or less, a part of a true Swedish character, and which caused him to be rather pleased than otherwise to see that the girl still preserved some sentiment regarding her childish days — still possessed some love for that wild northern nature which she saw no more, but the whisper of whose silent forests she still heard in her secret heart, where the picture impressed in childhood's early hours was yet distinct, and perpetually appeared, even amid the allurements of artificial life, bringing up thoughts of pain, because bringing thoughts of a home she now wished to abjure.

But the old house-father, the hardy, laborious Jacris, died. Anders was now its head. A short time after the funeral, the old mother said to him: "But I know not how it is; I never can cease thinking of my little girl. Certainly she is happy; but surely she also thinks of her home — she must long after her parents."

"God knows, mother," said Anders, "it seems she has forgotten us altogether."

"Nay, Anders, that is impossible. God has not bound up family hearts so loosely. Do you know, Anders, I wish to see little Anna once more before I die! Dear heart! I cannot die before that; so much do I know."

"Well! but it is a long way off, and mother cannot go alone."

"Nay, that is understood; but you may find some goods to carry down there, and then I can accompany you."

"But, mother, if I were now to find you a good and kind daughter, who would take care of you in old age, and be altogether in Anna's place! You need not, in that case, undertake this journey."

"A daughter, Anders! How can that well be?"

"Yes — I think mother guesses."

"What then!"

"That I will marry."

"Marry! a child like you marry!"

"A child of twenty-one years, mother, can well give you a good daughter."

"Well — yes. Anna I may certainly never have again; still, she is always my child; and how that was — though God bless thy father where he lies! it never was quite the same between us after he left the girl down there."

"But it was for her own good."

"Yes; but I am the girl's mother, and God has not forbidden a mother to miss her child. There is no use in setting a strange

branch in an old tree; that I said many times to Jacris; and though he cast it to the winds, it came at the last to his heart."

"That I never could remark," said Anders.

"But see now, Anders; I know that better. Yes, see now; the night before he died, when I thought he slept, he called me to him, and said: 'I can get no peace if you think I did wrong in leaving the girl down there. Perhaps now, in pride and overabundance, she may lose her eternal salvation. But, mother, tell me now, you believe also that I did that for the best?' What could I do but say the comfort-word! If he did wrong, he shall have no hard doom for that; for he meant well, and God looks at the intention, and not at the result."

"We shall think of this, mother—we shall think of it," said Anders, and clapped his mother on the shoulder; "for thou shalt not lie there and say so, when thou shalt come one time to die."

"God bless thee for that word, Anders; and so can I say to sainted Jacris when we meet there up; thou wert always a good boy. And so it is Hilda, Henrik's daughter, thou wilt have!"

"Yes, mother."

"And she has two cows, and a good fifty six-dollars beside!"

"Yes; but the best of it is, that she is a good and industrious girl."

"Yes, yes, my son. And we shall travel to see Anna, good Anders!"

"Yes, mother, if you wish that."

"Thanks, Anders, thanks. Thou wilt not marry for a year to come, I think!"

"Not unless you want a daughter sooner, good mother."

"Wait, wait a bit, good Anders," said Gumman Jacris.

VI. THE OLD MOTHER FROM NORRLAND.

"You have not, then, forgotten me? You have not quite forgotten the old mother in Norrland!" said a little, elderly peasant woman, gazing with tearful eyes into the pretty face before her.

"Nay, mother, nay; certainly not, mother dear," was Annette's reply. "Certainly not; but—yes, mother knows, mother can well understand, that the Accountant does not like"—

"Nay, Heaven keep us, child! No need to say that; he need not fear; I came not here to prevent your happiness, or to take you from your fine friends. No, even if you despised me, Anna—so that you were happy; but that you could not do—no, no; you could not despise your poor mother."

Annette was moved. "Despise you! No, dear mother, that can never be." She pressed

the good woman's hand. "Mother will not think so; that were sinful, miserable in me. Despise my mother! No, no!"

The mother held the small fine hand in her dry fingers, and smiled and nodded her head. "Yes, I knew that. Anders said otherwise, but I did not believe him. Anders said—know you what he said, Anna!—he said you were the wooden spoon that wished to be a silver spoon, and so must have got a lump of lead in the heart. Do you feel any lead in the heart, child?" Annette trembled. "Nay, nay; there is no lead there. Anders was altogether wrong."

"Anders was right," thought Annette: "the lead is here." She would not say so, but she felt that, like the silvered spoon, she had only an imaginary value. She trembled lest the reality should appear; and, as she trembled, the lead was felt within. The girl cast herself on her mother's breast, and wept. Ah, if she had lain there longer! lain there till the good and wholesome feelings then awakened had ripened into steady and fixed principle—or, rather, until they had turned back into the principle implanted in her heart by God himself, when she lay first upon that mother's breast.

"Grieve not, my child—grieve not, my little Anna," said the mother soothingly.

Those words, "Little Anna," it was so long since she had heard them! In a moment the whole circumstances returned—the house of the Norrland new-settler, the rude employments, the coarse dresses; she looked at her mother's—the decent silk handkerchief plainly tied over her head; the homespun woollen gown; the thick wooden-soled shoes. She thought of Hjalmar—the handsome, elegant young officer—if he were to see that good woman, and know she was Annette's mother—if he should return before her departure! Annette raised herself from her mother's neck; she resolved to be reasonable, to act sensibly. The sudden change chilled the old woman's kindly affections; her "Little Anna" was now "Mademoiselle Annette" again—the reasonable, advising, sensible Annette. She spoke reasonably, sensibly, very sensibly indeed, to her poor mother; every word fell cold and chill, and convincing upon the good woman's heart. She was persuaded, or said she was persuaded, that all Annette said was right: it was much better she should not come to visit her daughter—much better that she should leave her quite to herself. They might write to each other, they might think of each other. Annette might—yes, it was just possible that she might soon marry, and then—but they must wait; and, meantime, the sooner mother travelled home the better—the better for both. And so Annette loaded the old woman with a quantity of fine little things, which certainly had no value in the estima-

tion of the receiver, except that they were given to her by her only daughter.

And the peasant mother from Norrland went obediently away, leaving a thousand blessings on the head of her pretty daughter, and on those of the second parents who had brought her up so well — so grandly, at least, she added; and taught her a whole heap of beautiful things. The Accountant and his wife took a hearty leave of the good old creature, and were delighted to see how content and thankful she was, and how clearly she understood their conduct.

Just that sort of commendation they bestowed on her mother, hurt Annette the most; she felt what they did not perceive — namely, that the mother, full of self-sacrificing love, had appeared satisfied with all that was satisfactory to her child.

"She has gone away quite content," said the Accountant, rubbing his hands.

"Now you are mine, wholly mine!" said Mrs. Accountant, embracing her foster-daughter. "The old woman from Norrland has quite given you up." Now the lead made itself felt in the heart of the silvered spoon. Good Mrs. Accountant saw the shade on the young brow. "But, dear heart! I forgot. There is an invitation to President K——'s for Friherrinan's name's-day. It will be quite a festival, and a ball in the evening."

Annette looked up. "A fête at the president's! that will then be a most brilliant society!"

"Yes, child," whispered the foster-mamma; "and between ourselves — let it be between ourselves — Papa Miller and I said, when the invitation came, little Annette shall go there. Poor little Annette! she requires some restorative after these trying days. So papa went himself to get something quite new. Well, child, be not curious; you shall soon see."

In the evening came Accountant Miller, and brought a beautiful dress and some new ornaments. Annette forgot her troubles, her home, her mother; she forgot all but one thing — her love. In the fulness of her heart, she whispered it to her foster-parents; she told them of Hjalmar's; she obtained their consent. The lieutenant was not rich, but his partly self-elected bride would not be poor; and good-heartedness, and a little sentiment, influenced both the manner and conduct of our worthy Accountant, when called upon so unexpectedly to act the father's part on so important and interesting an occasion.

VII. THE PRESIDENT'S FÊTE.

It was the morning of the president's fête — a fine, bright winter morning. The roads were in good sledging order; the snow lay deep and hard. There was to be a sledging-party out to the royal domain of Drottningholm, a dinner there, and a dance at home in

the evening. The dance was a matter of course; but it was to be a day of pleasure, to Annette at least, for Lieutenant Hjalmar was to come to Stockholm purposely for the occasion, and was to drive her in an open sledge to Drottningholm — an island in the Mälar, where the king of Sweden has a palace, and the people of Sweden have a good many restaurants. The plan was arranged by the gentleman who acted as master of ceremonies on the occasion, and who happened to be a friend of both parties. Annette was ready dressed, in a very pretty and becoming winter costume. It wanted still an hour to the time fixed for setting out; but Hjalmar had written to the Accountant, to say he would call some time previously, in order to "solicit leave to conduct Mamzell Miller in his sledge." Now, this "solicitation" was looked on by all the party as a mere harmless artifice; they every one thought the solicitation would have another object. "To conduct Mamzell Miller through the journey of life," said the Accountant, and laughed at his own wit. Annette opened the square of glass which is sometimes made to open in the winter double windows of Sweden. The Accountants were terrified at the rash experiment. She quickly pulled in her head again. Though the day was fine, the sensation is not agreeable when a head is projected from the amazingly warm rooms into the clear cold air. A sudden memory crossed the girl's mind; there was another, a very different sledging-party moving onward that day; a drive on such a day would be pleasant, a journey very trying; and her mother, her aged mother, was travelling homeward, her long and dreary way, through snowy forests and frozen lakes, back to the house which she had not left from the time of her marriage until she left it to travel down to Stockholm to see her child. That child thought of the wearisome days, the long cheerless nights, her mother must pass on her road, and she shuddered; a pain shot to her heart — she tried to think of something else.

The Accountant thought she was impatient, and remarked that she was ready too soon; that people were never so precise — an observation which Mrs. Accountant corrected, by reminding him that he used always to be before the appointed hour when he came to see her before their marriage. The Accountant admitted the charge; and while some tender memories of five-and-twenty years ago were thus awakened, and brought tears into the good man's eyes, and plump Mrs. Accountant clapped him, after the Swedish fashion, and said; "Dear thou! dear thou!" the foster-daughter sat plunged in thought, in which anticipated pleasure tried hard to overcome a repressed but ever-awakening sense of pain and remorse.

Nearly at the appointed time, not too late.

—a wonderful thing for a Swede—and certainly not too early, Hjalmar arrived. He looked perhaps a shade graver—more earnest than usual; there was nothing of elation, eagerness, scarcely any perceptible tenderness in his manner. Mr. and Mrs. Accountant were surprised, and not altogether pleased; Annette, however, was satisfied, and deeply happy. When the lieutenant took her hand, and looked into her eyes, she felt that she held his happiness in her keeping—that his gravity, his earnestness, arose from the fact that he had come there more than ever determined to seek it only from her. She was not wrong; consideration had deepened both Hjalmar's love and fears. That he loved Annette, with all her defects of character, more than he should probably ever love another woman, he was more thoroughly convinced; that he would not marry her, even if she would marry him, unless he found in her a mind accordant with his own views of life, and his own position in society, he was still more resolved. With such a state of mind his manner accorded; but that manner was rather perplexing to the worthy Accountant and his wife—his better-half in most senses. His most hearty, father-like reception had been ready; her part, as the gracious, yet dignified mamma, had been prepared; but somehow there was something so unlike the son-in-law expectant in the manner and address of young Lieutenant Hjalmar, that the parts of the kind consenting parents were involuntarily suspended, and the actors only felt confused and awkward, not knowing exactly how to fall in with the unexpected changes that had been made in the piece. They were each silently ruminating on the propriety of retiring for a few minutes from the scene, until the hero and heroine had decided on the plot, when, somewhat to their relief, and to Hjalmar's annoyance, an almost unknown visitor entered the room. It was a little, fat elderly lady, made almost as broad as she was long with wadded petticoats; who, having deposited a variety of outer clothing in the *Tambour*, or entrance-hall, came courtesying, apologizing, speaking very humbly, and looking very important, into the salong, where the party sat. It is rather disagreeable to enter a room where people are comfortably seated on sofas and chairs, and casting a surprised and inquiring glance at the intruder. Lieutenant Hjalmar was the only one of the party who spoke to the visitor, for he was slightly acquainted with her, and greeted her by name.

"I have not the honor"—said Mr. Accountant.

"We have not the honor"—repeated Mrs. Accountant.

"I have not the honor of being acquainted here," said the little woman, taking up the speech herself.

Annette took on herself the office of hinting, that Mrs. Accountant wished to know why she had the honor of a visit from Kaptenska Weinberg.

Yes, that was soon told; Kaptenska had called with compliments from mamzell's mother. Annette turned pale as death. Yes. Kaptenska was now sorry that she had not made the dear mamzell's acquaintance sooner; but the dear mamzell would certainly know, that she never could have guessed that Karin Jacris was the dear mamzell's mother. Yet so it was that Jacris, Mamzell Annette's sainted father, had lived as farm-servant with her sainted* husband, when the sainted Weinberg was Kaptens of a land-regiment in Norrland; and Karin—a good, kind, sweet little human being—had nursed her daughter, who thus proved to be Mamzell Annette's own foster-sister;—and—she would not just say it of her own girl—but the sainted Weinberg used to say, that Karin Jacris—

The Kaptenska's disclosures were interrupted by a deep sigh or sob. The dear mamzell fainted! Poor Kaptenska! She had long desired to get acquainted with her neighbors, the rich Accountants, who had such pleasant parties, to which her daughter might be invited; and when "the old Karin from Norrland," never imagining that Annette kept her birth and origin a profound secret, had called to see her old mistress on her way home, and had drunk coffee with her, and related to her the cause of her long journey, and told her the wonderful history of her beautiful child, the admired Mamzell Miller, her astonishment was only equalled by her delight; she beheld the door of Accountant Miller's house at once opened to her and to the foster-sister of their adopted daughter. It is customary among the Swedes, when they have met with a friend of the person they visit, to present that friend's compliments, although they have not been sent; so Kaptenska Weinberg felt no embarrassment in making her first speech. She was the friend of mamzell's parents; her sainted Weinberg had been a good master—she and her daughter must naturally be mamzell's good friends; and all that Kaptenska Weinberg had to do, was to lament that she had not known long before that the sweet mamzell's mamma was not Fru Kamreraka Miller, but good Gumman† Jacris.

Alas, the vanity of human expectations! Annette was laid on a sofa, and Kaptenska was almost turned out of doors by the enraged Accountant. Mrs. Accountant was nearly distracted; Lieutenant Hjalmar—calm, but very pale with apprehension, emotion, and an-

* Swedes usually use the term *sainted* *winn*, speaking of a dead husband or wife.

† Old woman—a term used to peasants

uncertain sort of joy at finding his beloved was rather below than above the station of his own respected parents — hung over the arm of the sofa, wondering at the agitation that laid her there, at a loss to account for it, and unwilling, if he were able, to release the hand which Annette had almost convulsively clasped when he had caught her in his arms and carried her there. A burst of tears relieved her; the Accountant then drew the young man away, and the girl was left to weep her tears upon the bosom of the sympathizing and indignant Mamma Miller. Hjalmar gently pressed the hand that held his, as he drew it away. Annette felt and understood that pressure; it went to her heart; it redoubled her tears, but it did her good. She recovered; she sat up; she said to herself "Hjalmar will not change; his love will overcome all. Though I am in other eyes only a peasant's daughter, in his I shall be all I ever was — Annette Miller."

Ah, poor Annette Miller! while consoling herself thus, her lover, thrown into a great chair, was listening with an aching heart to the angry words and painful disclosures of the Accountant, who walked up and down the room, uttering words which were like death-strokes to the good lieutenant. It was not until the first ebullition of wrath and denunciation was over, that Hjalmar could clearly understand the language that pained him so deeply.

"Yes, that is all true; she is the daughter of these poor people up there in Norrland; she is ashamed of them — naturally. We have brought her up as our own; who has a right to come and say she is not so! She wishes to have no other parents; she denies them, looks down upon them — naturally. She is above them in all respects; poor little dear."

"She is ashamed of them!" said Hjalmar in a very deep-toned voice.

"Naturally. See now, my best lieutenant, I will conceal nothing from you — naturally, after what little Annette has let us understand. But see now, the girl has always passed for our own; we have educated her — how! that is not for me to say; you see what she is; certainly, she is not suited to these honest folk. What could she do up there in such a home as that! She could not put her foot within it. But what do you think! After more than eight years' separation, comes the old mother from Norrland — the father is dead, thank Heaven! — but the mother, it seems, cannot forget the girl, and away she must come down here to see her. You may think, my good lieutenant; poor little Annette! a mere good-natured, coarsely-dressed peasant woman, coming and calling her daughter, and wanting to embrace her, and weep over her, and make quite a scene; a girl who does not wish to have any parent

but ourselves — no peasant parents at least! And here she sat, and held a long discourse to the girl about having God before her eyes, and not forgetting her eternal salvation, because the world was good and pleasant to her; just as if we had not brought up the child as well and religiously as we could. And she clung to us, and loved us so inwardly; she never could hear of that poor old home without shame. But now, the mother must come and disturb us all, saying she only wanted to see her child before she died — coming five hundred miles in mid-winter to see a girl who does not wish to have any parent but ourselves! Annette was anxious to get her off as quickly as possible — naturally; what could she do with her here! She could not present her even to the servants, and say; 'This is my mother — this worthy Gumman from Norrland.' So she gave her a little money, and sent her back again directly, she did not wish to have her here. That was most natural."

"Pardon me, best Accountant," said Hjalmar, when he came to a stop; "I cannot think it was most natural."

"The lieutenant, then, does not admire Annette's conduct?"

"That I cannot do."

"The lieutenant, then, does not love our girl so highly as she believes!"

Hjalmar's face blushed deeply. "I have never spoken of my love," he replied, "to her, to her foster-parents, to any one. I believed it was known to myself alone — its existence, its degree, its nature. I wish to speak to her; but it was of another, at least of a preliminary subject. With the Accountant's leave, I will now write to Annette; I will not now detain the Accountant longer from her."

Annette was better — her color had even returned. She came into the room, prepared still to go on the sledge-party, and expecting then to have a full explanation with Hjalmar, for which a drive in a sledge might afford a sufficiently convenient opportunity. After that pressure of the hand, she felt she could meet him as usual. So she came into the room; but Hjalmar had gone away. She was displeased at his precipitation; her sledgeing must be given up; but she would go to the president's ball in the evening; she would meet him there, and be very distant and cold towards him, and much more agreeable to her other admirers. She had no opportunity of thus revenging herself for the loss of her sledgeing-party; Hjalmar was not at the ball. Friherrinam K. had received his excuses; he was obliged to return to the place he had left.

To smile, to look pleased, to dance, with a load of lead in the heart — this cannot be very easy. In the heart of the silvered wooden spoon the lead had grown very heavy.

VIII. LIEUTENANT HJALMAR'S LETTER.

"BELOVED ANNETTE—For the first, the last time, permit me to call you so—my beloved. Yes, even now, are you truly, deeply beloved. But I write, not to ask you to return my love, not to ask you to be my own—my wife. That I can never do. Yet it may console you to know, that one heart has beat for you alone with emotions such as those which now almost overpower my reason and my purpose. Annette, I love you, passionately love you; but I love others also. I love and reverence the parents who watched over my childhood, who made my boyhood happy, who toiled hard to supply me with the means of improvement and advancement in my youth, who rejoice now with honest pride over the prospects of my manhood. These parents, Annette, are humble, hard-working, but independent peasants. Education and circumstances have raised me above them in the world's estimation, but not in my own; yet I also feel they have made a distinction between us; I feel—perhaps I should blush to say it—that good, estimable, worthy of love as she is, I could not choose for my wife a woman so plain, so unaccomplished, as is my own mother. I own this; yet I truly honor and love my mother; and never would I marry the most refined, the most charming of women, who could not do so likewise. How often have I gazed on you, Annette, when this thought has been in my mind, when I have been asking myself, could she despise my homely, humble parents? Would she feel ashamed of her husband's being a peasant's son? Ah, Annette, if such were your disposition, all your beauty, all your charms, even that sweet simplicity which at times—at times only—was apparent, and had so much fascination for me—all, all would be vain! Yes, so have I been thinking, when you have raised those pretty eyes, and I have seen that you felt the earnestness of my regards, and were perplexed by it. And when you have looked up so, I have forgotten all but my love. Again we have met; and some proof of vanity, love of the world, of its opinions and fashions, awoke my slumbering fears. At last love became too strong for silence, but not too strong for fear. I then resolved to trust in your sincerity, to speak to you of my own position, and to confide in the integrity of your nature, when, as I hoped, you should reveal to me something of your own heart in return. The moment for such confidence offered itself at one time when I was most off my guard. You know, however, how it was interrupted; but you never knew till now my motive in seeking it. It was not to declare my love; not to solicit yours; not to ask you to be my wife; but to let you know what my wife must be—to let you know that I was a peasant's son, and

could only seek the love of one who would not scorn to be a peasant's daughter.

"Was it not well for us both, Annette, that that confidence was interrupted? Subsequent events proved how unnecessary it was—proved how loath you were to be a peasant's daughter—how loath you would be to be the wife of a peasant's son. When I heard that you, too, were a peasant's daughter, I rejoiced, for I thought our parents were equals. But I soon found—pardon me, still too dear Annette, it is with pain to myself I write the words—I found you denied, were ashamed of your own parents, despised your own mother! And I had hoped—blinded as I was by love—that you would honor, love, respect mine, even as I do myself.

"Now, then, still beloved girl, it only remains for me to bid you an everlasting farewell. I have promised myself never voluntarily to see you again; but I can promise you to think of you often, to pray for your good, and to desire, truly and fervently, that you may make another man happier than, I am now at last persuaded, you could have made me.

HJALMAR."

The lead had sunk deep, very deep; its weight was well-nigh insupportable in the heart of the poor silvered spoon. The furnace was ready.

Hjalmar received two lines in return for his long letter. They were these:—

"Only by one word you wrong me. That word is 'despised.' I have not 'despised my mother.'

ANNA."

"Anna!" said Hjalmar to himself, as, in spite of all his resolutions, he kissed the billet; "her name is Annette."

IX. TWO YEARS AFTER.

Two more years have passed. Two years can bring a good many changes—these two as well as any others. One or two of the changes we shall now mention. The first is a military one. The successor of sainted Weinberg, as captain of a land-regiment, is now a sainted somebody else to another mourning widow; and his official place is supplied by Lieutenant Hjalmar, who has for some two or three months been in possession of the "Kapten's Boställe"* in the same northern district. In Sweden, there is a sort of standing militia kept up, the soldiers and officers of which have land and houses for their pay—they unite the offices of farmers and soldiers. The navy also is supplied in the same way; and the men, who are liable at any time to be called on to serve in it, have their

* Boställe—that is, the house and land allotted by government.

allotted dwellings on the coasts. A captain's *boställe*, or farm-house, is an object of no small ambition to an under-officer. A man so young as Hjalmar still was, might account himself peculiarly fortunate in attaining such a snug position. We shall look in at him now, and see what he is about in the Kapten's *boställe*. He is, at this present writing, sitting in the porch before his door, after dinner, engaged — notwithstanding his many virtues, we must confess it — in smoking. But no man is perfect. Kapten Hjalmar's eyes are so intently fixed on the vacant seat of the porch opposite to him, that one might imagine he is meditating the practicability of having a *vis-à-vis* in his delightful occupation; but men do look so uninteresting when they are puffing smoke in each other's faces — and the Swedes do so with such polite complacency — that I own I would rather see the other seat of that pretty porch occupied by some one who would prohibit the practice altogether. Whether the solitary Kapten knows what passes in his observer's thoughts or not, he appears to act somewhat in accordance with those thoughts; he rises, throws away the half-smoked cigar, as if resolving never to smoke another: the movement is so energetic, that he must be taking a resolution; and he goes into his house, calls the active young woman who, with her husband, forms its sole establishment — and telling her he is going northward to hunt, and will not be back for some days, slings a knapsack over his shoulder, takes his stick in his hand, and sets out towards the distant mountains, whose heads rise above the dark foreground of forest lying between them and him.

Captain Hjalmar is by no means a flighty or inconsiderate person; he said he was going to hunt: a horse is not required for that in Sweden, but a gun or dogs usually are, and Hjalmar has neither. In fact, a letter, which the Stockholm post brought him two hours previously, appeared to be more a necessary accompaniment to his hunting expedition than either of these; it was a mere lengthy scrawl from a brother-officer, who sent him the gossip of the capital to amuse his solitude. A Swede seldom thinks of riding except for a half-hour's gallop, just to tire a horse, and bring him in again. It answered the captain's purpose to go on foot, rather than to take his gig; but it was a tedious walk, more especially as, towards the close of the following day, a torrent of rain commenced. Evening had drawn on when he emerged from the gloom of the monotonous fir-forest, close to the banks of a pretty lake. On the opposite side stood a comfortable-looking red wooden house, at the back and one side of which were seen all the evidences of a tolerably thriving farm. The fire had been just kindled to dress the

evening meal; the large logs crackled and sparkled on the open hearth, their blaze danced in the many windows, and through the open door revealed an inviting scene to the wet and weary pedestrian, who came slowly over the soft grass that lay between the house and lake. In this region, during summer-time, the words spoken of a better land may apply: "There is no night there." The light is not like that of the sun, nor yet of the moon: it is something between both — a light of poetry and dreaminess. But this evening a torrent of rain drew the mountain mists into the pretty vale, and the unusual gloom without rendered the interior of the red wooden-house more distinct, lighted up as it was by the blazing logs on the elevated brick hearth, while it concealed the person of the spy who, with the top of his stick pressed hard on his lips, stood seemingly breathless at the porch.

He saw the kitchen was occupied only by two women — an old and a young one. The first was preparing the supper; the girl was sitting at the spinning-wheel — an implement which, banished from other lands, finds refuge and employment in almost every Swedish home; the small hands and little feet were quite busily at work; but the pleasant hum stopped; and, looking towards the old woman as she bent over the hearth, the spinner replied to what had been said: "Yos, mother, it was hard, very hard at first, for you see I was not used to it; I had forgotten all the old ways, and I had learned a heap of things, and a great many habits, that were just of no use up here; and then, ack! yes, mother knows one must think sometimes; and perhaps I was a little dull, and seemed not quite as if I were at home here — but that goes better now."

"My heart's child!" said the mother, "thou hast always been good and kind, and clever too; and, going or staying, thou shalt have thy mother's blessing."

"But, mother, now that Anders is married, thou wilt not live here longer I think. Thou wilt come with me, mother, where I can do more than I can do here; I will work for thee then, and thou shalt rest."

"Ah, child dear, I thank thee — heartily do I thank thee; but see now, my girl, how this is: — Your sainted father brought me here when we first married; he was a good man to me, and a good father too. He died here, dear, and was buried not so very far off, in the parish church-yard. Now, if our Lord so please, I will die here too, and will be buried with him, where he lies in our church-yard — and so will I therefore live out my days here also."

"Then I will stay here too, mother — stay till God takes you to heaven," said the girl, and bent her head on the spindle, pressing

her cheek on its soft burden, perhaps to wipe off a tear.

"God's peace!" said a rather husky voice, entering the door, with a salutation not yet quite out of fashion among the countryfolk of Sweden.

The old woman looked up to return it, and utter the customary word to the guest; "Be welcome." But the young one uttered a low cry, sprang forward, and Hjalmar's arms caught her to his breast. There were no questions asked, no explanations given; the kiss he pressed on her forehead told her all — she was beloved, forgiven, happy. To find her there was enough for him.

And wet, dripping wet, ran in Anders and his red-cheeked bride from their out-of-door employments, shaking their clothes, laughing, and complaining.

"But who have we here! Good-evening, good-evening; be welcome. But — now well! is it not our new Kapten from Björkdal?"

"Kapten!" said Anna, opening her eyes and looking at Hjalmar.

"Yes, and neighbor also, my beloved," he replied.

Anders stared amazingly at hearing the new Kapten apply the last word to his sister; he pulled his whiskers, looked odd, and ejaculated that all-signifying Swedish word "Jaså!" and then sat down to supper.

There is a good deal of room in a peasant-farmer's wooden house; but Anna slept that night by her mother's side, and "the new Kapten from Björkdal" slept well and soundly in her neat little chamber. When he left it at an early hour next morning, he found her in the kitchen preparing the coffee; Anders and his active wife had already been two hours abroad without that customary morning-cup.

"How early thou art out!" she said; "mother would have taken thee in coffee just now."

"Thou wilt give it to me thyself, my Annette, and then we will walk out together."

"My name is Anna, Hjalmar; I was baptized by that name; and now I am here again, I am also Anna again."

"Ah! that name stands here," he said, drawing out her two-line billet, which he had received more than two years before. "How often have I read these words, Anna!" — and he traced with his fingers the line, "I have not despised my mother" — "and each time I reproached myself with having caused them to be written, and each time almost repented of the promise I had made, never voluntarily to see thee again. Yet I would have kept that promise if I had not learned, only two days since, that thou wert no longer with the Accountant Miller. Hope whispered the truth, and I came to seek thee here."

The girl bent down her head; a tear fell on her cheek; it was kissed away.

"We will never talk of this again, Anna — never. Come, love, let us go out; see how charmingly beautiful it is out there!"

Anna tied the peasant girl's simple handkerchief over her head, and drew on her gloves. How pretty she looked with the soft black silk resting at the sides of her fair face — the bright glossy hair folded back so smoothly beneath it!

"Where are your curls, Anna?" Hjalmar asked, as they went out. "This pretty hair used to be all curls."

"Curls would ill become Jacris' daughter," she replied, with something between a smile and a sigh.

"But you must wear them again, dearest; I used to like these pretty curls so much! And a Kapteńska, you know, need not be quite a peasant-girl." The grave, earnest Hjalmar looked so smiling and so happy when he said this! But Anna blushed deeply. It was the first time that their marriage had been ever alluded to. The blush was understood. "Do you know, Anna, what was the first thought that came into my head this morning? Well, I must confess it. I thought how droll it was that I had never yet asked you to be my wife; that you had never consented; and it would be curious to be married without all that! I do not believe I ever yet asked if you loved me; I am sure you never yet told me you did."

Smiles dimpled her cheek, as, glancing for an instant up to his face, she asked in reply:

"Was it necessary, Hjalmar?"

Then Hjalmar told his companion how that letter from Stockholm, which he had carried with him from his boستälle, had contained, among other gossip, a story of pretty Mamzell Miller, who, after a serious illness, had disappeared from the capital, and never returned for the space of nearly two years, although the good Accountants persisted in saying, she had only gone to see some friends in Norrland, and would return at the end of that time.

And Anna told Hjalmar how, in that fearful illness, the first she had ever had, the consent of her foster-parents had been given to her returning for some time to her old and real home; but only on condition that when she came back to them — if she chose to come back — she should have no parents but themselves; she must have no more scenes with "the mother from Norrland."

They loved Annette truly and fondly; they could not bear to think of finally parting with her; but the truth was, that the house of the worthy couple had latterly witnessed more excitement and commotion than suited with their unromantic and steady-going lives. They attributed all this, from beginning to end, to the mother from Norrland; for they

fancied the lieutenant had broken off with their Annette in consequence of Kaptenska Weinberg's intermeddling. Anna, believing that Hjalmar's letter was confidential, had never spoken of him more. To put an end to all this, they agreed that she should visit the old home, quite convinced that she would not remain there so long as she now thought. They thought it as well for her to be out of Stockholm, and freed from the unpleasantness of meeting Hjalmar at that time; and, in the firm belief that she would find the Norrland new-settler's house and life quite insupportable to her, they extended their liberality, and agreed that she might remain there, if she wished, even for the space of two years; provided that, at the end of that term, her decision should be finally made, and she should choose, for once and forever, whose she would be. She told him, moreover, how hard she had found it at first to reconcile herself to family manners and modes of life; how dearly her time had passed; how irksome her duty was. But how Anders, the good, rough brother, who was the good-natured torment of her childhood, and the dread of her fine-lady life — Anders, who had called her the silvered spoon, had been the one who contrived, without rubbing off the silvering, to get the lead out of her very heart. He smoothed her way; he considered her in all things; he submitted without affectation to her superiority, where she was superior, and yet made her feel herself of use to him at the time when he was really of use to her. He wanted to learn all that she knew or liked, and he ended in making her desirous to learn what he knew and liked better. In the end, Anna's natural good sense found out all this; the whole family became happier, for the good Norrland mother was happy when her beautiful child, who had been so "dreadfully grand," seemed to be less awkward and out of her element at home; and when Anna found that, from delicacy to her, the brother she had considered so rude, uncouth, almost uncivilized, had actually put off for a whole year the consummation of the wedded blessedness he contemplated with a good, round-faced, active, thorough-going girl of the neighborhood, all her childhood's love for him returned; and when love came to her aid, duty grew light.

So had she gone on in her Norrland home for nearly two years. But a hope had lain, as yet unextinguished, at her heart. Mr. Accountant Miller wrote, asking, in words, for her decision only, but evidently with a longing desire for her return. To go back to the Millers would be to go back to Stockholm; and Stockholm was still the land of hope to her. She resolved not to leave her mother; but at her entreaty Anders fulfilled his matrimonial engagement, and brought home his

active, jocond bride. Then the poor girl thought she might realize her hope, and get her mother to remove with her. This, however, the mother had refused; and the alternative then lay between her own mother and her Norrland home, and Papa and Mamma Miller and Stockholm.

"And you had decided to be your own mother's, my Anna, just as I came in to ask you to be mine."

"Not to ask me, I think," the girl answered smiling.

"Well, to make you so."

The result of the morning's walk, and of a very long talk that took place on one of the many felled trees of the forest, was, first, that the consent and blessing of Gumman Jacris was to be demanded on their return to the house; next, that Anna should, as soon as possible, repair to Stockholm, accompanied by her mother, and there surrender herself to Mr. and Mrs. Accountant Miller, who must judge her as seemed to them right. If that judgment were favorable, which the girl felt sure it would be, she should remain under their protection until they surrendered her again to her husband. Anders and his wife should meet them on their return at the Kapten's *boställe*, and after spending some days with them, to celebrate the marriage, conduct the old woman back to the home where her husband died, and where she also, if it pleased her Lord, would die.

This plan was executed with a degree of despatch and precision quite creditable to such a slow-moving country as Sweden. Gumman Jacris gave her consent and blessing; and that very evening the ceremony of betrothal took place. Hjalmar thought it best it should be so, although there was some difficulty in getting a couple of rings for the occasion: this was managed, however, by the help of the old principle — where there is a will there is a way; and the day after, the young captain walked back to his *boställe*, and returned with the strong, but sufficiently comfortable carriage, in which he made his journeys. Travelling in Sweden is perhaps at all times pleasanter to natives than to foreigners; at all events, few of our readers have made a pleasanter journey in the far north than was made by Kapten Hjalmar, his betrothed, and the Gumman, whom they both now called mother. They journeyed all the way to Stockholm together. Anna returned to the charge of her foster-parents, only to be transmitted to that of her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Accountant Miller were more satisfied to part with her when she exchanged them for Kapten Hjalmar, than they would have been had she left them for Gumman Jacris: there was less of jealousy in the case, and the whole affair excited a degree of sentiment, which drew forth the tears of the excellent pair.

They acted well by their adopted child, and gave her a better dowry than either she or her husband expected.

When Kaptén and Kaptenska Hjalmar arrived at their neat and comfortable *boställe*, they found all in order for their reception, under the busy and anxious cares of Anders and his cheerful, laughing wife. Kaptenska ran eagerly through the rooms, delighted with them, and everything in them. But the kitchen was, in the estimation of the brother and sister-in-law, the charm of the whole house. This sight was reserved for the last; and, decorated as it was with flowers and green boughs, it looked really attractive. Anna was allowed to fly through the other apartments as she pleased, alone, when the rest could not keep pace with her; but in the kitchen the whole party must congregate, although the preparations for a great supper rather disarranged the elegance of its aspect. Every one uttered exclamations of admiration, and every one presented the usual bridal-gifts, to increase the household stores of the new beginners. Mrs. Accountant Miller had sent some house-linen, but promised herself still

a whole year's occupation in preparing more, since poor Annette had never learned the art of weaving. The Accountant had given all the silver. Anders' wife brought a piece from her own loom, for the especial use of that "dreadfully beautiful" kitchen. But the jewel of all the bridal-presents was that offered by Anders himself. "See, dear thou — that is, I should say, Fru Kaptenska — see," he said.

"Fru Kaptenska!" cried the happy bride, laughing, and clapping her rough but good-hearted brother. "But what is this, Anders? — no, really! a wooden spoon! Ah, good brother, is there lead in the handle?"

"Nay, little sister; nay, my dear Anna, it is not silvered. It is like thyself — a true, common, beautiful, wooden spoon."

"Thanks, kind good brother. Thanks, Anders. Trust me, it shall never be silvered; it shall ever remain just what it is, and what it appears to be — nothing more, and nothing less."

"And my wooden spoon," said her husband, as his arm encircled the speaker, "is as precious to me as any silver one, for it is most excellent of its kind."

From Hogg's Instructor.

HOW A TRUE POET IS MADE.

THE bird, when ripe, will soar and sing;
The bard, when grief matures his mind,
Will from his heart's heaped treasures bring
Thoughts fit to teach his Adam-kind;
And, set to music, they will turn
To strains the willing crowd shall learn.
But not till then — oh! not till care
Hath stared him sternly in the face,
Hath fettered him to red despair,
That scorches with a fierce embrace —
Oh! not till then can poet give
The song by which his fame shall live.
We learn to sing, as nightingales
Are said in Eastern tales to do;
To many a cross by cruel nails
Our spirits must be bound, ere, true
To poesy and nature, we
A rose's grace can sing, or see.
Then haste not thou, who in thy soul
Ambitious art of minstrel's meed —
To woo the prophet's strange control,
To gauge the depths of human need;
For thou shalt, if a poet born,
Learn all too soon how crowns are worn.
With heavy brows, and aching hearts,
Our anadems we wear, for they
Bear that around them which imparts
A spiritual suffering night and day;
A sense to see, a touch to feel,
Sorrows where no skill to heal.
Yet grief, yet pain, may visit all,
Though few possess the poet's power
To bid soft strains of music fall,
That soothe man's dark and moody hour;

We may not pity him who hath
One song to cheer his onward path.

But, poet, if thy lesson well
From trial and from pain thou 'st taken,
I need not teach thee what the spell
By which their influence may be shaken —
I need not tell thee *what* the Book
In which for comfort thou must look.
Not praise of men, not laurels bound
By beauty's fingers on thy brow —
Not all the charms that throng around
The circle where fame's torches glow —
Can chase a pang, or change a sin,
Or make a healthy life within.

When thou hast learned thy hymns to raise
To God — whose book thy harp beside
Shall teach it such high chants of praise
As soar beyond all human pride —
Then, Christ thy theme, and love thy creed,
Thou shalt a poet be indeed!

CALDER CAMPBELL.

MAN'S DEGENERACY.

'Tis not that Nature changes, nor the clime
Its vigorous influence loses, nor the place
That fostered once a haught and hardy race,
Its temper casts, the sweet and the sublime
Shedding for the decrepitude of time.
But 't is the men degenerate, and disgrace
Their nobler fathers, their great deeds deface,
And crouch and grovel where their sires would
climb.
Athens and Rome have still the self-same sky
That on Themistocles and Scipio shined;
But their posterity have lost the eye
Of power, the daring hand, the aspiring mind.
The eagle's nest, the eaglets thence expelled,
Is by the craven and the kestrel held.

From Household Words.

RECEIVED, A BLANK CHILD.

THE blank day of blank, received a blank child.

Within a few weeks, this official form, printed on a piece of parchment, happened to come in our way. Finding it to be associated with the histories of more than twenty thousand blank children, we were led into an inquiry concerning those little gaps in the decorous world. Their home and head-quarters whence the document issues, is the Foundling Hospital, London.

This home of the blank children is by no means a blank place. It is a commodious, roomy, comfortable building, airily situated though within advertisement distance of Temple Bar, which, as everybody knows, is precisely ten minutes' walk. It stands in its own grounds, cosily surveying its own shady arcades, its own turf, and its own high trees. It has an incredible fishpond behind it, no curious windows before it, and the wind (tempered to the shorn lambs within) is free to blow on either side of it. It preserves a warm, old-fashioned, rich-relation kind of gravity, strongly indicative of bank stock. Its confidential servants have comfortable places. Its large rooms are wainscoted with the names of benefactors, set forth in goodly order like the tables of the law. Its broad staircases, with balustrades such as elephants might construct if they took to the building arts, not only lead to long dining-rooms, long bedroom galleries, long lavatories, long school-rooms and lecture halls, for the blank children; but to other rooms, with listed doors and Turkey carpets, which the greatest English painters have lent their aid to adorn. In the halls of the blank children, the Guards forever march to Fenchley, under General Hogarth. Deceased patrons come to life again under the hands of Kneller, Reynolds, and Gainsborough. Nay, the good Duke of Cambridge himself, in full masonic paraphernalia, condescends to become a stupendous enigma over the chimney-piece of the smallest of the blank infants who can sit at dinner. Under the roof of the blank children the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture was originated. In the chapel of the blank children there is a noble organ, the gift of Handel; from whose great oratorio, *The Messiah* — also his munificent contribution for their benefit — their hospital has re-

ceived ten thousand pounds. There, too, the Church service is every Sunday performed at its best, with all the assistance of devotional music, yet free from the stage-playing of any ism, not forgetting schism. There, likewise, may be heard at this present time, if we may presume to say so, one of the least conventional, most sensible, naturally eloquent and earnest of preachers.

The knowledge of all these things accumulating in our mind upon the receipt for that blank child on the blank day of blank, induced us to look more curiously into the history of the Foundling Hospital.

In or about the Christian year one thousand seven hundred and twenty-two — a good old time, when England had had too much to do, through all the good old times intervening since the days of Pope Innocent the Third, to do anything whatever for Foundlings — in or about that year there dwelt in London the gentle sea-captain, Thomas Coram. Although the captain had made his fortune on the American plantations, and had seen sights in his day, he came out of it all with a tender heart; and this tender heart of Captain Coram was so affected by seeing blank children, dead and alive, habitually exposed by the wayside as he journeyed from Rotherhithe (where he had set up his retreat that he might keep a loving eye on the river) to the Docks and Royal Exchange, and from the Docks and Royal Exchange home to Rotherhithe again to receive the old shipmate, who was generally coming to dinner, that he could not bear it. So, the captain went to work like a man who had gone down to the sea in ships, and knew what work was. After conquering innumerable thorns and brambles, springing out into his path from that weedy virtue which is always observed to flower in a wrong place when nobody wants to smell it, Captain Coram found that he had got together subscriptions enough to begin a hospital for poor foundlings, and to buy an estate of fifty six acres — out in Lamb's Conduit fields then — for five thousand five hundred pounds. Little did the captain think that the whole amount of that purchase-money would ever come to be annually received back in rents; but so it is at this day.

Nineteen years after good Captain Coram's heart had been so touched by the exposure of children, living, dying, and dead, in his daily walks, one wing of the existing building was completed, and admission given to the first

score of little blanks. At that time any person who brought a child was directed "to come in at the outward door and ring a bell at the inward door, and not to go away until the child is returned (diseased children were not admitted), or notice given of its reception. But no questions whatever will be asked of any person who brings a child, nor shall any servant of the house presume to discover who such person is, on pain of being discharged. It was further desired, that each child should have some distinguishing mark or token by which it might be afterwards known, if necessary. Most of these tokens were small coins, or parts of coins; sometimes an old silk purse was substituted; sometimes doggrel verses were pinned to the poor baby's clothes; once a lottery ticket was so received. The Hospital chronicles do not record that it turned up a prize—the blank child was true to its designation.

As the Hospital became more extensively known, the numbers of applicants were enormous. The outward door was besieged by women who fought and scratched their way to the bell at the inward door, and in these disturbances, as in all physical force proceedings, the strongest were successful. To put a stop to such scenes, the little candidates were then admitted by ballot.

In fifteen years' time, from the opening of the Hospital, the Governors found it necessary to apply to Parliament for assistance. It was conceded in such liberal measure, that it was thought all comers could henceforth be received. Nursing establishments were formed in various parts of the country, a basket was hung outside the Hospital gate, and an advertisement publicly announced, that all children under the age of two months tendered for admission would be received. The result was, that on the 2d of June, 1756, the first day of such indiscriminate reception, the basket at the gate was filled and emptied one hundred and seventeen times. Fraudulent parish officers, married women who were perfectly able to maintain their offspring, parents of depraved and abandoned character (unconsciously emulative of Jean Jacques Rousseau), basketed their babies by thousands. It is almost incredible, but none the less true, that a new branch of the carriers' trade was commenced. Baby-carriers undertook to convey infants to the all-embracing basket, from distant parts of the country, at so much per head. One man

who had charge of five infants in baskets got drunk; and, falling asleep on a bleak common, found when he awoke that three of the five were dead. Of eight infants consigned to a country waggoner, seven died before he got to London; the surviving child owing its life solely to its mother, who followed the wagon on foot to save it from starvation. Another man, established in business as a baby-carrier, with a horse and a pair of panniers, was loud in his complaints of an opposition man, "who," said he, "is a taking the bread out of my mouth. Before he started, it was eight guineas a trip per child from Yorkshire. Now, I've come down a third; next week I must come down another third; that's the way trades get ruined by over-competition." At the time when he made this representation, he had eight children in his panniers. Many of these amiable carriers stripped off such poor clothes as the children wore, and basketed them without a shred of covering. It is related among the Hospital legends, as a remarkable instance of change of fortune, that a few years ago a rich and aged banker applied to search the register of the establishment for such information as it might afford of his own origin, when all he could learn was, that he had been taken out of the basket stark naked. That was his whole previous history.

During the three years and ten months of the existence of this system, there were dropped into the hospital-basket fifteen thousand children; and so great was the difficulty of providing for such an enormous influx, and so little were the necessary precautions understood, that only four thousand four hundred of this large number lived to be apprenticed. So the practice was discontinued, and, Heaven knows, with reason! It is melancholy to think of the regrets and anxieties of the gentle Captain Thomas Coram under all these failures, and more melancholy to know that he died a very old man, so reduced in circumstances as to be supported by subscription. But, though shipwrecked here the tender-hearted captain gained a brighter shore, we will believe, where even foundlings, who have never spoken word on earth, possess their eloquence.

What genius originated the next idea, we have not discovered; but the Hospital being poor again, as well it might be, some bold spirit proposed that every child that should be mysteriously presented with a hundred pound

note attached, should be received. The Governors adopted the inspiration with success; and this most reprehensible practice actually continued until the beginning of the present century. In January, 1801, it was abolished, and the existing rules of admission were substituted. What these are, may be best described through our own observation of the admission of two children who happened to be brought there by two mothers while we were inspecting the place.

Each of the mothers had previously rung the porter's bell to obtain a printed form of petition to the Governors for the admission of her child. No petition is allowed to be issued, except from the porter's lodge; no previous communication with any officer of the Hospital must have been held by the mother; the child must have been the first-born, and preference is given to cases in which some promise of marriage has been made to the mother, or some other deception practised upon her. She must never have lived with the father. The object of these restrictions (careful personal inquiry being made into all such points) is as much to effect the restoration of the mother to society, as to provide for her child.

The conditions having been favorably reported on, the two mothers had brought their children, and had received, filled up, the form we quoted at the commencement of this paper.

Hospital for the Maintenance and Education of Exposed and Deserted Young Children. The blank day of blank, received a blank child. Blank, Secretary. Note—Let this be carefully kept, that it may be produced whenever an inquiry is made after the health of the child (which may be done on Mondays between the hours of ten and four), and also in case the child should be claimed.

Then they departed, and we saw the children.

One was a boy, the other a girl. A parchment ticket, inscribed with the figures 20,563, was sewn upon the shoulder-strap of the male infant, and a similar ticket was attached to the female infant, denoting that she was 20,564—so numerous were the babies who had been there before them. To meet these present babies, a couple of wholesome-looking wet nurses had been summoned from one of the nursing districts in Kent, by whom they were immediately borne into the chapel to be baptized. Here, at the altar, we found awaiting them, the steward, the matron, the schoolmaster, and the head nurse—fit representatives of the provision made for their various wants—who were to be their sponsors. The rite of baptism, impressively performed by the chaplain, gave the children the additional identity of names.

These names have been a fruitful source of

minor difficulty. At the baptism of the first twenty, there was present at the ceremony, a contemporary record states, "a fine appearance of persons of quality: Ilis Grace the Duke of Bedford, their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Countess of Pembroke, and several others, honoring the children with their names, and being their sponsors." Persons of quality not being free from a certain tendency to play at follow my leader, which is found to run in vulgar blood, the early registers of the Hospital swarm with the most aristocratic names in the land. When the peerage was exhausted, the names of historical celebrities were adopted; it therefore behoves a Mark Anthony Lowell, or an Editor of Notes and Queries, to take this circumstance into account in "making a note of" the pedigree of a modern Wickliffe, Latimer, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Cromwell, Hampden, Hogarth, or Michael Angelo. Celebrated real names having, in process of time, been exhausted, the authorities had recourse to novels, and sent into the world, as serving-maids, innumerable Sophia Westerns, Clarissa Harlowes, and Flora Mac Ivors; innumerable hard-handed artisans, as Tom Jones, Edward Waverley, Charles Grandison, and Humphrey Clinker. Then, the governors were reduced to their own names, which they distributed with the greatest liberality, until some of their namesakes on growing up, occasioned inconvenience (and possibly scandal) by claiming kith and kin with them. The present practice is for the treasurer to issue lists of names for adoption; in which responsible duty he, no doubt, derives considerable comfort from the Post Office London Directory.

The two babies were then borne off into Kent by their respective nurses (each of whom gave a receipt for a deserted young child) with little packets of clothes, a few sensible admonitions from the matron, and the following document:

The Child blank, No. blank, is placed under your care by the Governors of the FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, and it is expected that you will pay such attention to the said Child as will be satisfactory to the Inspector. You will receive for the maintenance of the said Child Sixpence per day, which will be paid on the first day of each month according to the number of days in the month preceding.

Should you rear the said Child to the end of the first year, and pay such attention to it as shall be satisfactory to the Inspector, you will receive a gratuity of Twenty-five Shillings at that period.

For clothing the said Child (after the first year) you will receive allowances as follows, viz. :—

	£	s.	d.
Between the Second and Third Year,	0	14	0
" " Third and Fourth Year,	0	17	0
" " Fourth and Fifth Year,	0	18	0

For your trouble and expenses in coming to London for a Child you will receive Two Shillings from the Inspector, your coach-hire being paid by the Governors of the Hospital.

You are to be particularly careful in preserving this parchment, which you must return with the Child whenever it shall be sent up to the Hospital, or removed from you, and it is especially required that you keep the number of the Child always affixed to its person. If you neglect this, the Child will be taken from you.

When they should be old enough to walk, these two children would be returned to the Hospital, and placed in its juvenile department. Proceeding to visit the infant school, which was their future destination, we found perhaps a hundred tiny boys and girls seated in hollow squares on the floor, like flower borders in a garden; their teachers walking to and fro in the paths between, sowing little seeds of alphabet and multiplication table broadcast among them. The sudden appearance of the secretary and matron whom we accompanied, laid waste this little garden, as if by magic. The young shoots started up with their shrill hooray! twining round and sprouting out from the legs and arms of the two officials with a very pleasant familiarity. Except a few Lilliputian pulls at our coat-tails; some curiosity respecting our legs, evinced in pokes from short fingers, very near the ground; and the sudden abstraction of our hat (with which an infant extinguished himself to his great terror, evidently believing that he was lost to the world forever); but little notice was taken of our majestic presence. Indeed, it made no sensation at all.

One end of this apartment being occupied by a grade of seats for the little inmates, is used as a convenient orchestra for a band of wind instruments, consisting of the elder boys. These young musicians, about thirty in number, now made their appearance, and commenced the performance of some difficult Italian music, executed with so much precision and spirit, as amply to justify the expressions of commendation and surprise, which we found in letters addressed to their music-master by that admirable artist, Signor Costa, and by Mr. Godfrey, one of the band-masters of the Household troops. The ophicleide was made to emit sounds of tremendous volume and richness, by a boy hardly bigger than itself. The body of sound emitted in passages of Handel's Hallelujah chorus was no less full and sonorous than that we remember to have heard produced by the stalwart lungs of Mr. Strutt's band of blacksmiths at Belper.

A new supply of toys had just been brought into the room; and, during this performance, the juvenile audience were vigorously beating toy drums, blowing dumb horns and soundless trumpets, marching regiments of wooden infantry, balancing swinging cavalry, depopu-

lating Noah's arks, starting miniature railway trains, and flourishing wooden swords. They were all sensibly and comfortably clothed, and looked healthy and happy. They were certainly under no undue restraint. The only hush that came upon the cheerful little uproar was when the chaplain entered. He came to take out the first clarionet (and he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder in a friendly manner which was very agreeable), who had attained the maximum age of fourteen, and was that day to be apprenticed to a lithographic printer. They went away together for some talk about his future duties, and he would receive, in common with all the other foundlings when they go out into the world, the following advice in print and parchment:—

You are placed out Apprentice by the Governors of this Hospital. You were taken into it very young, quite helpless, forsaken, poor, and deserted. Out of Charity you have been fed, clothed, and instructed; which many have wanted.

You have been taught to fear God; to love him, to be honest, careful, laborious, and diligent. As you hope for Success in this World, and Happiness in the next, you are to be mindful of what has been taught you. You are to behave honestly, justly, soberly, and carefully, in everything, to everybody, and especially towards your Master and his Family; and to execute all lawful commands with Industry, Cheerfulness, and good Manners.

You may find many temptations to do wickedly, when you are in the world; but by all means fly from them. Always speak the Truth. Though you may have done a wrong thing, you will, by sincere Confession, more easily obtain Forgiveness, than if by an obstinate Lie you make the fault the greater, and thereby deserve a far greater Punishment. Lying is the beginning of every Thing that is bad; and a Person used to it is never believed, esteemed, or trusted.

Be not ashamed that you were bred in this Hospital. Own it; and say, that it was through the good Providence of Almighty God, that you were taken Care of. Bless him for it.

Be constant in your Prayers, and going to Church; and avoid Gaming, Swearing, and all evil Discourses. By this means the Blessing of God will follow your honest Labors, and you may be happy; otherwise you will bring upon yourself Misery, Shame, and Want.

NOTE.—At Easter of every year, upon producing a testimonial of good conduct for the previous twelve months to the satisfaction of the Committee, you will receive a pecuniary reward proportioned to the length of time you have been apprenticed, and at the termination of your Apprenticeship, upon producing a like testimonial for the whole term thereof, the further sum of Five Guineas, or such smaller sum as the Committee shall consider you entitled to.

Although we inspected the school-rooms, the dormitories, the kitchen, the laundries, the

pantries, the infirmary, and saw the four hundred boys and girls go through the ceremony of dining (a sort of military evolution in this asylum), and glanced at their school-life, we saw nothing so different from the best conducted charities in the general management, as to warrant our detaining the reader by describing them.

We thought, when the male pupils were summoned by trumpet to the play-ground to go through their military exercises — which they did, their drill master assured us confidentially, in a manner that would not disgrace the Foot-Guards — we had traced the entire history of the connection of a blank child with the Hospital. But, as we were leaving the building, a decently dressed woman made her appearance from the lodge, to announce to the secretary that "Joe" had arrived at the Diggings; that Joe had sent her a ten pound note, and expected to be able to transmit to the Institution a similar token of his regard in a very few weeks; that in a short time Joe intended to remit enough money to take herself (this was Joe's wife), their son, and their two daughters, over to join him, but that their eldest daughter being of age, and having a will of her own, refused to promise to go to Joe, because of another promise of a tender description which she had made to a worthy young ivory-turner whose name was *not* Joe. All of which we heard with a growing curiosity to know who Joe was; more especially as Mrs. Joe was in a state of great excitement and joy about Joe.

The explanation of this little family history was that out of a separate fund established in connection with the Hospital, Joe, an old foundling — although he had left the Hospital when very young to volunteer as a cabin boy in Lord Nelson's fleet — had, in common with some other of his school-fellows, been assisted through life with temporary loans of money, the latest of which loans had enabled Joe to seek another fortune (Joe, in the course of his career, had found and lost many fortunes) in Australia. This put us in an excellent humor for participating in the joy that there was over Joe. And we devoutly wished, and do wish, that Joe may find gold enough to provide for himself, Mrs. Joe, their son, their two daughters, and the ivory-turner; and that with love and gold to spare for the gentle memory of Captain Thomas Coram, he may have this line to himself among the donors on the wall of the boy's dining-room:

Joe, £500

Such is the home of the blank children, where they are trained out of their blank state to be useful entities in life. It is rich, and it is likely enough it has its blemishes. It certainly had once, when its chief officer

was a master in Chancery; which animal is a sufficiently absurd monster for human reason to reflect upon, without being associated with blank children and a by no means blank salary. But from what we have seen of this establishment we have derived much satisfaction, and the good that is in it seems to us to have grown with its growth. Of the appearance, food, and lodging of the children any of our readers may judge for themselves after morning service any Sunday; when we think their objections will be limited to the respectable functionary who presides over the boys' dinner, presenting such a very inflexible figure-head to so many young digestions, and smiting the table with his hammer with such prodigious emphasis; wherein it rather resembles the knock of the marble statue at Don Juan's door, than the call of a human schoolmaster to grace after meat.

We happen to have had our personal means of knowing that in one respect the governors of this charity are a model to all others. That is, in holding themselves strictly aloof from any canvassing for an office connected with it, or a benefit derivable from it. Canvassing and electioneering are the disgrace of many public charities of this time; and, in all such cases, but particularly where the candidates are persons of education who have known a happier and better estate, we view the preliminary solicitation and humiliation as far outweighing the subsequent advantages, and believe there is something very rotten in the state of any Denmark that does not apply itself to find a better system for its government.

The interest which is now taken in works of mediæval art was demonstrated by the sale of the Collection of the late *A. Welby Pugin*, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, on the 12th of February. The name of that distinguished artist had the effect of gathering a numerous company, and the prices given were proportionately high. A long range of saints carved in oak occupied a great space; but they were generally of an inferior style of art. The most precious objects were the carvings in ivory; most of which were bought by the Rev. Mr. Russell. Large prices were given for the Raffaele and Majolica ware, of which there were many fine specimens. Lot 87, the upper part of a fine brass, by the same artist as the St. Alban's specimen, of the fourteenth century, sold for 24*l.* 10*s.*; and lot 136, a silver diptych of the fourteenth century, representing the salvation and coronation of the Virgin, for 23*l.* 10*s.* The whole sale amounted to 429*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Pugin's library had been previously sold, and produced 1,083*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* The "*Microcosm*," with Pugin's own drawings, was bought by Mr. Tite for 18*l.* — *Gent. Mag.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF F. S. LARPENT, ESQ.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE ATTACHED TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF LORD WELLINGTON DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR.

If we cannot absolutely describe such a book as Mr. Larpent's "Journal" as a work of history, it is assuredly the next thing to it, for it supplies excellent materials of history. We do not know anything more serviceable to the historian than the Journals kept by intelligent English gentlemen attached to the army during an important period of a great campaign. Mr. Larpent joined the head-quarters of Wellington's army in 1813. He was sent out to fill the important office of judge-advocate-general, and was necessarily brought into frequent communication with the great soldier at the head of that varied force. The "Journal," therefore, is thickly strewn with anecdotes of Wellington, very illustrative of the character both of the leader and the man, of his personal habits, and of his conduct in the trying circumstances which often surrounded him throughout the Peninsular campaign. A few of these little snatches of personal anecdote and description we have marked for insertion. There are frequent notices in the "Journal" of Wellington's hunting exploits. The Duke never was a good sportsman, but we have an idea that something more than amusement was sought on those hunting days. Mr. Larpent says:—

Lord Wellington reads and looks into everything. He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock; and then, for an hour or two, parades with any one whom he wants to talk to up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his gray great-coat.

It may be doubted whether he would have got through so much work, and so well preserved the *mens sana in corpore sano*, but for those hunting days. Here is another bit of personal description. The idea suggested by Captain — is not a pleasant one, for it indicates what is commonly a characteristic of a little mind. The judge-advocate's repudiation of it is therefore a relief:—

He thinks and acts quite for himself; with me, if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise. I have not, however, found what Captain — told me I should, that Lord Wellington immediately determines against anything that is suggested to him. On the contrary, I think he is reasonable enough, only often a little hasty in ordering trials, when an acquittal must be the consequence. This, I think, does harm, as I

would have the law punish almost always when it is put in force.

Here are some instances of Wellington's peculiar coolness and presence of mind. Those hunting days, doubtless, kept all the nerves well strung, all the muscles well braced.

Lord Aylmer gave me two striking instances of Lord Wellington's coolness: one, when, in a fog in the morning, as he was pursuing the French, he found a division of our men, under Sir William Erskine, much exposed in advance, and nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing. But on some prisoners being brought in, and being asked what French division, and how many men, were in the village, they, to the dismay of every one except Wellington, said that the whole French army were there. All he said was, quite coolly, "Oh! they are all there, are they? Well, we must mind a little what we are about then." Another time, soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Honore, and when we were waiting in our position near them to risk an attack, to protect the siege of Almeyda, one morning suddenly and early Lord Aylmer came in to him whilst he was shaving, to tell him the French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone; the consequence of which movement relieved him entirely, gave him Almeyda, and preserved Portugal. He only took the razor off for one moment, and said—"Ay, I thought they meant to be off—very well;" and then another shave, just as before, and not another word till he was dressed. I find, however, it is said that he magnifies the French now and then; sees double as to the number of blue uniforms, and cannot see all the scarlet; but I believe that most men in his situation do this more or less.

The following is very delightful. It is characteristic both of poor Craufurd and the Duke.

I have heard a number of anecdotes of General Craufurd. He was very clever and knowing in his profession, all admit, and led on his division on the day of his death in the most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. . . . On one occasion he remained across a river by himself—that is, only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Lord Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Wellington, when he came back, only said, "I am glad to see you safe, Craufurd." The latter said, "Oh, I was in no danger, I assure you." "But I was from your conduct," said Wellington. Upon which Craufurd observed, "He is—crusty to-day!"

The next, too, is very pleasant:

The day before yesterday, Lord Wellington ordered young Fitzclarence to go and bring up two Portuguese companies to the attack. He went. It was close by; but he was highly pleased with the order. When he had given the

instructions, he saw a cherry-tree, and went up to break a bough off and eat the cherries. When Lord Wellington lost his way the other night in the fog (returning to head-quarters), Fitzclarence told Lord Wellington he was sure the road was so-and-so, as they had passed the place where they found the two Portuguese companies. "How do you know that?" quoth Lord Wellington. "By that cherry-tree, which I was up just afterwards," was the answer. It amused Lord Wellington much; and yesterday he called to him, with a very grave face, desiring him to go and get some of the cherries, as though it were an important order.

We have more than once heard the question discussed as to whether the Duke of Wellington was ever wounded in action. He was wounded at Orthes. Mr. Larpent says:

It was curious that Lord Wellington and General Alava were close together when struck, and both on the hip, but on different sides, and neither seriously injured, as the surgeon told me who dressed them. Lord W.'s was a bad bruise, and skin broken. I fear his riding so much since has rather made it of more consequence, but hope the two days' halt here will put him in the right way again, as all our prospects here would vanish with that man.

And, further on, the journal-writer gives these particulars. The anecdote is new and interesting:

I walked down to the bridge with Lord Wellington yesterday, and found him limp a little; and he said he was in rather more pain than usual, but it was nothing. At dinner, yesterday, he said he was laughing at General Alava having had a knock, and telling him it was all nonsense—that he was not hurt, &c., when he received this blow, and a worse one, on the same place himself. Alava said it was to punish him for laughing at him.

These anecdotes (and many more of the same kind might be cited) very fairly indicate the nature of the pleasant contents of these interesting volumes. In one respect they differ from all the journals of the Peninsular campaign which have come before us. Mr. Larpent was a civilian. He writes as a civilian; and, to a certain extent, therefore, we see the progress of the war from a novel point of view. The "Journal" was written merely for the perusal of private friends. Indeed, it comprises, we believe, a series of letters to the writer's mother. There is therefore a literal, inornate truthfulness about it, which brings all the daily incidents of the camp much more clearly before us than if the writer had designed a work of more elaborate construction, and had executed it in a more florid style. On the whole, we think it will be regarded as a very valuable contribution to the history of the Peninsular War.

THE LADIES' BATTLE.

It is fortunate, just now, that the ocean divides the ladies of England from the ladies of America; for, if they were in closer contact, they might forget the touching theory too often violated in practice, that

Their little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Throwing stones is not a pretty pastime for the gentler sex; and we regret to find our favorite, the British female, engaged in pelting—even with philanthropic missiles—our fair friend, the American lady, who, if the stone has been thrown at her, has certainly pitched it uncommonly strong in casting it back again. Perhaps there is much truth in what has been written by one to the other; but the very fact that there is a great deal to be said on both sides renders it advisable for females not to interfere, since, however much there may be to be said, it is certain that a great deal more will be said than necessary, if the female tongue has anything to do with it.

If our advice could be taken, we should recommend the parties to "make it up" at once; and if they would only consent to "kiss and be friends," as the operation cannot be performed in person, we should be most happy to accept the proxy of the American ladies, empowering us to imprint on the lips of our fair countrywomen the kiss of peace from their sisters across the Atlantic. Should the arrangement be carried out, we shall take measures for issuing orders, payable at sight, which will entitle the female holder to the enviable privilege. — *Punch*.

The jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society has been commemorated this week. A large meeting composed of members of the various religious denominations, the Quakers being especially prominent, was held in Exeter Hall on Tuesday. The chair was occupied by Lord Shaftesbury; on his right sat the Rajah of Coorg, in an Eastern dress, and the Duke of Argyll; on the left, the Earl of Carlisle and the Bishop of Winchester; and near these, the Reverend Hugh Stowell, the Reverend Dr. Duff, and the Reverend Mr. James. From statements made to the meeting it appears, that since the foundation of the society, fifty years ago, 8600 branch societies have been instituted; the Scriptures have been translated into 148 languages and dialects, of which 121 had never before been printed; upwards of 48,000,000 copies had been disseminated, among, it was computed, 600,000,000 of the human race; of the languages into which these copies had been rendered, upwards of twenty-five had existed hitherto without an alphabet, and merely in an oral form. The sum subscribed amounted to upwards of 7000*l.*, and hopes were expressed that it would be run up to nearly 10,000*l.* There were two donations of 600*l.* each and three of 1000*l.* On Thursday a jubilee sermon was preached in St. Paul's, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. — *Spec.*

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FADELESS IS A LOVING HEART.

Thou shalt not rob me, thievish Time,
Of all my blessings, all my joy:
I have some jewels in my heart
Which thou art powerless to destroy.

SUNNY eyes may lose their brightness;
Nimble feet forget their lightness;
Pearly teeth may know decay;
Raven tresses turn to gray;
Cheeks be pale, and eyes be dim;
Faint the voice, and weak the limb;
But though youth and strength depart,
Fadeless is a loving heart.

Like the little mountain-flower,
Peeping forth in wintry hour,
When the summer's breath is fled,
And the gaudier flowerets dead;
So when outward charms are gone,
Brighter still doth blossom on,
Despite Time's destroying dart,
The gentle, kindly loving heart.

Wealth and talents will avail
When on life's rough sea we sail;
Yet the wealth may melt like snow,
And the wit no longer glow;
But more smooth we'll find the sea,
And our course the fairer be,
If our pilot, when we start,
Be a kindly loving heart.

Ye in worldly wisdom old—
Ye who bow the knee to gold,
Doth this earth as lovely seem
As it did in life's young dream,
Ere the world had crusted o'er,
Feelings good and pure before—
Ere ye sold at Mammon's mart
The best yearnings of the heart?

Grant me, Heaven, my earnest prayer—
Whether life of ease or care
Be the one to me assigned,
That each coming year may find
Loving thoughts and gentle words
Twined within my bosom's chords,
And that age may but impart
Riper freshness to my heart!

GOD BLESS YOU.

"God bless you!"—kind, familiar words!
Before my eyes the letters swim:
For—thrilling nature's holiest chords—
My sight with fond regret grows dim.
God bless you! closes up each page
Traced by the well-beloved of yore:
Whose letters still, from youth to age,
That fondly-anxious legend bore.

I heeded not, in earlier days,
The import of that yearning prayer:

To me 't was but a kindly phrase,
Which household love might freely spare ;
But now that grief strange power affords,
In these love-hallowed scrolls I find
Those earnest, pleading, sacred words,
With all life's tenderness entwined !

Now thou art gone (ah ! dark above
Thy gravestone floods the winter rain),
And all the old, sweet household love
Fades into memory's silent pain.
On earth for me no human heart
Again will breathe those words divine :
But, sainted soul ! where'er thou art,
Thy angel-pleading still is mine.

ELIZA CRAVEN GREEN.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"ONE SWALLOW MAKES NO SUMMER."

Snowy blossoms deck the thorn, the birds are on
the wing,
Freshly robed is Mother Earth to greet the joyous
Spring ;
Twining through the distant vale, the glancing
stream is seen,
Like a thread of silver, in a garb of Lincoln
green.
Early flowers from out their leaves are peeping,
one by one,
Grateful to the golden shower that falls athwart
the sun ;
Drifts upon the southern breeze the cloud of fleecy
white,
'Gainst it, flitting darkly, see the swallow's cir-
cling flight ;
Bid him welcome home, my child ! that herald
of the Spring ;
Yet believe no single swallow summer's prime
shall bring.
Often thus a gleam of hope the trust of youth de-
ceives,
Often thus its fading ray the sanguine spirit
grieves ;
Hours of gladness on our path steal ever and
anon,
Ere the fleeting joy we strive to grasp — behold !
't is gone.
Brightly shines the sun to-day in calm and smil-
ing skies,
Frowning in the tempest's wrath to-morrow's
dawn may rise.
Youth is like the merry spring-time, all is fresh
and new,
Fancy decks the starting bud with summer's
promised hue ;
Fancy gives the way-side weed the perfume of the
rose ;
Forward o'er the toilsome journey Hope her ra-
diance throws ;
Showers of Spring are short and sudden, through
them gleams the sun,
Tears of youth with smiles are mingled, dried ere
scarce begun ;
Often nips an envious frost the blossom's open-
ing joy,
Seldom ripened manhood crowns the wishes of the
boy.
Noon of life is rich and bright, like summer's
golden time,

Many a bud its flower hath borne, now blushing
in its prime ;
Smiling on our outward world, Prosperity may
glow,
Honor strew our path with laurels — are we
happy ? No !
Look upon the garden-rose, that blooms so fresh
and fair,
Shedding beauty on the sward, and fragrance on
the air ;
Choicest gifts of scent and hue doth Nature on
her pour,
Peep within the leaves, a worm is crawling at
the core.
So for us may Wealth and Fame their choicest
honors bear,
Still within the bosom lurks the canker-worm of
care ;
More we covet, more we grasp ; yet craving,
craving still —
Feels the immortal soul a void the mortal cannot
fill ;
Ever striving, ever looking forward, life is past,
All unmarked, till startled by the Autumn's warn-
ing blast,
Wildly, like the wakened dreamer, how we gaze
around !
Ripened fruits are falling, withered leaves are on
the ground ;
Mournful wails the breeze, the skies are sad-
dened, though serene,
Chastened is the parting ray that gilds the fading
scene ;
Sad and tawny all that bloomed before so fresh
and bright,
Time hath reaped his harvest — have we gath-
ered whilst we might ?
Dark and gloomy lowers the Future ; breaking
on the shore,
Winter's waves come rolling onward, winter's
tempests roar ;
Dreary dawns the morning, early sets the watery
sun,
Few the grains the hour-glass holds, and faster
still they run.
Like a dream, the lengthening Past hath vanished
from our sight,
Twilight's shadows gather round, and nearer
draws the night.
Short and sad the journey left, and few the toils
to brave —
Life, in all its winding paths, leads surely to the
grave.
By the passing seasons warned, then be not thou
beguiled,
Trust not in the budding Spring, nor Summer
prime, my child !
Still unwished for, still unmourned, behold them
come and go ;
Earth is not thy resting-place, thy home is not
below.
Ever through thy pilgrimage hold steadfast to the
end,
Ever to the promised Heaven let thoughts and
wishes tend ;
So when death at last shall wrap thy frame in
winter's gloom,
Spring eternal on thy soul shall dawn beyond the
tomb.

From Chambers' Repository.

WRITINGS OF T. B. MACAULAY.

MR. MACAULAY may be considered one of the most successful of modern authors ; inasmuch as everything he has written has made an impression upon the public, and the popularity he enjoys is both extensive and substantial. It is also a popularity that is more than usually well deserved. His contributions to literature belong to the departments of criticism, poetry, and history, and upon all of them there is the stamp and seal of excellence. Owing to the expensive form in which his works have hitherto been published, we suspect his readers have been restricted to the well-conditioned and more cultivated classes ; but now that some of his most admired essays are in the course of republication, in the shape of shilling pamphlets, he is likely to be introduced to a multitude of new appreciators, and to acquire thus a large accession of reputation. For every one who reads Macaulay is sure to be delighted with him, and will be almost certain to study and re-peruse his pages with increasing relish and satisfaction, until their whole interest and meaning become matter of familiarity.

There is something of the universal genius in Macaulay. His versatility is great, his manner exceedingly attractive, and the speculations he most delights in are of general and abiding interest. He is possessed of all the endowments and accomplishments which command the attention and respect of nearly all varieties of intelligent and cultivated persons ; his stores of learning and information are large and varied ; the skill and facility with which he reproduces what he knows, give an air of ease and gracefulness to his writing, such as is seldom witnessed ; and the light expertness and pointed vigor of his style are admirably calculated to produce an effective impression. He is a great popularizer of abstruse and recondite investigations. There is nothing he takes in hand that he does not succeed in making his reader comprehend ; or, at any rate, the reader must be singularly obtuse and unintelligent if he fails in doing so. He has done much in the way of educating the tastes, the judgments, and the sympathies of his generation.

Before proceeding to an examination of our author's works, it will not be amiss to bring together such biographical particulars as we happen to possess. Thomas Babington Macau-

lay is the son of Mr. Zackary Macaulay, formerly a West India merchant, and known in public life as the personal friend and coadjutor of the celebrated Wilberforce. For mercantile pursuits, the son does not appear to have had any inclination ; but in regard to popular and political objects, he has inherited all the zeal, and perhaps more than the judgment, of his father. His education, we believe, was begun at home ; efficiently advanced under the Rev. Mr. Preston, at Shelford, in Cambridgeshire ; and subsequently completed at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was entered at the latter in 1818, and, some year later, took his bachelor's degree, in the ordinary course. In 1819, he obtained the chancellor's medal awarded to compositions in English verse. Judging from what he has said in one of his reviews of prize-poems generally, it would not seem that he afterwards thought much of this distinction. Speaking in allusion to Sir Roger Newdigate's restriction of such a poem to fifty lines, he pleasantly commends the regulation : "The world, we believe, is pretty well agreed," says he, "in thinking that the shorter a prize-poem is, the better." Mr. Macaulay, however, won considerably higher honors, and indeed gained the very highest, in classical departments, which the university could confer. After leaving college, he applied himself to the study of law, and was called to the bar in 1826. Whether he ever intended to practise is not known to us, but it seems likely that his principal object was to gain a more ready introduction into literary and public life. Be this as it may, it is certain that he began very early to apply himself to literature. He was one of the first and ablest among the contributors to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* ; and in due season gained access to the *Edinburgh Review*. The article on Milton — the first in the collection of his essays — appeared in that journal in 1827. It has sometimes been spoken of as a finely-finished and even splendid composition ; but Macaulay himself has referred to it as being "overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." "Written," says he, "when the author was fresh from college, it "contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves." It was, nevertheless, a performance of great vigor and promise, and instantly raised the writer to a distinguished elevation among his literary contemporaries. His subsequent contributions to the *Edinburgh* were

less ornate and florid, and became gradually more and more remarkable for a perfect and exquisite simplicity. By his connexion with this journal, he gained the intimacy and friendship of Mr. Jeffrey (since Lord Jeffrey), the editor; an agreeable relationship, which subsisted as long as the latter lived.

In 1831, Mr. Macaulay entered Parliament as member for Calne, a borough in the interest of Lord Lansdowne. He made his first speech in favor of the Reform Bill, and shortly came to be considered a prominent member of the Whig party. With this party he has been all along associated, and in his political disquisitions appears chiefly as its champion and philosophical representative. His eloquence and manifest capacity for the discussion of affairs gave him great popularity in the House, and won for him the respect and favor of the leaders in the ministry. He was not a frequent speaker, but when he did speak, it was generally on some important question, with all the bearings and particulars of which he had made himself intimately acquainted. Those who were in a position to appreciate his powers, spoke of him in the highest terms of eulogy. Jeffrey, writing to Lord Cockburn in 1833, observes: "Mac is a marvellous person. He made the very best speech that has been made this session on India, a few nights ago, to a house of less than fifty. The speaker, who is a severe judge, says he rather thinks it the best speech he ever heard." The men of the Whig administration must have entertained a somewhat similar opinion; at any rate, they kept their eyes upon him, and embraced an early opportunity for enlisting him in their service. In 1834, after being elected for Leeds, he was appointed to the office of Secretary to the India Board. The aptness for business and general ability he manifested in this position, caused him shortly afterwards to be made a member of the East India Company's Supreme Council at Calcutta; an appointment for which he vacated his seat in Parliament, and proceeded forthwith to India. He was absent four years, returning to England in 1838. During his stay in India, he largely extended his knowledge of its policy and affairs; so that when writing subsequently on the careers of Clive and Warren Hastings, he showed himself accurately informed of all their personal proceedings, and thoroughly conversant with the whole range of circumstances connected with the rise and consolidation of our

Indian Empire. The year after his return, Macaulay was elected for Edinburgh, and in the following year accepted office as Secretary at War. When the Whig ascendancy was broken up in 1841, he steadily and consistently supported his party in opposition. Some of his votes, however, gave offence to his constituents—a memorable one on the Maynooth grant especially—and at the general election of 1847, he lost his seat for the Scottish capital. He would have had little difficulty in getting returned for some one of the English boroughs, but he declined all solicitations, and refused to sit for any other place than the one which had rejected him. Time wears down many prejudices; and the honor that was then denied him, was last year restored, and that in a manner highly flattering to himself. It will be remembered that without canvassing, without even coming forward as a candidate, he was triumphantly returned for Edinburgh at the head of the poll. His four years' exclusion from public life are understood to have been industriously devoted to literary pursuits—mainly, we believe, to the preparation of his elaborate *History of England from the Accession of James II.*; two volumes of which were published at the close of 1848, and have now reached their sixth edition; and two other volumes are expected to be forthcoming in the course of the present year. Of the merits of this work we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. Both as a statesman and a writer, though in general a supporter of Whig principles, Mr. Macaulay has sometimes been the advocate of a more liberal national policy than that aspired after by his party; and, upon the whole, it may be said, that he has used the influence of his position in behalf of free opinion, commercial liberty, a more general extension of education among the people, and a better adjustment of those relations of ranks and classes which are commonly believed, by advanced thinkers, to require emendation as a consequence and a condition of our material and social progress.

We now pass on to a consideration of Mr. Macaulay's writings, beginning with a notice of his collected contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*. These embrace an extensive range of subjects. They are scarcely separable, according to the title, into *Critical and Historical Essays*, for the critical are nearly all partially historical or biographical, and the historical deal considerably in criticism.

The most purely critical and literary are the before-mentioned article on Milton, the reviews of Moore's *Life of Byron*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Horace Walpole's *Letters*, Southey's *Colloquies on Society*, the *Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, the *Life and Writings of Addison*, and the elaborate dissertations on Lord Bacon and Sir William Temple. Among the professedly historical essays, the most notable and attractive are those on Lord Burleigh, the Earl of Chatham, Lord Clive, and Warren Hastings. These contain complete and finished representations of the genius and characters of the individuals treated of, along with graphic and excellent descriptions of the circumstances in which they lived and acted. They are all striking and instructive studies of human nature, and are not only memorable for the interest of personality which attaches to the subjects, but may be read with profit for their stores of valuable information, their fair and impartial estimates of character, and their just moral judgments and conclusions.

Perhaps the first quality that strikes a reader fresh from Macaulay's pages, is the fulness of his sympathy with genius. Nearly all his articles in the *Edinburgh Review* have been devoted to great men, or to men who hold some special characteristic position in literature or history by virtue of their genius. Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, Addison, Johnson, Byron, are persons of widely different peculiarities of mental constitution, but being all unquestionably possessed of what we understand by genius, they are severally and individually welcomed with the warmest homage and appreciation. He delights to track the footsteps of the bold original travelers in the realms of thought and power, and glows with admiration over the narrative of their discoveries. The things that interest him most are the great strokes of character, the subtle graces of act and movement, that cannot be imitated or repeated, the beauty and the glory that is shed from the presence of exalted intellects. Before the high throne of superiority, he bows his head with reverence, and extols, with a glowing and rapturous enthusiasm, the majesty he venerates. But his worship is by no means fanatical or superstitious; it is not the expression of a mere undiscerning sentiment, but the bold and fearless admiration of a mind that claims relationship with the object it admires. For all manner of limitations and imperfections,

he has as clear and just a recognition as he manifests for the characteristics of excellency and worthiness. The homage he pays to genius is not extended to its failings or deficiencies; nor does he suffer the moral sense within him to be dazzled by the brilliancy of the aberrations and eccentricities by which it has sometimes been disfigured. To the Cæsars of human intellect he would render the things that may be due to them; but for every violation of the truth and justice, for every perversion of honor or integrity, he relentlessly brings them to judgment. Not that he has no generous compassion for the errors of the tempted, or for the heedless indiscretions into which the inexperienced and impetuous may chance to fall; but knowing the weight and the solemnity of human responsibility, he dares forbear not, even in the natural overflowings of his mercy towards the offender, to visit his offences with condemnation.

This Rhadamanthine impartiality is illustrated in the article on Bacon. Whilst he admiringly extols the grandeurs of Bacon's intellect, he will not condescend to varnish the rottenness of his moral reputation. Honoring the philosopher and the thinker, he yet denounces the selfishness, the perfidy, and the meanness of the man. Nevertheless, with justice he discriminates between the acts which may be reckoned instances of personal depravity, and those that were simply adventitious or accessory to his position as a placeman and a politician. The vices and shortcomings of his age are not incontinently charged upon the head of the individual. Macaulay, indeed, discerns in Bacon two separable and distinct characters. Under the speculative aspect, the man is to be ranked with the noblest specimens of his race; under the practical and personal manifestation, he is shown to have had very much in common with the basest and most unprincipled. "The difference," says Macaulay, "between the soaring angel and the creeping snake was but a type of the difference between Bacon the philosopher and Bacon the attorney-general — Bacon seeking for truth and Bacon seeking for the seals. Those who survey only one half of his character may speak of him with unmixed admiration, or with unmixed contempt; but those only judge of him correctly, who take in at one view Bacon in speculation and Bacon in action. They will have no difficulty in comprehending

how one and the same man should have been far before his age and far behind it — in one line, the boldest and most useful of innovators; in another line, the most obstinate champion of the foulest abuses. In his library, all his rare powers were under the guidance of an honest ambition, of an enlarged philanthropy, of a sincere love of truth. There, no temptation drew him away from the right course. Thomas Aquinas could pay no fees — Duns Scotus could confer no peerages — the Master of the Sentences had no rich reversions in his gift. Far different was the situation of the great philosopher, when he came forth from his study and his laboratory to mingle with the crowd which filled the galleries of Whitehall. In all that crowd there was no man equally qualified to render great and lasting services to mankind. But in all that crowd there was not a heart more set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness — on things which can often be obtained only by the sacrifice of integrity and honor. To be the leader of the human race in the career of improvement — to found on the ruins of ancient intellectual dynasties a more prosperous and a more enduring empire — to be revered by the latest generations as the most illustrious among the benefactors of mankind; all this was within his reach. But all this availed him nothing while some quibbling special pleader was promoted before him to the bench — while some heavy country gentleman took precedence of him, by virtue of a purchased coronet — while some pander, happy in a fair wife, could obtain a more cordial salute from Buckingham — while some buffoon, versed in all the latest scandal of the court, could draw a louder laugh from James.* Further on, our author adds: "Had his life been passed in literary retirement, he would, in all probability, have deserved to be considered, not only as a great philosopher, but as a worthy and good-natured member of society. But neither his principle nor his spirit was such as could be trusted, when strong temptations were to be resisted, and serious dangers to be braved."

This wide discrepancy between the intellectual and moral elements of Bacon's nature is a thing to be lamented; but being undeniably a fact, it cannot rightly be overlooked in our estimation of his greatness. But it is precisely the thing which a less bold and conscientious critic, so largely sympathizing with Bacon's genius, would have been tempted to explain away. This was, indeed, the course pursued by Mr. Basil Montagu in his life of the great philosopher, and is the very thing which impairs the worth of that otherwise valuable and carefully-composed biography. Mr. Macaulay is, accordingly, a much safer guide to the study of Bacon's history

and character, than any one could be who approaches the subject in the attitude of a partisan. The position taken by Mr. Montagu is that of an advocate, who conceives himself called upon to exculpate his client from all suspicion of blame: Mr. Macaulay, more appropriately, assumes the functions of a judge, who, hearing and investigating the entire case, pronounces a decision according to the evidence. So just an apprehension of the lights and shades of character as is indicated in the sentences just quoted, and appears still more abundantly throughout the article, seems to us to mark Macaulay as a writer admirably qualified for faithful and impartial criticism of character. Another quality which well befits him in this capacity, is his considerate and honorable candor towards honestly-intentioned persons with whom he finds it necessary to differ in opinion. There are some remarks in this same article on Bacon, which may be not inaptly cited, by way of showing how gently he is disposed to deal with the unconscious exaggerations and misjudgments of those admirers of the illustrious who are apt to be unduly ardent, and not sufficiently discriminating. Speaking of the difficulty there is in treating, with strict impartiality, of the memories of men who have been in any manner benefactors of their kind, he observes: —

"There is scarcely any delusion which has a better claim to be indulgently treated, than that under the influence of which a man ascribes every moral excellence to those who have left imperishable monuments of their genius. The causes of this error lie deep in the inmost recesses of human nature. We are all inclined to judge of others as we find them. Our estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our interests and passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted or depressed; and we are ready to admit every excuse for the vices of those who are useful or agreeable to us. This is, we believe, one of those illusions to which the whole human race is subject, and which experience and reflection can only partially remove. It is, in the phraseology of Bacon, one of the *idola tribus*.* Hence it is that the moral character of a man eminent in letters or in the fine arts is treated, often by contemporaries, almost always by posterity, with extraordinary tenderness. The world derives pleasure and advantage from the performances of such a man. The number of those who suffer by his personal vices is small, even in his own time, when compared with the number of those to whom his talents are a source of gratification. In a few years, all those whom he has

* Idols or illusions of the tribe or species.

injured disappear ; but his works remain, and are a source of delight to millions. The genius of Sallust is still with us ; but the Numidians whom he plundered, and the unfortunate husbands who caught him in their houses at unseasonable hours, are forgotten. We suffer ourselves to be delighted by the keenness of Clarendon's observation, and by the sober majesty of his style, till we forget the oppressor and the bigot in the historian. Falstaff and Tom Jones have survived the gamekeepers whom Shakspeare cudgelled, and the landladies whom Fielding bilked. A great writer is the friend and benefactor of his readers ; and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude. We all know how unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about a person whose society we like, and from whom we have received favors ; how long we struggle against evidence — how fondly, when the facts cannot be disputed, we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted. Just such is the feeling which a man of liberal education naturally entertains towards the great minds of former ages. The debt which he owes to them is incalculable. They have guided him to truth — they have filled his mind with noble and graceful images — they have stood by him in all vicissitudes, comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. These friendships are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides on, fortune is inconstant, tempers are soured, bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. . . . Nothing, then, can be more natural, than that a person endowed with sensibility and imagination should entertain a respectful and affectionate feeling towards those great men with whose minds he holds daily communion. Yet," he continues, with a just consideration for what can be advanced on the other side, " nothing can be more certain, than that such men have not always deserved to be regarded with respect or affection. Some writers, whose works will continue to instruct and delight mankind to the remotest ages, have been placed in such situations that their actions and motives are as well known to us as the actions and motives of one human being can be known to another ; and unhappily their conduct has not always been such as

an impartial judge can contemplate with approbation."

These last remarks have obtained ample and varied illustration in Mr. Macaulay's disquisitions. As a reviewer, notwithstanding, he is apt to be very hard upon dunces, and indeed seems not disinclined to hunt them out of the provinces of literature, without benefit of clergy. The measure he dealt some years ago to a celebrated writer of verse, whose works have gone through numerous editions, is a memorable instance of the severity of which he is capable on fit occasions. The gentleman in question is the well-known author of *Satan*, and the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, and also of several other works that have been more or less popular with a considerable class of readers. Mr. Macaulay, we think wrongly, ascribed his incomprehensible success to the agency of puffery. This stimulant to notoriety may have been concerned in it, but we fancy it is in great part attributable to that liking for inflated metaphor and sounding phraseology, so commonly observable in common minds. The vulgar melodramas that are represented in the inferior London theatres, meet with a correspondingly vulgar, but a very hearty and undeniable approbation. Such compositions as *Satan*, and others of the class, might in like manner find some natural admirers. Puffery might have carried Mr. Montgomery hastily through two or three editions, but it would be hardly a sufficient motive power to bear him triumphantly forward to a dozen. However, believing the cause to be simple puffery, Mr. Macaulay sets himself to expose and denounce it, and then rigorously analyzes Mr. Montgomery's pretensions. The unsparing critic convicts him of nearly all the poetical sins a man could possibly commit. " His writing," says he, " bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey-carpet bears to a picture. There are colors in a Turkey-carpet out of which a picture might be made ; there are words in Mr. Montgomery's writing which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But as they now stand, they seem to be put together on principle, in such a manner as to give no image of anything ' in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.' " He convicts him of the grossest plagiarism, of false taste, of an irreverent handling of sacred things, of confusion of imagery, of inflation of style and phraseology, of absurd personification and reflection, of spoiling almost everything he pilfers, of violating even the common rules of syntax ; and then, having, as it were, turned him utterly inside out, and exposed the bombastic patchwork with which he has clothed his intellectual insignificance, he finally dismisses him with a bland and gentlemanly contempt. On reading such a criticism, a man

is apt to thank his stars that he never fancied himself a poet.

But it is not always in a style so truculent that Mr. Macaulay treats an incompetent or pompous author. If the author be only ungainly, or innocently commonplace, his judgment of him may not be the less positively express disapprobation; but the manner in which he conveys it is more gentle, and not so emphatically contemptuous. Yet we scarcely know which might be the more difficult to bear — his sharp castigations, or the provoking complacency of his milder disapproval. He has a habit of what may be called pleasant depreciation, which has often a very damaging effect. Here is a short extractable passage, which will serve, better than any remarks, to illustrate what we mean. The subject under review is the *Memoirs of Lord Burleigh*, edited by Dr. Nares, some time Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; and in introducing the work to his readers, Mr. Macaulay thus describes it: —

"The work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Gulliver felt when first he landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface; the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us, better than by saying, that it consists of about 2000 closely-printed quarto pages, that it occupies 1500 inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might, before the deluge, have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shalum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten; and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

"Compared with the labor of reading through these volumes, all other labor, the labor of thieves on the tread-mill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar-plantations, is an agreeable recreation. There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind, and went to the oar. Guicciardini, though certainly not the most amusing of writers, is a Herodotus or a Froissart when compared with Dr. Nares. It is not merely in bulk, but in specific gravity, also, that these memoirs exceed all other human compositions. On every subject which the professor discusses, he produces three times as many

pages as another man; and one of his pages is as tedious as another man's three. His book is swelled to its vast dimensions by endless repetitions, by episodes which have nothing to do with the main action, by quotations from books which are in every circulating library, and by reflections which, when they happen to be just, are so obvious, that they must necessarily occur to the mind of every reader. He employs more words in expounding and defending a truism, than any other writer would employ in supporting a paradox. Of the rules of historical perspective he has not the faintest notion. There is neither foreground nor background in his delineation. The wars of Charles V. in Germany are detailed at almost as much length as in Robertson's life of that prince. The troubles of Scotland are related as fully as in M'Crie's *Life of John Knox*. It would be most unjust to deny, that Dr. Nares is a man of great industry and research; but he is so utterly incompetent to arrange the materials which he has collected, that he might as well have left them in their original repositories."

Dr. Nares appears to be one of those heavy and pains-taking authors, whom the Germans are accustomed to call "literary hod-men." Nevertheless, we conceive some moderate degree of praise is due to him, inasmuch as he undoubtedly brought together, in three sufficient volumes, the whole or chief materials out of which Mr. Macaulay raised his own elegant monument, in commemoration of *Burleigh and his Times*. This paper is an excellent specimen of our author's science of composition; for, with Mr. Macaulay, as with all good writers, composition is a science, and therefore requiring the observance of appropriate rules and principles. Among his most prominent characteristics may be noted his rare powers of representation. He sketches a biography, or renders an episode in history, with the lightest and gracefulest effect, often throwing a charm and an interest around particulars which, in the hands of a meaner writer, would be simply tame and tedious. And then, when the subject-matter chances to be interesting, the masterly skill with which he adapts and sets it forth, imparts to it additional attractions. There is scarcely any more delightful reading in the language than Macaulay's rapid and airy sketches of the lives of authors and distinguished statesmen; so full of information, yet so light and sparkling in manner, so choicely seasoned with anecdote and historical allusion, so complete in all the essentials which go to form a vivid representation of character, events, and circumstances. These portions of his works are perfect pictures of the customs, modes of thought, and ways of living, of former generations. Thus, in the review of *Burleigh and his Times*, we have the age of Queen Elizabeth, and the con-

temporary contest between Romanists and Protestants, depicted in a way that shows an intimate familiarity with the principles, prejudices, and policy of the period. In *Bacon*, we obtain not only a just and authentic view of his personal acts and character, but a clear and intelligible insight into the general aspects of the age, as manifested in the culture and prevalent morality of courtiers and public men, along with a comprehensive survey of the state of science and opinion. A paper on the *Comic Dramatists of the Restoration*, introduces us, as it were, bodily into the society in which Wycherley and Congreve lived and moved and had their being, and which they have so wittily and licentiously represented in their comedies. And so on, throughout these criticisms generally, we have the persons of whom they treat, and the circumstances and environment in which they flourished, reproduced and brought vividly before us, in brilliant and picturesque descriptions, as pleasant and entertaining as any in the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The liveliness and grace with which Macaulay represents reality, is almost as fascinating and perfect in its way, as is the admirable "imitation of reality" in the fictions of the novelist.

Another prominent quality of Macaulay's writing is his adroit use of facts in support of his conclusions. A fact in his hands is not a mere isolated piece of information, but is made to serve for the illustration of great truths, or for the enforcement of particular acts of duty. He often conducts an argument almost wholly by a judicious marshalling of facts, throwing in scarcely any additional remark, beyond such as may be needed to link them logically together. Of their proper value and application, he entertains a very clear conception. In treating of any subject, he perceives at a glance what particular facts possess importance, and how they can be most effectively embodied in a description, or made available for the ends of a discussion. In this respect, he shows himself one of the finest literary artists of the age; no one can have a clearer recognition of what a fact is worth, or more appropriately apply it to his purposes. It has not escaped him, that ordinary writers are very defective in this useful qualification. "Many writers," says he, "seem never to have considered on what the historical importance of an event depends. They seem not to be aware that the importance of a fact, when that fact is considered with reference to its immediate effects, and the importance of the same fact, when that fact is considered as part of the materials for the construction of a science, are two very different things. The quantity of good or evil which a transaction produces, is by no means necessarily proportioned to the quantity of light which that

transaction affords as to the way in which good or evil may hereafter be produced. The poisoning of an emperor is in one sense a far more serious matter than the poisoning of a rat. But the poisoning of a rat may be an era in chemistry; and an emperor may be poisoned by such ordinary means, and with such ordinary symptoms, that no scientific journal would notice the occurrence. An action for a hundred thousand pounds is in one sense a more momentous affair than an action for fifty pounds. But it by no means follows, that the learned gentlemen who report the proceedings of the courts of law, ought to give a fuller account of an action for a hundred thousand pounds, than of an action for fifty pounds. For a cause in which a large sum is at stake, may be important only to the particular plaintiff and the particular defendant. A cause, on the other hand, in which a small sum is at stake, may establish some great principle interesting to half the families in the kingdom. The case is exactly the same with that class of subjects of which historians treat. To an Athenian, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, the result of the battle of Delium was far more important than the fate of the comedy of *The Knights*. But to us, the fact that the comedy of *The Knights* was brought on the Athenian stage with success, is far more important than the fact that the Athenian phalanx gave way at Delium. Neither the one event nor the other has now any intrinsic importance. We are in no danger of being speared by the Thebans. We are not quizzed in *The Knights*. To us, the importance of both events consists in the value of the general truth which is to be learned from them. What general truth do we learn from the accounts which have come down to us of the battle of Delium? Very little more than this: that when two armies fight, it is not improbable that one of them will be very soundly beaten — a truth which it would not, we apprehend, be difficult to establish, even if all memory of the battle of Delium were lost among men. But a man who becomes acquainted with the comedy of *The Knights*, and with the history of that comedy, at once feels his mind enlarged. Society is presented to him under a new aspect. He may have read and travelled much; he may have visited all the countries of Europe, and the civilized nations of the East; he may have observed the manners of many barbarous races; but here is something altogether different from everything which he has seen, either among polished men or among savages. Here is a community politically, intellectually, and morally unlike any other community of which he has the means of forming an opinion. This is the really precious part of history, the corn which some threshers carefully sever from the

chaff, for the purpose of gathering the chaff into the garner, and flinging the corn into the fire.”*

The distinction here indicated respecting the significancy of facts, and their dependency and relations, is one which Mr. Macaulay appears to have studiously observed in his own writings. In all his biographical delineations, he seizes, as we said, upon whatsoever is intrinsically essential to the portraiture of the individual; and on whatever, in the way of event or circumstance, contributed to the formation of his character, or the advancement or diversification of his fortunes. In his historical criticisms, he aims, in like manner, at presenting an image of the times to which his inquiries belong—regarding not so much what is styled “the dignity of history,” as what tends to exhibit the actual form and features of society. Thus, the love-letters of Lady Temple are, in his estimation, of more importance than the government dispatches, or the records of parliamentary debates, belonging to the era; inasmuch as, “of that information for the sake of which alone it is worth while to study remote events,” a great deal more is to be derived from such a set of letters, than could ever be extracted from ten times their bulk of ordinary state-papers. “To us, surely,” says he, “it is as useful to know how the young ladies of England employed themselves a hundred and eighty years ago, how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favorite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favored suitors—as to know all about the seizure of Franche Comté, and the treaty of Nimeguen. The mutual relations of the two sexes seem to us to be at least as important as the mutual relations of any two governments in the world; and a series of letters, written by a virtuous, amiable, and sensible girl, and intended for the eye of her lover alone, can scarcely fail to throw some light on the relations of the sexes; whereas it is perfectly possible, as all who have made any historical researches can attest, to read bale after bale of dispatches and protocols, without catching any glimpse of light about the relations of governments.” We might point to many passages in these essays, illustrative of the tact and ingenuity with which the author selects and reproduces the facts he has to deal with, and of the invariable felicity with which he turns them to account, whether in the construction of a narrative or in the development of an argument; but, for present purposes, it may be sufficient to state, generally, that a skilful adaptation of matters of fact is one of the prominent

qualities of his writing, and contributes largely to give both weight and entertainment to his productions.

The amount of instruction to be gathered from Mr. Macaulay's criticisms is very considerable, though their value in this respect will depend on the previous intelligence of the reader. To persons already conversant with literature, and the lives and actions of men of note connected with our history, they do not present much that is new in the way of information; while to such as are but indifferently acquainted with these topics, they may seem to make too great a demand upon the reader's knowledge, in the multiplicity of their allusions, and in the implied assumption of the author, that the matters he is treating of are more or less matters of familiarity. They are, indeed, addressed to persons of liberal education, and presuppose or take for granted such an extent of general knowledge as is usually to be found among people of that description. They aim, however, at presenting more accurate and complete views of the subjects handled than are to be found generally prevailing. They are aids for the formation of opinion on questions more or less open to discussion, or which were so at the time when the writer drew attention to them. We cannot say that in his literary criticisms he has anywhere expounded the principles of literary art, the essential nature of poetry, or any of those abstruse æsthetical difficulties with which scientific critics have of late years been concerned. No such collection of critical maxims could be gathered from his works as might be collected from the conversations, the autobiography, and general writings of the German poet Goethe. It is in the purity of his taste, and in the clearness of his understanding, that his critical strength is most apparent; and it is mainly on these that he relies in forming his judgments of an author's talents and performances. The shape which his judgments often take is simply that of an opinion; such and such a thing is indicated as being in accordance with, or opposed to, his individual notions of what is fitting or appropriate, and sentence is pronounced without a reference to any profounder reasons. But he displays, at the same time, so natural an appreciation of what is excellent, and so ready a perception of what is false or overstrained, that the judgment given is generally one which cannot be set aside, or at least will be only open to some moderate qualification. This apprehension of whatever is true or beautiful, and the instinctive distaste for the contrary, is by no means peculiar to Macaulay; but in no English writer is it more marked or palpable, and in few has it been cultivated to a state of such perfection. The instructiveness of his writings is as much apparent in the influence they are calculated to exert on the intellectual

* Essay on Sir William Temple.

perceptions, as in the amount of information they convey, or the service to be derived from them in the way of developing the understanding. Indeed, in all these respects they are eminently instructive, and can be confidently recommended to the notice of all persons desirous of furthering their education.

A slight tendency to paradox is observable in some of the disquisitions of our author. For instance, in the review of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, he says, that if Boswell "had not been a great fool, he would never have been a great writer." This assertion he supports by such remarks as these: "Without all the qualities which made him the jest and the torment of those among whom he lived, without the officiousness, the inquisitiveness, the effrontery, the toad-eating, the insensibility to all reproof, he never could have produced so excellent a book. . . . Of the talents which ordinarily raise men to eminence as writers, Boswell had absolutely none. There is not in all his books a single remark of his own on literature, politics, religion, or society, which is not either commonplace or absurd. . . . He has reported innumerable observations made by himself in the course of conversation. Of these observations, we do not remember one which is above the intellectual capacity of a boy of fifteen. He has printed many of his own letters, and in these letters he is always ranting or twaddling. Logic, eloquence, wit, taste, all those things which are generally considered as making a book valuable, were utterly wanting to him. He had, indeed, a quick observation and a retentive memory. These qualities, if he had been a man of sense and virtue, would scarcely of themselves have sufficed to make him conspicuous; but because he was a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb, they have made him immortal." This is sufficiently smart writing, but it does not appear to us to be particularly good criticism. It could not be in virtue of his being "a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb," that Boswell was qualified to write one of the best books in the language; this hypothesis carries its own refutation on the face of it. It is one of the plainest of all truisms, that sheer badness cannot, by the nature of it, produce anything that is good. As Mr. Carlyle has observed in relation to this matter: "*Bad* is by its nature negative, and can do *nothing*; whatsoever enables us to do anything is by its very nature *good*." The power of *doing* may be perverted or misapplied; but in regard to Boswell's book, it is not admitted that this has been the case. On the contrary, the work is universally acknowledged to be excellent. We must hold, therefore, with Carlyle, that "Boswell wrote a good book because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight,

his lively talent; above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthy in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness; wholly hindrances, not helps. Towards Johnson, however, his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings. None but a *reverent* man — which so unspeakably few are — could have found his way from Boswell's environment to Johnson's; if such worship for real God-made superiors showed itself also as worship for apparent tailor-made superiors, even as hollow interested mouth-worship for such — the case, in this composite human nature of ours, was not miraculous, the more the pity! But for ourselves, let every one of us cling to this last article of faith, and know it as the beginning of all knowledge worth the name — that neither James Boswell's good book, nor any other good thing, in any time or in any place, was, is, or can be performed by any man in virtue of his *badness*, but always and solely in spite thereof."* Carlyle and Macaulay quite agree in their estimate of the work, both considering it as being, upon the whole, the most interesting production of the eighteenth century. On its merits, however, it would here be out of place to dwell. We have referred to it for the sake of adducing an example of that tendency to paradox which occasionally appears in Mr. Macaulay's writings. Having noticed such a tendency, it will be but fair to say, that, generally speaking, his paradoxes are very harmless. They rarely amount to an actual confounding of truth and error, and need never very far mislead an intelligent and open-minded reader. They have often the air of deliberate affectations, and may be regarded as the playful eccentricities of a lively mind, which, while consciously possessed of power to restrain and command the fancy, at times suffers it to wander into little tricks of waywardness.

The quality of clearness is one which eminently distinguishes Macaulay's compositions. It is this, perhaps, more than anything, that makes them so acceptable to the popular understanding. There are no important difficulties to master before they can be enjoyed; there is nothing perplexing or involved to hinder immediate comprehension. As somebody has said, you may read them as you run. It was not a bad notion of the publisher, to bring them out in a form suitable for railway entertainment. They are admirably adapted to the purpose — provided you happen to be one to whom reading on the railways is at all a possibility. At any rate, wherever read,

* Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vol. iv., p. 41-2.

their easy and graceful perspicuity is pretty certain to lead you on pleasantly to the end, without fatigue or prostration of the faculties. Macaulay, among his various qualifications, possesses the highly popular art which he ascribes to Horace Walpole — “the art of writing what people will like to read.” He understands, too, that if people are to be expected to read, with any satisfaction to themselves, it is requisite to give them as little trouble as possible in the process. This condition of successful writing he has carefully observed, by always presenting what he has to say in a form of perfect clearness and precision. Contrasting his bright and lucid pages with the cumbrous entanglements of many other writers of mark and reputation, but who are wanting in his felicity of method and expression, it may be seen how immeasurably superior is his manner to theirs, and how largely this one quality of clearness contributes to the pleasure there is in reading what he has written.

There is a certain refinement in Macaulay's style, which forms one of the principal attractions of his writings. This style has undergone some changes since the author began to write. At first elaborately ornamented, it has since become more simple, thereby improving in point of vigor, and being nowise diminished in its beauty. It may be said to be distinguished from the style of other writers by a prevalent sententiousness, a sharp epigrammatic point, rendering it at once lively and effective in impression. It has an air of naturalness, combined with a regular elegance and polish, which is the result of art. It is the style of a scholar who has contracted no pedantries, and of a man of the world, who is a perfect master of the language in which men of the world like to be addressed. It is full of idiomatic turns and phrases, such as are invariably pleasing to persons of strong sense, and of simple, unaffected tastes. Yet, upon occasion, it has a certain stateliness of march, and a glitter of antithesis, which impart to it an aspect of great splendor, and agreeably diversify the easy gracefulness of the less elaborate passages. It is a style of sufficient flexibility to serve for all the purposes of description, narrative, analysis, familiar illustration, or the eloquent expression of felicitous thoughts and fancies — indeed, for all the purposes to which a style can be applied, short of the finer kinds of humor, or the highest flights of poetry. Macaulay has abundance of wit and pleasantry, but nothing that can be properly called humor; and though many passages in his works are eminently poetical, he is not endowed with that creative imagination which is the distinction of the poet. His poetry, as we shall show presently, is the product of a

exceedingly ingenious and beautiful, but yet one that does not spring from the sources of an impulsive inspiration. Macaulay is, nevertheless, a great writer; a man of finely-balanced powers, exquisitely cultivated; one in whom original talent and acquired accomplishment are most successfully combined, and whose literary achievements are accordingly among the finest and most perfect of his generation. In all the subtle graces and delicate felicities of style which depend on taste and training, he is unsurpassed. Many authors write a more *imposing* style, and there may be some who actually surpass him in particular characteristics, but we cannot mention one in whom so many varied excellences are united; not one whose style presents so much force, brilliancy, and purity in such perfect combination.

The passages already quoted from his essays will serve to convey some notion of the style, but they are not calculated to give a fair impression of its general compass and variety. This, indeed, could not be given by any number of fragments such as we are able to introduce into these pages. As an example, however, of the polished simplicity and elegant elaboration distinguishing his manner when employed in picturesque and vivid representation, we subjoin an additional extract — one which, to ourselves, seems very beautiful, and we doubt not will appear so to the reader. It is taken from a review of Southey's edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and forms a sort of summary of the incidents and scenes depicted in that most wonderful of allegories. Worthily old Bunyan — “the prince of dreamers,” as Maginn called him — has never had a more enthusiastic and unqualified admirer than the scholarly and accomplished critic, who thus speaks of the imperishable product of his genius:—

“The characteristic peculiarity of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. . . . That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Dr. Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favor of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics, and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favorite than *Jack the Giant-Killer*. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred

times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction; the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it; the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows; the prisoner in the iron cage; the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold; the cross and the sepulchre; the steep hill and the pleasant arbor; the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside; the chained lions crouching in the porch; the low green Valley of Humiliation, rich with grass, and covered with flocks—all are as well known to us as the sights of our own streets. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper; the shades of the precipices on both sides fall blacker and blacker; the clouds gather overhead; doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

"Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows; there are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and British Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

"Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river, which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left, branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

"From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbor; and beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river, over which there is no bridge.

"All the stages of the journey, all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims, giants, and hobgoblins, ill-favored ones and shining ones; the tall, comely, swarthy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money; the black man in the bright vesture, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and my Lord Hategood; Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous—all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays. . . .

"The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working-men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed. . . . Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of those minds produced

the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

With this citation, we must close our observations on the *Critical and Historical Essays*, and proceed to the consideration of Mr. Macaulay's poetry.

On this, it is not our intention to say much. One small volume contains all he has written, or, at any rate, chosen to preserve by publication. His *Lays of the Roundheads*, contributed in his college-days to *Knight's Magazine*, appear to have been left uncollected in the pages of that journal; and of the *Lays of the League*, published in the same periodical, he has only reprinted *Irry—A Song of the Huguenots*; and a short fragment, entitled *The Armada*, as examples of those performances. His brilliant reputation as a reviewer and an essayist has obscured the milder shining of his first poetical attempts; and it was pretty well forgotten that he had ever written verses, when, in 1842, he surprised and gratified the public by his *Lays of Ancient Rome*. The applause which greeted the appearance of this volume was rather more enthusiastic than discriminating; owing, perhaps, somewhat to the circumstance, that no such work had been expected from the author, and also to the further fact, that, for some years previously, there had been little poetry of any striking merit published. There is no doubt that the *Lays* are masterly productions of this class; but it is quite as certain that they do not belong to the higher kinds of poetry. As a man of poetical genius, Macaulay cannot be said to rank with the greater minds of his age; not with Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, or Shelley, or even with Scott; his position is on some lower elevation, on some ledge or pinnacle of Parnassus, where the air is less ethereal, and where the awful voices of the gods are heard with less distinctness. He is not so remarkable for originality or comprehensiveness of poetic power, as for his skill in dealing with poetical materials. His prominent excellences are those of the gifted and well-practised artist. The Roman *Lays* are forcible and eloquent versifications of ancient Roman legends; but most of the essential poetry they contain belongs rather to the subjects than to the conceptions of the writer. No man sees his object more clearly than Macaulay, or can paint it more vividly to the perceptions of his reader. No one is more studious of the effects of contrast, and the appropriate grouping of events and incidents. No one can surpass him in the art of producing a vivid and picturesque impression. With true poetic sympathy, he projects himself into the scenes and incidents to be described, and depicts them with a minute distinctness, as of one speaking with the authority of a witness. These abrupt martial chants of his do really make us, to some extent, acquainted

with the actual life and manners of the early Romans; with the bravery and fortitude of the Roman character; and the patriotic devotion and fidelity, which was the distinction of the Roman citizen. Some of the singular traditions which make up the early portions of Roman history, and which, before the advent of Niebuhr, were regarded as mere ridiculous fables, Macaulay has here restored to us in shape which can be supposed to resemble that in which they were originally sung by the early Latin minstrels. Identifying himself with these minstrels, and adopting what he conceives to have been the ideas and sentiments by which they were inspired, he has given us spirited versions of the stories of Horatius Cocles, the battle of the Lake Regillus, the death of Virginia, and the prophecy of Copys. The style is bold, abrupt, and energetic, and but little tinged with imagery; and the narration proceeds with a rapidity and directness not unlike the hurrying movements of an army in the height of conflict.

The lay of "Horatius" is supposed to have been "made about the year of the city 360," and describes how Horatius, with two companions, defended the bridge across the Tiber, in the face of a large army brought against the city, under the command of Lars* Porsena of Clusium, in Etruria, for the purpose of re-establishing the kingly family of the Tarquins, whom the Roman people had recently expelled. — "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" is represented to have been produced about ninety years after the lay of Horatius. Some persons mentioned in the Horatius are introduced again, and certain appellations and epithets used in that ballad are purposely repeated; "for," remarks Mr. Macaulay, "in an age of ballad poetry, it scarcely ever fails to happen, that certain phrases come to be appropriated to certain men and things, and are regularly applied to those men and things, by every minstrel." This lay is supposed to have been "sung at the feast of Castor and Pollux;" and it relates how the Romans gained a victory over the Latines near Lake Regillus, through being visibly assisted by those deities—the much-honored "great twin-brethren;" and how the feast, in commemoration of their august services, came to be first instituted. Of course, the poet's object, in this and the other ballads, is to furnish us with animated descriptions of Roman scenery and manners, and to illustrate, as thoroughly as possible, the habits, actions, and modes of feeling which characterized the Roman people. "Virginia" is the story of a maiden who was stabbed by her father, to save her from dishonor; and it purports to be "fragments of a lay sung in the Forum,"

* Lars, lar, signifies a lord or chief.

on the day when certain tribunes of the commons had been elected for the fifth time, in the year of the city 382. It commemorates the reëstablishment of the tribuneship as a power in the state, on the downfall of the decemvirate, or Council of Ten, by which Rome, during the ascendancy of the patricians, had been governed and oppressed; the immediate cause of that downfall being an attempt made by Appius Claudius Crassus, one of the Ten, upon the chastity of a beautiful young girl of humble birth. "The story ran, that the decemvir, unable to succeed by bribes and solicitations, resorted to an outrageous act of tyranny. A vile dependent of the Claudian house laid claim to the damsel as his slave. The cause was brought before the tribunal of Appius. The wicked magistrate, in defiance of the clearest proofs, gave judgment for the claimant. But the girl's father, a brave soldier, saved her from servitude and dishonor by stabbing her to the heart in the sight of the whole Forum. That blow was the signal for a general explosion. Camp and city rose at once; the Ten were pulled down; the tribuneship was reëstablished; and Appius escaped the hands of the executioner only by a voluntary death." This ballad, though not the happiest in versification, is perhaps the most interesting of the series. The "Prophecy of Copys" relates to the founding of Rome, and in it the supposed minstrel runs over some of the principal events connected with its early history. Copys is an imaginary seer of the time of Romulus, old and sightless; and his prophecy is represented as being addressed to that personage when he visited the seer, just before his departure from Alba for the purpose of founding a new city. The lay is stated to have been "sung at the banquet in the Capitol, on the day whereon Manius Curius Dentatus, a second time consul, triumphed over King Pyrrhus and the Tarentines, in the year of the city 479." Like all the others, it is written with much spirit, but it is less attractive than the rest, on account of its lacking the interest which attaches to personal exploits and adventure. Romulus is too remote and too hypothetical a being for human sympathy to be concerned with; whilst the war with the Tarentines is referred to in terms too vague and general to make anything approaching to a powerful impression. This may very well accord with the shadowy peculiarities of prophecy, but it unquestionably impairs the interest of the ballad. The collection altogether, however, forms a lively representation of some of the most prominent features of Roman life and manners, as far as such a picture can be rendered from the legends and traditions in which the primitive facts of Roman history are embodied.

It has been observed that, to be properly appreciated, Mr. Macaulay's ballads must be

read continuously; their merit is not to be seen in isolated passages, but lies in the substance and progressive interest of the story, and in the spirit and animation with which it is developed. The only way of furnishing a fair specimen of the *Lays*, would be to quote one of them entire; but as their length, and other obvious reasons, preclude us from doing this, the best method open to us seems to be that of selecting from some given ballad such passages as can be detached, and connecting them with a prose epitome of the remainder. The lay of "Horatius" appears best adapted to such a plan; and in this way we accordingly proceed to deal with it.

It opens with the announcement that Lars Porsena had sworn by the "Nine Gods" to restore "the great house of Tarquin;" and he accordingly sends messengers to call together, from the several towns and villages of Etruria, all the people capable of bearing arms, naming a day on which they were to assemble, preparatory to the march to Rome. His commands are instantaneously obeyed:—

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

From many places specified by name; the united forces amounting to fourscore thousand foot and ten thousand horsemen. "Thirty chosen prophets," esteemed "the wisest of the land," are officially consulted respecting the prospects of the enterprise, and they with one accord encourage Porsena to proceed with it, and promise him a "return in glory." Meanwhile, from all the country about the Tiber, the people, in tumult and consternation, hastily take flight to Rome; and for two days and nights the roads, for a mile around the city, were stopped up by the multitude. Aged folks on crutches, women with young children, sick men borne on litters, and troops of sunburnt husbandmen with staves and reaping-hooks, and droves of mules and asses laden with skins of wine, and endless flocks of cattle, and trains of wagons, creaking beneath the weight of household goods; these, in thick confusion and impatience, throng for entrance at the gates. From the Tarpeian rock, the pale burghers behold at midnight the line of blazing villages which marks the advances of the enemy; and every hour some hasty horseman comes in with new tidings of dismay. Eastward and westward, the whole country is ravaged and burnt up; the fortress of Janiculum* is stormed, and the guards thereof are

* Janiculum was a hill beyond the Tiber, which had been incorporated within the city, and fortified as an outpost, or bulwark, against Etruria.

alain; and now the way is clear for the destroying foemen right up to the Tiber bridge. In haste, and with aching hearts, the consul and the senate go down to the River-gate, and there hold "a council standing;" short time, indeed, there was for "musing or debate;" and the consul instantly decides that "the bridge must straight go down;" for Janiculum being lost, nothing else could save the city. Just then, a scout comes in to say, that "Lars Porsena is here;" and the consul, turning his eye westward, perceives the storm of dust which is raised by the army on its march. And nearer comes the whirlwind of its motion; and louder and more distinctly, from underneath the rolling cloud, is heard the sounding of the trumpets, and the trampling and the nameless hum, that announce the nearness of a multitude. "In broken gleams of dark-blue light," a long array of spears and helmets is gradually discerned, and the banners of proud chiefs rise high above; and, higher than all, is seen the "banner of proud Clusium." The warlike lords of many cities are seen and recognized; and among them is Lars Porsena, in an "ivory car," with Mamilius, Prince of Latium, riding by the wheel on one side, and on the other "false Sextus, that wrought the deed of shame," alluding to the outrage on Lucretia. The presence of Sextus excites the scorn and curses of the Romans.

A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the house-tops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed:
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the brow of the consul was sad, and his speech was very low; for he discerns that the van of the enemy is likely to be upon them before the bridge goes down, and that, unless something can be done to check their progress, and so gain a little time, there is no chance left of keeping them out of possession of the town.

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods;

"And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest;
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast;
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame—
To save them from false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame?"

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Spurius Lartius, and strong Herminius, step forward, and offer to support him in the undertaking, and the consul expresses his approval.

"Horatius," quoth the consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold;
Nor son nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

While the three are tightening on their harness, the consul and the people proceed to break down the bridge; and meanwhile the Tuscan army advances slowly to the spot where the dauntless three stand waiting to oppose the entire host. Presently three chieftains from the hostile ranks confront them, and are instantly struck down, and slain by the brave Romans. Many others follow, and fall in like manner. Horatius, however, gets wounded in the thigh, whereat the Tuscans for a while rejoice; yet he still stands up with his companions, and the three successfully defend the bridge against all assailants, until such time as the people behind them have loosened it ready for falling. As it hangs tottering above the stream, the Fathers call loudly to Horatius and the others to come back before it drops:—

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack;
But when they turned their faces,
And on the further shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam;
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him !" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

"O Tiber ! Father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day."
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Ne'er, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place :
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good Father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him !" quoth false Sextus ;
"Will not the villain drown ?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town !"
"Heaven help him !" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore ;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;

And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high ;
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folks to see —
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee :
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

The reader must acknowledge these to be strong and stirring verses, bespeaking a fine talent in the author, such as entitles him to no mean place among his poetical contemporaries. Excepting the metrical romances of Scott, we know of no poetry devoted to war-like subjects which can justly be considered more vigorous and excellent. Indeed, in many of the nicer touches of execution, Macaulay surpasses Scott, and turns his matter to a more graceful and adroit effect than Sir

Walter could have done. His versification is in general more flexible and fluent; rugged phrases and bald expressions less frequently occur; and, upon the whole, Macaulay may be said to have given the ballad-form of poetry a more polished and finished shape than it had ever reached in the hands of preceding writers. Of the specific worth of such poetry, there need be little said. It is plain that it makes no appeal to the more profound interests or emotions of human nature; it reveals no great or influential truths; it enforces no lofty views of man and his relations; it is simply a refined divertissement—a beautiful and pleasant product of the fancy, fit for the entertainment of a vacant or a pensive hour. But it is not to be overlooked, that it has no pretensions to a higher aim; although, such as it is, it completely fulfils its purpose. Nor let it be ever said, that the time spent in reading it is thrown away; for, in presenting attractive pictures of ancient nobleness; in the sympathy which it excites for deeds of heroism, generosity, and faithfulness, it does unquestionably communicate a portion of that influence by which men are stimulated to kindred deeds and virtues. The tone that pervades the *Lays* is eminently healthful, robust, and manly: it has something of the old Roman *virtus* in it—manliness, hardihood, intense appreciation of whatever becomes a man; and he assuredly deserves well of the community who, in enervated and artificial times, infuses into it any portion of that old invincibility of mind and spirit, or even arouses it to a temporary admiration of any of the memorable manifestations of such a temper. Something of this service the *Lays of Ancient Rome* are calculated to render; and they are further valuable, as having a tendency to counteract that feeble superfineness of sentiment and imagery which has become too much the characteristic of our recent poetry. Young poets would do well to study diligently these homely and but little-adorned productions, and learn how incomparably more effective is a chaste and vigorous simplicity of style and diction, than can be any profusion or display of elaborated ornament.

In his *History of England*, Mr. Macaulay has purposed to write the history of our country, from the accession of James II. down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. The two volumes that have been issued present us with a rapid survey of the condition of Britain under the various forms of social life and government which it underwent from the invasion by the Romans to the accession of the Stuarts; followed by a comprehensive account of the origin of the disputes which brought Charles I. into collision with his parliament—the wars and confusions that succeeded—the Protectorate of Cromwell—the Restoration and the reign of

Charles II.—and the final contest between king and people, which resulted in the memorable Revolution of 1688. The second volume closes with the proclamation of William and Mary; and, as the preliminary sketch occupies but little more than half a volume, the work, so far as it has proceeded, may be properly accounted a history of the great constitutional struggle which led to the expulsion of James II., and the settlement of the crown upon the Prince of Orange. In subsequent volumes, the author purposes to relate “how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity, of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit, fruitful of marvels which, to the statesman of any former age, would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England—not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortez and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles V.; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander.”

But, in connection with these triumphs, he considers it not the less his duty to record faithfully the disasters which the country has at intervals sustained, as well as the great national crimes and follies which are more humiliating than disasters. He conceives, however, that “the general effect of this checkered narrative will be to excite thankfulness in all religious minds, and hope in the breasts of all patriots. For the history of our country during the last hundred and sixty years, is eminently the history of physical, of moral, and of intellectual improvement. Those who compare the age on which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination, may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past, will be disposed to take a morose or desponding view of the present.”

In one important respect, this history differs materially from all preceding histories in the

language. The author thinks he should very imperfectly execute his task if he were "merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament." Accordingly, he observes, "It will be my endeavor to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government; to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts; to describe the rise of religious sects, and the changes of literary taste; to portray the manners of successive generations; and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors."

We believe it is generally admitted by the most competent judges that, in the portion of the work already published, Mr. Macaulay has executed his difficult undertaking with extraordinary ability and success. It has indeed been objected, that he has only succeeded in presenting his readers with a graceful and entertaining narrative; and that, as regards the suggestive and instructive uses of historical delineation, the book is commonplace and superficial. We presume that, being as it is to a certain extent a party history, it will be some time before its actual proportions of merit and defect will be generally apprehended and acknowledged. It may interest some, however, to learn what was the opinion of such a critic as the late Lord Jeffrey. "I deny utterly," says he, "the two propositions — first, that Macaulay has aimed chiefly at interesting and entertaining his readers; and second, that he has (either studiously or indolently) put them on a scanty allowance of instruction, admonition, or suggestion. As to the last, I will maintain boldly . . . that no historian of any age has been so prodigal of original and profound reflective suggestion, say, and weighty and authoritative decision, also, on innumerable questions of great difficulty and general interest; though these precious contributions are not ostentatiously ticketed and labelled, as separate gifts to mankind, but woven, with far better grace and effect, into the net-tissue of the story. And then, as to his aiming only to interest and amuse, I say first, that though he has attained that end, it is only incidentally, and not by aiming at it as an end at all; and second, that, in good truth, it is chiefly by his success in the higher object at which he did aim, that he has really delighted and interested his readers. The vivacity and color of his style may have been the first attraction of many to his volumes; but I feel assured that it is the impression of the weight, and novelty, and clearness of the

information conveyed — the doubts dispelled — the chaos reduced to order — the mastery over facts and views formerly so perplexing, and now so pleasingly imparted, that have given the book its great and universal charm, and settled it in the affections of all its worthy admirers."*

With regard to the political objects of the work, and to the principles it is designed to illustrate, Lord Jeffrey remarks further: — "I take it, that it was with a view to certain great truths that this history was undertaken; and these, which I think it has made out beyond all further contradiction, are — first, the *intolerable and personally hateful* tyranny of the Stuarts; second, the *absolute necessity* of at least as radical and marked a revolution as was effected in 1688; and third, the singular felicity with which that revolution was saved from the stain of blood, and all crimes of violence, by the peculiar relation in which William stood to the dynasty, and the still more peculiar character and European position of that great prince. Had he not been in the line of succession, we should have had an attempt at a new commonwealth, and another civil war; and had he not been partly an alien, and looking more to European than merely English interests, the victory in that war must have been of one section of the people over another, with all the ranklings and aggravated antipathies which the mere predominance of a sort of neutral party, or common umpire, tended to suppress and extinguish. These points I think Macaulay has made out triumphantly; and not by eloquent and lively writing, but by patient and copious accumulation, and lucid arrangement of facts and details, often separately insignificant, but constituting at last an *induction*, which leaves no shade of doubt on the conclusion. This book, therefore, has *already*, in the course of three little months, scattered to the winds, and swept finally from the minds of all thinking Englishmen, those lingerings of Jacobite prejudice, which the eloquence and perversions of Hume, and the popular talents of Scott, and other writers of fiction, had restored to our literature, and but too much familiarized to our feelings, in the last fifty years. This is a great work, and a great triumph; and ought, I think, so to be hailed and rejoiced in. All *convertible* men must now be disabused of their prejudices, and all future generations grow up in a light round which no cloud can again find means to gather."†

This criticism, though of the defensive sort, may be accepted as a fair and sensible estimate of the prominent merits of the work.

* Jeffrey's Life and Correspondence, vol. ii., p. 459.

† Ibid, vol. ii., p. 460-1.

Of its few inaccuracies of fact, of its occasional dogmatism, and of the insufficiency of the judgments given on certain questions respecting which differences of opinion are still inevitable, there is nothing to be said which would be likely to profit or interest the reader. These are questions which demand of readers a familiar acquaintance with the sources whence the materials of the history are drawn, and may for the present be left to the consideration of those who have time and opportunity for minute investigation. Our object throughout has been to exhibit the leading peculiarities of Macaulay's genius; to state the nature, and point out the most striking characteristics of his writings, and to prepare the uninitiated to enter on the study of them with an intelligent appreciation. This object we have now in some sort accomplished, and we accordingly leave the reader to extend his knowledge of these writings as opportunity may admit; distinctly assuring him, that the time and attention required for their perusal will be amply repaid.

ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL RINGS.—We have been favored with a copy of a catalogue, drawn up, for private reference, by Mr. Crofton Croker, of an interesting collection of rings and personal ornaments in the possession of Lady Londesborough. The collection consists of two hundred and fifty objects of personal ornament, the nucleus of which was formed by Mr. George Isaacs—rings, bracelets, fibulae, and gems, British, Gallic, German, Italian, Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, and others; and Mr. Croker's notes, with their curious and entertaining information about rings—talismanic, cabalistic, episcopal, or pontifical, signet, gemmel, and betrothal rings—convey some relish of the pleasure to be derived from actual inspection of her ladyship's jewel-case.

"That objects at the first sight so apparently trivial as rings should engage the attention of the curious," says Mr. Croker in a pleasant prefatory letter addressed to Lady Londesborough, "is not remarkable to any one who has examined the learned and instructive though incomplete work of Liectus on the subject, with the works of Goriæus and Goria; although it must be acknowledged that they contain much more respecting the ancient gems which were set in rings than respecting the ring itself. However, so important was this branch of goldsmithery considered in the middle ages, as to invest a body of artists with the distinctive title of *anliers*."

"Nor should the claims that the ring has on our regard, through the vast cycle of ages over which its history extends, be forgotten—its power and its poetry; its alliance with religion and with love; with chivalry and commerce; with magic and the superstitious speculations of our forefathers; its influence upon art and alchemy or chemistry, and their combined power upon the science of manufactures and medicines.

Viewed under any of these several aspects, volumes might be written upon the ring, and the amount of thought or ingenuity of fabrication which,

Through climes and ages,

have been bestowed upon personal decoration.

"But, madame, beyond all the rings and personal ornaments which you now possess, or hereafter may become possessed of, let me refer you to the one plain gold ring which you constantly wear. I believe it to be, as far as cordial feelings in union with sacred rites can hallow any ring, a gift far more precious than the most costly tiara of diamonds could possibly be, and more valued as a pledge of affection than the whole collection which repose in Marie-Louise's casket." [The collection, purchased from Mr. Isaacs by Mr. Croker for Lord Londesborough, in 1850, and subsequently augmented by his lordship, is now contained in the jewel-case of the Empress Marie-Louise.]—*Spectator*.

APPLICATION OF A CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—It has long been known to physiologists that certain coloring matters, if administered to animals along with their food, possess the property of entering into the system and tinging the bones. In this way the bones of swine have been tinged purple by madder, and instances are on record of other animals being similarly affected. No attempt, however, was made to turn this beautiful discovery to account until lately, when M. Roulin speculated on what might have been the consequences of administering colored articles of food to silkworms just before spinning their cocoons. His first experiments were conducted with indigo, which he mixed in certain proportions with the mulberry leaves serving the worms for food. The result of this treatment was successful—he obtained blue cocoons. Prosecuting still further his experiments, he sought a red coloring matter capable of being eaten by the silkworms without injury resulting. He had some difficulty to find such a coloring matter at first, but eventually alighted on the *Bignonia chica*. Small portions of this plant having been added to the mulberry leaves, the silkworms consumed the mixture, and produced red-colored silk. In this manner the experimenter, who is still prosecuting his researches, hopes to obtain silk as secreted by the worm of many colors.—*Times*.

Outlines of Scripture Geography and History; illustrating the Historical Portions of the Old and New Testaments. Designed for the use of Schools and Private Reading. By Edward Hughes, F. R. A. S., &c.

A well-executed compilation; the matter derived from the best travellers in the East, and the more remarkable descriptions quoted in their own words. The outlines, however, are rather a series of short papers on the places mentioned in Scripture, than a "geography" in the school sense of the term. Perhaps the Ante-Abrahamic period is too fully gone into.—*Spectator*.

From the Economist.

THE ASYLUM OF THE WORLD.

We do not know whether there was any foundation for the assertion of the *Times*, that some foreign governments were about to show such a degree of futile and foolish irritation as to apply to Great Britain for the expulsion of the refugees from various countries who have sought safety on our shores ; — but most assuredly, if there has been any such intention, the firm, manly, and temperate language of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on Tuesday night will have sufficed to prevent its being carried into execution. In reply to an inquiry from Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Palmerston (in the absence of Lord John Russell) said : —

In answer to the question of the Noble Lord as to whether an application has been made by foreign powers to the government of this country for the expulsion of foreign refugees now living in the United Kingdom, I have to state that no such application has been made. In reply to the other question of the Noble Lord, as to what course would be pursued in the event of such an application being made, I can only repeat that which I think has been stated on former occasions in this house, that any such application would be met with a firm and decided refusal. It is, indeed, obvious that it must be so, because no such measure could be taken by the government of this country without fresh powers by Act of Parliament ; and I apprehend that no government could, even if they were so inclined — and the present government are not so inclined — apply for such a power with any chance of success, inasmuch as no Alien Bill, I believe, within the course of this century has been passed ever giving to the government the power of expelling foreigners, except with reference to considerations connected with the internal safety of this country. The British government has never undertaken to provide for the internal security of other countries ; it is sufficient for them to have the power to provide for the internal security of their own. But I cannot confine my answer simply to that statement. I will ask to be allowed to add, that while, on the one hand, the British laws, and the spirit of the British constitution, give to foreigners of all political opinions and of all categories, a secure and peaceful shelter within this country, I think that those foreigners who avail themselves of the hospitality of England are bound by every principle of honor, as well as by every regard, not only to international law, but to the law of this land — are bound to abstain from entering into any intrigues, or from pursuing any courses intended for the purpose of giving umbrage to foreign governments, and of disturbing the internal tranquillity of any foreign countries.

Every sentiment of this terse, vigorous, and well-considered answer will be echoed by all ranks and classes, whatever be their party connections or political predilections. Lord Palmerston has spoken the mind of the whole

nation. We have often thought of late that Englishmen were growing so lazy, so sensible, and so unsensitive, that nothing short of a slap in the face would rouse them into indignation, or win from them anything beyond a gentle and a pathetic smile. But if anything less startling could awaken us from our torpor, goad us to put forth our whole strength, and unite us all as one man to repel insult or aggression, it would be a proposal on the part of the triumphant autocrats of Europe that we should violate the duties of hospitality towards the victims of their oppression and the fugitives from their vengeance.

The absurdity of such a demand would be only equalled by its ungracefulness. With what face could a proposal that we should refuse asylum on our shores to proscribed and outlawed politicians be made by men who have themselves sought and found protection here when the fortunes of war or of civil contest went against them ? What ! we have sheltered in their hour of need those whose conduct had outraged every feeling of our nature and every principle of our creed, and are we not to shelter in their turn those with whom we sympathize from the very bottom of our hearts ? We have opened our doors to the escaping *guilty* : — are we to close them on the flying *unfortunate* ? We have stood between the *oppressor* and the popular vengeance which he had long courted and at length aroused ; — are we not to stand between the *oppressed* and those who would pursue him into the sanctuary and seize him at the very horns of the altar ? We received Louis Napoleon, though we could not suppress our contempt at his silly and miserable descent upon Boulogne, and though his attempt had been against the throne of a close, and then a faithful, ally. We received Charles X., though he had forfeited his throne by an attack upon that liberty of the press which we cherished as our dearest privilege. We received Louis Philippe, though he had deceived us meanly, and though the demand which upset him was “ Parliamentary Reform.” We offered a refuge to Metternich, though the policy which he had long pursued and for which he was compelled to fly was one which we abhorred from our inmost soul. We sheltered even Ledru Rollin with his associates, though we loathed his brutal doctrines and his sanguinary plans ; we sheltered him, though the *attentat* for which he was obliged to fly was rather a crime against society than a mere political offence ; we shelter him still, though he has repaid our hospitality by pouring out his frothy venom against our nation and our institutions. And, finally, we should again afford the protection of our island (if it were again needed) even to the Emperor of Austria and the Emperor of France — possibly even to the Pope and the King of

Naples—though we hold the first to be a lawless despot, and though words can do but feeble justice to the detestation with which the last is regarded at every English hearth.

And having done all these things—questionable perhaps and certainly against the grain—are we to abstain, at the bidding of those whom we so thanklessly served, from similar charities, when we can render them with a clear conscience and a ready will? Having harbored—and sinned perhaps in doing so—the fugitives from freedom, are we to be debarred from harboring also the fugitives from oppression—and thereby atoning for our previous misplaced benevolence? Are we to warn away Kossuth and Mazzini from their last asylum? It was natural enough that the former reception of the Hungarian Patriot in this country should have given umbrage to the Austrian authorities, for it was ostentatious, noisy, and unprecedented in its enthusiasm and spontaneity. In that popular display we did not join, nor did many of the higher classes of Great Britain; for, while acknowledging the great powers of the Magyar Leader, his wonderful eloquence, his earnest patriotism, and the love and almost worship with which he is regarded by his countrymen at home—we believed then, and believe still, that to his injudicious zeal in proclaiming the severance of Hungary from Austria and the establishment of a republic, may be traced all the calamities which have subsequently overwhelmed that unhappy country—the intestine divisions which lost their cause, the interference of Russia, the surrender of Vilagos, and the destruction of their ancient liberties. But the majority of the British people, who received Kossuth with such exuberant welcome, did not enter into these considerations; they merely knew that he was the idol of the Hungarian people, and their chosen governor; that the Emperor of Austria, by perjury and violence and foreign aid, had trodden down a constitution similar to our own, and had violated hereditary rights as sacred and as long-descended as those of which we make our boast; and that of this constitution and these rights Kossuth had been the representative and the defender. They expressed their sentiments as Englishmen are wont; and we can well imagine that their acclamations must have been gall and wormwood to the cabinet at Vienna. But that is now an old story. Since his return from America, the Magyar Chief has been silent and unnoticed—keeping his own counsel, and biding his own time; and there is not the slightest evidence that he had the remotest concern either with the outbreak at Milan* or with the attempted assassination at Vienna.

* Since the proclamation published in his name turns out a forgery.

With regard to Mazzini the case is still stronger. England has shown him no sympathy, invited him to no *fêtes*, cheered and strengthened him by no popular encouragement; it is even believed that she owes him atonement for a great wrong committed some years ago. She has merely given him, what she has given to his worst and meanest enemies—shelter. He has lived among us in the most profound retirement—avoiding all public appearances—his very residence known only to a few intimate friends. What he may have done in the way of correspondence, exhortation, secret planning, we know nothing, and the Austrian government have not been able to discover. While among us he has conducted himself, in all respects and to all appearances, as a peaceful and well-conducted citizen:—and this is all that we are concerned with or have a right to inquire about. If he has been the originator of the outbreak in Lombardy, at all events he has not directed it from England; he appears to be somewhere in or near Italy, and the Austrians must look after him themselves.

While, however, we are prepared to defend the right of asylum against all assailants and impugnors, we are bound to say that that right is abused and endangered by those refugees who seek our shore, not for safety, but as a fortress from which, secure themselves, they can prepare plots against our neighbors and allies. Such conduct is indelicate, ungenerous, and dangerous. Our laws and customs give us no means of watching or controlling such behavior. In case of any overt act we can and do interfere. If any of these refugees were to procure or send out arms and ammunition, or to fit out vessels for a descent upon foreign shores, we should be bound at once to arrest both the proceedings and the culprits—and we should assuredly do so with the utmost promptitude. It is not alleged, however, that any of the obnoxious refugees who have found shelter with us have proceeded so far as this. Once, and once only, so far as we are aware, has anything of the sort been attempted with success—and in that instance the conspirator was the present Emperor of the French! Still, though our institutions and our feelings both forbid interference with or *surveillance* over those who have sought refuge with us, these fugitives ought to feel that every consideration of position, of honor, and of prudence, forbids them to make use of the shelter afforded them to carry on machinations or conspiracies against States with which we are at peace and amity. It is hard, no doubt, that they should be prohibited from the great solace of an exile life; it is painful to feel that their hands are tied, their time wasted, and their faculties idle and rusting; it is irritating to think that they can no longer aid their fellow-country-

men who have remained at home in their struggles for the common cause: — *but these are the tacit conditions on which a place of refuge has been afforded them.* If they were not prepared to accept it on such conditions, they should not have sought it, and they should now quit it: — only on the shores of a nation at war with their oppressors, or amid the concealments and fastnesses of their own land, can they honorably or conscientiously plot, conspire, or levy war against the rulers who have defeated them. If, from the shelter of Claremont or of Brighton, Louis Philippe had planned and procured a counter-revolution in France, or Metternich had arranged an expedition against Hungary — we certainly should have held neither of them guiltless; — and we are not disposed to have one rule for them and another for their rivals and antagonists.

From the Examiner, 5th March.

THE REFUGEE QUESTION.

If the great events of late years have been remarkable for the production of few material results, they may at least be considered to have established some striking and salutary truths. Of these there is none more fully demonstrated than the idleness of seeking to bring about revolution by conspiracy. From 1815 to 1848 Germany could show an interminable series of conspiracies; France was not less fertile in them; and we now know that not one of them succeeded. Premature explosion and treachery invariably disclosed such plots, which had simply the effect of implicating and causing the deaths or exile of many brave men. But if individual parties have thus proved signally powerless in bringing about great political changes or catastrophes, the unanimous sentiment of a people uniting in abhorrence of a system of government, or in detestation of a prince or of a line of princes — when a mere accident has occurred to ignite that popular combustible — has been found to defy alike precaution or resistance, and to carry all before it, both thrones and their defenders, with a violence and fulness of destruction unexampled in ancient times.

If the question be asked how Charles the Tenth, or Louis Philippe, or King Frederic, or the Emperor Francis, could have saved themselves from the terrible revolutions which in some places definitively, in others for a time, overturned their thrones — can it be answered that any vigilance of police, any elimination of dangerous characters, any exile of turbulent and seditious persons, either from their own dominions or from those of their neighbors, would in the least have contributed to strengthen their position, or secure it against

the coming convulsion? The fact is, that in the universally civic organization of ancient times, as well as of those Italian states which occupy so large a portion of modern history, conspiracy was really a powerful and efficient mode of operation. But in our later systems of government, whether representative or merely monarchical, with populations of millions to appeal to, depend upon, disgust, or conciliate, anything like individual conspiracy must dwindle into insignificance, unless it be identified with that great conspiracy into which a whole people silently enter without consulting each other, and from the mere tacit sympathy of common resentment and disaffection. If rulers would but look to this large conspiracy and appease it, without idly inquiring who are its chiefs, for in fact it has no chiefs, they would be doing something towards the consolidation of their thrones.

No better proof of the folly and futility of conspiracy could be adduced than the late outbreak at Milan. But it is at the same time a proof of the equal futility of the police system opposed to it; and these blockheads of Austrian jailers and police, who cannot do the work for which they are paid, though to do it they are empowered to tyrannize over the finest country in the world, are said to be about to come to us to ask Englishmen to perform their police work for them, and to issue edicts of proscription against Mazzini and Kossuth, as if their own miserable system of exaction and tyranny did not create Kossuths and Mazzinis in every village, or as if leaders could ever be wanting when the inevitable folly of such governments gives the signal for a starting up from oppression.

Does any one believe that either Kossuth or Mazzini at present obtain anything in England in aid of their designs beyond that general protection which is extended to every exile? The mere question is preposterous. They draw no force from this country. Whatever forces or whatever resources they may have or command must come from their respective countries, not from England; and if so derived, the Austrian cabinet is answerable for it, not England. Nor do we see that the *locus standi* for conspiracy is better here than in America. If Mazzini sailed from London to Genoa, as is alleged, he must have employed from fifteen to twenty days in the voyage. One-half of that number of days would have brought him from the United States. The exiles of European liberty there are now, when at Boston, as near to the seat of their exploits and to the populations over whom their influence is dreaded, as thirty years ago they were when living in some humble suburb of London. Will the despots of Europe, after striving to induce England to banish from its shore every man guilty of the crime of patriotism or the heresy of constitu-

tionalism, pursue and complete their quest of intolerance by asking the republicans on the other side of the Atlantic also to rob their country of its right to be the asylum of the persecuted and the unfortunate? If they do not this, they do nothing, for the dreaded conspirators will even there still be within ten days' sail of Europe.

But all such diplomatic efforts may be spared. There is fortunately no enactment at present in force that gives an English Government the power to send away the exile from its shores; nor is there a man of influence in Parliament inclined to ask for any such power. If any government had a right to complain or take offence at the governments of other countries for giving asylum to political exiles driven from its dominion, it would certainly be Russia, whose ministers have seen, ever since 1830, fugitive Poles tolerated in England and more than tolerated in France. With what face can Austria and France now come forward to demand from England a violation of that very privilege of offering asylum, which both France and England have determinedly refused to Russia during a long series of years?

Absurd and untenable as such pretensions are on the part of Austria, coming from a ruler of France, and such a ruler as the present, they are as monstrous as ridiculous. We will not dwell on the fact of the emperor, when he was M. Louis Bonaparte, enjoying an asylum in this country, and profiting by it to make bandit forays against France. Examples adduced from his past life have little weight on his decisions at present. But let us consider his position. He holds supreme power by having come in between the death-struggle of two opposed parties and classes, and he keeps power by virtue of their enduring enmity. Both, however, are at bottom decided enemies of his, and no doubt they will do their utmost to overthrow him. Both, let us add, taken together, make the better part of France. They comprise all the upper and intellectual class of society, and all that is energetic or distinguished in the lower. To carry out his demands upon us, therefore, Napoleon the Third must require of England to punish and banish every Frenchman who belongs to these classes. Such wholesale proscription on our part would be in the first place impossible, and in the next place would be useless. France abounds with the political enemies of the emperor, those of the upper class, and those of the lower; get rid of them he cannot; for every second man he meets is in one category or the other. He may forbid association; he may render communication by post unsafe; he may call his police to arrest every gentleman, and every artisan, who utters a hasty ejaculation in the street; but prevent his enemies from living

in France, even in Paris, or from meeting and communicating at every corner of every street, and in every saloon which has a door to open or to close, this he cannot do. He could only effect such a purpose by massacring one half of the French people. All the materials of conspiracy are therefore in France, under the very nose of the French emperor; and that similar materials should exist in England cannot add to the danger. Napoleon the Third has chosen a volcano for his throne; and having done so, he really cannot ask us to put out our household fires and extinguish our hospitable virtues, lest a spark from them should fly over and ignite the mass of combustibles on which he has chosen to repose.

From Household Words.

PERFIDIOUS PATMOS.

THE natural place of refuge for a hunted man is an island. None but those who have known what it is to be pursued from place to place, who have been aware of such and such blood-hounds upon their track, of such and such scouts waiting at given points to lead them down to death or captivity, can form an idea of the feeling of security engendered by the knowledge that there is between them and their enemies a bulwark far more impregnable than any gabion, glacis, bastion, or counter-scarp, that Vauban ever dreamed of, in the shape of a ring of blue water. So islands have been, in all ages and circumstances, the chosen places of refuge to men who could find no rest elsewhere for the soles of their feet. Patmos was the elected asylum of St. John the Apostle. In Malta, the last Christian knights of Palestine, driven from their first island refuge—Rhodes—found a haven of safety, and founded a city of strength against the infidels. The expiring embers of the Druidical priesthood smouldered away in the impenetrable groves of the island of Anglesey. The isles of Greece were the eyries of poetry, and art, and liberty, when the mainland groaned beneath the despotism of the thirty tyrants. The Greeks located their paradise in the islands of the blest. Madeira spread forth, pitying, protecting arms to two fugitive lovers. Charles Edward hid in Skye. Once within the pleasant valleys of Pitcairn's Island, Jack Adams and the mutineers of the Bounty felt secure and safe from courts-martial and yard-arms. There is a hiding-place for the pursued of sheriffs in the island of Jersey and in the Isle of Man; in which latter insular refuge Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, sheltered the last remnants of the cause of the Stuarts against Oliver Cromwell. The dogs of Constantinople found protection from the sticks and stones of the men of Stamboul in an island in the Bosphorus. The last of the

London marshes staunchly defy drainage from the strongholds of the Isle of Dogs; and there is a wall of strength for the choicest London fevers, and the dirtiest London lodging-houses, against Inspectors Reason and Humanity and their whole force, in and about the mud embankments of Jacob's Island.

But, chief and preëct of islands on which camps of refuge have been built, is the one we are happy enough to live in, the Island of England. There are other islands in the world, far more isolated, geographically speaking, far more distant from hostile continents, far more remote from the shores of despotism. Yet to these chalky cliffs of Albion, to this Refuge misnamed the Perfidious, come refugees from all quarters of the world, and of characters, antecedents, and opinions, pointing to every quarter of the political compass. The oppressor and the oppressed, the absolutist and the patriot, the butcher and the victim, the wolf and the lamb, the legitimist as white as snow and the *montagnard* as red as blood, the *doctrinaire* and the socialist—men of views so dissimilar that they would (and do) tear each other to pieces in their own lands, find a common refuge in this country, and live in common harmony here. The very climate seems to have a soothing and mollifying influence on the most savage foreign natures. South American dictators, who have shot, slaughtered, and outraged hecatombs of their countrymen in the parched-up plains of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, roar you as mildly as any sucking doves as soon as they are in the Southampton water—make pets of their physicians, and give their barbers silver shaving-dishes; pachas of three tails, terrible fellows for bowstringing, impaling, and bastinadoing in their Asiatic dominions, here caper nimbly in ladies' chambers to the twangling of lutes; hangers of men and scourgers of women forego blood-thirstiness; demagogues forget to howl for heads; and red republicans, who were as roaring lions in the lands they came from, submit to have their claws cut, and their manes trimmed, drink penny cups of coffee, and deliver pacific lectures in Mechanics' Institutes.

England, then, is the Patmos of foreign fugitives—a collection of Patmoses, rather; almost every seaport and provincial town of any note having a little inland island of refuge of its own; but London being the great *champ d'asile*, the monster isle of safety, a Cave of Adullam for the whole world. It is with this Patmos that I have principally to do.

Years ago, Doctor Johnson called London "the common sewer of Paris and of Rome;" but at the present day it is a reservoir, a giant vat, into which flow countless streams of continental immigration. More so than Paris, where the English only go for pleasure; the

Germans to become tailors and boot-makers; and the Swiss, valets, house-porters, and waiters. More so than the United States, whose only considerable feed-pipes of emigration are Irish, English and Germans. There is in London the foreign artistic population, among which I will comprise French, and Swiss, and German governesses, French painters, actors, singers and cooks; Italian singers and musicians; French hairdressers, milliners, dressmakers, clear-starchers and professors of legerdemain, with countless teachers of every known language, and professors of every imaginable musical instrument. There is the immense foreign servile population; French and Italian valets and shopmen, and German nurses and nursery-maids. There is the foreign commercial population, a whole colony of Greek merchants in Finsbury, of Germans in the Minories, of Frenchmen round Austin Friars, of Moorish Jews in White-chapel, and of foreign shopkeepers at the west end of the town. There is the foreign mechanical, or laboring population; French, Swiss, and German watch-makers, French and German lithographers, Italian plaster-cast makers and German sugar-bakers, brewers, and leather-dressers. There is the foreign mendicant population; German and Alsatian buy-a-broom girls, Italian hurdy-gurdy grinders, French begging-letter writers (of whose astonishing numbers, those good associations "*La Société Française de Bienfaisance à Londres*," and "*The Friends of Foreigners in Distress*," could tell some curious tales may be), Lascar street-sweepers and tom-tom pounders. There is the foreign maritime population; an enormous one, as all men who have seen Jack alive in London can vouch for. There is the foreign respectable population, composed of strangers well to do, who prefer English living and English customs to those of their own country. There is the foreign swindling population; aliens who live on their own wits and on the want thereof in their neighbors; sham counts, barons, and chevaliers; farmers of German lotteries, speculators in German university degrees, forgers of Russian bank-notes, bonnets at gaming-houses, touts and spungers to foreign hotels and on foreign visitors, bilkers of English taverns and boarding-houses, and getters-up of fictitious concerts and exhibitions. There is the foreign visiting or sight-seeing population, who come from Dover to the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, and go from thence, with a cicerone, to St. Paul's, Windsor, and Richmond, and thence back again to France, Germany, or Spain. Lastly, there is the refugee population; and these be mine to descant upon.

The Patmos of London I may describe as an island bounded by four squares, on the north by that of Soho, on the south by that of Leicester, on the east by the quadrangle of

Lincoln's Inn Fields (for the purlieus of Long Acre and Seven Dials are all Patmos), and on the west by Golden Square.

The trapezium of streets enclosed within this boundary are not, by any means, of an aristocratic description. A maze of sorry thoroughfares, a second-rate butcher's meat and vegetable market, two model lodging houses, a dingy parish church, and some "brick barns" of dissent are within its boundaries. No lords or squires of high degree live in this political Alsatia. The houses are distinguished by a plurality of bell-pulls inserted in the door-jambs, and by a plurality of little brass name-plates, bearing the names of in-dwelling artisans. Everybody (of nubile age and English) seems to be married, and to have a great many children, whose education seems to be conducted chiefly on the extradomestic or out-door principle.

As an uninterested stranger, and without a guide, you might, perambulating these shabby genteel streets, see in them nothing which would peculiarly distinguish them from that class of London streets known inelegantly, but expressively, as "back slums." At the first glance you see nothing but dingy houses teeming with that sallow, cabbage-stalk and fried fish sort of population, indigenous to back slums. The pinafores children are squabbling or playing in the gutters; while from distant courts come faintly and fitfully threats of Jane to tell Ann's mother; together with that unmeaning monotonous chant or dirge which street-children sing, why, or with what object, I know not. Grave dogs sit on door-steps — their heads patiently cocked on one side, waiting for the door to be opened, as — in this region of perpetual beer-fetching — they know must soon be the case. The beer itself, in vases of strangely-diversified patterns, and borne by Ganymines of as diversified appearance, is incessantly threading the needle through narrow courts and alleys. The public house doors are always on the swing; the bakers' shops (they mostly sell "seconds") are always full; so are the cookshops, so are the coffee-shops; step into one, and you shall have a phase of Patmos before you incontinent.

Albrecht Lurleibeg, who keeps this humble little *Deutsche Caffee und Gasthof*, as he calls it, commenced business five years ago with a single coffee-pot and two cups and saucers. That was a little before February, 1848. Some few foreigners dropt in to visit him occasionally; but he was fain to eke out his slender earnings by selling sweetstuff, penny dolls, and cheap Sunday newspapers. After the first three months' saturnalia of revolution in '48, however, exiles began to populate Patmos pretty thickly. First, Barbès and Albert's unsuccessful riot; then the escapade of Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc; then the wholesale proscriptions of Hungary, Italy, Austria,

Russia, and Baden — all these contributed to swell the number of Herr Lurleibeg's customers a hundred fold, and to fill Patmos to overflowing. The sweetstuff and dolls disappeared "right away," and the coffee-cups and saucers multiplied exceedingly. In addition to this, the Herr caused to be stretched across the single window a canvas blind, on which his name, and the style and title of his establishment, were painted in painfully attenuated letters, with which not yet content, he incited young Fritz Schiffmahl, the artist, with dazzling prospects of a carte-blanche for coffee and tobacco, to depict beneath, in real oil colors, the counterfeit presentments of a Pole, a Hungarian, and a German embracing each other in a fraternal accolade, all smoking like volcanoes; the legend setting forth that true, universal, and political brotherhood are only to be found at Albrecht Lurleibeg's.

In the Herr's back parlor — he once designed in the flush of increased business to enlarge it by knocking it into the back yard, till warned, by a wary neighbor, of the horrible pains and penalties (only second to *pre-munire*) incurred by meddling with a wall in England — in this dirty back parlor, with rings made by coffee-cups on the rickety Pembroke tables, on the coarsely papered, slatternly-printed foreign newspapers and periodicals, are a crowd of men in every variety of beard and moustache and head-dress, in every imaginable phase of attire more or less dirty and picturesque. Figures such as, were you to see them in the drawings of Leech, or Daumier, or Gavarni, you would pronounce exaggerated and untrue to nature; hooded, tasselled, and braided garments of unheard-of fashion; hats of shapes to make you wonder to what a stage the art of squeezability had arrived; trousers with unnumbered plaits; boots made as boots were never made before; finger and thumb-rings of fantastic fashion; marvellous gestures, Babel-like tongues; voices anything but (Englishly) human; the smoke as of a thousand brick-kilns; the clatter as of a thousand spoons: such are the characteristics of this in-door Patmos.

Here are Frenchmen — ex-representatives of the people, ex-ministers, prefects and republican commissaries, *Proletaires*, Fourierists, Phalansterians, disciples of Proudhon, Pierre le Roux and Cahagnet, professors of barricade building; men yet young, but two thirds of whose lives have been spent in prison or in exile. Here are political gaol-birds who have been caged in every state prison of Europe; the citadels of France, the *cachots* of Mont St. Michel, the *secrets* of the Conciergerie, the *piombi* of Venice, the gloomy fastnesses of Ehrenbreitstein and Breslau and Pilsnitz, the *oubliettes* of the Spielberg and Salzburg. Here are young men — boys almost — of good families and high hopes, blasted by

the sirocco of civil war. Here are German philosophic democrats — scientific conspirators — who, between Greek roots and algebrical quantities, tobacco smoke and heavy folios in German text upon international law, have somehow found themselves upon barricades and in danger of the fate of Robert Blum. Here are simple-minded German workmen — such honest-faced, tawny-bearded young fellows as you see in the beer cellars of Berlin — who have shaken off their dreams of German unity to find themselves in this back slum Patmos far away from home and friends. Here are swarthy Italians, eying the Tedeschi (though friendly ones) askance, cursing Radetzky and Gyulay, and telling with wild gesticulations how Novara was fought and Rome defended. Here, and in great numbers, are the poor, betrayed, cozened Hungarians, with glossy beards, and small embroidered caps and braided coats. They are more woe-begone, more scared and wild-looking than the rest, for they are come from the uttermost corners of Europe, and have little fellowship save that of misfortune, with their continental neighbors. Lastly, here are the Poles, those historical exiles who have been so long fugitives from their country that they have adopted Patmos with a will, have many of them entered into and succeeded in business, but would, I think, succeed better if the persons with whom they have commercial transactions were able to pronounce their names — those jaw-breaking strings of dissonant letters in which the vowels are so few that the consonants seem to have compassed them round about, like fortifications, to prevent their slipping out.

There are many of these poor refugees (I speak of them in general) who sit in coffee-shops similar to Herr Lurleibeg's, from early morning till late at night, to save the modicum of fire and candle they would otherwise be compelled to consume at home (if home their garrets can be called), and which God knows they can ill spare. About one o'clock in the day, those who are rich enough congregate in the English cook-shops, and regale themselves with the cheap cug-mag there offered for sale. Towards four or five the foreign eating-houses, of which there are many in Patmos of a fifth or sixth rate order of excellence, are resorted to by those who yet adhere to the gastronomic traditions of the land they have been driven from; and there they vainly attempt to delude themselves into the belief that they are consuming the *fricassées* and *ragouts*, the suet puddings and *auserkraut*, the *maccaroni* and *stuffed* of France or Germany or Italy — all the delightful messes on which foreigners feed with such extreme gusto and satisfaction. But, alas! these dishes, though compounded from foreign recipes and cooked by foreign hands, are not,

or, at least, do not taste by any means like foreign dishes. Cookery, like the *amor patriæ*, is indigenous. It cannot be transplanted. It cannot flourish on a foreign soil. I question if the black broth of Sparta would have agreed with the Lacedæmonian palate if consumed in an English *à la mode* beef shop.

Patmos is likewise studded with small foreign tobacco shops. Limited to the sale of tobacco mostly, for the cigar is a luxury in most cases beyond the reach of the exile. You must remember that abroad you may obtain a cigar as large as an Epping sausage (and as damp), as strong as brandy and as fiery as a red-hot poker, for a matter of two sous: — in some parts of Belgium and Germany for one sou; and that in England the smallest Cuba, of Minories manufacture, smoked in a minute and of no particular flavor, costs three half-pence: a sum! There is, to be sure, a harmless, milk-mild little roll of dark brown color, the component parts of which, I believe, are brown paper, hay, and aromatic herbs, vended at the charge of one penny. But what would be the use of one of those smoke-toys to an exile who is accustomed to wrap himself in smoke as in a mantle; to smoke by the apertures of his mouth, nostrils, eyes and ears; to eat cigars, so to speak! Thus Patmos solaces itself with cut tobacco (which is good and cheap in England), which it puffs from meerschaums or short clays, or rolls up into fragments of foreign newspapers and makes cigarettes of.

If there exist a peculiarity of Patmos which I could not, without injustice, avoid advertising to, it is the pleasure its inhabitants seem to feel in reading letters. See, as we saunter down one of Patmos' back streets, a German exile, in a pair of trousers like a bifurcated carpet-bag, stops a braided Hungarian with a half quartern loaf under his arm. A sallow Italian (one of Garibaldi's men) enters speedily unto them, and the three fall greedily to the perusal of a large sheet of tissue paper, crossed and re-crossed in red, and black, and blue ink, patchworked outside with postage marks of continental frontiers and government stamps. Few of these missives reach their destination without some curious little scissor marks about the seal, some suspicious little hot-water blisters about the wafers, hinting that glazed cocked hats, and jack-boots, and police spies have had something to do with their letters between their postage and their delivery. Indeed, so well is this paternal solicitude on the part of foreign governments to know whether their corresponding subjects write and spell correctly, known among the refugees, that some wary exiles have their letters from abroad addressed to "Mr. Simpson Brown," or "Mr. Thomas Williams," such and such a street, London; and as foreign governments are rather cautious as to how they meddle

with the families of the Browns and the Williams—who grow refractory sometimes and post their letters in the paddle-boxes of war steamers—the Brown and Williams letters reach London untampered with.

More exiles reading letters. One nearly falls over a dog's-meat cart, so absorbed is he in his correspondence; another, bearded like the pard, and with a fur cap like an Armenian Calpack, is shedding hot tears on his outstretched paper, utterly unconscious of the astonishment of two town-made little boys, who have stopped in the very middle of a "cartwheel" to stare at the "furriner a crying." Poor fellows! poor broken men! poor hunted wayfarers! If you, brother Briton, well clothed, well fed, well cared for—with X 99 well paid to guard you—with houses for the sale of law by retail on every side, where you can call for your half-pint of *habeas corpus*, or your *Magna Charta*, cold without, at any hour in the day—if you were in a strange land, proscribed, attainted, poor, unfriended, dogged even in your Patmos by spies; would you warrant yourself not to shed some scalding tears, even in a fierce fur cap, over a letter from the home you are never to see more?

My pencil may limn a few individual portraits in the perfidious refuge, and then I must needs row my bark away to other shores. Stop at forty-six Levant Street, if you please, over against Leg-bail Court.

Up four flights of crazy stairs, knocking at a rickety door, you enter a suite of three musty attics. They are very scantily furnished, but crowded with articles of the most heterogeneous description; *mes marchandises*, as the proprietor calls them. Variegated shades for lamps, fancy stationery, *bon-bon* boxes, lithographic prints, toys, cigar-cases, nicknacks of every description are strewn upon the chairs and table, and cumber the very floor; at one window a dark-eyed, mild-looking lady, in a dark merino dress, is painfully elaborating a drawing on a lithographic stone; at another a slender girl is bending over a tambour frame; at a desk a round-headed little boy is copying music, while in an adjoining apartment—even more denuded of furniture and littered with *marchandises*—are two or three little children tumbling among the card-board boxes. All these movables, animate and inanimate, belong to a Roman Marquis—the *Marchese del Piffuraro*. He and his have been reared in luxury. Time was he possessed the most beautiful villa, the finest equipages, the most valuable *Rafaelles* in the Campagna of Rome; but *la politique*, as he tells you with a smile, has brought him down to the level of a species of unlicensed hawker, going with his wares (to sell on commission) from fancy warehouse to fancy warehouse, often rebutted, often insulted;

yet picking up an honest livelihood somehow. His wife has turned her artistic talent, and his eldest daughter her taste for embroidery, to account; his son Mithridates copies music for the orchestra in a theatre, for living is dear in London, and those helpless little ones among the card-board boxes must be looked after. He has been an exile for five years. The holy father was good enough to connive at his escape, and to confer all his confiscated estates on a Dominican convent. No one knows what the *politique*, which has been his ruin, exactly was; nor, I am inclined to think, does the good man know very clearly himself. "We got away from Rome," he tells you mildly, "with a few hundred scudi, and our plate and a picture or two, and went to Marseilles; but when we had 'eaten' (*avevamo mangiati*) what we had brought with us, we came to England. It was very hard at first; for we had no friends, and could speak nothing but French and Italian, and the English are a suspicious people, whose first impulse, when they see a foreigner for the first time, is to button up their pockets as if he must necessarily be a thief." But the marquis went to work manfully, forgot his coronet, and is now doing a very good fancy commission business. He has an invention (nearly all refugees have inventions) for curing smoky chimneys, which, when he has money enough to patent it, he expects will bring him a fortune. In the days of his uttermost and most dire distress, he always managed to pay three shillings every Sunday for the sittings of himself, his wife, and daughter, at a foreign Catholic chapel, and to wear every day the cleanest of white neckcloths, fastened no man knows how, for no man ever saw the tie thereof.

Within these sorry streets—these dingy slums—are swept together the dead leaves, the rotten branches, the withered fruits from the tree of European liberty. The autumn blast of despotism has eddied them about from the remotest corners of Europe, has chased them from land to land, has wafted them at last into this perfidious Patmos, where there is liberty to act, and think, and breathe, but also, alas! liberty to starve.

O England, happily unconscious of the oppressions and exasperations that have driven these men here, try sometimes to spare some little modicum of substantial relief, some crumbs of comfort, some fragile straws of assistance to the poor drowning exiles! Their miseries are appalling. They cannot dig (for few, if any, Englishmen will call a foreigner's spade into requisition), to beg they are nobly ashamed. They do not beg, nor rob, nor extort. They starve in silence. The French and Hungarian refugees suffer more, perhaps, than those of other nations. The former have by no means an aptitude for acquiring the English language, and are, besides, men

mostly belonging to the professional classes of society—classes woefully overstocked in England; the latter seldom know any language but their own—a language about as useful and appreciated here as Cochin-Chinese. Only those who have wandered through Patmos, who have watched the gates of the London Docks at early morning when the chance laborers apply for work, who have sat in night coffee-houses, and explored dark arches, can know what awful shifts some of these poor refugees, friendless, foodless, houseless, are often put to.

HUNTER'S EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMAL GRAFTING.

MR. BRANSBY BLAKE COOPER, in delivering lately an oration at the Royal College of Surgeons, in memory of the immortal genius, John Hunter, gave the following amusing illustrations of Hunter's peculiar views respecting the blood of animals:—

Hunter had more clearly recognized the great importance of this fluid than any physiologist who had gone before him. His views with respect to the importance of the blood to the animal economy, led him to the belief that the blood was endowed with a life of its own, more or less independent of the vitality of the animal in which it circulated. The following experiments seemed to have been instituted with the view of establishing the fact, that the blood of a living animal could, even under the artificial stimulus induced by the introduction of the part of another animal into itself by ingrafting, nourish and support it, so as to convert it into a part of itself. Hunter transplanted a human tooth to the comb of a cock, where it not only became fixed, but actually became part of the organic structure of the cock's comb; he proved this by injecting the cock's head, and on dissection (as the preparation on the table illustrated), the blood-vessels filled with the coloring matter of the injection were traced into the capillaries of the lining membrane of the cavity of the tooth. The most striking instance of this incorporation of a foreign organic body with a living tissue, was shown by the learned orator in another preparation made by the immortal Hunter, in which the spur of a cock had been removed from its leg and transplanted to its comb, where it not only continued to grow, but had acquired a far greater size than the spur ever acquired in its natural situation. The result of this experiment involved a very interesting physiological inquiry—how the capillaries, which were destined by nature merely to furnish blood fitted for the elaboration of the tissues of the comb, should, under the stimulus of necessity, to use Hunter's own expression, be rendered competent to eliminate the horny matter of the spur, even to the extent of an hypertrophied condition. The orator then took an elaborate review of the digestive organs of various animals, and found that, in

certain instances, they were capable of becoming modified to meet contingencies to which an animal might be exposed, by which change the animal might be rendered capable of existing and even thriving on a kind of food entirely of an opposite character to that originally intended by nature for its support and nourishment, and illustrating which Mr. Cooper mentioned, that Hunter fed a sea-gull (naturally a bird of prey) with grain, and after twelve months he destroyed the bird, and, upon examination, found that its normally membranous stomach had become much thickened, and so changed in character, as to resemble in appearance the gizzard of the granivorous fowl rather than that of a carnivorous bird. Another striking instance of the periodical modification of the digestive apparatus, was found by Hunter in the crop of the pigeon during the period of incubation. This crop, which at other times was similar to that of birds in general, during incubation assumes a glandular character, which enables it, in addition to its ordinary function, to secrete a milky fluid, which is ejected and affords nourishment for its young progeny, rendering the crop, in fact, a kind of mammary gland.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—To a person as highly intelligent and as thoroughly experienced as, notwithstanding her youth, Mrs. Fitzjames certainly was, in all the mysteries of love-making, the importance of a romantic country excursion was perfectly well understood. Had it been required of her, indeed, she would have been perfectly well able, also, to set down, in numerical proportion, the respective value; in this line, of every occurrence likely to be produced by the accidents of human life. For example: supposing the sum-total of 1000 to be the amount required for the achievement of any given conquest, she would systematically have set down the relative value of every separate manœuvre somewhat in this wise: first sight, under all advantages of dress, 100; under disadvantage of ditto, but not presumed to be actually disfiguring, 50; morning occupation, with hands ungloved, and hair hanging in disorder (nicely arranged), 50; caught reading a newly-arrived review (if the chase be literary), 25; transcribing music, if he be musical, 150; a ball well-lighted, with a good repose-room, 70; fancy-dress ditto, 160; caught singing an Italian bravura, or a French ballad, if you have a voice, and he has ears, 175; to be seen at early church, if he be a Puseyite, 77; at an evening lecture, if he be an Evangelical, 77; to be seen darning stockings, if he be a rich miser, 100; to be seen embroidering in gold and seed-pearls, if he be a poor elegant, 100; a picnic, everything being *couleur de rose*, 50; ditto, with a storm, 75; ditto, with a moon, and a little dancing after, 150; ditto, when matters are tolerably far advanced beforehand, 200. And so on, with an infinity of items, every one of which would have shown an admirable knowledge of the human heart. — *Uncle Walter, by Mrs. Trollope.*

From the Flushing Journal.

THE LAST OF THE WESTCHESTER GUIDES.

On the evening of Sunday, the 21st of November last, at his residence in Fordham, Andrew Corsa departed this life at the age of nearly 91. He was born on the 24th day of January, 1762, where the Roman Catholic College of St. John now stands, on the farm occupied by his paternal ancestor, a native of Germany, who settled on the Manor of Fordham about the year 1690. Both his father and grandfather were natives of the same spot with himself. The latter was born in 1692, about the time of Governor Fletcher's arrival in the colony, after whom he was named Benjamin Fletcher. When the revolutionary troubles commenced, Captain Isaac Corsa, the father of the subject of this notice, held a commission under the crown, and, like most persons similarly situated, espoused the royal side throughout the great controversy. But parental authority was not sufficient to keep the young Andrew long within the limits of the ancient allegiance, and about the middle of the war, his strong inclinations in favor of American independence overcame every other consideration, and he commenced an independent career by rendering important services to the guides and scouting parties that approached the British lines, whether for attack or observation. Minutely acquainted with all the passes about Kingsbridge, Fordham and Morrisania, and withal of a disposition sprightly, intelligent and communicative, his services were anxiously sought for, when, in the summer of 1781, after the allied forces had been encamped upon the heights of Greenburgh about two weeks, Washington and Rochambeau made ready for a formidable movement, with a select portion of their army, towards the lines of the enemy. Preparatory to this operation, Count Mathieu Dumas, the two brothers Berthier, and several other young officers belonging to the French staff, who had, for some days, been zealously engaged in exploring the ground and roads and in sketching maps of the country between the allied camp and Kingsbridge, were ordered by the French commander to set out before daylight, and to push their examinations till they came within sight of the enemy's most advanced redoubts, at the northern extremity of New York island. To protect these youthful adventurers, a strong detachment of the lancers of Lauzun was sent along under Lieutenant Kilmaine, a young Irishman in the French service, who some years afterwards became a general of division and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best cavalry officers in Europe. The command of the whole party was bestowed upon Dumas, while the celebrated Cornelius Oakley of

Whiteplains was selected to act as the principal guide, accompanied by his cousin James Oakley and young Corsa. Below Miesquan the reconnoitring party formed a junction with a select body of American light-infantry who on the same morning had gone down to explore the ground on the right, and the two allied detachments then attacked and dispersed a strong patrol of Delancey's Refugees, and soon afterwards assaulted and drove across Kingsbridge, the Chasseurs that occupied the Hessian outposts;—pursuing the fugitives till they came within musket-shot of Prince Charles' redoubt. This reconnaissance established in favor of Kilmaine and of the elder Berthier—the latter of whom was afterwards a Marshal of France under Napoleon, and Prince of Wagram and Neufchâtel—reputations for partisan skill and intrepidity that led to their subsequent preferment.

A few days later occurred the grand reconnoissance which was made on the 22d and 23d of July by the American and French commanders and engineers, supported by 5,000 troops of the two nations, for the purpose of examining with precision the British posts on New York island between the Hudson River and the Sound, and of cutting off, if possible, such of the enemy's corps as might be found upon the main. Young Andrew Corsa's intelligence and exact knowledge of the country about the British lines were such that his services were again earnestly sought for upon this occasion; and during both these days he was constantly on horseback, riding and conversing with Washington, Rochambeau, Lauzun, and the other generals of the combined army, while they passed through the fields of Morrisania, Fordham and Yonkers, halting from time to time as they moved along for the purpose of enabling the engineers to examine the grounds along Harlem river and Spuytenduyvil creek. He used to relate that when the allies, marching from the east near the Bronx, and passing over the high grounds around Morrisania house, came in sight of the enemy, the fire which the British artillery opened upon them from the fortifications at Randall's island and Snakehill, from the batteries at Harlem and from the ships of war at anchor in the river, was terrible and incessant, and, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, which became suddenly predominant—he urged his horse forward at full speed and rode for safety behind the old Morrisania Mill. Here he pulled up and, looking back, saw Washington, Rochambeau, and the other officers riding along calmly under the fire as though nothing unusual had occurred. His self-possession now returned, and, ashamed at having given way to an impulse of fear, he at once pricked back with all the rapidity to which he could urge his horse, and resumed his place in the order of march; while the

commanding officers with good-natured peals of laughter, welcomed him back and commended his courage.

Mr. Corsa knew personally every individual of that celebrated band of volunteers called the "Westchester Guides," of whom he himself was the last and youngest, and he was among the most confidential friends of the heroic Abraham Dyckman, who fell prematurely at the close of the revolutionary contest. Possessed of a memory unusually retentive and residing constantly upon the borders of the "neutral ground," he was acquainted with all the distinguished partisans both from above and below, and with nearly all the military operations, whether great or small, that occurred along this portion of the British lines, and which, until within the last few days of his life, he continued to describe in minute detail.

Upon the conclusion of the revolutionary war, his father's lands, by a compulsory sale, passed out of the family, and, although without any means at the time, he did not hesitate to purchase, with money borrowed upon mortgage, a contiguous farm, which industry and good management enabled him, not many years after, to disencumber. Much engaged in the cultivation of fruit for the market, he was particularly successful with the apple and pear; discovering and introducing into use a new variety of the latter which bears his name, being known distinctively as the *Corsan Vergaloo*.

For many years he was a member of the Reformed Dutch Church at Fordham. His death was preceded by none of the diseases to which humanity is heir, and he ceased to exist only because he was worn out by toil and time. The machine which had been set in motion by its divine constructor, and which had gone on for more than fourscore years and ten, "at last stood still," and the weary occupant sought a better habitation. His memory continued unimpaired until nearly the close of his existence. Among his survivors are eight children and numerous other descendants. Simple and patriarchal in his manners, a zealous, generous and useful friend, neighbor and citizen; — estimable and upright in all the relation of life; — Andrew Corsa deserves to be held in honorable remembrance.

JONATHAN PEREIRA, M. D., F. R. S.

JAN. 20. Died at his residence in Finsbury-square, in his 49th year, Jonathan Pereira, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., and F.L.S. Physician to the London Hospital.

Dr. Pereira was born of humble parentage, in the parish of Shoreditch, on the 22d May, 1804, and received his education at private schools in that vicinity. He was articled at

the age of fifteen to Mr. Latham, an apothecary, in the City Road; but, his indentures were cancelled, in consequence of his master falling into a state of mental incapacity. In 1821 Pereira became a pupil at the General Dispensary in Aldersgate Street, where he attended the prelections of Dr. Clutterbuck on chemistry, materia medica, and the practice of physic; those of Dr. Birkbeck on natural philosophy, and those of Dr. Lambe on botany. In the following year he entered to the surgical practice of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. While thus engaged, a vacancy occurred in the office of apothecary at the Aldersgate Dispensary; and in order to qualify himself as a candidate it was necessary that he should at once proceed for examination to Apothecaries' Hall. This he did on the 6th of March, 1823, and procured its license when he was only eighteen years of age. In the same month he was appointed to the Dispensary, and we may date his illustrious career from that time. His salary was only 120*l.* per annum; and, with the view of increasing his income, he formed a class for private medical instruction, which he had but little difficulty in doing, as the lectures at the Dispensary were largely attended. His success in this undertaking was very great, and he thought it desirable to publish a few small books on the subjects in which he found his pupils most deficient. These were a translation of the "*Pharmacopœia*" for 1824, with the chemical decompositions; the "*Selecta & Prescriptis*," a manual for the use of students; and a general Table of Atomic Numbers, with an Introduction to the Atomic Theory." These works were published in the course of the years 1824, 5, 6, and 7; they had a very extensive sale, and two of them are in existence at the present time.

In the year 1825 he passed the College of Surgeons, and in the year following he succeeded Dr. Clutterbuck as a lecturer on chemistry. At that time he was only twenty two years of age, but his appearance was commanding, and he therefore looked much older. His first lecture was given to a large class of pupils and friends. It was eminently successful, and he received the warm congratulations of his numerous admirers. Then, as ever afterwards, he sought to dazzle by the novelty of his facts and the profusion of his illustrations. His lecture-table was covered with specimens, and, among other things, he exhibited the new element, bromine, which Bolard, of Montpellier, had just then discovered.

In the course of a year or two after that time, he began to collect the facts for his "*Materia Medica*." He saw that the whole subject of pharmacology was involved in the greatest confusion, that its principles were misapprehended, and that its doctrines were

founded in absurdity and conjecture. From this chaos and darkness he determined to relieve it. Accordingly, he commenced a diligent search for all the facts of the science; he studied the ancient fathers of physic, and made himself master of the literature of his subject, from the earliest period of history; he collected the works of English writers, and he undertook the study of French and German, in order that he might read those of the Continent. At that time he devoted his whole energies to the subject, and worked for about sixteen hours a day. He was accustomed to rise at six in the morning, and to read, with but little interruption, until twelve at night. This he continued to do for several years; and had he not been possessed of an iron constitution, of great physical endurance, and of a most determined purpose, he would unquestionably have sunk under it. As it was, the closeness of his application occasioned several slight attacks of epilepsy, and a frequent determination of blood to the head. After a short time, he began to give lectures on *materia medica*, as well as on chemistry, at the Dispensary.

In the year 1832 he married, resigned his appointment in favor of his brother, and commenced practice as a surgeon in Aldersgate Street. In the year following he was elected to the Chair of Chemistry in the London Hospital. For a period of six years he lectured both there and at the new Medical School in Aldersgate Street on three subjects—namely, on Chemistry, Botany, and *Materia Medica*; and during the whole of each winter session he was accustomed to give two lectures daily. His lectures on *materia medica*, which extended over a period of two years, from 1835 to 1837, and amounted to 74 in number, were published by his friend, Dr. Cummin, in the late Medical Gazette. There cannot be a doubt that they greatly added to his reputation; they were translated into the German, and republished in India. In 1839 he reproduced them in another form, viz., in his "Elements on *Materia Medica*," and this work was so much appreciated that the whole of the first part was bought up long before the second was ready for delivery. A second edition was therefore immediately called for, and it appeared in the year 1842. Before this date, however—viz., in 1839—he had been chosen examiner in *Materia Medica* in the University of London; and in 1841 he had been elected assistant-physician to the London Hospital. He took his degree of M.D. at Erlangen in 1840, and he obtained his license at the College of Physicians directly afterwards. About the same time he was invited by some of the authorities of St. Bartholomew's Hospital to lecture at the medical school of that institution, and the arrangements for his so doing had been al-

most completed, for a syllabus of the course was actually published; but, when it was notified to him that he would be required to give up his other appointments, he refused to relinquish his position at the London Hospital, at which institution he had experienced great kindness. He immediately afterwards, however, gave up the Aldersgate School.

In 1842 he gave two short courses of lectures at the rooms of the Pharmaceutical Society, and in the year following he was appointed its first professor. During that year he published "A Treatise on Food and Diet," and was placed on the council of the Royal Society, of which he had been elected a Fellow in 1838. By that time, his practice as a physician had become rather extensive, and, as it was rapidly increasing, he determined to throw aside his more scientific pursuits. Accordingly, in 1844, he resigned a part of the course of chemistry at the London Hospital into the hands of Dr. Letheby; in 1845 he gave up a larger portion of it; and in 1846 he relinquished it altogether. He continued, however, to lecture on *materia medica* at both the hospital and the Pharmaceutical Society, and there is no reason for believing that he contemplated any change in this matter until the new regulations of the Apothecaries' Society transferred his course to the summer session. This arrangement interfered with his usual habits, and also with his ideas of the importance of the subject, and consequently, in 1850, he resigned his lectureship at the hospital, though he still continued to deliver a winter course at the Pharmaceutical Society. In 1845, he was elected a Fellow of the College of Physicians, and in 1851 he became a full physician at the London Hospital. He had now reached the summit of his ambition; his reputation as an author was established, and the rewards of industry were falling thick about him. He was a fellow of many scientific societies; he was in constant communication with the learned of all countries; he was intimately connected with many of the greatest institutions of the metropolis, and was, in fact, their brightest ornament; he had collected around him a large circle of friends and admirers, and he saw before him the prospect of wealth and happiness. In the midst of all this, however, he was stricken down, and that so suddenly, that he had hardly time to take leave of those who were about him.

While referring, some six weeks before his death, to a specimen in the museum of the College of Surgeons, he had the misfortune, by a fall on the staircase, to rupture one of the extensor muscles of the thigh. Though unable to move about without assistance, he was scarcely affected in health by the accident, and it appeared to be comparatively of little moment; but on the night of Thursday the

20th Jan., upon being lifted into bed, the patient suddenly raised himself, exclaiming, "I have ruptured a vessel of the heart," and died in half an hour. His body was buried at the cemetery of Kensal Green, in the presence of a large number of his pupils.

A retrospect of the labors of this distinguished physician will show that he was a man of no ordinary capacity. He had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, an indefatigable spirit, unbounded industry, and a determination of purpose that was irresistible. Whatever he did he did well, and he therefore made his performances as valuable to others as they were creditable to himself. The great peculiarity of his works is, that he aimed more at bringing within our reach the treasures of other men's minds, than of exposing those of his own. He has, indeed, been charged with a want of originality, and, most certainly, if we estimate him by the value of his own independent researches, he is open to such a charge; but it must also be admitted that it is an equally useful element of the human mind, that faculty which urges men to gather up the scattered facts of science, and to mould them into a shape that may be made available to all.

Dr. Pereira was an early riser, of quick business habits, and remarkable for his promptness and rapidity of action. He manifested great willingness at all times to impart to others the knowledge he himself possessed; and he was in the habit of corresponding fully on subjects on which his opinions were solicited. The smallest favor that contributed to his researches was always gratefully acknowledged; and whether it proved to be insignificant or of value, the intention was alike prized. Dr. Pereira was reckoned by pharmacologists both at home and abroad to be preëminent in his science, and he was equally beloved by all. He was a man of large and powerful stature, and of pleasing expression of countenance.

Dr. Pereira was occupied in completing the third edition of his "*Materia Medica*" at the time of his decease. The first volume was published in 1849, and in 1850, owing to the length to which the work had already extended, the author determined upon publishing a portion only of the Second Volume, the remainder of which remains to be printed. It has been translated into German, and is universally allowed to be the best and most trustworthy book on medicinal substances that has been written.

OUR SAVAGE CUSTOMS.—To ensure Peace with our French neighbors we should not only mend our manners, but reform our customs.

How absurd, as well as impolitic, it is of us to interpose a duty which is nearly prohibitive between their clarets and our ports!

CCCLXVIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 23

To be linked with any foreign nation in the bonds of amity, we must hook the padlock of peace to the staple of production.

Our harbors would be in small danger of French round shot, if we allowed them to throw in their grape.

England is right in requiring Englishmen to do their duty in time of war; but it is quite another policy to make Frenchmen pay it in time of peace.

If it were generally known how good *Chablis* is with oysters, the force of the above considerations would be so apparent, that the Peace Society would transfer their present exertions to the abatement of the duty on light wines; and that the motion to that end, about to be proposed in the House of Commons, would be carried by acclamation. — *Punch*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A VALEDICTION.

As flowers that bud and bloom before us,
Then droop in languor and decay,
As clouds that form their bright shapes o'er us,
Then speed their trackless course away,

As sparkling waves we watch advancing,
That melt in foam beneath our gaze,
As sunlight o'er the waters glancing,
That smiles, and then withdraws its rays

As summer insects, to their night-homes wending,
Sweep by us with a hum of melody,
As gentle showers on the earth descending,
Gem for a fleeting space each shrub and tree —

So pass away the gifts and joys of earth;
Frail as the rose, the cloud, the wave as fleeting,
We scarce can welcome happiness to birth,
Ere some sad note of change arrests the greeting.

The hopes we build, the friends we prize,
The visioned schemes our hearts delighting,
How do they vanish from our eyes!
The real our joyous fancies blighting.

The scenes we love Time marks with change,
And gladsome hours have no abiding,
And friends o'er land and ocean range,
The earth's wide space our lot dividing.

But shall we therefore shun the pleasant things
This else too barren wilderness adorning,
And give to joy and gladness swifter wings,
Shielding our hearts in cold and selfish warning?

No! for the memory of delights that leave us
Lingers — a welcome echo of the past.
No! for through all the myriad ills that grieve us
Hope struggles on, consoling to the last.

And through life's varied scenes and hours departed,
Its mingled heritage of joy and pain,
One solace ever clings to the warm-hearted,
Affection can live on — and friends may meet again.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CLUBS AND CLUBBISTS.

WE are rather surprised that, in the present dearth of literary subjects, no enterprising caterer for the public appetite has attempted a scientific history of the rise and progress of Clubs. The field of inquiry is a vast one; and the subject might be treated either in an antiquarian, a political, a moral, or a social point of view. We trust the hint may be taken; and we shall look out for the appearance of such a work with great interest. For ourselves, we may as well confess at once that we are not in possession of any historical information which might serve as the groundwork for a treatise of that nature. We are not prepared with any data to prove that clubs were among the institutions familiar either to the Greeks or the Romans; nor are we anxious to exhibit our ingenuity by arguing that the Preceptorics of the Templars and Knights of St. John ought to be referred to that class of establishments. We take our definition from old Johnson, himself a notorious clubbist, and understand that the term ought to mean — “an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions.” In these words you have the description of a perfect club. But — alas for human weakness! — it is well-nigh impossible to construct a club, of which all the members shall be good fellows. Notwithstanding the asseverations of proposer and seconder, and in spite of the scrutiny of the ballot, some men who have no title to the endearing name will necessarily get in. Constitute your society as you may — fence it with what rules you will — you must not expect to escape without the average proportion of jolterheads, misanthropes, and bores. You must be content to endure their presence as a tax upon your other comforts; and it is perhaps just as well that, in this as in other matters, you should meet with an occasional annoyance to counterbalance the amount of fruition. Johnson's club, we admit, was one of the best ever formed. It was small and select, and composed of highly gifted and educated men — but those were not the days of club-houses, the erection of which has since revolutionized that branch of social economy. What a difference, for example, between the Beef-steak Club — still, we believe, in existence — and the Carlton and Reform, gigantic political caravanserais!

They cannot be classed or considered under the same category.

We remember the time when the female voice was raised, in rather shrill remonstrance, against the institution of those clubs, as so many direct seductions from the charms of the domestic hearth. That cry, we apprehend, is now very nearly silenced. Experience has shown that the great majority of British husbands are none the worse for having a place of occasional resort, where they can hear the news and mingle with their fellows — nay, we are decidedly of opinion that the clubs have wrought a marked improvement in many points of minor morals. A club is, out of all sight, a better place than a tavern; and as men must necessarily meet for the interchange and communication of ideas, it is surely better that they should have a well-regulated place of meeting, than be forced to congregate in houses where they are expected to be unnecessarily jovial. We believe that the club-houses have mainly contributed to remove the reproach of deep-drinking from the present generation. The old tavern-club unquestionably led to an enormous deal of conviviality. On the night of their weekly or monthly meetings, every man came prepared — yea, determined — to imbibe to the utmost of his capacity. To remain sober was to commit treason against the fundamental laws of the society; and many a well-disposed Christian, who would rather have passed the bottle, was compelled to dispense with heel-taps. This, it will be admitted, was a most abominable custom, and loudly called for reformation. It has been reformed. In all good clubs, drinking is at a discount; and instead of fostering late hours, they have the opposite tendency. Still, there is room for great improvement. In all clubs, except those in London which are essentially political, where latitude must be allowed, regulations should be made and enforced for early closing, and evacuation of the premises. There can be no difficulty about effecting the latter object. A fixed hour for the stoppage of supplies, and another for the inexorable extinguishment of the lights, would be sufficient to settle the business, and disperse even the jovial knot of *habitues* who frequent the smoking-room. Such arrangements would tend greatly to remove the objections which, we fear, even now lie dormant in many a female bosom, and would deprive some miserable catiffs of the mean excuse

which they are now wont to proffer to their wives in extenuation of their irregularities. George could no longer aver with unblushing effrontery, and without the risk of contradiction, that he had been detained at "the club" until four o'clock in the morning; and who knows but that, with the temptation, the unwholesome habit would subside?

We have heard it said that the comforts of a club are hostile to the interests of matrimony, inasmuch as they indispose bachelors from taking that most important step in life. We do not think there is much foundation for this idea. It is not from amongst that class of men who loiter away their existence at clubs, that we would advise any young woman to expect or accept a husband. Your thorough club man is, in reality, a being of exceedingly limited ideas. He is a member of a diminutive republic, in which he wishes to enact a conspicuous part; and he gradually weans himself from the concerns of the world, to concentrate his whole attention upon the affairs of the establishment. The resignation of the club-master is more to him than a change of dynasty. He would make louder moan for the apotheosis of the butler than for the defeat of Lord Aberdeen; and he feels a deeper interest in the career of his own waiters than in that of any of the waiters on Providence, who are tolerably numerous about St. Stephens. The great object of his ambition is to be nominated one of the house-committee; and he enters into as many intrigues for this high aim as ever did Fouché in the plenitude of his cunning. Once on the committee, he becomes a perfect Dionysius. His high sense of moral responsibility imparts to him an almost diseased acuteness of vision;—the waiters tremble at his approach, and shake before the authority of his call. If you have any ground of complaint, you cannot do him a greater favor than make him the confidant of your wrongs. Be sure you will receive as ample justice as though the question concerned the safety of the nation, not the over-doing of a miserable chop. We think it extremely problematical whether any woman could be happy with such a being. We are not, indeed, of the number of those who maintain that it is beneath the dignity of a man to exercise any kind of surveillance over his household—so far from that, we would have him act like a wise general, who is cognizant of the disposition of the whole troops under

his command. But as it is not the business of a general to be punctilious about pipe-clay, perpetually prying into haversacks, and examining the contents of canteens, so neither is it the duty of the master of a house to superintend in person the details of every department. To him alone exclusively belong the key and custody of the wine-cellar. The remainder of the bunch ought to be confided to the care of his helpmate. Now we cannot help fearing that our extreme clubbist, if married, would assert a larger prerogative. If so, his could not be a happy home; for either the lady will rebel, as we think she is entitled to do for the honor of housewifery; or she will subside into a placid state of indifference, and be all day on the sofa reading novels, whilst her spouse is in the lower regions. We cannot conceive any lower depth of degradation to which a man can descend, than is implied by his personally undertaking the daily dole of tea, sugar, soap, and candles. Better to be an Ethiopian at once, than pry into the mysteries of a washing! Yet such things have been, and are; and we have known men of some repute in the world, who absolutely prided themselves on the practice of this systematic infamy.

It is a very erroneous, though general idea, that all men ought to marry. Some there are whom nature evidently designed for celibacy, and these naturally take to the clubs as their proper sphere. Can any one fancy Major Pendennis in the bonds of hymeneal wedlock? And yet how many Pendennises have we all seen and known! Nor let it be supposed that the age of the major was by any means the sole obstacle. Not a week elapses but the apparition of some older bridegroom convulses the countenance of Hymen. Take twenty years and more from the shoulders of the major, and you would find him still the same. He never had a heart to give away—what heart he had, he reserved cautiously to himself; and he would have considered it, in his own phrase, a most hideous sacrifice, and almost dishonor, "to surrender his independence." Under no circumstances could a Mrs. Major Pendennis—though not only gifted like an angel with accomplishments and charms, but with those more weighty recommendations which are the fertile cause of proposals—have been a happy woman. Therefore, better it is that the somewhat jaded veteran should adhere to his

club, wherein he may rank as a nebulous, if not a brilliant star, and perhaps be of more use as a warning than an example to others. For of all pitiable spectacles upon earth, your aged celibate clubbist, aping the language and the gait, and affecting the vices of his juniors, is the most deplorable; and, much as we reverence gray hairs, it cannot be conceded that, in his instance, they constitute a crown of glory, whether openly displayed, or furtively concealed by the ingenuity of an accomplished perquier.

But we have heard it said, of late years — and principally by matrons who have disposable daughters — that clubs are bad places, inasmuch as they indispose young men to attend, as formerly, balls and assemblies, where they had the best opportunity of meeting with the flower of the other sex. Now, this is a point which really requires consideration; and we shall attempt to approach it with all candor and impartiality. We totally disclaim all knowledge of Almack's; and we cast aside, as chimerical, the notion of exclusive circles. There are, of course, many circles of society, some of which are far more difficult of access than others; but there is a generic feature common to them all — and that is the manner and style of the entertainment. If the premier duchess were to give a ball, her example would be closely copied, within a week after, by the dame of a dry-salter; and thus, although the same people may not meet, the same thing is essentially performed. Hamlet is Hamlet, whether acted at Sadler's Wells — now, we are sorry to say, the last refuge for the destitute Shakespeare — or in any barn in the obscurest village-town in the north of England.

We wonder whether it has never occurred to some mortified mother, who for three or four consecutive seasons has paraded her daughters at every ball and fashionable gathering, and undergone more trouble in helping them to dissipate their natural roses than she ever expended in their education — to ask herself the question whether, after all, she is following the best method of securing, not the happiness of her children, but their settlement in life! It is a very momentous question, but we fear that some mothers never take it into consideration. Having, in their own younger days, passed through the fire before the Moloch of fashion, they take it for granted that there is but one custom to be observed, and one course to be pursued. In

the ball-room they were wooed and won; and why should not their daughters achieve their destiny in the like locality?

Do not — young ladies — spoil the prettiness of your brows by knitting them too hastily and severely before you have heard our argument. We do not intend, by any means, to pronounce an elaborate discourse against the vanities of social society — neither is it our wish that you should attain that cerulean hue, which, as Dickey Milnes, or some other modern poet, tells us, is grateful in the eyes of Minerva. The “purple light of love” — these are not our words, for the blush-rose is the only fit emblem — on your cheeks, is worth all the indigo in the world. We do not desire that you should be over-literary; and we consider a total indifference for science to be an excellent thing in woman. Never shall we forget the area of the female faces that beamed upon us, when, at a late meeting of the British Association, we read our celebrated paper on “The History of the Lost Pleiad.” We saw, as it were, the glittering of a thousand stars; but all of them shot their rays through spectacles. Never, with our consent, shall you be cooped up, or prevented from indulging to the full in the innocent gayety of your hearts. But we have a word or two to say to the mammas.

Madam, when you first came out, or made your *début* — for that was then the term in vogue — do you happen to remember what were the manners of the ball-room? Let us refresh your memory. The staple dance was the quadrille, perhaps not a very lively piece of pantomime, but one which, from its nature, afforded ample opportunity for conversation (you may call it flirtation if you like), and was neither, in its form, too reserved nor too familiar. It was all grace and decorum. It admitted of a slight and tremulous pressure of the hand — nothing more — between parties ripe for declaration; and often, during the pause before the last figure, the attitude of some blushing beauty, plucking unconsciously a splendid camellia to pieces, left little doubt of the nature of those whispers which her partner had been pouring into her ear. Like Margaret in the *Faust*, the sweet girl was but essaying to prove her destiny from the petals of the flower. For those in a less advanced stage of understanding, there was the contredanse, and the reel, with various other gymnastics, all of a harmless nature. But Satan had entered into paradise, though

in a mild form. We may now, our dear madam, recall, without anything like bitterness of feeling, the days when we indulged together in the sweet intoxication of the waltz. It was really—we confess it with a touch of the old Adam—a most fascinating innovation. You danced divinely; and a more clipsome waist than yours we never spanned. Once, indeed, we thought—but no more of that! You married, of your own free will and accord, that red-haired monster M'Tavish, in virtue of his imaginary rent-roll; and, long ago, our agony of mind, like the remembrance of an old toothache, has departed. But it *was* pleasant to revolve, linked with you, over the floor of the Assembly-Rooms when Spindler was in his glory, and when the waltz was kept, at least, within something like decent limits. Long before then, Byron, who certainly was not strait-laced, had published his poem of "The Waltz;" and without subscribing to his views upon our peristrophic performances, we must needs own that his satire is of double value now.

The waltz, as we danced it, was decent of its kind. No father of a family, we think, whatever be the practice of fashion, can rejoice in seeing his daughter's waist spanned by the arm of some deboshed dragoon, whose advances she can hardly refuse without committing a breach of the idiotical rules which modern usage inculcates. Surely, in a free country, a woman ought to be free in her choice even of a temporary partner; and the base notion which prevails, that a lady, by refusing the invitation of one man to dance, is debarr'd from accepting a more congenial offer, is utterly foreign and repugnant to the rules of chivalry. In the hall, or bower, the ladies are paramount, and they ought to exert their authority—remembering this, the slightest murmur against their decision ought to be considered an offence against knightly courtesy. It would be well if we had a female tribunal, with full powers of expulsion from society, to adjudicate upon such matters.

But not to perpetrate a digression in favor of Provençal usages, let us return to the matter in question. We maintain now, that Lord Byron, writing under the name of Horace Horhem, was fully justified in the utterance of every couplet. The poet is a seer; and though we, perhaps, in our younger days, could decry no impropriety in the waltz, which merely admitted us to a nearer degree of contact than the former Terpsichorean evolutions, the prophetic eye of the bard foresaw the necessary consequence. The character of the waltz gradually became changed. From a graceful rotary motion, it degenerated into a Bacchic movement, similar, no doubt, to the first Thespian performances, which were intended, as scholars tell

us, to be in honor of the young Lyæus. Then came the gallopé, which was a still further manifestation of the triumphal procession of Ariadne. Dancing, as one of the fine arts, now received its virtual death-blow. You saw an infuriated-looking fellow throw his arm round a girl's waist, and rush off with her as if he had been one of the troop of Romulus abducting a reluctant Sabine. Sabina, however, made no remonstrance, but went along with him quite cordially. They pursued a species of bat-like race around the room—jerking, flitting, backing, and pirouetting, without rule, and without any vestige of grace, until breath failed them, and the panting virgin was pulled up short on the arm of her perspiring partner. Ghost of Count Hamilton! shade of De Grammont! has it really come to this? You knew, in your day, something about the Castlemaines and others; but never did you witness, in public at least, such orgies as British matrons and mothers now placidly contemplate and approve.

This, however, called for a reform; and it was reformed. By what? By the introduction of the polka—the favorite dance, and no wonder, of the Casinos. View it philosophically, and you find it to be neither more nor less than the nuptial dance of Bacchus and Ariadne. Our mothers or grandmothers were staggered, and some of them shocked, at the introduction of the ballet in the opera-houses. What would they say now, could they see one of their female descendants absolutely in the embrace of some hairy animal—fronting him—linked to him—drawn to him—her head reclining on his shoulder, and he perusing her charms—executing the most ungraceful of all possible movements, at the will of a notorious Tomnoddy? No doubt everything is innocent, and the whole dance is conducted—on one side at least—with perfect purity of idea. But, somehow or other, these grapplings, squeezings, and approximations, look rather odd in the eyes of the unprejudiced spectator; and we, who have seen the foats of Egyptian Almas almost surpassed in British ball-rooms, may be pardoned for expressing our conviction, that a little—nay, a good deal—more of feminine reserve than is presently practised, would be vastly advantageous to the young ladies who resort to those haunts which they have been taught to consider as the matrimonial bazaar.

Of course, we do not expect that any of the fair Bacchantes will give the slightest heed to what we say. If one of them should chance—tired and languid as she is from the effect of last night's polka, through which she has been hurried in the nervous embrace of Captain Fitzurse of the Dragoons—to peruse these pages, she will set us down as a vinegared old Calvinist, who knows nothing

whatever of the ways of modern society. We shall be likened to John Knox, who once took upon himself the ungracious task of lecturing the Queen's Maries. But neither Mary Seaton, Mary Beatoun, Mary Fleming, nor Mary Livingstone, ever rushed frantically through the halls of Holyrood in the grips of Chastelar or of Bothwell—indeed, had such been the case, the hands of the grim old barons, their fathers, would instinctively have clutched the poniard. We abuse not dancing—we simply contend against its abuse. The effect of it is just this, that the most inveterate devotees of the polka have the least chance of being married. No man of refinement likes to see the object of his affections prancing wildly in the arms of another. Cupid, as the Americans say, is “a skeary critter;” and a very little matter indeed is sufficient to make him take wing. Let the ladies take our word for it, that reticence is a virtue greatly appreciated by mankind. Many a young man has entered a ball-room with a mind thoroughly made up for an avowal, and left it with the determination to have nothing more to say to the lady whose breath has fanned the whiskers of a whole regimental mess. Among the accomplishments which enter into the matrimonial calculation, dexterity in the polka has but a very subordinate share. Were it otherwise, the simplest method would be to select a partner for life from the ranks of the *corps-de-ballet*. It is the domestic graces and accomplishments that constitute the great fascination of woman; and these can only be seen and duly displayed in the family circle.

We do not wonder, therefore, that young men, if they have no better engagement, should prefer passing their evenings at a club to inhaling the close atmosphere of a ball-room. We cannot even go the length of saying that we consider them worse employed; for every well-conducted club has its library, which is not among the least of its attractions; and, though study, in the strictest sense of the term, is not compatible with the place, it is still not only possible, but very common, to employ the club hours in a profitable and intellectual manner.

Country members, in especial, have reason to bless the idea which suggested the institution of club-houses. Well do we remember the occasion of our first solitary visit to London—the hunt for convenient apartments in cross streets—the low and smoky parlor which, after many futile attempts to obtain decent accommodation elsewhere, we were forced to engage at a most exorbitant ransom—the cat-hole of a dormitory, and the bed apparently stuffed with ropes—the slatternly attendance, the disgusting breakfast, and the myriad hurdy-gurdies in the street. To pass an evening in that den would have tasked the

resolution of Luther. We tried it once; and not to our dying day shall we forget the dreary illumination of the dips, or the sputter of the consumptive fire! Talk not of English comfort in so far as lodgings are concerned! It was nothing short of positive purgatory. But let a man enrol himself in a club, and see how his position is improved. He has still to provide himself with a dormitory, but that is all. He breakfasts, of course, at the club, where every conceivable delicacy is ready at a moment's notice, and the morning papers are on every table. He there receives his letters, and can answer them at leisure. All the periodicals and best new works lie invitingly before him; and if the day is wet, and he has no particular business on hand, he can spend the forenoon there quite as comfortably as if he were in his own mansion. These seem little things; but, in truth, they constitute, as little things do, a great part of our existence. On the Continent things are managed differently. There the hotels are clubs. You get your numbered key from the porter; and, thereafter, until you leave the house, the apartments are emphatically your own. You breakfast, just as you do at a London Club; dine or not, as the fancy moves you, at the *table-d'hôte*, and are in every way your own master. What is of far more importance, when you call for the bill, you do not find it such as to create apprehension of ruin. Now, we do not mean to aver that the accommodation in first-rate London hotels can by possibility be surpassed. If you wish to participate in these comforts, drive to one of the private hotels in the neighborhood of St. James'. You are received at the door by a grave but not saturnine individual, attired in a faultless suit of black, who might very well pass for the *valet-de-chambre* of an archbishop. He conducts you up-stairs to an apartment, luxuriously carpeted, and furnished in the best possible taste. The eye of a critic would fail to detect even the slightest flaw in the arrangement; and your bed-chamber is equally attractive. You have perfect freedom of movement. You are not expected, unless you please to do it, to dine there; and there are no wry faces made, as in the old establishments, where dining and drinking, “for the good of the house,” was considered a part of the contract. Nothing can be more faultless than the whole establishment. There is no sign of the bustle and noise that make a provincial hostelry so offensive. The waiters, like sable Ariels, perform their spiring gently—enter with a noiseless step—speak with ‘bated breath—and perform your mandates as quickly and quietly as though you had the wand of Prospero.

One of these private, or family hotels, is just the place to which you should conduct

your bride on a honeymoon visit to London — that is, if expense is no object to you. But for many like ourselves, who, we almost regret to say, are not in the manufacturing or iron lines, but dependent upon our wits or professions — to attempt such localities is little short of bankruptcy, if the experiment is in any degree protracted. Not that your actual consumpt is overcharged, for that is not the case; but when you come to peruse the bill, you begin to understand that Turkey carpets, even in usufruct, are hideously expensive; that Ariel takes tithes, more exorbitantly than any Rector; and that, for the privilege of a fortnight's residence, you are expected to pay at least a year's interest upon the value of the furniture. Also you arrive at the comprehension why wax candles are invariably put down, instead of the lesser luminaries which you employ in your own private abode. Knowledge is always valuable, but you may pay too dearly for it; therefore, on the whole, if your means are limited, we should not recommend you to try the experiment of a West-end private hotel. The cost of a day's entertainment at such an establishment, live as quietly as you will, comes to more than a week's reckoning at Frankfurt. It has long been a reproach against us, who are born on the northern side of the Tweed, that we are economical of our "siller." We accept the accusation as a high compliment. We suit our movements to the state of our purses; and, if we do not launch out in extravagance, neither do we swindle. But there is no wisdom in sacrificing to fashion, when you can command the same amount of comfort for nearly one third of the expenditure.

"Clubs!" was the old cry of the followers of Jack Cade, and, in later times, it was a favorite whoop among the London apprentices. Heaven be praised, the word has now no such violent significance in Britain, whatever it may have elsewhere. All of us have heard mention of the Clubs of Paris, which attained such fearful notoriety in the days of the barricades. What were they in outward show? We confess that we feel a good deal of curiosity on that point, and should be thankful for information. Clearly they were not convivial institutions where men ate and drank; for refection never goes hand in hand with revolution, nor malt with massacre. No sanguinary conspirator ever grappled cordially with the tankard. Shakspeare, whose fine perception is never at fault, sufficiently indicates this eternal truth in the conspiracy scene at the house of Brutus, in the play of Julius Cæsar, where the host never once thinks of offering his visitors even a paltry stoup of Falernian. Had their business been of another nature, we should have had the stage direction: "*Enter Lucius with wine;*" and the cheering

invitation of "Sit, sirs, and fill!" would have given a vivacity to the gathering. But conspiracy does its work dry-lipped, and that Shakspeare knew full well. Had the high contracting parties, who arranged the defeat of Lord Derby's administration, taken their claret freely, the fine vinous influence would have been an antidote to the factious poison. But they could not do it. At such a consultation, the best vintage of Lafitte would have tasted nauseously, for there is an honesty in the pure juice of the grape, which even Archemage could not withstand. So the butler had a sinecure; and Trebonius and Metellus Cimber went to bed with nothing stronger than soda-water upon their stomachs, which fact may account for subsequent symptoms of flatulency, and rumors of intestine disorder. But to return to the French clubs. We can't suppose that they were like our own masonic lodges; for in them, as we are given to understand, a wholesome degree of Spartan conviviality is maintained, within the limits of proper discretion; and the only true bond of fraternity is ratified by a temperate cup. We have a vision of these Parisian clubs. We see before us a darkened staircase, up which young Robespierre is led blindfolded — a vestibule with a hideous apparition — some awful metaphysical signals; and then the neophyte is led into a bare room, where the old mummery of the Vehmgericht is enacted. President masked in red — Council similarly veiled in black. Hannibal's altar — more daggers displayed thereon than ever graced the belt of Alessandro Massaroni — a considerable sprinkling of skulls, blue lights, and a blasphemous oath; and then the sworn Socialist is dismissed, without knowledge of the locality where these Eleusinian mysteries were performed, but with a ticket, referring him simply to his immediate captain, whose orders he must obey implicitly, in case he can persuade another idiot to undergo the like infernal baptism. Such is our notion of the French clubs, as gathered from contemporary hints; and really we cannot conceive anything more purely diabolical. But it is a startling fact that such societies have existed for nearly sixty years, in France, in Italy, and, what is more our immediate concern, in Ireland. They may slumber for a time — for snakes hybernate — but they do not die; and always, at the approach of a political crisis, they revive. We are no admirers of the new Emperor of the French, because we do not pretend to fathom his policy, and have no great faith in his pacific declarations; but, in his internal administration, which is all that we have now to deal with, we think that he has acted most wisely in smiting down the clubs at once. A vast deal of nonsense is talked in this country about the freedom of the press. There is no peculiar sanctity, that we know of, in printer's

ink. Treason in types is as bad as, nay, worse than, spouted sedition; and when the press has reached that point of outrageous license which inculcates anarchy and revolution, it is the duty of a government to put it under restraint. Sir Charles Wood, by his recent speech at Halifax, stultified himself as a man, and disgraced himself as a minister of the crown. He demonstrated, what we have all along believed, that he has no knowledge whatever of the posture of affairs on the Continent; and we doubt not that he has, moreover, convinced Lord Aberdeen of the monstrous blunder which he committed by inviting him to become a member of his cabinet. Louis Napoleon is quite competent to conduct his own affairs; and, at all events, requires no advice from so very imbecile a quarter. Of course, it never could occur to Sir Charles Wood to ask himself, how it was that the liberty of the press in France, once so unrestricted, came to be finally abolished! Yet, after all, its present degraded position is to us the strongest proof of the necessity which existed for coercive measures. It is not in the nature of things—it is not within the limits of possibility—that a free press, speaking loyally and constitutionally, could have been put into fetters. It sank into bondage solely because it had been the advocate of anarchy. Swiftly, in states, does retribution follow on the footsteps of crime. But for the revolutionary movements, brought about, in a great measure, through the instrumentality of the French press, that Louis Napoleon, who is now charged with being its violator, never would have had it in his power to stretch forth a finger against it. True freedom can only be maintained by a jealous observance of order. Anarchy begets despotism; and it is as unreasonable for a revolutionist to complain of the consequences of his folly, as it would be for a man who has been experimenting with combustibles in his study, to raise an outcry if his house should happen to be consumed by the fiery element. We, too, have our political clubs; but we are glad to think that, in none of them is there any talk of treason, or hatching of revolutionary schemes. Each of them is the head-quarter of a state party—or was, because we really do not understand how, under the present arrangements, the old distinctions can be maintained. Why should Sir William Molesworth belong to the Reform, and Mr. Gladstone to the Carlton Club? They are both members of one cabinet—are supposed to be acting in strict political concert—and, in truth, must be acting together cordially, if they are honest, which we doubt not. In clubs, indeed, the ministerial hand is divided. One half of them go to the one, and the other half to the other place of resort. The occupants of the Treasury bench, who have been

working all day together, separate amicably in the evening, and form two divisions, one of them enlightening the Whig, and the other the Tory subalterns! Anything more egregiously absurd than this can hardly be imagined; and we need no other argument to convince us that the present coalition is not destined to have long endurance. In this country, so far as our internal regulations are concerned, party is a social tie; and, like all other such ties, it cannot be violated with impunity. The Peelites—we call them such still, in order to indicate the section of men to whom we refer—are chargeable with bad faith in having continued to be members, or rather in frequenting an exclusively political club, after they had ceased to act in concert with the party of which that club was constituted. We say nothing about vested rights of membership, or considerations of pounds, shillings, and pence—all that is fudge. The plain common sense view is, that those gentlemen had seceded from the principles of the club, and they, therefore, ought to have resigned. A clergyman of the Church of England does not lose the benefit of clergy because he joins the Church of Rome; but he is bound, at all events, to leave his mother church—he cannot, at the same moment, be an Anglican and a Romanist. If a member of a tee-total society become converted to the principles of Bacchus, we should hold him inexcusable if he insisted on discussing his bottle, or, mayhap, magnum of port, in the presence of the other members of the Anti-Jolly-dog Club, who can barely carry their chicory. He has infringed the primordial rule; and, though expulsion may not be a declared penalty for his offence, he ought in common decency to retire. We are very desirous to touch upon this matter with extreme delicacy, because, although it has been made the subject of public remark, comment, and correspondence, it is, strictly speaking, a question only proper to the members of the clubs. But a great political party club is, in our day, an institution of public interest. It is not like a place of entertainment, or a literary, service, or local club—it is a party sanctuary, the sanctity of which depends upon its peculiar worship. Thousands, who are not members, have and feel a strong interest in that; for it is undeniable that those clubs do constitute the grand *rendezvous* of party. No character can be baser than that of the deliberate spy; and, without supposing that any man, pretending to the character or status of a gentleman, could be guilty of such infamous infamy, we would merely say that no one of right feeling ought to place himself in such a position as to incur the most distant hazard of such a charge. That charge never has been, and never could be, brought against any statesman, or men in high official situa-

tions. They may have acted injudiciously or unwisely in frequenting political clubs—from the general theory of which a change in their political creed, however conscientiously made, may have caused them to differ—but their honor is beyond question. Ugly stories, however, are abroad about less scrupulous eavesdroppers, and snakes in the grass; and it is very desirable, indeed, that even the suspicion should be allayed. Obviously it is intolerable that, at an exclusively political club, no gentleman can speak his mind freely, without taking the precaution of scanning the whole of the apartment, lest, within earshot, there may lurk some knavish underling of the other party. We have no liking for half-and-half, preferring to have our liquor unadulterated; and we have not the slightest notion of making a confidant of Janus. If a man is to be a Whig, let him say so, and keep to his company; if he is to be a Conservative, let him eschew Whig alliances. The worst of the present system is, that the Liberals have all the advantage. There are no spies in the Reform Club, whatever there may be in the Carlton; and, even on the supposition that the present state of matters is the necessary result of political changes which were unforeseen, we may be pardoned for wishing to see a speedy adjustment.

The truth is that we set great store by the maintenance of these clubs in their integrity. We do not refer to the one more than to the other, being of opinion that the character of an opposition is almost as valuable and important to the country as the character of an administration. We take it for granted that most men are drawn to one or other of these clubs from considerations of political principle. The members of it are his associates, and it is every way desirable that there should be an identity of interest and of sentiment; for there can be no doubt that in every club, of whatever nature it may be, harmony is the grand desideratum. Who would choose to belong to, or continue in, a society where he is sure to meet, every day in his life, with the very persons towards whom he entertains the most antipathy? It may be said that the cases are not parallel, because, fortunately for us, political differences in this country rarely lead to the interruption of private friendship. We admit all that, and are exceeding glad that it is so; but it must be remembered that the institutions of which we are discoursing were founded for political objects, and for these alone. We have no doubt that every member of Parliament could find more congenial society elsewhere, if he merely consulted his private taste and inclination. But he does not do so. He joins the Carlton or the Reform as a party-man, and we should be sorry to think that the system is likely to be interrupted or to fall into disuse. Even those

who dislike party must admit that it is better than cabal; and, for ourselves, we anticipate, if the disorganization of parties should be permanent, nothing else than a wretched and unwholesome, as well as dangerous development of cabals. But enough of this. We shall regret extremely, if, in the foregoing remarks, we have given offence to any one, our object simply being to enforce the doctrine that in a purely political club it is very desirable never to lose sight of, nor contravene, the original cause of its foundation.

With regard to other clubs we have absolutely nothing to say. It never was allowed to us to penetrate into the interior of the Oriental, so that we might listen to the legends of its denizens touching Futtighur and Chittapore. It is, we are led to suppose, a little Hindostan in the heart of London, between which and Cheltenham the members are perpetually vibrating; and we imagine it is unsurpassed for its curries. Of the Service Clubs we venture not to speak; nor of the Athenæum, which is the first of the literary establishments. Club life, indeed, is a peculiar feature of the present age, and hitherto there have been no symptoms of decay, though we doubt whether the system will admit of much greater extension. On this point it is worth quoting the opinion of Sir E. B. Lytton, who, in his *England and the English*, written nearly twenty years ago, made the following remarks:—

“Clubs form a main feature of the social system of the richer classes of the metropolis. Formerly they were merely the resort of gamblers, politicians, or *bons vivans*—now, they have assumed a more intellectual character; every calling has its peculiar club—from the soldiers’ to the scholars’. The effect which this multiplicity of clubs has produced is salutary in the extreme; it has begun already to counteract the solitary disposition of the natives; it opens a ready intercourse with our foreign guests, who are usually admitted as honorary members; prejudices are rubbed off; and by an easy and unexpensive process, the most domestic or the most professional learn the views of the citizen of the world. At these resorts the affairs of the public make the common and natural topic of conversation; and nothing furthers the growth of public principle like the discussion of public matters. It is said that clubs render men less domestic. No: they only render them less unsocial; they form a cheap and intellectual relaxation, and (since in most of the recent clubs the custom turns to neither gambling nor inebriety) they unbend the mind even when improving it. But these are the least advantages of clubs; they contain the germ of a mighty improvement in the condition of the humbler classes. I foresee that those classes will, sooner or later, adopt institutions

so peculiarly favorable to the poor. By this species of coöperation, the man of 200*l.* a-year can, at present, command the nobler luxuries of a man of 5000*l.* — airy and capacious apartments, the decent comforts of the table; lights, fires, books, and intellectual society. The same principle, on a humbler scale, would procure the same advantages for the shop-keeper or the artisan, and the man of 50*l.* a-year might obtain the same comforts as the man of 500*l.*”

Since the above passage was written, a decided movement has been made by the class referred to, but not altogether in the direction indicated by the author. Lecture and reading rooms have sprung up in every considerable town, but there has been no attempt, as yet, to push the experiment farther. Indeed, we doubt much whether it could succeed. In the first place, there is a certain limit below which the outlay cannot be reduced; and we fear that limit is beyond the justifiable expenditure of persons of contracted means. In the second place, without more leisure than he is likely to be able to afford, a club-house would be to an artisan a mere ordinary, and would too often detach him from his proper domestic duties. Our habits or modes of life must ever be mainly regulated by our means of expenditure; and perhaps the most serious objection which can be urged to the club system, arises from the fact that men of small means can thereby habitually command the luxuries which, in domestic life, pertain to wealth alone. Some men require the application of the spur. Though very far from being philosophers in the proper acceptation of the term, they have a decidedly philosophical dislike of anything like undue exertion; and if they find that they can live, in one character, as comfortably upon £300 a-year, which may chance to be the amount of their patrimony, as another can upon £3000 in his own peculiar home, not a few of the epicureans will be apt to shrink from undertaking that labor, in which is comprehended the greater portion of the happiness and utility of man.

Doubtless — wits of the Garrick Club — you, in looking over the foregoing three or four pages, consider us as betraying evident symptoms of senility. What would you have? Would it be possible for us, in these hyperborean regions, where the snow is now lying two feet deep, to chronicle your facetiæ — whether they relate to the tonsorial operation said to have been performed upon one of your members, or to any other incident of fun that constitutes the zest of your existence? No! Good fellows all, we greet you heartily; and hope that, in the coming time, your walls may never reëcho with a less burst of genuine fun than has been elicited from them in the happy days of yore!

And now — what is our moral? That, we

confess, is rather a ticklish consideration; for, though we began this paper with a distinct moral view, we have been led into so many episodes that we have some difficulty in the summing up. Still, we are not without arrangement. And, first of all, we would beseech wives to be tolerant on the subject of clubs; because these institutions do, to a certain extent, promote the happiness of their husbands, and make them more useful members of society. At the same time, we by no means intend to dissuade them from a proper degree of jealousy. If the husband appears likely to become too clubbistic, let him mildly be made aware of his backslidings; and, if the appeal is gently entered, the odds are that the delinquent will be reclaimed. The comfort of a club, however great it may be, is nothing to the comfort of a happy home; and it is towards the establishment of that that a wife should bend her genius. Men, in the gross, are not monsters, nor are they exorbitantly selfish — though we deny not that exceptions occur — and, what is as much to the purpose, they are very easily led. Witness that huge hulk, Hercules, whom Omphale compelled to spin, and whom Dejanira trepanned even in the matter of his shirts! The old fable had a distinct meaning. It pointed to the supremacy of the married woman, provided she knows how to set about it. To dowagers, with daughters, who lament that their lot has fallen in evil days, we would breathe a word of encouragement. Let them, too, endeavor to make their houses agreeable places of resort, and we are ready to stake our existence that they will not find the clubs operate to their disadvantage. But if they will persist in the preposterous theory, that the only proper method of exhibiting the accomplishments of young women is the enactment of the part of a Bacchante, we have nothing further to say. Fitzurse, who is the best partner at the polka that can be found, is no fool, at least in so far as monetary notions are concerned. That distinguished officer is in the habit of declaring, at mess, that he won't sell himself — by which the jackanapes means marriage — for less than a certain number of thousands; and nobody can blame Fitzurse, since it is notorious that a lesser amount would not suffice to clear him of his previously contracted debts. But, in the mean time, at every ball or assembly Fitzurse monopolizes your daughter, which is surely not the best recommendation for that very handsome and sprightly girl. O mothers! in whatever grade of life you may move, do justice to your children. Teach them what is truly valuable; and, though fashion be against you, keep them from that too close contact and familiarity with the other sex, which, though it affects not virtue, mars the bloom of modesty. Use your own eyes. If we are wrong, you will be

able to confute us; but we venture to say that, out of that wilderness of phantoms now rushing past you, as if under the delirious influence of opium, you can hardly select half-a-dozen of whose addresses to your daughter you would approve. Very well! let us withdraw and inspect that half-dozen. Three of them don't care one fig for any girl in the room. They are there because they like the excitement, which is, in fact, the chief part of their existence; and if you can bring them to book, you will have accomplished a feat which fifty mammas have striven in vain to achieve. We grant that you have some chance with the other three. But what are they? Asses — contemptible in intellect, callous in feeling, and such as do not possess any one quality (beyond acres or dividends) which could possibly recommend them to your notice. "But, then, the acres and the dividends?" Madam, we thought we had the honor of conversing with a British, not with a Circassian mother.

If it be the fact, as we have heard it alleged, that beauty is at a discount in the matrimonial market, we conceive that we have stated quite sufficient reason to account for the extraordinary depreciation. And we do not think that, so long as the present system prevails, there is any great likelihood of enticing young men from the clubs, or of altering the rates of quotation. However, that is no concern of ours. We never were fond of preaching; and if the notions which we now propound should be rejected with scorn, we shall endeavor to bear the obloquy. We may, however, and perhaps ought, to say, that these notions are entertained by more young men of the present generation than possibly dowagers are aware of.

Finally, we would recommend the too enthusiastic clubbist not to become too enamored of his microcosm. Doubtless, within the walls of his pet establishment there are to be found several agreeable companions and associates — Smith, the politician, who is great at the breakfast-table, and who, somehow or other, is admitted to the arcana of state secrets, whatever ministry may be in power — Jenkins, the dilettante, who can tell you everything about the opera — Miller, the famous jester — Fitzball, the pride of the billiard-room — and Badmington, the connoisseur of vintages, whose advice becomes valuable about dinner-time. But those excellent individuals do not constitute the whole world. They are mortal. Some day or other Smith will be as dead as the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi — Jenkins will

have looked on his last pirouette — Miller will be gathered to the patriarchal Joseph — the fine wrist of Fitzball will be motionless — and Badmington be laid in an alcoholic grave. Of that jovial band you may be the sole survivor, feeding upon melancholy reminiscences, and conversing uncomfortably with ghosts. The time will come — and perhaps it is not very far distant — when you will discover that the best of all possible clubs is but a poor substitute for a home. And this also is undeniable, that no inveterate club-lounger ever yet attained to distinction. Have, then, a noble ambition; and, whilst you avail yourself of the pleasures within your reach, do not permit them to enslave you. Every man stands in imminent danger of being carried captive to some Castle of Indolence, and the club may be your moral Bastille.

But wherefore prose we further? Is this a time for moralizing, when the only fine frost which we have known for four successive winters has arrested the rivers, covered the lakes with a solid mirror, and is even now inviting us to take part in the national game? For, of all existing clubs, the Curling Club is that which we frequent with the most intense delight. Let us see. It is now mid-day, and the thermometer is standing at twenty-three in the shade! Already our jolly brethren will be sending the stones roaring up the rinks on the pond of Duddingstone Policy. The lawyer will have flung aside his brief, and the banker deserted his desk, in honor of the exhilarating holiday; and foul shame would it be were we the last at that gathering. On this day, nine of our chosen are to contend for the integrity of their ice against any other nine in Scotland; and though the West produces most famous curlers, with the good and gallant Earl of Eglinton at their head — a chieftain whose removal Ireland will long deplore —

Sootorum comitem flevit glacialis Ierne.

and though the men of Bathgate and the Kirk of Shotts, who are sometimes able to practise in the dog-days, may be our opponents, we are yet not timorous for the result. At all events, even if defeated, there will be balm in Gilead; for we already scent beef and greens, from time immemorial — yea, from the days of Fergus the First — the curlers' appointed banquet. Not all the Nine of Parnassus — not even Maga herself — could detain us longer from the fun; and, therefore, with a sudden impulse, we jerk our pen into the fire.

From the Examiner.

The Private Journal of F. S. Larpent, Esq., Judge Advocate-General of the British Forces in the Peninsula, attached to the Head Quarters of Lord Wellington during the Peninsular War, from 1812 to its close. Edited by SIR GEORGE LARPENT, Bart. 3 vols. Bentley.

NEARLY half a century ago Mr. Francis Seymour Larpent was a barrister on the Western Circuit, a friend of William Adam's, Francis Horner's, Manners Sutton's, and other distinguished men, a fellow of St. John's in Cambridge, of good reputation as a scholar and fair ability as a lawyer, but with a practice so moderate and little likely to increase that he was easily induced, when Manners Sutton became Judge Advocate-General, to accept from him (in 1812) the office of Judge Advocate to the armies in Spain under Lord Wellington's command. He joined, by way of Lisbon, in the autumn of 1812, proceeded immediately to head-quarters which were then at Rueda (just beyond Salamanca), and remained in attendance on Lord Wellington to the close of the war in 1814, when he returned with the last detachment from Bordeaux.

The present volumes are a reprint of the journal and letters which he sent home, describing everything of interest that was occurring to him almost from day to day, manifestly not written with the remotest view to any but a private circle, restricted always to what was passing within his particular sphere of observation, and carrying everywhere the stamp of a clear-judging, fair-speaking, accurate and truth-telling man. There does not seem to have been any false heroics about Mr. Larpent, and we find no mystifying; magnifying, or writing for effect, in his journals. Their charm is that of easy, unaffected, natural description and anecdote, often very minute, generally very characteristic, and always felt to be genuine. They contain, we should add, far more of the misery, than of the glory of war; — so vivid a picture, indeed, of the horrors undergone in the acquisition of military fame, and of the horrors yet more dreadful to be endured by the unhappy people whose fields and homes are the theatre on which it is acquired, has rarely perhaps been given to the world. We must confess that we never felt such sympathy for our "scandalous allies," never were inclined to such measure of toleration even for their notorious ingratitude, as on laying down Mr. Larpent's journals. Very vile, nevertheless, must we think the conduct, not seldom, as well of the peasantry as of the nobility and cortes of Spain.

But the supreme interest of the book centres in Lord Wellington. Without any attempt, formal or otherwise, to describe or portray the

Commander-in-Chief, there are not many pages of Mr. Larpent's volumes from which some illustrative trait may not be drawn. It is only as we read, chapter after chapter, that the character unfolds itself before us, often in the most casual, the most trivial things, but always consistently, always in the right proportions, always with the impress upon it of the man since so much more familiar to all of us in every quality he possessed — "the great Ulysses whom we knew." Upon him everything depends, as Mr. Larpent soon discovers; the rest are the guns, drums, trumpets, signifying not very much. Of the inspirations and movements of military genius which govern the greater incidents of the war, Mr. Larpent, of course, knows nothing, and professes to know nothing; but he cannot help seeing, and showing us, that everything around him is sustained by the decision and energy of one man, that the faculties of this man seem always equal without strain or pressure to whatever is demanded of them, that they regulate everything which nothing else appears to have the least power to regulate, that difficulties vanish in their presence, and only when he is absent, or his movements suspended or concealed, is fear or misgiving anywhere discernible. We cannot show this, however, by single extracts; for Mr. Larpent is never making out a case, never formally professing to show you what courage there was in this Lord Wellington, what patience, temperance, industry without parallel, what an eagle glance for measuring means and ends, what a spirit undaunted by reverse and unmoved by success, what clearness of judgment, what unflinching power to do at once whatever was needed to be done, and what a determination and severity, as of Fate itself, against all that threw obstructions in his way. We are left to derive all this, as best we can, from the cumulative evidence of brief anecdotes, observations not always even complimentary, remarks casually let fall, or little incidents that occur in Mr. Larpent's official experience, scattered without order or connection over the surface of the three volumes. We shall somewhat depart, therefore, from our usual plan to present in our own way whatever we think most valuable or interesting in these illustrations of the character of Wellington — not grudging time or space if the result should satisfy the reader as it has informed and entertained ourselves.

Mr. Larpent's journal opens with some lively and agreeable description of the fare and accommodation that awaited him in Portuguese and Spanish villages on his way to head-quarters. His estimates of comfort, however, undergo many changes in the course of his journal, as his early opinions of other things receive great modification. His first favorable impressions of the Spanish people and cottages and modes of life, for example,

are much changed on an enlarged experience ; and what he thought but scant accommodation on his way to head-quarters, he had frequent reason to sigh for as something princely and unattainable in later months of the campaign. It is, perhaps, the peculiarity of his position that we should hear from him the worst of what is to be said of the English army, both officers and men ; but it is certain that the impression in this respect left by his book is the reverse of pleasing.

At his first audience of Lord Wellington the latter placed in his hands fifty cases against officers, and very angry and discontented altogether he appears to have been. "A pretty army I have here!" was one of his first remarks to Mr. Larpent. "They all want to go home ; but no more shall go except the sick." After an interview or two, however, the law officer takes heart to say that "in business affairs," he likes Lord Wellington much ; "he is so ready and decisive, and civil moreover, though some complain a little of him at times and are much afraid of him." This latter is an emotion indeed which Mr. Larpent himself cannot for some time shake off ; — feeling something like a boy going to school as he goes up with his charges and papers for instructions ; — but when they get upon such terms as that Wellington says on seeing him "How are you?" (it takes some four months to arrive at that), matters go on more easily.

Before this, however, the breakings, hangings, and floggings for recovery of discipline, have been very painfully frequent ; yet Wellington's greatest source of annoyance arises from the fact that the courts will not do their duty. With an oath he tells Mr. Larpent that his whole table is covered with details of robbery and mutiny and complaints from all quarters in all languages, and that he shall be nothing but a general of courts-martial. But "how can you expect," he added on another occasion, "a court to find an officer guilty of neglect of duty, when it is composed of members who are all more or less guilty of the same?" Yet in the month when that remark was made "we have," says Mr. Larpent, "hung six, broke several officers (at least their cases are sent home with that sentence), and flogged about sixteen or eighteen, and we are still at work ;" and after another fortnight, out of something less than fifty cases tried, he says they have hung eight, transported eight or ten, flogged about sixty severely, and broke several officers. It is right to add what is elsewhere thrown out by the Judge Advocate, that though he thinks Wellington reasonable enough, he thinks him also often a little hasty in ordering trials when an acquittal must be the consequence. Always civil, he continues to find him ; but at times "quick, and hasty in business." He nearly got into a scrape

one day by saying a good word for a captain not personally known to him, but generally respected for his good character. He goes on to say that he does not believe he has himself any weight in swaying the Commander-in-Chief's decisions ; "he thinks and acts quite for himself ; with me, if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise ;" but he certainly did not find (what officers had said) that it was his habit instantly to determine against *anything* suggested to him. One day when the number of courts-martial under discussion was quite overwhelming, Wellington graciously remarked — "If your friends knew what was going on here, they would think you had no sinecure. And how do you think I was plagued, *when I had to do it nearly all myself?*"

Mr. Larpent's impression of the officers in the lower branch of the staff was uniformly bad ; it did not improve on experience, and it left him with "a moderate opinion of the profession, which has not the independence I flatter myself I have seen in all the most respectable at the bar." Nor did longer experience improve his opinion of the men. The first great battle he saw was that of Vittoria, and his account of the discipline of the English troops after the battle (in which, let us interpose, he is fully borne out by what Wellington himself says in his *Despatches*) is very painful to contemplate. In everything *but courage* he pronounces them inferior soldiers to the Germans. On march they get sulky and desperate, he says, drink excessively, and become daily more weak and unable to proceed. It was often lamentable, he adds, to contrast the inferior persons yet more soldierlike of one of the picked foreign divisions, side by side with the noble physique and degraded morals of our countrymen. "Lord Wellington feels it much, and is much hurt." A remark of Mr. Larpent's points no doubt at the correct explanation. Courage is an unreasoning quality — and the foreigner, from seeing consequences more, and feeling them more, loses proportionately in that direction, though he is rendered more sober and orderly whenever it becomes material.

After all, however, courage, endurance, unflinching hardihood, the unreflecting obstinacy that *will not* be beaten, the unconquerable spirit never to yield or submit — these are the qualities for a field of battle, and from the English soldier they shine out with appalling lustre. Over and over again is Wellington found saying that there never was a scrape he got into in his life out of which he had not perfect reliance that these would extricate him ; and the same simple, manly answer he gives to a talkative French deserter (a Lieutenant-Colonel) who questions him about a position he once got into with Soult involving a scrape, only Soult did not take advantage of it.

He tried to pump Lord Wellington, and said, "If he had cut you off, perhaps you would have recrossed the Tormes, and made for the Benevente road? but you would have suffered much." Upon which Lord Wellington observed, "No, I certainly should have done no such thing; that would have been ruin. But, if you must know what I should have done, I should have done that which many thought I ought to have done as it was — I should have fought, and trusted to the bravery of my troops to get me out of the scrape." The Frenchman then said, "No one ought to have blamed you for not doing that, unless it was absolutely necessary, for the French were twenty thousand stronger than you were, and their cavalry was then very numerous, and in the highest order."

To this let us subjoin a passage nobly illustrative of the spirit of gallant emulation, of the eagerness of danger and honor, which distinguish all classes of men "whose limbs are made in England." A service of extraordinary peril is to be undertaken —

There was nothing but confusion in the two divisions here last night, (the light and fourth), from the eagerness of the officers to volunteer, and the difficulty of determining who were to be refused and who allowed to go and run their heads into a hole in the wall, full of fire and danger! Major Napier was here quite in misery, because, though he had volunteered first, Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt of the 52nd, his superior officer, insisted on his right to go. The latter said that Napier had been in the breach at Badajoz, and he had a fair claim to go now. So it is among the subalterns; ten have volunteered where two are to be accepted. Hunt, being lieutenant-colonel, has nothing but honor to look to; as to promotion, he is past that. The men say they don't know what they are to do, but they are ready to go anywhere.

It is needless to say that Wellington exposes himself and his staff with the most daring coolness at all times. It is the constant source of uneasiness, remonstrance, and (as we shall see) of pious protests and psalmody from priests and nuns. See how his staff suffered in a mere slight incidental affair — and what his own dangers were on this and other occasions.

Colonel Delauney* took one color, and rode on before the regiments to carry them on. General Hope was much exposed, and got two blows, one on the shin, and one on his side, but of no consequence. Gen. Packenham had a horse shot under him, his best charger. Gen. Robinson is shot through the body, a bad wound. Two of Gen. Sir S. Cotton's officers, his aide-de-camps, who were there as amateurs, suffered. One coming home was shot in the thigh. Many others had narrow escapes, and Lord Wellington remained exposed, untouched! it is really wonderful. . . . Sir John Hope was, including his dress, touched in seven places, besides a shot in his horse, and

through his large hat. The skin wound, though slight, is the only wound that gives him pain. Lord Wellington blames his exposing himself; *with what face I know not*. . . . We were all yesterday surprised by the news that the French pickets were all withdrawn near Bayonne on our front on this side, and that we might proceed close in to the works round Bayonne. What this means exactly we none of us know; Lord Wellington, however, was over immediately, to have a peep into the town on that side. Careless about himself, he got so close, that I understand there were some French in a house within about forty yards of him, and he did not move until he thought a French frigate lying in the harbor, seemed to be making some preparations, as if going to fire at the party. . . . Lord Wellington himself, with two other officers, went to the spot also to reconnoitre with his own eyes. Concealing his general's hat with an oilskin, he got into conversation with the French vidette, dismounted, got down to the water-side, looked all about him, saw all he wished, and came away. I think this was risking too much; but no French soldier would have any idea of the commander of the allied forces going about thus with two attendants.

That last instance was at Toulouse; but a few months earlier Wellington had at length been struck on the hip by a spent ball at Orthes — "a bad bruise and the skin broken" — whereupon, exclaims Mr. Larpent, after expressing what seems to have been the general fear that his hard riding after the wound might tend to make it of more consequence than it really was — "all our prospects here would vanish with that man!" Alava, who was riding with Wellington at the time, not many minutes before had received a precisely similar hurt, whereupon Wellington (according to his own account to Mr. Larpent) began laughing at Alava having had a knock, and telling him it was all nonsense and that he was not hurt — when he suddenly received this blow, and a worse one, in the same place himself. "Alava said it was to punish him for laughing at him."

Here is a striking illustration, quietly related by himself, of his calm self-possession in the midst of danger.

Having been writing nearly all day yesterday, I took an evening stroll and then went and sat down on the churchyard parapet wall. In ten minutes who should come there but Lord Wellington, *solus*? After one turn he came and sat on the wall with me, and talked for more than half an hour. Amongst other things I said, I hoped you in England would hear Soult's account of the Maya business first, as you then would be alarmed and value the latter account by the Prince of Orange as it deserved. He said, "Why, at one time it was rather alarming, certainly, and it was rather a close-run thing. When I came to the bridge of Sahaugen, I saw the French on the hills, on one side, and was clear we could make a stand on the other hills in

* Should not this be Delancey?

our position on the 28th; but I found we could not keep Sahaugen, that it was exposed to their fire and not to ours. I determined to take the position, but was obliged to write my orders accordingly at Sahaugen, to send back instantly, as, if they were not despatched back directly the way I had come, I must have sent four leagues round in a quarter of an hour later. I stopped, therefore, to write accordingly, people saying to me all the time 'the French are coming, the French are coming.' I looked pretty sharp after them, however, every now and then until I had done, and then set off, and I saw them just near one end of the village, as I went out at the other end; and then we took our ground."

And here follow two similar anecdotes, told by Lord Aylmer:—

Lord Aylmer gave me two striking instances of Lord Wellington's coolness; one, when in a fog in the morning, as he was pursuing the French, he found a division of our men, under Sir William Erskine, much exposed in advance, and nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing. But, on some prisoners being brought in, and being asked what French division and how many men were in the village, they, to the dismay of every one except Wellington, said that the whole French army were there. All he said was, quite coolly, "Oh! they are all there, are they? Well, we must mind what we are about, then." Another time, soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Onore, and when we were waiting in our position near them to risk an attack, to protect the siege of Almeida, one morning suddenly and early Lord Aylmer came in to him whilst he was shaving, to tell him "The French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone;" the consequence of which movement relieved him entirely, gave him Almeida, and preserved Portugal. He only took the razor off for one moment, and said, "Ay, I thought they meant to be off; very well;" and then another shave, just as before, and not another word till he was dressed. I find, however, it is said he magnifies the French now and then—sees double as to the number of blue uniforms, and cannot see all the scarlet; but I believe most men in his situation do this more or less.

It is perhaps only another form of the same cool and hardy indifference to danger, or whatever in his duty may affect him, that he is seldom excited in any degree by the military events of the campaign, however startling; though Murray's unexpected victory over Suchet appears to have moved him a little. On that occasion he "came running" into the military secretary's room when Mr. Larpent was there, crying out, "Murray has beat Suchet, Fitzroy." Generally, however, and at the most difficult times of the war, Mr. Larpent cannot discover that he is in any manner excited by news brought to him, however apparently critical. "I saw Lord Wellington

after he had seen the aide-de-camp, and he read a long letter quietly through, and seemed quite at his ease; but he takes all that arises so coolly that this proves nothing." When he loses this coolness is when he finds that orders of his own have been thwarted or delayed, no matter by what cause. "He banishes the terms difficulty, impossibility, and responsibility, from his 'vocabulary'" exclaims Mr. Larpent. Though the elements alone may be to blame, his rage is not less with their luckless victim. Perhaps in another remark of the judge-advocate's we may find something of the clue to this. "Lord Wellington never attends to individual hardships, but to the general good."

An indication of any unusual anxiety with him, we find, from Mr. Larpent, often assumed the form of extreme drowsiness at and after dinner (implying doubtless a failure of sleep the previous night), as immediately before Vittoria, when he had reason to fear that his own moves in the game were being frustrated by less skilful players. And in connexion with this we may add, what will probably surprise many readers, that Mr. Larpent incidentally mentions a proneness in Wellington to lie late a-bed. When any one is in camp whom he has confidence in (Murray is instanced particularly), "he is not so easily roused from bed as he used to be." But it is understood, Mr. Larpent goes on to say, that he was always naturally fond of his pillow; and this they thought borne out by a fact which they all had frequent opportunities of observing, that he would rather ride like an express for ten or fifteen leagues than be early and take time for his work. Many are the times he complains to Mr. Larpent of being kept out of bed till twelve, *say one o'clock*, reading courts-martial. Sometimes the proceedings at one of these courts will fill ninety or a hundred pages, and, says Mr. Larpent characteristically, "he always complains, and yet I think he likes to read these cases, and know himself exactly all that is going on." So fearfully had his papers accumulated on one occasion, however, after a five days' absence from quarters, that when the judge-advocate came in with another heap to add to them—he put his hands before his eyes, and swore he would not hear a word about them at that moment, or even consent to look at them.

The ordinary course of occupation at headquarters at this particular time is thus described:—

We have none of us much idle time. Dr. M'Gregor has seven hundred men to look after. The quarter-master-general, all the arrangement of the troops, clothing, &c. The adjutant-general, daily returns of the whole, constantly checked by an eye that finds out even a wrong casting up of numbers in the totals. Lord Wellington reads

and looks into everything. He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock; and then for an hour or two parades, with any one whom he wants to talk to, up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his gray great-coat.

Sometimes Mr. Larpent accompanies the gray great-coat, takes part in the walk up and down the little square before dinner, and talks with him about affairs at home. The division on Grattan's motion for Catholic Emancipation draws forth opinions a little startling in connection with the events of later years. He strongly disapproves of his brother and Canning having taken up the cause of the Catholics just when the tide was turning against it. He has himself taken up a strong notion ("from what he saw in Ireland") that independence is what the Irish really aim at; and he is therefore for giving no more, but proceeding upon King William's plan to keep them down by main force, as he thinks they have too much power already, and will only use more to obtain more, and at length separation. So, too, at other times, and those even the most critical of the war, he would get into long talks for hours about the poor laws, and the assize of bread, and this Catholic question and condition of Ireland, "just as if he had nothing else upon his mind."

His dislike of newspaper interference in his affairs appears at all times very great — so great, indeed, that even when directed against evils of which he was himself notoriously understood to have complained, and when known to have been prompted by his brother Wellesley's zeal to champion him against assailants in his absence, he prefers for the nonce to take the other side. The letters of Vetus in the *Times*, for example, he professed to disregard and think lightly of; and "made several of us stare," says Mr. Larpent, by suddenly defending, against Vetus, the very ministers at home against whom his own despatches supply such decisive evidence. Indeed, not many weeks before, he had expressly let that same audience understand that he was "not satisfied with the ministry though not favoring the opposition." It was on the same occasion he remarked that he took in the *Courier* to know what government meant to do, and as a decent paper to show General Castanos.

The hunting at head-quarters, as we see, is incessant; "almost every other day." There are three "odd sorts of packs of hounds," Lord Wellington's ("or as he is called here, the *peer's*") of course the best. He has also a good stud of eight hunters, and rides hard on all occasions. But Mr. Larpent was told he knew nothing of the sport, though very fond

of it in his own way, his general inducement being a *good gallop*. He is also very fond of figuring in the Salisbury hunt-coat, sky blue and black cape; and in that costume is often to be seen, in as high spirits and apparently careless enjoyment as if at home with nothing else to do, when the French are literally within sight and bent on mischief. One day, when he has started early with the hunt, Lord March and Col. Gordon are obliged to ride after him in the middle of the day to tell him that signal has been made that the French are in motion.

General Murray says that on hunting days he could get almost anything done, as Lord Wellington stands whip in hand ready to start, and soon despatches all business. Some of the generals (Lord Wellington said one day) used to come and hunt and then get on business, and get him to answer things in a hasty way he did not intend, but which they went away and acted upon. "Oh d—— them," he said, "I won't speak to them again when we are hunting."

Yet one can hardly say that even hunting interrupts business!

Much too hot for hunting, I should think; but all the sportsmen are out. Lord Wellington has not got good horses to be idle; he works them well. Besides all the hunting, &c., the day before yesterday, after doing business until twelve o'clock, off he went by himself, without saying a word to any one, over to Ciudad Rodrigo, seventeen miles off, inspected all the works, and was back again here in five hours and a half to dinner.

Another passion of the commander-in-chief's as marked as his love of hunting, Mr. Larpent was not long in discovering. He celebrates all the anniversaries of his great engagements in the Peninsula by grand banquets. The first that occurred while Mr. Larpent was at head-quarters was to commemorate the storming of Badajoz. The next was the battle of Fuentes d'Onore. The next was the anniversary of the battle of Albuera. Then it is Salamanca, which a great gathering and banquet must celebrate — so that at last Mr. Larpent is fain to exclaim that this great man's victories and successes will ruin him in eating and drinking, and if he goes on as he has been doing, he had better at once keep open house every day.

It is clear that Wellington prided himself not a little on these dinners of his — not simply his extraordinary banquets, but his every-day table.

He asked me yesterday, but I told him General Hill had asked me three days before, and expected me. "Very well," said he, "but I advise you to come to me, nevertheless, as you will get a much better dinner, for General Hill gives the worst dinners going." To General

Hill's, however, I went; and though plain fare, compared to Lord Wellington's, whose table is just now very good, and extremely improved, I got what I call a very good dinner.

There is a grim humor in what follows:—

Lord Wellington looks forward very coolly to another winter here. He said yesterday he should have twenty-five couples of fox hounds next season. The other day the commissary-general told him we had eaten nearly all the oxen in the country, that the cultivation of the lands in Portugal could not go on for want of them, and that he scarcely knew where to turn for a supply of beef, as there was this year no reserve store near Lisbon. Lord Wellington said, "Well, then, we must now set about eating all the sheep, and when they are gone I suppose we must go."

But above all we must give the reader a glimpse of a dinner and ball given by Wellington literally amidst the ruins of Ciudad Rodrigo, when, after first dining some seventy dignitaries, he received two hundred gentlemen and ladies at a ball and supper. The amusing expedients to cover the want of crockery, glass, silver, &c., and generally to veil the nakedness of the place with yellow damasked satin and silver or crimson satin and gold, are capitally related by Mr. Larpent; and the occasion called forth an astonishing activity on the commander-in-chief's part which one does not find to be at all consistent with the sleepy habits we have seen attributed to him!

The day before yesterday we had a hard day's work in the shape of gayety and amusement. My lord was desired to invest General Cole with the Order of the Bath, in a suitable manner. As he has never done anything at Ciudad Rodrigo, of which he is duke, he determined upon this opportunity to give a grand fête there in the midst of the ruins. A grand dinner, ball, and supper. . . . The whole went off very well, except that it was excessively cold, as a few balls during the siege had knocked in several yards of the roof of the ball-room, and it was a hard frost at the time. I never had a colder ride than going there. Lord Wellington was the most active man of the party; he prides himself on this; but yet I hear from those about him that he is a little broken down by it. He staid at business at Frenada until half-past three, and then rode full seventeen miles to Rodrigo in two hours to dinner, dressed in all his orders, &c., was in high glee, danced himself, staid supper, and at half-past three in the morning went back to Frenada by moonlight, and arrived here before daybreak at six, so that by twelve he was ready again for business, and I saw him amongst others upon a court-martial when I returned at two the next day. . . . The whole was laid out so as to astonish the inhabitants, and the defects concealed almost entirely—one hole in the floor had a man near it to see that

no one got a leg in, and a mat was over the hole. . . . With great care only a few silver spoons and knives and forks were missing, and I hear one plate. Henry tells me the servants saw one Spanish officer with a turkey's leg sticking out of his pocket; but like our aldermen, they are given to pocket even at Madrid, and have some excuse, as they are paid little, and find everything very dear.

This is all highly picturesque; and we may also observe that there is also a good picture of the duke on another occasion sitting and hearing with considerable coolness his own praises chanted in a Spanish ditty—(three Spanish songs having been written in his honor)—and "calling for it himself at times." On another occasion, however, when the Spaniards insist on entertaining him and his staff with a concert and lemonade (but this is when he is en route for Vittoria) we find him anything but admiring "*this time lost in singing psalms to him*," as he calls it. In truth the native population appear to have had the notion generally that everything depended individually on Wellington ("as I believe most people here do think," interposes Mr. Larpent); wherefore, at all the great crises of affairs present or expected, all the priests and nuns of the peninsula are sending up choruses of prayers and praise for him. He snuffs up such incense with supreme self-possession.

We are far from disposed, notwithstanding, to question what Mr. Larpent says of occasional touches of vanity to be noted in him. He ranks him in this respect as neither better nor worse than "every great man, present or past, almost without exception." Considering his situation, we are told, he is remarkably neat and particular in his dress; being well made, knowing it, and willing to set off to the best what nature has bestowed. "He cuts the skirts of his own coats shorter, to make them look smarter; and only a short time since I found him discussing the cut of his half-boots, and suggesting alterations to his servant, when I went in on business." Never for an instant, however, is there to be remarked about Wellington the least tendency to pomp or parade. There may be a touch of vanity, but there is none of pomp or humbug, when he appears at the grand gathering of the allies and sovereigns in Paris, amid a blaze of stars and orders, in his blue coat and little round hat. The distinction is always made by Mr. Larpent. He thinks he even carried to an excess his simplicity in respect to personal attendance, though in an amusing instance he records at Toulouse we are left to infer that a motive may at times have existed for it not wholly or exclusively Spartan and severe. A Dutch aide-de-camp of General Clausel's goes to ask Mr. Larpent to get him *entré* at Wellington's hotel—that he may

introduce his general. He fancies they will have to pass through armies of aids, officers, sergeants, sentinels, and Heaven knows what.

It so happened there was no one but an ignorant sentinel. In trying a door or two, we all blundered upon Lord Wellington, who came himself to the door; so I introduced the astonished Clausel and walked off. My Dutch friend told me that Soult and Suchet would have had about six aides-de-camp, &c., in the first room, and a general officer in waiting in the second. I own I think our great man is in the opposite extreme, but he does not like being watched and plagued. Just after the state *levée* yesterday, I saw him cross the crowded square in his blue coat and round hat, almost unnoticed, and unknown even to the very people who half an hour before had been cheering him. In one angle of Lord Wellington's hotel lives Madame C—, a Spanish beauty, married into a French family of rank, who are the proprietors of the hotel, but who have been obliged to let nearly the whole, reserving this angle. I do not mean to be scandalous, but this perhaps may have decided the choice of the house.

Let us show him also in the act of receiving (what Alava seems to have thought might have justified a little ceremony) the outward and visible token of the general Bonaparteian "smash" at the battle of Vittoria.

General Alava introduced an officer who came to present to Lord Wellington King Joseph's sword—his dress sword set in steel and diamonds, and very handsome. Where taken from, or whence obtained, I did not learn. Lord Wellington just looked at it as he took his seat at dinner, and, telling his man to put it by safe somewhere, fell to at the soup and said no more.

Sometimes a capital point of character is let fall unexpectedly at these dinner parties, with very good effect. There is no arm of the service at which Wellington rails at all times with so little scruple as at the artillery, and at the heaviness and slowness of the officers in command. "I took care to let him feel that I thought him very stupid," he remarked over "the soup" of one of these officers; whereon General Murray says (*aside and sotto voce*), "That must have been by telling him so in plain terms, I have no doubt." With the slowness of another of these slow officers he was made one day so irate at an interview when the conduct of some "friend" was in question that Wellington cut him short by telling him that "his friend might go to hell," when, overhearing him mutter slowly as he left, "I'll go, sir, to the quarter-master-general for a route," the pacified commander-in-chief "laughed well."

The truth was that these artillery officers annoyed the commander-in-chief by their unwillingness to move out of rule and precedent, or undertake anything which could not first be

squared to demonstration, with strict mathematical accuracy. That was not Wellington's way. He was a soldier of all work, combining in his own person whatever was sufficient to preserve him from becoming dependent on the efficiency of subordinates. He had almost as clear a perception in every case of the method of doing the thing, as of the importance of the thing to be done; and he would never admit the possibility of a miscarriage unless the possibility of redeeming it was at the same time admitted. Thus at Badajoz, when the regular bred artillery colonels threw perpetual difficulties in his way, Mr. Larpent tells us he suddenly became principal engineer himself, picking out for his acting man, a young, clever, unhesitating artillery captain, whom he rapidly made major and lieutenant-colonel, "and," Mr. Larpent adds, "he now conducts the whole department here *because he makes no difficulties*."

This extraordinary aptitude for minute details, combined with the power of directing at the same time the grandest combinations and manœuvres in military science, was what really gave Wellington his supremacy over the greatest generals opposed to him. Mr. Larpent gave several striking anecdotes of the promptitude with which he mastered a difficulty by readjusting his arrangements to the new circumstances. In preparing for the famous passage of the Adour, a want of the due quantity of wood was started as a reason for delay:

To show you how little Lord Wellington listens to objections, and how he rather likes to cut up the routine work, I may mention that Elphinstone told him the quantity of plank necessary would take time, and make a delay. "No," says he, "there are all your platforms of your batteries which have been sent out, in case of a siege. Cut them all up." "Then when we proceed with the siege, what is to be done?" quoth Elphinstone. "Oh, work your guns in the sand until you can make new ones out of the pine-wood near Bayonne." So all the English battering platforms have been cut up accordingly.

A still more remarkable case had occurred at Rodrigo. Scaling ladders became suddenly necessary to take some advanced work before any progress could be made with the siege, and the engineers had no scaling ladders with them. It was put as a hopeless case to Wellington. "Well," he said, no way disturbed, "you have brought up your ammunition and stores, cut them all up directly, they will make excellent ladders—there, you see, each side-piece is already cut." And by the help of these novel ladders the work was scaled forthwith.

It is hardly necessary that we should add, in speaking of Wellington, that there never

is any underrating of the power of an adversary, never any disparagement of the abilities of the men opposed to him. When it was reported, after Vittoria, that Bonaparte was himself to appear on the field of action, he said he should estimate his presence as equal to a reinforcement of 40,000 Frenchmen, for that it would give a turn to everything. As little is there a disposition to conceal his own occasional blunders — of which an instance is mentioned in this simple way : —

I dined yesterday at head-quarters, and sat next to Baron Wimpfen, the new quarter-master-general attached here to Lord Wellington. He is a very gentlemanlike man, and talks French well. We had much conversation together, in which Lord Wellington, who sat next to the general, often took part. He gave us the whole history of the battle of Fuentes d'Onore some time since near here, in which the French were three to one, and in which Lord Wellington said he committed a fault in extending his right too much to Posso de Velho ; and that if the French had taken advantage of it, there might have been bad consequences, but that they let him recover himself, and change his front before their face.

In the like unaffected, manly manner he speaks at other times of the advantages possessed by himself over the generals opposed to him. The subjoined extract is interesting for what it shows us of this, and also for what it tells us, with such quiet truth of observation, of the character of Wellington's mind in other respects — from which many undeserved imputations have arisen : —

You ask me if Lord Wellington has recollected — with regard ? He seems to have had a great opinion of him, but scarcely has ever mentioned him to me. In truth, I think Lord Wellington has an active, busy mind, always looking to the future, and is so used to lose a useful man, that as soon as gone he seldom thinks more of him. He would be always, I have no doubt, ready to serve any one who had been about him who was gone, or the friend of a deceased friend, but he seems not to think much about you when once out of the way. He has too much of everything and everybody always in his way to think much of the absent. He said the other day, he had great advantages now over every other general. He could do what others dare not attempt, and he had got the confidence of all the three allied powers, so that what he said or ordered was, right or wrong, always thought right. "And the same" (said he) "with the troops ; when I come myself, the soldiers think what they have to do the most important as I am there, and that all will depend on their exertions ; of course, these are increased, in proportion, and they will do for me what perhaps no one else can make them do." He said he had several of the advantages possessed by Bonaparte, from his freedom of action and power of risking, without

being constantly called to account ; Bonaparte was quite free from all inquiry ; he was himself in fact very much so. The other advantage Bonaparte possessed, and which he made so much use of (Lord Wellington said) was his full latitude of lying ; that, if so disposed, he said, he could not do.

Let us remark, too, that his utter want of respect for persons when a matter of propriety or duty is to be considered, is a feature in his character which has continual illustration in Mr. Larpent's volumes. The Prince Regent was excessively anxious to hold regular personal correspondence with him — and "much hurt" at failing to establish it ; but Wellington would not consent. He saw a certain impropriety in admitting any ground of private friendship or relations apart from his necessary communication through the ordinary ministerial channels. "I wrote to his ministers," says Wellington, "and that was enough. What had I to do with him ! However, his late favor was a reason for my writing, and I have had a most gracious answer evidently courting further correspondence." Which he intimated, adds Mr. Larpent, that he should not comply with.

In short, there was one thing Mr. Larpent found Wellington always surprisingly deficient in — "of which there is so much all over the world in every line, and which is often of such infinite use to those who can adopt it," — *humbug*. It is not the fashion, he says, here at head-quarters. "From Lord Wellington downwards there is mighty little. Every one works hard and does his business. The substance and not the form is attended to ; in dress and many other respects I think almost too little so. . . . The maxim of our chief is, let every one do his duty well, and never let me hear of any difficulties about anything — and that is all he cares about." One would say, on the whole, that it was enough ; and when the difficulties happen to take precedence of the duty, we have seen what storms and rages follow. Nor is there anything he fires up at more (to his honor be it ever mentioned) than at any oppression or plunder of the native and friendly inhabitants which it is within human power and watchfulness to prevent. "He says, if officers will not obey orders, and take care that those under them do so also, they must go home, for he will not command them here ; so many officers seem to think they have nothing to do but fight." Several examples recorded in the volumes of his own prompt and awful punishment of the least excess in friendly towns are sad to read, but doubtless had the effect desired. Here is a melancholy case :

The man was caught in the fact, stealing wine, and brought forward. Lord Wellington had him shot in the most impressive manner this morning, before all the corps, after a solemn admoni-

tion, and much parade. I am told the man appeared absolutely dead from fear before a musket was fired. He was unluckily one of the least culpable, for he had only taken away a bottle of wine by force. But he was caught in the fact, and suffered for the sake of example, as the least guilty in reality often do, from the most guilty being also the most knowing.

The officer from whom Wellington appears to have borne most in the way of thwarting or opposition of any kind was General Crauford. He knew his merits, and humored him. He knew also the extraordinary confidence which the men of his own division had in him. Some capital anecdotes of Crauford are told by Mr. Larpent.

He was very clever and knowing in his profession, all admit, and led on his division on the day of his death in the most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. He constantly acted in his own way, contrary to orders; and as he commanded the advanced-division, at times perplexed Lord Wellington considerably, who never could be sure where he was. On one occasion, near Guinaldo, he remained across a river by himself; that is, only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Lord Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Lord Wellington, when he came back, only said, "I am glad to see you safe, Crauford." The latter said, "Oh, I was in no danger, I assure you." "But I was, from your conduct," said Lord Wellington. Upon which Crauford observed, "He is d— crusty to-day."

Of some of the young men about him Wellington appears to have been very fond — of young FitzClarence, for instance, afterwards Lord Munster; and of the young Prince of Orange (afterwards King of Holland) who made himself popular with everybody.

The day before yesterday Lord Wellington ordered young FitzClarence to go and bring up two Portuguese companies to attack. He went. It was close by; but he was highly pleased with the order. When he had given his instructions, he saw a cherry-tree, and went up to break a bough off, and eat the cherries. When Lord Wellington lost his way the other night in the fog (returning to head-quarters), FitzClarence told Lord Wellington he was sure the road was so-and-so, as they had passed the place where he found the two Portuguese companies. "How do you know that?" quoth Lord Wellington. "By that cherry-tree, which I was up in just afterwards," was the answer. It amused Lord Wellington much; and yesterday he called to him, with a very grave face, and desired him to go and get some of the cherries, as if it were an important order.

The Prince of Orange was very thin and slim — which got him a nick-name:

Slender Billy was his nick-name with those who were intimate with him, and he knew it;

for one day, at dinner, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, not knowing he was present, said, "Where is Slender Billy to-day?" Upon which the prince put his head forward, and called out, "Here I am, Fitzroy; what do you want?"

Another prince — no less than the Duke of Angoulême — came afterwards to head-quarters. But he made no mighty impression in any way, and Wellington seemed to have been more than disposed to quiz both him and his gentleman in attendance, Monsieur Damas.

I do not think much of the little duke; his figure and manners are by no means imposing, and I think his talents are not very great. He seems affable and good-tempered, and though not seemingly a being to make a kingdom for himself, he may do very well to govern one when well-established. Lord Wellington was in his manner droll towards them. As they went out, we drew up on each side, and Lord Wellington put them first, they bowed and scraped right and left so oddly and so actively, that he followed with a face much nearer a grin than a smile.

And as the volume is open at this point (soon after the great battle) we will give two more extracts illustrative of remarks already made.

AFTER VITTORIA.

We now began to see the effects of the guns. Dead and wounded men and horses, some in the most horrible condition, were scattered all along the way we passed. These were principally cannon-shot wounds, and were on that account the more horrible. It was almost incredible that some could live in the state we saw them. From my black feather I was taken by some for a doctor, and appealed to in the most miserable voice and affecting manner, so that I immediately took out my feather, not to be supposed so unfeeling as to pass on without taking any notice of these poor creatures. Our hospital spring-wagons were following on, and men with frames to lift up and carry off those near the roads; some in the fields about crawled by degrees into the villages; but hundreds have lain without food or having their wounds dressed until now, two days afterwards. . . . I have been over the hospital, and the scene is most terrible; seventeen or eighteen hundred men, without legs or arms, &c., or with dreadful wounds, and, having had nothing to eat for two or three days, the misery extreme, and not nearly hands sufficient to dress or take care of the men, English, Portuguese, Spaniards, and French altogether, though the Spaniards and Portuguese had at first no provision at all for their people. Half the wounded have been scattered round all the villages in the neighborhood; and there are still many to come in, who arrive hourly, and are lying in all the passages and spare places around the hospital. . . . It was one pass, or valley, all the way from Vittoria here; the road infamous, villages every mile, but much damaged by the French, and the people, from affluence,

reduced to misery and distress. Oh war! war! little do you know of it in England.

VERY ANIMATING!

I think I never told you a little anecdote of our General Stewart, who is brave, and always gets his aide-de-camp, &c., into some bad blows, in consequence, if he does not get one himself. His people about him on the 13th were all touched, and he was nearly alone. An officer of the name of Egerton came up, and whilst there a shell burst between them; Stewart said, "A shell, sir! very animating!" and then kept Egerton there talking on.

One of Mr. Larpent's personal adventures, we must not forget to say, was to get himself taken prisoner by the French, who detained him a month before the necessary exchange could be effected. He found among the French a continual curiosity about Wellington "as one of the great men of the age;" and Wellington himself laughed, but did not seem disposed to acquiesce, when Mr. Larpent subsequently told him of the general feeling of the French officers that he ought to die now, "as he never would have such another year, and Fortune would prove fickle." If they could but have seen Waterloo looming in the distance!

When at last the whole British army forced its way into France, it is curious to mark the passionate desire for peace which is found everywhere prevailing or professed, and with it the lamentation and regret (often accompanied with even "curses") for Bonaparte's ambition — while yet hardly anywhere can a word of affection or respect be elicited for the Bourbons. Mr. Larpent is led at last to think that the people would really rather have Bonaparte continued, if they can have him with the condition of peace, than the Bourbons back. Three fourths of the population he believes would be so inclined, speaking from what he witnessed himself. "All have the highest respect for Lord Wellington," he adds, which they say they learn from the French army, high and low."

Of course when once the allies are in Paris, the constitution proclaimed, and the Bourbons installed, the time for any further tests of sincerity or good faith has passed altogether. Nothing now is visible or audible but a huge surface of apparent enthusiasm for the new order of things. Here is Mr. Larpent's account of a dinner at Colonel Campbell's in Toulouse, to which the news of those events in Paris was brought, and of the visit afterwards made to the theatre.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner — about forty of us — General Frere and several Spaniards, General Picton and Baron Alten, the principal French, &c., in came Cooke with the despatches. The whole was out directly, cham-

pagne went round, and after dinner Lord Wellington gave "Louis XVIII.," which was very cordially received with three times three, and white cockades were sent for to wear at the theatre in the evening. In the interim, however, General Alava got up, and with great warmth gave Lord Wellington's health, as the *Liberador del' Espagna!* Every one jumped up, and there was a sort of general exclamation from all the foreigners — French, Spanish, Portuguese, Germans, and all — *El Liberador d'Espagna! Liberador de Portugal! Le Libérateur de la France! Le Libérateur de l'Europe!* And this was followed, not by a regular three times three, but a cheering all in confusion for nearly ten minutes! Lord Wellington bowed, confused, and immediately called for coffee. He must have been not a little gratified with what had passed. We then all went to the play. The public were quite in the dark as to what had just arrived, but Lord Wellington was received in the stage-box (where he sat supported by Generals Picton, Frere, and Alava, &c., and also the maire) with no little applause, I can assure you. At the door the people would scarcely take the money from us; and in the opposite stage-box the French left the box themselves, and made room for us. We had our white cockades on the breast. The English officers in the house stared, and did not know what to make of it. Some thought it a foolish, giddy trick. In about ten minutes Lord Wellington turned his hat outwards to the front of the box; it was seen, and a shout ensued immediately. The play was "*Richard, oh mon Roi*" — fixed upon really before the news came. "*Henri IV.*" was played, and then the new French Constitution was read aloud from one of the boxes.

With which grand finale we may close these interesting volumes — dropping the curtain before any one has time to ask how soon it will be before it rises again, to a performance entirely different from that of *Richard, oh mon Roi!*

The Whole French Language, comprised in a series of Lessons. By T. Robertson. In three volumes. Volume I.

The author of this work proposes to reform the mode of teaching French, both as respects its thorough acquirement and the saving of time by the pupil; which last will be accomplished by means of three full-sized octavo volumes. The plan of Mr. Robertson is based upon what was called the Hamiltonian system — that is, a literal translation of the text, which Mr. Robertson follows by a free translation; the words of one lesson being thoroughly mastered before proceeding to the next. There are various other plans, one of which is to exercise the pupil on the most usual words only, and those chiefly derivatives; and this is good. Another is to mark the pronunciation of every word as it occurs in the lesson, by a complex system of signs; which strikes us as being troublesome and inefficient. — *Spectator*.

From the Spectator, 12 March.

CONSTITUTIONAL LEAGUE IN EUROPE.

ALTHOUGH the mission which a sect of enthusiasts wished to force upon Lord Aberdeen last week has no practical bearing on the actual state of the Continent, on our relations with Foreign Governments, or the proper functions of diplomacy, it does not follow that diplomacy might not be usefully employed in rendering the position of this country more secure and peaceable, and in ultimately averting war by exhibiting the impolicy of those who are most likely to provoke it. Since the settlement of Europe in 1815, the relations of diplomacy have chiefly centred in what are called "the Great Powers"; the majority of whom have for the most part set the fashion in the government of Europe. By this accident it has happened that the great party to which England naturally belongs has been merged in relations that cross each other and prevent its true distinction from the opposite party; and thus it has befallen, that to an unfortunate extent the Constitutional States of Europe, instead of being brought together, have been separated even more in appearance than in fact.

To this as well as to other causes may be ascribed the result, that the Constitutional interest of Europe has been losing ground, as the Absolutist interest has been gaining ground. In the conflict of extreme principles, one is now thoroughly thrown down and the other is triumphant; and in the open war of 1848, while we have seen the defeat of the one and the victory of the other, we have observed that the Constitutional principles, which were scarcely in issue, have been steadily declining. They have been so partly because their champions abstained from actively asserting them, or resolutely vindicating them where assailed; and so they sank out of view, as a quiet man is hustled between aggressive combatants into a corner. The influence of the Constitutional party has indeed declined so far that the actual political existence of some states, at the present day, is called in question; and all must now begin to feel that their safety, if not their independence, is menaced by the overgrowth and the gigantic encroachment of the Absolutist Powers. Passively to witness the undeniable progress of powers who, if not our enemies, at least hold principles incompatible with our political existence, is not to cultivate peace,

but to invite a mortal destiny for ourselves. To coquette in "friendly negotiations" with those powers, or with outlying confederates, is not to secure peace, but to disguise from our own sight the hostile intrigues which threaten us. Lord John Russell lately boasted that he was in peculiarly friendly relations with the French government, and was in communication with it "on the state of Europe." Now, how can the Emperor of the French be the fittest person for England to be consulting on the state of Europe? What sympathy can he have with Constitutional government? what community of interest? what experience?

Other states there are, however, whose essential characteristics mark them out as proper allies for England to consult in the critical state of European affairs. Belgium, for example, is bound to us by family ties, by similarity of constitution, and, it may be added, by her perilous position. Holland is inclined to us by her moderation; Denmark has shown a great capacity for appreciating the actual state of affairs; Sardinia is our pupil, and would willingly be our ally. The view which the governments of these states take as to the posture of affairs is a subject that it would much concern our own government to know; and probably if they were specially in communication on such a subject they might not only recognize the exigencies of the time, but discover resources that are at present lost to view for want of means for concentrating information.

Were it known, for example, that Belgium, Holland, Sweden, England, Sardinia, and perhaps Denmark, were in council on the state and prospects of Constitutional organization in Europe, there is little doubt that other states, whose position is more equivocal would rally to the common standard. Spain would be very likely to recover from her *coup d'état* delusions. Nay, there are states in Europe that have not exhibited any sympathy with political principles, and yet that are so situated as to find their interests more promoted by alliance with the Constitutional League than with the Holy Alliance of extreme Absolutism. Bavaria, for example, who cannot be regarded as belonging to any proselytizing system of political freedom, might yet say to herself—"These immense empires behind me, animated by views of government from which I do not altogether dissent, are growing so gigantic, so overwhelming, and so encroaching in their develop-

From the Examiner, 19 March.

AUSTRIA AND TURKEY.

ment, that I run a very serious chance of being altogether submerged in their rise. On the other side, this Constitutional League is by its very principles, and by the commercial character of the people who belong to it, peaceable, non-aggressive, and trustworthy; and, therefore, it will be much more to my interest to throw my weight into that Constitutional League, than to encourage those all-absorbing powers." Prussia, which has grown from a duchy to be almost an empire, but which still has to undergo mortifying dictation from its imperial patrons, would be much tempted to take advantage of any influence that could counterbalance its compulsory allies.

But it is not only individual states that might rally to such a league if it existed and were known to exist. In almost every country of Europe there is a moderate class; and in the most arbitrary of the empires, Austria, the action of the government has been to force that moderate class into opposition. While it is pretended that the revolutions in Italy belong only to extreme classes and low parties, the retributions of the Austrian Marshal—the fines on whole towns, the reproaches addressed to the gentry, the punishment inflicted on nobles and aged priests, in Mantua as well as Milan—prove that the middle and upper classes are forced into opposition, and that the administration of the supreme government has become most intolerable. It is the same in Naples. In Germany there is the party of Gervinus. To such moderate parties the existence of a Constitutional League would be the revival of hope.

Now the first step towards the reorganization of the Constitutional interest of Europe, is to ascertain how it stands. English diplomacy could not employ itself better than in learning the sentiments, the views, and the council of the Constitutional States, as to the future of Europe. There would be no occasion for secrecy in such a mission. The information would suggest the proper course of action; but if it were known that England had taken the initiative in such a proceeding, the very fact might give pause to those arbitrary governments who are now incited to extremities of tyrannical rule by the absence of control or check—who may force us into a war because our passive quiescence invites them to excess.

THIRTEEN years ago the preservation of the Turkish Empire in its independence and integrity was thought by the government of this country worth the risk of an embroilment with France, and a general war. We were told then that Russia, Austria, and England could not suffer France to protect a rebellious vassal against the chastisement of the Sultan, and that no matter at what umbrage to the French government and people, Mehemet Ali must be expelled from Syria, and reduced to submission to the Porte. To effect that object our fleet and troops were set to work burning and destroying, and France, unable to protect her *protégé*, thwarted and humiliated, was in a mood of exasperation, which any untoward circumstance might have pushed to the extremity of war. Looking back with the knowledge we now have of that period, and the elements of mischief which were prepared for explosion, and waiting only a rash hand to fire them, it seems wonderful that hostilities were escaped. But Louis Philippe waited his time, laying up the grudge in his mind like one of Homer's kings, and he took his revenge in the Spanish marriage, aggrandizing his house and satisfying his vengeance by the same unworthy transaction. It was then England's turn to be angry and alienated, and the loss of the friendship which had been a tower of strength to the King of the Barricades greatly encouraged his domestic foes, and emboldened them to proceedings which, combined with other causes, ended in the overthrow of the monarchy. The coolness between the governments of the two countries is thus clearly traceable to the difference on the Syrian question, to which also must be ascribed whatever share that estrangement had in the downfall of Louis Philippe.

But how are matters changed now? What respect is now claimed for the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire? Austria is now repeating the part which France would have played, but was not suffered to play, in 1840, with this difference for the worse, that the wrong is more naked, and for an incomparably more unworthy object. Consider what Mehemet Ali was, and what the Montenegrins are. Mehemet Ali, with all his faults, was a promoter of civilization; he established order, he gave safety to the desert,

and travellers traversed the country under his sway with more safety and exemption from annoyance than is now felt by the Englishman who has to make his way through the Austrian dominions. But he was a rebellious vassal, the protection of whom by France against the chastisement of the Sultan could not be endured by three of the four coalesced powers, Austria amongst the number.

Well, what are these Montenegrins, the protection of whom against the chastisement of the Sultan is endured by the powers pledged to maintain the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire? — a tribe of robbers and assassins, the match for whom in barbarism and iniquity is not to be found even amongst the Malays whose carcasses clogged the wheels of the Nemesis upon that admired occasion when Sir James Brooke so signally vindicated the rights of humanity, and gave a bloody lesson of civilization. Aggrieved by these miscreants, the Sultan despatches an army against them to punish and coerce their detestable practices, but Austria covers the brigands with her shield, and insists on the Porte's leaving the horde of cut-throats as it found them; and the powers pledged to maintain the independence of Turkey look on and acquiesce. We say nothing of the other insolent and wrongful conditions, for we would direct sole attention to the comparison between what we did at such mighty risk in 1840, to support the Sultan's authority against Mehemet Ali, with what we are now suffering Austria to do, in prevention of the provoked punishment of a race of murderous brigands, and in contravention of the Sultan's rightful exercise of his power as an independent prince.

In answer to a question put by Mr. D'Israeli on Monday,

Lord J. Russell said, her majesty's government had received official information that a final arrangement had been come to between Austria and the Sublime Porte, and that the demands made by Prince Leiningen on the part of Austria had been agreed to by the Porte. It was demanded, on the part of Austria, that the territory of Montenegro should be abandoned by the Turkish army, and that, as previous to these events, no encroachment should be made by Turkey on the coast for purposes of trade or commerce. That demand had been complied with. Another of the demands of Austria was, that the status quo before the war, as regarded Montenegro, should not be disturbed; and that, likewise, had been agreed to. On the subject of this last condition a communication had been made by

Colonel Rose, her majesty's chargé d'affaires at Constantinople, the effect of which was, that nothing should be done with reference to those important territories Kleck and Sutorina without the knowledge of her majesty's government. (Hear, hear.) With respect to another condition, that which related to Hungarian refugees serving in the Turkish army, he might observe that the first demand had been modified, and that Austria now remained satisfied with their removal from the frontier. (Hear, hear.)

And to this complexion has come all the big talk, and all the risks and substantial sacrifices for the independence of Turkey!

And what has been the friendly part of our government to its old ally? Why we, who stirred the Sultan to muster all his forces against Mehemet Ali, have counselled him that it was above his strength to move 50,000 men against the miscreant Montenegrins. And to prove our words, we let Austria bully him, countermand his armies, give impunity and encouragement to his enemies, close his ports against ourselves, and regulate the internal management of his empire in the ordering about of the refugees. To what this is the preface is clear enough. When young Mirabel is in the bravoes' den, one of the thieves tweaks his nose, another treads on his toes, as gentle preliminaries to the consummation of robbery and murder. And so it will be with Turkey, which has to pass through the stages of insult and humiliation, before she has her throat cut for booty.

Would we have a war to avert this event? Certainly not. But never again should England be committed to a policy bringing her to so lame and impotent a conclusion. The folly has been in engaging for what we could not perform; relying on allies, the fit epithet for whom Mr. D'Israeli must supply. The fool's bolt, says the wisest of men, is soon shot. We shot our bolt in 1840; to what purpose appears too clearly now.

From the Economist.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

It has long been the fashion among thoughtless writers, and those who consider everything, even nominally, Christian as necessarily superior to everything avowedly Mahometan, to speak of Turkey as a decrepit and moribund empire, kept in existence only by the mutual jealousies or the precarious forbearance of the more powerful nations, and doomed at no distant date to dismemberment

and dissolution. The prospect is viewed with something of the same complacency with which wreckers watch a magnificent vessel in danger of going to pieces on their rock-bound shore; and the speculations on the mode in which dismemberment is to be effected, are about as cool and unscrupulous as those with which these same harpies divide and appropriate in imagination the spoils which the storm is about to place at their disposal. We have long been accustomed to hear this language among influential writers and talkers, who echo only what they hear; but it is something new and ominous to see it taken up and formalized by leading journals, by men who aspire to the character of statesmen, and writers who are supposed not to be wholly deaf or blind to considerations of public morality and international policy. Yet this has been the spectacle presented in more than one quarter during the last fortnight, when the Ottoman Empire is once more threatened by the overbearing insolence of neighbors who think they may bully her with impunity, and who have long been greedy for her spoils.

Such conduct should meet with no countenance from the English press — not even that insidious support which consists in assuming that its success is a matter of certainty — that the destruction of the Turkish dominion is a fated and inevitable thing, which no effort can avert, and which there is no especial reason for desiring to postpone. It is true enough that the Ottoman Empire depends for its maintenance and integrity on the faith of treaties, on the wise policy, on the yet lingering and decent morality, of more powerful States. The combination of any two of her neighbors would suffice to overwhelm her: — nay, she might even fall under the assault of any one, if the connivance of the others could be counted upon. But of what European State, except the five great Powers, might not the same be said? Could Sweden, or Belgium, or Spain, or Portugal, defend themselves, if France or Russia chose to attack and absorb them, and if England and Austria stood looking quietly down on the gigantic and high-handed iniquity? Would it not be just as easy to dismember Italy as to dismember Turkey, if the leading States of Europe were so minded? And might not incapacity, decrepitude, and a benumbing rule, be alleged against the longer endurance of two at least of the Italian governments, with equal

truth and force as against Turkey? If the feebleness of the victim is to be the plea, why not parcel out Switzerland among contiguous States, or allot the smaller kingdoms of Germany to Prussia or Austria? If the incapacity of the government is an adequate justification, why not begin by the assignment of Sicily or Rome to worthier possessors than their present sovereigns?

But (we are told) the end justifies the means. It is a shame and a grief to see such splendid provinces as those which border on Constantinople and lie around Smyrna and Damascus in the hands of a worn-out and depressing despotism, under whose rule their population decays, their harbors lie empty, their resources are undeveloped. Compare what they are with what they might be — measure the opening which they now afford for European enterprise and commerce with what they might be made to offer — contrast the scanty produce of their ill-tilled fields with the vast harvests they might be made to yield under a wiser and more genial rule; — look at them now benighted under the sensual and fatalistic creed of Islamism, and think of them as they would be under the mild and civilizing influence of the Gospel of Christ; — and then say whether the interests both of religion and humanity do not demand that a transference of sovereignty should be effected.

To all such reasonings we answer: the same remarks apply with equal force to the south of Italy. Take Rome, take Naples, take Sicily — is it not deplorable to see them writhing and suffering under such besotted sway as that which now crushes them and disgraces Europe? Who can doubt that religion, humanity, material prosperity, social happiness, would gain immeasurably if these countries could be placed under the rule of England — ay, or even of France? Yet who, on that plea, would hold either England or France justified in taking possession of them, even if Russia and Austria were to be bribed or persuaded into connivance or consent? But are we so sure that the provinces of the Turkish Empire *would* gain so immensely by a transference to other masters? For ourselves we doubt it greatly. There is no doubt that the Ottoman government is in many respects anomalous and feeble; but it has several good points; — of late, too, it has made great efforts to improve itself; — it has two parties in the State, like most other nations, one bigoted, reactionary,

and conservative — the other enlightened, reforming, and liberal. Under the sway of the latter (now temporarily overthrown) several amendments had been introduced; and a gradual approach to European notions was being made. Are we — because Turkey is still in the crisis of an internal struggle which we all of us have had to pass through in our time, and in which some are yet involved — to pronounce her hopelessly incurable, and fit only for the executioner? But, if she be dismembered, what is the character of the two governments which would divide among them the chief portion of her rich and beautiful territories — Austria and Russia? Is it so certain that either Czar or Kaiser will govern her better than the Sultan? She has long had the most liberal commercial policy of any European State — no prohibitions — no protective duties — no heavy customs — no burdensome or cramping regulations — no selfish and narrow navigation laws; — all foreign articles are admitted at an *ad valorem* duty of three per cent., and may then circulate all over the empire unimpeded by *octrois* or transit dues. Would Russia or Austria continue a tariff like this, which so shames their own? Again: we admit and we deplore the despotism which reigns through Turkey as through all Mahometan countries; — of such we shall never constitute ourselves defenders. We have seen the grievous operation of this despotism upon the agriculture of perhaps the most magnificent and fertile lands which the sun shines upon; — we would be among the last to wish for its continuance. But we have no desire to see one tyranny replaced by another, more powerful and more unmitigated. The government of Austria in Lombardy is as absolute and more oppressive than that of the Porte, because more resistless, more vigilant, more ubiquitous. *Theoretically*, the Turks are as much slaves as the subjects of the Austrian dominion — practically, they are far less so. The pressure of extreme absolutism reaches few in Turkey, and strikes only occasionally: in the countries subject to the leaden rule of Austria, it lies like an incubus every hour and upon everybody. The Emperor of Russia is at least as great a despot as the Sultan of Turkey; and, what is not the case in Turkey, all his nobles are so too. The Russians are serfs, salable by their masters, seizable for military purposes by the Czar: the Turkish subjects are liable to be robbed by a Pacha, or beheaded by

the order of a Vizier; — but this is a *liability*, not a constant and normal position. Despotism, too, in the Ottoman Empire is tempered by the two most effectual modifications it can ever have — religion and municipal institutions. The Sultan is bound to govern according to law — *i. e.*, according to the Koran, of which law the Ulemas are the self-constituted judges in the last resort. If he violates that law, remonstrance and sometimes rebellion ensue: if his subordinate Pachas violate it, an appeal to head-quarters is often answered by the head of the offender complained against. Then, in no country in Europe (except Hungary before the late catastrophe) is so much left to municipal management as in Turkey. Her municipalities resemble in their completeness those which we found existing in India. The chiefs of a village distribute the taxation among their fellows, and conduct their affairs, both of social arrangement and of judicial decisions, in the first instance with little interference from higher authorities. It would be a great question whether individual liberty and habits of self-government would not suffer by the substitution of Austrian centralization — of all others the most deadening — for a system such as this, imperfect and ignorantly conducted as it may be.

Nor must the substitution of Christianity for Islamism be set down at once as clear gain without some further investigation. For what is the form of nominal Christianity which would be introduced, or rather established, in dismembered Turkey? Unquestionably, that of the Greek Church, to which considerably more than half the population already belongs. What is the nature and what the operation of that awfully degrading superstition may be learned in part from the books of travellers in the Levant, but can be adequately conceived by no one who has not himself in person witnessed its monstrosities. It is, we think, almost impossible even for the sincerest Christian to live long in Turkey without being compelled to admit that in point of purity and sublimity the Koran, as there taught, has a marked advantage over any other creed as there practised and travestied; and that on the whole its fruits are, to say the least, not inferior. The Turks are dignified fatalists, and simple and sincere monotheists; the votaries of the Greek church are slaves of a puerile and almost pagan mythology, which it is really disgraceful

ful to profess. As to many of the principal points of personal morality the tone of both people is low; but in one great distinction, the Osmanlis have a most undoubted superiority:—the Christians, whether Greeks or Russians, seem to have no sense of or regard for truth,—the Turks are honorable and reliable in all their transactions.

The not very brilliant success of the one kingdom, which has been already established by the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, has scarcely been of a nature to encourage as to further experiments of that nature. Greece has now had an independent existence of twenty years under the guarantee and guardianship of the Great Powers; yet what internal improvements have marked her course? what prosperity has accrued from her independence? what worth or honesty has signalized her dealings with foreigners—even with her benefactors? Little enough, as we all know, to our cost. It may well be that the Turkish Power is not destined to a perpetual duration;—but at least let her not be cut short while she is actually struggling for improvement and civilization—at least let her be maintained till she can be superseded by something indisputably better.

So much for the morality and higher considerations involved in the case: the question of mere policy and expediency must be discussed separately.

FAC-SIMILES OF OLD BOOKS.—Mr. Harris so well known for his extraordinary productions of fac-similes of old books, restoration of defective leaves, &c., favored the jury of the Great Exhibition with the following description of the means he employs:—"It was about the year 1815 that I was first employed by the late Mr. John Whittaker of Westminster, an eminent book-binder of that period; and I believe the idea of having ancient books of the early printers, &c., perfected by fac-similes, was first suggested to him by the late Earl Spencer, for whom many books were so done; and numerous specimens are preserved of some of the rarest productions of the press in the library at Althorpe. Specimens are also to be seen in the King's Library, which were done in the lifetime of George the Third, the art of imitation by fac-similes being patronized by him, also by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, the Hon. T. Grenville, and many others. I continued to work for Mr. Whittaker till about 1820, when I was sent for by Lord Spencer, for whom I completed a Pentateuch in Hebrew and Chaldee, and several other works; also I was employed by the late Mr. Grenville, in whose library are numerous specimens of various works completed by me, as there are also in the libra-

ries of many other noblemen and gentlemen by whom I have been employed during the last thirty years. It now only remains to give a brief sketch of the process employed. Formerly I made an accurate tracing from the original leaf, and afterwards retraced it on to the inlaid leaf by means of a paper blackened on one side; this produced an outline lettered page, which, by being gone over carefully and imitating the original, produced the desired leaf. This process was found to take up much time, and was consequently expensive, but it was the method I adopted while employed by Mr. Whittaker; and he, to carry out the deception still further, had two sets of tools cut of the large and small letters generally used by Caxton, with which he has often been at the trouble to go over the pages after my work was done, to give the appearance of the indentation of the type. The process afterwards adopted by me was to make the tracing in a soft ink, to transfer the same to a thin paper, and to re-transfer on to the intended leaf; by this means I saved one third, or one tracing of the work, which was a great saving both in time and expense. I pursued this process for some years, but I have within the last ten or twelve years had recourse to lithography, producing the tracing on to the stone, and finishing up the letters on to the same; this has been beneficial, particularly when more than one copy was wanted; but I occasionally find even this process irksome and uncertain, and frequently at this present time have recourse to my own."—*Jury Reports of the Great Exhibition.*

DECIMAL CURRENCY.—The *Times* says:—"The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce have issued a Report on Decimal Currency by a Committee of their own body appointed to consider a variety of plans submitted to them on the subject. After referring to the great advantage that would be derived by the community at large from the introduction of the decimal system, they submit two methods either of which could easily be adopted, inasmuch as they would interfere only in a very slight degree with the present arrangements and values. Circulars have been forwarded to the President of the Board of Trade, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, and the Governor of the Bank of England with the hope that the matter may be taken up * * The aversion of the idle and ignorant to being forced to conform to any improvement that would require even but a few hours' thought is such that the change could not be made without an outcry, although all the intelligent classes might desire it, and it could likewise be demonstrated to be beneficial to everybody. After its adoption, and the consequent compulsion to conform to it, even its opponents in a few weeks would be astonished how they could ever have gone on in the old way. But this ordeal would have to be met; and none but a minister who, recognizing a great national object to be gained, could withstand a month or two of noisy complaint, would ever be likely to undertake it."

From the Examiner, 12th March.

TURKS AND CHRISTIANS.

WHEN wolves are hungry and lambs convenient, lupine logic is always fertile in finding out causes of provocation to justify their satisfying what is after all but a very natural taste. Thus the young Emperor of Austria, who is a bigot as well as a despotic master of an expensive army ravenous for glory, finds a thousand reasons for interfering with Turkey; now that her provinces are in revolt, her finances in disorder, and her ministry the worst and weakest she has had for many years. As we have already said, he has no more wish or interest than the Sultan himself that Montenegro, or any other province of Turkey, should become really free and independent, for this would very materially endanger the possession of some of his own provinces, of similar race and religion. Nor is he desirous to attempt their conquest himself, for he knows that neither France nor England are quite so well disposed towards him at the present moment as to render such an attempt safe or advisable. But it would suit him exceedingly well to be considered the protector of the Christians — particularly the Catholics — of the Turkish provinces south of the Save, as Russia is of those in Wallachia and Moldavia. And it is to promote this object that the insurrection in Montenegro has been fostered, and the military demonstrations made.

Ever since the liberation of M. Kossuth, Austrian intrigue has been continually at work among the Catholics of Bosnia; and when their attempt at insurrection was put down, there were no calumnies the Austrian journals did not spread as to the cruelties exercised against them. Austria sent a considerable sum of money to aid such as had suffered from the destruction of their property, and in various ways showed her sympathy for the insurgents. The Pope even — that friend of toleration and liberty — invoked the aid of the young emperor in favor of the persecuted Catholics, although persecuted for revolt and not for Catholicism. It should be recollected that formerly Servia, Bosnia, and Turkish Croatia were fiefs of the Crown of Hungary; and although the Emperor of Austria spurns every obligation to which he is bound as King of Hungary, he is by no means disinclined to claim all the advantages which attach to the title. With smaller claims than these Russia has succeeded, on this same plea of protecting co-religionists, in acquiring such an influence in the Danubian provinces that they may be considered to all intents and purposes a part of the Russian Empire. And now a Russian envoy is bullying and intriguing at Constantinople to extend that influence under cover of protecting the Holy Shrines.

The young Austrian Emperor would fain, therefore, ape his great prototype of the North in all this, and get himself acknowledged protector of the Catholic Christians of Bosnia. But we really cannot bring ourselves to believe, notwithstanding the telegraphic despatches forwarded from Vienna, that so monstrous a claim has been as yet in any respect formally admitted. Could Austria thus establish a right to mix in the internal affairs of these provinces, it would soon be looked up to by the people generally as a protector, would be appealed to in all their grievances, and might easily prepare the country to fall ere long into its grasp a ready and a willing prey.

Now we would not be misunderstood. We are no extraordinary admirers of Turkey, nor are we disposed to sacrifice the interests of civilization for the maintenance of any power or any dynasty. If the provinces of Turkey are desirous of establishing their independence, let them do it; but do not let it be made a means of revenging a noble and generous action, and at the same time of aggrandizing a power less liberal both in civil and religious government than Turkey itself. No country in Europe, as we observed last week, has carried out the principle of self-government to so great an extent as Turkey, and it is for this reason that, in spite of its weakness externally, the Turkish empire still internally shows signs of life and vigor. As long as the taxes are duly paid, the Porte allows the people to assess them as they will, and to collect them by their own officers. In many of the villages in Turkey — and, if we are not mistaken, in Bosnia itself — a Turkish officer is not allowed to enter the village unless the tax is refused, and there are many in which no such person has been seen for years. It is notorious that Turkey is more tolerant in religious matters than half the Christian states of Europe, and no one who has visited Rome and Constantinople will doubt in which city religious liberality finds itself least a stranger. Ask the Bible Society whether their agents are expelled from Turkey as they have lately been from Austria; whether they ever heard of Turks being cast into prison for reading the Bible, as Italians are at Florence; and whether they ever understood that the Sultan allowed his muftis to drive out the population of a whole district for their religious opinions, as the Emperor of Austria did the Tyrolese Protestants some few years since! The humanity with which Omer Pasha has treated the insurgent Montenegrins who have fallen into his hands, is not only a striking contrast to the cruelty of his savage opponents, but to the conduct of the Austrians, who impudently claim to have frightened him into clemency. Haynau hung and shot the Hungarians by scores for defending by

arms the liberties bequeathed to them from their fathers, and confirmed by their kings. Omer Pasha treats with kindness men who have revolted with the intention not only of gaining their own freedom, but of conspiring against the safety of the empire itself. When within reach of victory, the Turk offers peace, religious liberty, and the freest political action. The Christian refused to "treat with rebels;" and, when victorious with others' arms, he robbed the country of every right it had possessed, and every privilege his ancestors had sworn to maintain.

Let us beware, then, how we grant our sympathies in such a cause or to such advocates. Because a horde of robbers and murderers, excited by the love of plunder and the promise of support, descend from their mountains and surprise a fort or plunder a village, do not let us fancy that the Turkish empire must fall before them. Because those liberal and tolerant sovereigns, the Emperor of Russia, the Pope, and the Emperor of Austria, have expressed their sympathy for their suffering brethren "*in partibus infidelibus*," do not let us at once conclude that the Turks have departed from their usual policy of religious toleration.

From the Spectator, 5th March.

THE course of events on the Continent is such that our ministers have been obliged to take a distinct position, and to declare that position in Parliament. Foreign relations have thus become, if not the most important, at least the prominent and stirring event of the week within the walls of the Legislature. The whole question of "the balance of power" was raised by Lord Dudley Stuart, in moving for copies of the communications between the governments of Austria and Turkey on the subject of Montenegro. Lord John Russell courteously declined to give the papers, but very frankly stated the actual position of this country in the matter. The almost local dispute raised by the people of Montenegro, in stretching the independence that they have enjoyed upon sufferance, has called in question the tenure of the Turkish government in regard to its own Christian subjects and the great Christian states contiguous with its territory; and while Lord John Russell informs us that the immediate dispute has been hushed up for the time, in great part through the good offices of this country to maintain the *status quo*, he holds out no hope of maintaining it for long. The interest of this country requires that we should maintain the *status quo*, while our honor forbids that we should share in any partition; the fall of the Turkish rule through its inherent weakness is imminent; and Lord John cannot conceive a readjustment of the Turkish territory without the greatest chance of an European war. In

saying these things, he has authenticated the essential parts of the information already before the public, and has given an official stamp to the usual anticipations on the subject. This authentic information is very important, in telling us what we have to expect, and thus relieving us from distracting our attention with useless calculations having no basis in probability. Meanwhile, Lord John Russell, though speaking in very moderate language, has placed this country in a position intelligible and firm.

Lord Palmerston has not been equally frank on the subject of the demands emanating from Austria, France, and Prussia, calling upon Queen Victoria's government to exercise some kind of compulsion or control over the movements of foreign refugees residing in England. In reply to Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Palmerston said that "no such communications had been received;" a statement which may be literally true, but it is one by no means incompatible with the previous, reiterated, and uncontradicted statement of the *Times*, that such demands were to be made by Austria, and that the other powers were to join in a note upon the subject. Lord Dudley Stuart may have erred in the matter of dates or otherwise, and thus saved Lord Palmerston from that which diplomacy abhors, a direct answer. But Lord Palmerston did not scruple to declare what this government would do if such demands were made—it would refuse compliance. The British government will enforce the law against any who shall attempt to break it, whether British or foreign subjects, but it will not give up the refuge which it has afforded to political unfortunates.

Ministers have had to maintain their position in colonial affairs against a rally of the Tory party, headed by Lord Derby; who endeavored to show that the relinquishment of the Clergy Reserves to the Canadian Legislature was an abandonment of trust in the imperial government towards the Protestant Established Churches. If Lord Derby were able to attain any success at all, which we doubt, it can only be in embarrassing the government. That he can arrest the transfer of authority on local affairs from the imperial government to the colonial government, is impossible; for that transfer is registered in the decrees of fate, and it only awaits final fulfilment. That he can sustain the Church of England in Canada by the will of the imperial government, and by compulsory exactions from the inhabitants, is a still wilder dream: any attempt of the sort could only draw upon Lord Derby's own Church a truly American hatred, and would combine the colonists for the destruction of it as an alien monopolist. It is only through freedom and equality, and consequent absence of the motives to ill-will, that

any Church, whether of England or Scotland, can maintain its stand in Canada amongst other persuasions, as in the United States. Lord Derby could but sacrifice the church of his creed to a canting manoeuvre and an anti-ministerial success.

The newest news from abroad once more directs attention to "Gery's folly," the illustrious "kingdom of Mosquitia;" for the newest events on the European Continent belong to a familiar series. Louis Napoleon is "warning" the ingenious journalists who manage to discuss him in metaphors. Paris and Vienna are gossiping over the sturdy English articles in the *Times* declaring that political refugees will not be given up. The Emperor Francis Joseph is getting better and his wound is healing; yet anxiety for his health evidently increases, and an "*alter ego*" is allotted to him to perform some of his autocratic functions. At Milan, Radetzky is following up punishment and fines with wholesale confiscations. And the Turks are fighting while negotiations proceed. But there is no decided turn in the course of affairs save that already noted in Parliament.

General Cathcart has achieved another damaging victory over the border Blacks of the Cape; and a revolution in Ava has secured General Godwin a holyday.

The true variety for the season is this new question about the empire of the Midge Monarch in the swamps of Central America. England proposes to the United States to abandon the British protectorate, and leave Greytown as a free city, with a neutrality guaranteed by both powers. How far Greytown is in itself competent for such a post, we may judge by the facts. The natives are a wretched mongrel set of Indians, degenerated rather than ennobled by a stray infusion of Spanish and perhaps Negro blood. They dispute a boundary with the American-Spanish state of Nicaragua. The Warwick who set up the king was a Mr. Patrick Walker, secretary or clerk, years back, under the Superintendent of Honduras, who obtained the patronage of Sir Charles Grey and Lord Grey. The king is a cipher in his own capital: his port regulations are administered by a nominee of the English consul or resident; his internal government is administered by a council of five, elected by the inhabitants—the five councillors being Americans. Here are elements for an American Hamburg! If the government at Washington should agree to the "independence" of Greytown, probably it would be with the recollection that Texas was made "independent" as a preliminary to her joining the Union: but imagine Mosquitia as a "state" represented in the star-spangled banner! It is derogatory to our government

that there should be any "question" with a great ally about such trumpery things as this King of the Swamp and all its vermin.

THE MUTUAL DISARMAMENT MISSION.

On the 26th of February, a deputation from the Peace Conference waited upon Lord Aberdeen and presented to him a memorial agreed to at the meeting recently held at Manchester. Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Hume, and Mr. Samuel Gurney, addressed the premier in support of the memorial; which, citing former speeches by Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel against the rivalry of states in augmenting their forces, recommended the intervention of diplomacy to effect a *pro rata* reduction of armaments on the part of England and France. According to a report which appeared to have been furnished to several journals at once, Lord Aberdeen said he had never met any deputation with whose objects he more completely agreed—

No one could more earnestly, he might say more passionately, desire the attainment of these objects as a security for the peace of Europe, than he did; and he believed that by no other means could any government more effectually promote the happiness of mankind and bring real glory to this nation. These opinions he had not adopted recently. They had often formed the subject of discussion ten years ago with his late eminent friend, Sir Robert Peel; but at that period the state of Europe was perhaps more favorable than it now is for carrying out the plans proposed. Admitting, as he had done, the duty of the government, they must consider the subject in a practical point of view. Strongly desiring the attainment of this most important object, they must look at the measures of a practical nature by which it must be carried out. First, there was the influence of their own example; and he might say, on this point, that the military measures into which the government had entered (whether those measures were right or wrong) were entirely on the principle of defence; and he thought they were not inconsistent with his views formerly expressed in Parliament. What he meant to say was, that if a country kept an army of 300,000 or 400,000 men, there was great danger lest they might be disposed to indulge the taste in which such forces originated. But the arrangements here were not at all of an aggressive character. There had existed in the country, as had been remarked, a strong feeling of alarm, and had the government desired it they might easily have availed themselves of this feeling and have greatly increased the armaments. But, whatever difference of opinion might exist as to the wisdom of the measures adopted—and they were fairly open to criticism—their sincere desire had been to do nothing more than was necessary, according to the opinion of competent judges in such matters. He admitted that the danger of aggression had been enormously exaggerated; yet he thought that a great country

like ours ought not to be left at the mercy of even the most pacific nation. With respect to the definite measure proposed by the deputation, he doubted whether, in the present state of Europe, such proposals would be listened to as favorably as they might have been ten years ago; but he again assured the deputation, that, whether their object was attained or not, it would not be for the want of an inclination on his part to promote it. He would keep the subject constantly in view, and no one could more earnestly desire so happy a result than himself.

As Lord Aberdeen has seen fit to entertain the proposition laid before him by the deputation from the Peace Conference lately assembled at Manchester, and more particularly as he has departed from the usual ministerial reserve in using language calculated to raise hopes on the part of those very sanguine persons, it may have become worth while to consider what would be the effect of their proposition if it were carried out.

The proposition formally conveyed to Lord Aberdeen by Mr. Milner Gibson, Mr. Cobden, and other exclusive friends of peace, is that he should "invite the various governments of Europe to enter simultaneously upon a reduction of those oppressive military establishments;" and Lord Aberdeen declares, that "if their object were not attained it would not be for the want of any inclination on his part to promote it." We do not indeed understand Lord Aberdeen to have conveyed the slightest hint that while he applauded the object, the disarmament, he accepted the means, the mission; but to avow so marked a sympathy with the object, to listen to the citation of his own words painfully resembling the new project, and *not* at the same time to meet the impracticable proposal by an unequivocal dissent, was, we make free to think, an official indiscretion. Now, let us suppose him promoting it, and proceeding at once to our nearest neighbor, who possesses an army of more than three hundred thousand men, with a transport fleet in the highest state of efficiency for immediate embarkation and transhipment. Let us suppose Lord Aberdeen going to the Emperor Napoleon III. and asking him to reduce that oppressive military establishment. To take a very favorable case, we might suppose that his imperial majesty would reply by declaring that nothing was more near his heart, and that he would at once proceed with the proposed reduction: our British forces of course to be reduced *pari passu*. Evidently, we could not ask him to reduce without doing as much ourselves; and supposing that he took off a hundred thousand men from his army, we of course must do no less. But then arise important questions. The first is, how the

Emperor Napoleon could assure us that the reduction had really been made. Are we to take him at his word, or are we to appoint English commissioners to visit the dockyards, barracks, and camps of France, for the purpose of ascertaining the reduction? We can scarcely expect that the latter process would be permitted by the French government; so that we must reduce our own establishments on the faith of Emperor Napoleon's word. Mr. Cobden "thought it would allay all the irritation, if it were publicly known that the two governments were in friendly communication on the subject." He states that he "is in constant communication with parties in France in whom he has the most implicit confidence, and he is satisfied that there is no foundation for the fear of aggression from that country; but if the government were to enter into diplomatic relations with France, they would be in a position to contradict such alarming rumors authoritatively." So says Mr. Cobden; who must possess very peculiar notions on the subject of guarantees, and certainly few would be so easily satisfied as he professes to be. In the first place, we ought to know who are the "parties" with whom he is in constant correspondence, and whether they speak on authority or not. Even, however, if we had the highest authority, that of the emperor himself, it would little avail us. Ought we to rely upon the continuance of peace because Louis Napoleon is to assure us that he has no intention of committing war — after we have seen him subvert by a midnight conspiracy a constitution which he had sworn to maintain, and which, but a few hours before, he declared himself pledged to maintain? Upon the self-same assurance, Mr. Cobden ought to have relied for the maintenance of the republic in France; and if he can have seen that republic subverted, and still rely upon the same assurance from the same lips, he must possess a degree of credulity unknown to the most simple of his countrymen. The assurances of Napoleon are to be considered ominous, not auspicious.

If Louis Napoleon were perfectly sincere, his answer most likely would be, not that he would reduce his establishment, but that, if he were as much inclined to do so as Lord Aberdeen himself, he would be unable. He might say — "I have no intention of attacking England: but I have Algiers to maintain; I have French interests to support in the Eastern Mediterranean; I have, if not to conquer the frontier of the Rhine, to defend the integrity of France at her present boundary; I have my throne to uphold, and the people have not yet acquired so much knowledge of the benefit which my reign is to bring that I can calculate upon my throne without an army." This would be a reasonable reply.

under the circumstances. For a country in the actual position of France, three hundred thousand men may not be too much. But while a sovereign maintains three hundred thousand men in arms, and owes little responsibility to anybody in his own country, his neighbors ought to be prepared for any possible turn of royal caprice or necessity. If he might honestly declare that he did not intend to attack us now, some new turn in affairs might justify him in his own mind six months hence.

Nor could we expect Louis Napoleon to reduce his army in the face of powers which have so recently hesitated to recognize him. If we would enable him to effect the reduction, we must pass from him to the powers that lie more remote from our own frontier, and, as we do so, probably we shall find the difficulty of procuring a consent greater. If we were to ask Austria to reduce her armies, she might, with her position and her views, very reasonably answer, that it is only by her armies, drawn from her several provinces, and then used against those provinces reciprocally, that she can hold her empire together. Mr. Cobden deprecates the large warlike preparations "in time of peace," but in the Austrian domains there is no peace. There is a revolution kept down by armed force; and if power is to be measured by the resistance which maintains it in a state of equilibrium, then we can appreciate the civil war tacitly and silently going on in Austria by the terrors and tyrannies that alone preserve the *status quo*.

Austria cannot reduce her armies, excepting under these alternative conditions—the abandonment of her provinces; or the abandonment of her principles on the subject of government, in favor of those that Mr. Cobden might offer, ready-made, of English manufacture. But even if, by some miracle of conquest over revolution or over herself, she were quit of internal enemies, how could Austria reduce her armaments in the face of her ally, Russia, who already views with a keen appetite the Slavonian provinces? Before Austria can reduce, Russia must reduce; wherefore, let Mr. Cobden, Mr. Milner Gibson, and other members of the deputation, convey themselves to St. Petersburg, and lay their proposition before the Emperor Nicholas. He will tell them, very politely perhaps, that his army is his empire. Lord Aberdeen, indeed, might safely promise to carry out the mission for whose object he avows so much sympathy, when Mr. Cobden shall have succeeded in converting the Emperor Nicholas to the tenets of the Peace Association.

On the first blush there is a show of reason in this proposition for a reciprocal disarmament; but there is nothing rational in convey-

ing to any "parties" propositions which we know them to be incapable, by their circumstances or their education, of entertaining; and he who travels about the world hawking a proposition, with high and sacred names, for which he cannot find a market, is guilty either of Quixotic foolishness or of a still more degrading hypocrisy. Perhaps it would have been as well if so experienced a diplomatist as Lord Aberdeen had given to Mr. Cobden more directly the benefit of his better knowledge, and so, instead of appearing disposed "to promote the object," had at once declared that there is not the slightest prospect of doing anything with it in Europe at the present time.

The abstract reasoning of a proposition does not suffice to make it reasonable between all "parties." If a burglar were breaking into his window, Mr. Cobden might bring him the most incontestable proofs as to the injudiciousness of his course, even on the principles of self-interest. He might prove to demonstration that no amount of plunder could in the long run be profitable; that honest industry is not only the more profitable, but it is the more healthy and happy course. He might prove that the burglar inevitably comes to a bad end; that thieves do not get on in life; and that even the "fence," the capitalist of that tribe, is liable to the fate of Ikey Solomons. He might make good these propositions, without any kind of comment at all, by his own favorite plan, the exhibition of blue-book statistics. Yet we doubt very much whether the most cogent argument would induce the visitor to relinquish either his "jemmy" or his "barkers."

We incline to believe, that however much the householders of the country at large might be in favor of mutual disarmament as between citizens and thieves, they would not at all rely upon such friendly negotiations for any practical purpose. Nay, we suspect that the worldly wisdom of a gentleman who proposed to meet foreign invaders of the household in that fashion would not be estimated at a very high rate. A man who should go down to Cambridge armed with a Colt's revolver, as the instrument for winning the honors of Senior Wrangler, would fairly lay himself open to Mr. Cobden's censures; but if Mr. Cobden thinks that the weapons of the Anti-Corn law would prove triumphant among the Don Cossacks or the Croat, he is under a serious mistake; which he might discover before he had gone half-way to the Banat—or rather, which somebody else might discover; for Mr. Cobden's power of reception seems to exist only for one species of knowledge. We are only surprised to see Lord Aberdeen half inclined to accept the post of missionary under Mr. Cobden's Anti-War League.

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LEXINGTON.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dew buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were
 sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun;
 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is
 springing,
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is
 wet!
 Faint is the feeble breath,
 Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hill-sides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst
 rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering-drum.
 Fast on the soldier's path
 Darken the waves of wrath;

Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
 Red glares the musket's flash,
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.
Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
 Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
 Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
 Pale is the lip of scorn,
 Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
 Many a belted breast
 Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.
Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is
 raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
 Far as the tempest thrills
 Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.
Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
 Borne on her northern pine,
 Long o'er the foaming brine,
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

From the National Era.

APRIL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Spring comes slowly up this way.

CHRISTABEL.

'T is the noon of spring-time, but never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or maple is heard ;
For green meadow grasses, wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should

blow,
Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
By south-sloping brook-sides should smile in the
light,

O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking
roots,

The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots ;
And, longing for light under wind-driven heaps,
Round the holes of the pine wood the ground
laurel creeps

Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst
into flowers !

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the South !
The touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy
mouth ;

For the yearly Evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod.
Up our long river valley for days has not ceased
The wail and the shriek of the bitter North-east,
Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and
snow,

All the way from the land of the wild Esquimaux.
Oh, soul of the spring-time ! its balm and its
breath,

O, light of its darkness, and light of its death !
Why wait we thy coming ? Why linger so long
The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy
song ?

Renew the great miracle ! Let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old !
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has
lain,

Awake with the warmth and the brightness
again,

And in blooming of flower, and budding of tree,
The symbols and type of our destiny see —

The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the
soul !

From the Atlas.

EVERY one, at some period of life, has felt
the utter futility of deciding that any place,
no matter how much present happiness arises
from its proximity, will be always attractive.
Some domestic calamity renders an apartment,
once redolent of joy and youthful pleasure,
the darkest spot in the whole mansion, and we
turn away from the door with a shudder,
where, in other days, we entered with a light
heart and a song on our lips. A trifle will
sometimes strip a scene of great natural beauty
of all its glories, and hang dark clouds where
only sunshine has lingered. The following

poem is descriptive of an incident in the experience of some friends of the writer — an experience, or one of a similar nature, quite common to all.

THE LITTLE HAND.

Our hut was near the ocean marge,
One summer many a year ago,
Where, all around, the huge rocks plunged
Their giant forms in deeps below.

We used to see the sun go down
The watery western skies afar,
And hail, with eager, childish joy,
The light of every new-born star.

Along the beach, among the cliffs,
Our days in pastime seemed to glide,
As if the hours were made to mark
The ebb and flow of ocean's tide.

We said : " Till all our locks are gray,
Each year in June we'll hither roam,
And pitch our tent — no other spot
Shall be our life-long summer home."

One morn we strolled along the shore,
To watch the waves come rolling in ;
The night had been a night of fear,
Of thunder crash, and tempest din,

In glee we sang our ocean songs,
As on we moved across the sand —
" What's that among the salt sea-weed ?"
A little, helpless human hand !

We put the cold, wet grass aside,
The gathering surf we brushed away,
And there, in pallid death's embrace,
A ship wrecked child extended lay.

We took it from the murderous wave,
Looked once upon the storm-scared eyes,
Then scooped a grave where waters moan,
And oft the wailing sea-bird flies.

The charm had fled — the hut, the cliff,
The beach, so often wandered o'er,
Were poisoned by a lifeless hand —
We went — and we returned no more !

ON HARMONY.

When whispering winds do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart ;
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part ;

When threads can make
A heart-string quake ;
Philosophy
Will scarce deny
The soul can melt in Harmony.

O hush me, hush me, charming air,
My sense is rocked with wonders sweet ;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like spirit's, are thy feet.

Grief who need fear,
That hath an ear ? —
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

From the Westminster Review.

THACKERAY'S WORKS.

1. *The Paris Sketch Book*. By MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. 2 vols.
2. *Comic Tales and Sketches*. By M. A. TITMARSH. 2 vols. 1841.
3. *The Irish Sketch Book*. By M. A. TITMARSH. 2 vols. 1843.
4. *Vanity Fair*. 2 vols. 1848.
5. *Pendennis*. 2 vols. 1850.
6. *The Book of Snobs*. 1848.
7. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq. Written by Himself*. 3 vols. 1852.

FIVE years ago, in dedicating the second edition of "Jane Eyre" to the author of "Vanity Fair," Currer Bell spoke of him thus:—"Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humor, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humor attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer-cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb." When this was written, Mr. Thackeray was not the popular favorite he has since become. He counts readers now by hundreds, where then he only counted tens. In those days, Currer Bell's panegyric was pronounced extravagant by many who now, if they do not echo, will at least scarcely venture to dispute it; but it may be doubted whether, up to the present time, full justice has been done by any of Mr. Thackeray's critics to the peculiar genius of the man, or to the purpose with which his later books have been written. It is not, indeed, to the Press that he owes the appreciation which it is probable he values most. Its praise has generally been coupled with censure for what has occupied his most deliberate thought, and been conceived with the most earnest purpose. While it has extolled his wit, his keen eye, his graphic style, his trenchant sarcasm, his power of exposing cant and Pharisaism in all its phases, it has, at the same time, been loud in its outcry against the writer's cynicism and want of faith, the absence of heroism and elevation in his characters—the foibles of all his women, the vices of all his men.

Enough, and more than enough, has been said and written upon these points; but among a large section of his readers it has long been felt, that it may not have been without a purpose that Mr. Thackeray has never endowed his characters with ostentatious heroic virtues, or dwelt much on the brighter aspects of humanity; that his most unsparring ridicule, and his most pungent delineations of human folly or vice, are not tinged by the sour humors of the cynic or misanthrope, but that, through his harshest tones, there may be heard the sweet under-notes of a nature kindly and loving, and a heart warm and unspoiled, full of sympathy for goodness and all simple worth, and of reverence for all unaffected greatness.

Not many years ago, when reputations which are now effete were at their zenith, a pen was busy in our periodical literature, in which the presence of a power was felt by those who watched that literature, which seemed only to want happier circumstances to develop into forms worthy of a permanent place among English classics. Under many patronymics, its graphic sketches and original views were ushered into the world. The immortal Yellowplush, the James de-la-Pluche of a later date, the vivacious George Fitzboodle, the versatile Michael Angelo Titmarsh, were names well-known and prized within a limited circle. In Mr. Thackeray's lucubrations under all these pseudonyms, there was a freshness and force, a truthfulness of touch, a shrewdness of perception, and a freedom from conventionalism, whether in thought or expression, which argued in their originator something more akin to genius than to mere talent. Here was a man who looked below the surface of things, taking nothing for granted, and shrinking from no scrutiny of human motives, however painful; who saw clearly and felt deeply, and who spoke out his thought manfully and well. In an age of pretence, he had the courage to be simple. To strip sentimentalism of its frippery, pretension of its tinsel, vanity of its masks, and humbug literary and social of its disguises, appeared to be the vocation of this graphic satirist. The time gave him work to do in abundance, and manifestly neither skill nor will were wanting in him for the task. Best of all, he did not look down upon his fellow-men from those heights of contempt and scorn, which make satirists commonly the most hateful as well as the most profitless of writers. The hand that was mailed to smite had an inward side soft to caress. He claimed no superiority, arrogated for himself no peculiar exemption from the vices and follies he satirized; he had his own mind to clear of cant as well as his neighbors', and professed to know their weak side only through a consciousness of his own. Just as he proclaimed

himself as Mr. Snob, *par excellence*, when writing of the universal snobbishness of society at a later date, so in the "Confessions of Fitzboodle," or "The Yellowplush Papers," he made no parade of being one whit wiser, purer, or more disinterested than other people. Relentless of foppery, falsehood, and rascality, however ingeniously smoothed over or concealed, he was not prone to sneer at frailty, where it laid no claim to strength, or folly where it made no pretence of wisdom. The vices of our modern social life were the standing marks for the shafts of his ridicule, but here and there, across his pages, there shot gleams of a more pleasing light, which showed how eagerly the lynx-eyed observer hailed the presence of goodness and candor, and generosity, whenever they crossed his path.

That he may, in those days, have thought them rarer than his subsequent experience has proved, is more than probable; and, indeed, this circumstance gave to many of his earlier sketches a depth of shade, which leaves an impression on the mind all the more painful, from the terrible force with which the tints are dashed in. No man ever sketched the varieties of scoundrelism or folly with more force than Yellowplush or Fitzboodle, but we cannot move long among fools and scoundrels without disgust. In these sketches, the shadows of life are too little relieved for them to be either altogether true to nature, or tolerable as works of art. We use them as studies of character, but, this purpose served, are fain to put them aside forever after. Hence, no doubt, it was that these vigorous sketches, at the time they appeared, missed the popularity which was being won by far inferior works; and hence, too, they will never become popular even among those whom Mr. Thackeray's subsequent writings have made his warmest admirers. Bring them to the touchstone whose test all delineations of life must bear, to be worthy of lasting repute — the approval of a woman's mind and taste — and they are at once found to fail. Men will read them, and smile or ponder as they read, and, it may be, reap lessons useful for after needs; but a woman lays down the book, feeling that it deals with characters and situations, real perhaps, but which she can gain nothing by contemplating. No word, image, or suggestion, indeed, is there to offend her modesty — for, in this respect, Mr. Thackeray in all his writings has shown that reverence for womanhood and youth, which satirists have not often maintained; — but just as there are many things in life which it is best not to know, so in these pictures of tainted humanity there is much to startle the faith, and to disquiet the fancy, without being atoned for by any commensurate advantage. With what admirable force, for example, are all the characters etched in Yellowplush's

"Amours of Mr. Deuceace!" The Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace himself — his amiable father, the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Blewitt — where in literature shall we find such a trio of scoundrels, so distinct in their outlines, so unmistakably true in all their tints! How perfect too, as portraits, are Dawkins, the pigeon, of whom Deuceace and Blewitt, well-trained hawks, make so summary a meal, and Lady Griffin, the young widow of Sir George Griffin, K.C.B., and her ugly step-daughter Matilda! No one can question the probability of all the incidents of the story. Such things are happening every day. Young fools like Dawkins fall among thieves like Deuceace and Blewitt, and the same game of matrimonial speculation is being played daily, which is played with such notable results by Deuceace and Miss Matilda Griffin. The accomplished swindler is ever and anon caught like him, the fond silly woman as constantly awakened like her, out of an insane dream, to find herself the slave of cowardice and brutality. Villany so cold, so polished, so armed at all points, as that of the Earl of Crabs, is more rare; but men learn by bitter experience, that there are in society rascals equally agreeable and equally unredeemed. There is no vulgar daubing in the portraiture of all these worthies; — the lines are all true as life itself, and bitten into the page as it were with vitriol. Every touch bears the trace of a master's hand, and yet what man ever cared to return to the book, what woman ever got through it without a sensation of humiliation and disgust! Both would wish to believe the writer untrue to nature, if they could; both would willingly forego the exhibition of what, under the aspect in which it is here shown, is truly "that hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Of all Mr. Thackeray's books this is, perhaps, the most open to the charge of sneering cynicism, and yet even here glimpses of that stern but deep pathos are to be found, of which Mr. Thackeray has since proved himself so great a master. We can even now remember the mingled sensation of shuddering pity and horror, with which the conclusion of this story years ago impressed us. Deuceace, expecting an immense fortune with Miss Matilda Griffin, who, on her part, believes him to be in possession of a fine income, marries her; — the marriage having been managed by his father, the Earl of Crabs, in order that he may secure Lady Griffin for himself, with all Miss Griffin's fortune, which falls to her ladyship, in the event of Matilda marrying without her consent. Lady Griffin has previously revenged herself for the Honorable Algernon's slight of her own attachment to him, by involving him in a duel with a Frenchman, in which he loses his right hand. The marriage once concluded, Deuceace and his wife find their mutual mistake, and the penni-

less pair, on appealing for aid to the Earl of Crabs and his new-made wife, are spurned with remorseless contempt. What ensues, let Mr. Yellowplush tell in his own peculiar style :—

About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves were on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll on the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly ahead, and us as happy as possibl, admiring the pleasant woods, and the golden sunset.

My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the exquisit beauty of the sean, and pouring forth a host of buttle and virtuous sentiment sootable to the hour. It was daliteste to hear him. "Ah!" said he, "black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!"

Lady Crabg did not speak, but prest his arm, and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the infliwents of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean before. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his count-nints. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn take the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer lickwise took our places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstrame delixxy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screeching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

Denceace turned round. I see his face now — the face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carriage, and pointed to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, and struck the woman by his side. She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing!

There is a frightful truthfulness in this picture that makes the heart sick. We turn from it, as we do from the hideous realities of an old Flemish painter, or from some dismal revelation in a police report. Still, the author's power burns into the memory the image of that miserable woman, and his simple exclamation at the close tells of a heart that has bled at the monstrous brutalities to the sex, of which the secret records are awfully prolific, but which the romance writer rarely ventures to approach. If we have

smiled at the miserable vanity and weakness of poor Matilda Griffin before, we remember them no more after that woful scene.

"The Luck of Barry Lyndon," which followed soon after the appearance of "The Yellowplush Papers," was a little relieved by brighter aspects of humanity, but so little, that it can never be referred to with pleasure, despite the sparkling brilliancy of the narrative, and abundant traces of the most delightful humor. How completely, in a sentence, does Barry convey to us a picture of his mother!

Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbors regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way, that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her.

The same vein of delicate sarcasm runs throughout the tale, where every page is marked by that matchless expressiveness and ease of style for which Mr. Thackeray is the envy of his contemporaries. The hero is as worthless a scoundrel as ever swindled at *ecarté*, or earthed his man in a duel. He narrates his own adventures and rascalities with the artless *naïveté* of a man troubled by no scruples of conscience or misgivings of the moral sense — a conception as daring as the execution is admirable. For a time the reader is carried along, with a smiling admiration of the author's humor, and quiet way of bringing into view the seamy side of a number of respectable shams; but when he finds that he is passed along from rake to swindler, from gambler to ruffian — that the men lie, cheat, and cog the dice, and that the women intrigue, or drink brandy in their tea, or are fatuous fools, the atmosphere becomes oppressive, and even the brilliancy of the wit begins to pall. Yet there are passages in this story, and sketches of character, which Mr. Thackeray has never surpassed. Had these been only mingled with some pictures of people not either hateful for wickedness or despicable for weakness, and in whom we could have felt a cordial interest, the tale might have won for its author much of the popularity which he must have seen, with no small chagrin, carried off by men altogether unfit to cope with him in originality or power.

There is always apparent in Mr. Thackeray's works so much natural kindness, so true a sympathy with goodness, that only some bitter and unfortunate experiences can explain, as it seems to us, the tendency of his mind at this period to present human nature in its least ennobling aspects. Whenever the man himself speaks out in the first person, as in his pleasant books of travel — his "Irish Sketch Book," and his "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo" — he shows so little of the cynic, or the melancholy Jaques — finds so hearty a delight in the contemplation of all

simple pleasures, and so cordially recognizes all social worth and all elevation of character, as to create surprise that he should have taken so little pains in his fictions to delineate good or lofty natures. That this arose from no want of love for his fellow-men, or of admiration for the power which, by depicting goodness, self-sacrifice, and greatness, inspires men with something of these qualities, is obvious — for even at the time when he was writing those sketches to which we have adverted, Mr. Thackeray's pen was recording, with delightful cordiality, the praises of his great rival, Dickens, for these very excellences, the absence of which in his own writings is their greatest drawback. It is thus he wrote in February, 1844, of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." We quote from "Fraser's Magazine."

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there, and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now — something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? . . .

Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knows the other or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!" . . . As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, "God bless him!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

In a writer who felt and wrote thus, it was

most strange to find no effort made to link himself to the affections of his readers by some portraiture, calculated to take hold of their hearts, and to be remembered with a feeling of gratitude and love! Whatever Mr. Thackeray's previous experiences may have been, however his faith in human goodness may have been shaken, the very influences which he here recognizes of such a writer as Dickens must have taught him how much there is in his fellow-men that is neither weak nor wicked, and how many sunny and hopeful aspects our common life presents to lighten even the saddest heart.

The salutary influence of Dickens' spirit may, indeed, be traced in the writings of Mr. Thackeray about this period, tempering the bitterness of his sarcasm, and suggesting more pleasing views of human nature. The genius of the men is, however, as diverse as can well be conceived. The mind of the one is as hopeful as it is loving. That of the other, not less loving, though less expansive in its love, is constitutionally unhelpful. We smile at folly with the one; the other makes us smile, indeed, but he makes us think too. The one sketches humors and eccentricities which are the casualties of character; the other paints characters in their essence, and with a living truth which will be recognized a hundred years hence as much as now. Dickens' serious characters, for the most part, relish of melodramatic extravagance; there is no mistake about Thackeray's being from the life. Dickens' sentiment, which, when good, is good in the first class, is frequently far-fetched and pitched in an unnatural key — his pathos elaborated by the artifices of the practised writer. Thackeray's sentiment, rarely indulged, is never otherwise than genuine; his pathos is unforced, and goes to the roots of the heart. The style of Dickens, originally lucid, and departing from directness and simplicity only to be amusingly quaint, soon became vicious, affected, and obscure: that of Thackeray has always been manly and transparent, presenting his ideas in the very fittest garb. Dickens' excellence springs from his heart, to whose promptings he trusts himself with an unshrinking faith that kindles a reciprocal enthusiasm in his readers: there is no want of heart in Thackeray, but its utterances are timorous and few, and held in check by the predominance of intellectual energy and the habit of reflection. Thackeray keeps the realities of life always before his eyes; Dickens wanders frequently into the realms of imagination, and, if at times he only brings back, especially of late, fantastic and unnatural beings, we must not forget, that he has added to literature some of its most beautiful ideals. When he moves us to laughter, the laughter is broad and joyous; when he bathes the cheek in tears, he leaves

in the heart the sunshine of a bright after-hope. The mirth which Thackeray moves rarely passes beyond a smile, and his pathos, while it leaves the eye unmoistened, too often makes the heart sad to the core, and leaves it so. Both are satirists of the vices of the social system; but the one would rally us into amendment, the other takes us straight up to the flaw, and compels us to admit it. Our fancy merely is amused by Dickens, and this often when he means to satirise some grave vice of character or the defects of a tyrannous system. It is never so with Thackeray: he forces the mind to acknowledge the truth of his picture, and to take the lesson home. Dickens seeks to amend the heart by depicting virtue; Thackeray seeks to achieve the same end by exposing vice. Both are great moralists; but it is absurd to class them as belonging to one school. In matter and in manner they are so thoroughly unlike, that when we find this done, as by Sir Archibald Alison, in the review of the literature of the present century in his "History of Europe," we can only attribute the mistake to a limited acquaintance with their works. Of Dickens, Sir Archibald apparently knows something, but he can know little of Mr. Thackeray's writings, to limit his merits, as he does, to "talent and graphic powers," and the ridicule of ephemeral vices. On the contrary, the very qualities are to be found in them which in the same paragraph he defines as essential to the writer for lasting fame — "profound insight into the human heart, condensed power of expression," — the power of "diving deep into the inmost recesses of the soul, and reaching failings universal in mankind," like Juvenal, Cervantes, Le Sage, or Molière.

Sir Archibald comes nearer to the truth when he ascribes to Mr. Thackeray the want of imaginative power and elevation of thought. But what right have we to expect to find the qualities of a Raphael in a Hogarth, or of a Milton in a Fielding? If genius exercises its peculiar gifts to pure ends, we are surely not entitled to ask for more, or to measure it by an inapplicable standard. It cannot be denied that Mr. Thackeray's ideas of excellence, as they appear in his books, are low, and that there is little in them to elevate the imagination, or to fire the heart with noble impulses. His vocation does not lie peculiarly in this direction; and he would have been false to himself had he simulated an exaltation of sentiment which was foreign to his nature. It has always seemed to us, however, that he has scarcely done himself justice in this particular. Traces may be seen in his writings of a latent optimism, and a fervent admiration for beauty and worth, overlaid by a crust of cold distrustfulness, which we hope to see give way before happier experiences, and a more extended range of observation. To find the good and

true in life, one must believe heartily in both. Men who shut up their own hearts in scepticism are apt to freeze the fountains of human love and generosity in others. Mr. Thackeray must, ere now, have learned, by the most pleasing of all proofs, that there is a world of nobleness, loving-kindness, purity, and self-denial in daily exercise under the surface of that society whose distempers he has so skillfully probed. The best movements of his own nature, in his works, have brought back to him, we doubt not, many a cordial response, calculated to inspire him with a more cheerful hope, and a warmer faith in our common humanity. Indeed, his writings already bear the marks of this salutary influence; and it is not always in depicting wickedness or weakness that he has latterly shown his greatest power.

The unpretending character of Mr. Thackeray's fictions has no doubt arisen in a great degree from a desire to avoid the vices into which the great throng of recent novelists had fallen. While professing to depict the manners and events of every-day life, their works were, for the most part, essentially untrue to nature. The men and women were shadows, the motives wide of the springs of action by which life is actually governed, the sentiments false and exaggerated, the manners deficient in local coloring. Imaginative power was not wanting, but it revelled so wildly, that it merely stimulated the nerves, and left no permanent impression on the heart or understanding. Elevation of sentiment abounded in excess, but the conduct of the heroes and heroines was frequently hard to square with the rules of morality, or the precepts of religion. Bulwer's genius had run wild in pseudo-philosophy and spurious sentimentalism. James was reeling off interminable yarns of florid verbiage. Mrs. Gore's facile pen was reiterating the sickening conventionalisms of so-called fashionable life; and Ainsworth had exalted the scum of Newgate and Hounslow into heroic beings of generous impulses and passionate souls. Things had ceased to be called by their right names; the principles of right and wrong were becoming more and more confounded; sham sentiment, sham morality, sham heroism, were everywhere rampant; and romance-writers every day wandering further and further from nature and truth. Their characters were either paragons of excellence, or monsters of iniquity — grotesque caricatures, or impossible contradictions; and the laws of nature, and the courses of heaven, were turned aside to enable the authors to round off their tales according to their own low standard of morality or ambition, and narrow conceptions of the working of God's providence. In criticism and in parody, Mr. Thackeray did his utmost to demolish this vicious state of things. The main

object of his "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and his "Catharine Hayes," was to show in their true colors the class of rogues, ruffians, and demireps, towards whom the sympathies of the public had been directed by Bulwer, Ainsworth, and Dickens. Mr. Thackeray felt deeply the injury to public morals, and the disgrace to literature, inflicted by the perverted exercise of these writers' powers upon subjects which had hitherto been wisely confined to such recondite chronicles as "The Terrific Register," and the "Newgate Calendar." Never was antidote more required; and the instinct of truth, which uniformly guides Mr. Thackeray's pen, stamped his pictures with the hues of a ghastly reality. Public taste, however, rejected the genuine article, and rejoiced in the counterfeit. The philosophical cut-throat, or the sentimental Magdalene, were more piquant than the low-browed ruffian of the condemned cell, or the vulgar Circe of Shire-lane; and until the mad fit had spent itself in the exhaustion of a false excitement, the public ear was deaf to the remonstrances of its caustic monitor.

Nor was it only in the literature of Newgate, as it was well named, that he found matter for reproof and reformation. He had looked too earnestly and closely at life, and its issues, not to see that the old and easy manner of the novelist in distributing what is called poetical justice, and lodging his favorites in a haven of common-place comfort at the close of some improbable game of cross-purposes, had little in common with the actual course of things in the world, and could convey little either to instruct the understanding, to school the affections, or to strengthen the will. At the close of his "Barry Lyndon," we find his views on this matter expressed in the following words:—

There is something naïve and simple in that time-honored style of novel-writing, by which Prince Prettyman, at the end of his adventures, is put in possession of every worldly prosperity, as he has been endowed with every mental and bodily excellence previously. The novelist thinks that he can do no more for his darling hero than to make him a lord. Is it not a poor standard that of the *summum bonum*? The greatest good in life is not to be a lord, *perhaps not even to be happy*. Poverty, illness, a humpback, may be rewards and conditions of good, as well as that bodily prosperity which all of us unconsciously set up for worship.

With these views, it was natural that in his first work of magnitude, "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray should strike out a course which might well startle those who had been accustomed to the old routine of caterers for the circulating libraries. The press had already teemed with so many heroes of unexceptionable attractions, personal and mental—so many heroines, in whom the existence

of human frailty had been altogether ignored; we had been so drenched with fine writing and poetical sensibility, that he probably thought a little wholesome abstinence in all these respects might not be unprofitable. He plainly had no ambition to go on feeding the public complacency with pictures of life, from which nothing was to be learned—which merely amused the fancy, or inflated the mind with windy aspirations, and false conceptions of human destiny and duty. To place before us the men and women who compose the sum of that life in the midst of which we are moving—to show them to us in such situations as we might see them in any day of our lives—to probe the principles upon which the framework of society in the nineteenth century is based—to bring his characters to the test of trial and temptation, such as all may experience—to force us to recognize goodness and worth, however unattractive the guise in which they may appear—in a word, to paint life as it is, colored as little as may be with the hues of the imagination, and to teach wholesome truths for every-day necessities, was the higher task to which Mr. Thackeray now addressed himself. He could not carry out this purpose without disappointing those who think a novel flat which does not centre its interest on a handsome and faultless hero, with a comfortable balance at his banker's, or a heroine of good family and high imaginative qualities. Life does not abound in such. Its greatest virtues are most frequently hid in the humblest and least attractive shapes; its greatest vices most commonly veiled under a fascinating exterior, and a carriage of unquestionable respectability. It would have cost a writer of Mr. Thackeray's practised skill little effort to have thrown into his picture figures which would have satisfied the demands of those who insist upon delineations of ideal excellence in works of fiction; but, we apprehend, these would not have been consistent with his design of holding up, as in a mirror, the strange chaos of that "Vanity Fair," on which his own meditative eye had so earnestly rested.

That Mr. Thackeray may have pushed his views to excess, we do not deny. He might, we think, have accomplished his object quite as effectually by letting in a little more sunshine on his picture, and by lightening the shadows in some of his characters. Without any compromise of truth, he might have given us somebody to admire and esteem, without qualifications or humiliating reserves. That no human being is exempt from frailties, we need not be reminded. The "divine Imogen" herself, we daresay, had her faults, if the whole truth were told; and we will not undertake to say, that Juliet may not have cost old Capulet a good deal of excusable anxiety. But why dash our admiration by needlessly

reminding us of such facts! There is a wantonness in fixing the eye upon some merely casual flaw, after you have filled the heart and imagination with a beautiful image. It is a sorry morality which evermore places the death's-head among the flowers and garlands of the banquet. In "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray has frequently fallen into this error; and he has further marred it by wilfully injuring our interest in the only characters which he puts forward for our regard. Anxious to avoid the propensity of novelists to make Apollos of their heroes, and paragons of their heroines, he has run into the opposite extreme, and made Dobbin — the only thoroughly excellent and lovable character in the book — so ungainly as to be all but objectionable, and his pet heroine, Amelia, so foolishly weak as to wear out our patience.

This is all the more vexatious, seeing that the love of Dobbin for Amelia is the finest delineation of pure and unselfish devotion within the whole range of fiction. Such love in woman has often been depicted, but Mr. Thackeray is the first who has had the courage to essay, and the delicacy of touch to perfect, a portraiture of this lifelong devotion in the opposite sex. It is a favorite theory of his, that men who love best are prone to be most mistaken in their choice. We doubt the truth of the position; and we question the accuracy of the illustration in Dobbin. He would have got off his knees, we think, and gone away long before he did; at all events, having once gone, the very strength of character which attached him to Amelia so long would have kept him away. Why come back to mate with one whom he had proved unable to reach to the height of the attachment which he bore her? Admirable as are the concluding scenes between Amelia and the major, we wish Mr. Thackeray could have wound up his story in some other way, for nothing is, to our minds, sadder among the grave impressions left by this saddening book, than the thought that even Dobbin has found his ennobling dream of devotion to be a weariness and a vanity. It is as though one had ruthlessly trodden down some single solitary flower in a desert place.

Mr. Thackeray has inflicted a similar shock upon his readers' feelings in handing over Laura Bell, with her fresh, frank heart, and fine understanding, to Arthur Pendennis, that aged youth, who is just as unworthy of her as Amelia is of Dobbin. If such things do occur in life — and who has been so fortunate in his experiences as to say they do not! — is the novelist, whose vocation it is to cheer as well as to instruct, only to give us the unhappy issues of feelings the highest and purest, and never to gladden us with the hope that all is not disappointment, and our utmost bliss not

merely a putting up with something which might have been worse! With all the latitude of life to choose from, why be evermore reminding us of the limitations of our happiness — the compromise of our fairest hopes! It was a poor and false conception of human happiness which placed it always in worldly prosperity; but is it not also wide of truth, to make the good and noble always suffer, and to teach that all high desires are vain — that they must either be baffled, or, if achieved, dissolve in disappointment! This is a cheerless creed, and false as cheerless; and it is by bringing it too prominently forward, that Mr. Thackeray has exposed himself to a charge of cynicism and want of heart.

Of these defects, however, no thoughtful reader will accuse him. His writings abound in passages of tenderness, which bespeak a heart gentle as a woman's, a sensitiveness only less fine; a depth of pity and charity, which writers of more pretence to these qualities never approach. "The still, sad music of humanity" reverberates through all his writings. He has painted so much of the bad qualities of mankind, and painted them so well, that this power has been very generally mistaken for that delight in the contemplation of wickedness or frailty, and that distrust of human goodness, which constitute the cynic. But this is to judge him unfairly. If his pen be most graphic in such characters as Becky Sharp, the Marquis of Steyne, Miss Crawley, or Major Pendennis, it is so because such characters present stronger lines than the quiet charities or homely chivalry in which alone it is possible for excellence to express itself in the kind of life with which his writings deal. Such men and women strike the eye more than the Dobbins, the Helen Pendennises, and Warringtons of society. These must be followed with a loving heart and open understanding, before their worth will blossom into view; and it is, to our mind, one of Mr. Thackeray's finest characteristics, that he makes personages of this class so subordinate as he does to the wickedly amusing and amusingly wicked characters which crowd his pages. This, indeed, is one of those features which help to give to his pictures the air of reality in which lies their peculiar charm, and make us feel while we read them as though we were moving among the experiences of our own very life. Here and there amid the struggle, and swagger, and hypocrisy, and time-serving, and vanity, and falsehood of the world, we come upon some true soul, some trait of shrinking goodness, of brave endurance, of noble sacrifice. So is it in Mr. Thackeray's books. In the midst of his most brilliant satire, or his most crowded scenes, some simple suggestion of love and goodness occurs, some sweet touch

of pathos, that reveals to us how kind is the nature, how loving and simple the soul, from which they spring.

It is not cynicism, we believe, but a constitutional proneness to a melancholy view of life, which gives that unpleasing color to many of Mr. Thackeray's books which most readers resent. He will not let his eye rest upon a fair face, without thinking of the ugly skull beneath, and reminding himself and us "that beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes." In his heartiest mirth he seems to have in view the headache, or the labors of to-morrow. Because all humanity is frail, and all joys are fleeting, he will not hope the best of the one, nor permit us to taste heartily of the other. He insists on dashing his brightest fancies with needless shadows, and will not let us be comfortable, after he has done his best to make us so. There is a perversity in this, which Mr. Thackeray, in justice to himself and kindness to his readers, should subdue. Let him not diminish his efforts to make them honest, and simpler, and wiser; but let him feed them more with cheerful images, and the contemplation of beauty without its flaws and worth without its drawbacks. No writer of the day has the same power of doing this, if he pleases. We could cite many passages in proof of this, but can it be doubted by any one who reads the following essay, from the series which appeared in *Punch* some years ago, as from the pen of Dr. Solomon Pacifico?

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

Some time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of Erminia's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene; whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victorina her mother, Boa her aunt, Chinchilla her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies; and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is beneficent to the man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies, it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you; when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that princess, that fairy-lady? Even the women, especially those who are most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favoritism which Nature takes, she has en-

dowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection; has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humor, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogey. On the day when I leave off admiring I hope I shall die. To see Erminia is not to fall in love with her; there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that; and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

Well, then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a great jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a little factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the famous votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardor, and tender, respectful admiration, we went to the Saccharissa for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry does n't require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as

much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well ; I see what you mean ; I *am* jealous of him. Timotheus' verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him !—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well, indeed, or do anything to give Erminia pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more ? My dear Mrs. Pacifico here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

When Erminia got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. "They all tell me that," she said ; "nobody cares for anything but that," cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

I once heard of another lady, "*de par le monde*," as honest Des Bourdailles says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, "I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face !" and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it ; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. "We are full of love and kindness, ye men !" each says ; "of truth and purity. We don't care about your good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy. I admire and reverence Erminia's tears, and the simple, heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jephthah's daughter, condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendor, to whom all the lords and princes bow down and pay worship. "Ah !" says she, "it is to the queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped ; and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me."

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an ordinance of nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and

less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungrainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman ; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us ; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young prince in a gold dress under his horns and bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly Wilkes said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England, meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex ! How true it is (not of course applicable to you, my dear reader and lucky dog, who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general), *we* look for beauty : women for love.

So, fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you ; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my Lord Farncombe's, let us say, at the Mansion house, whom time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne ; the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncombe, so with Erminia ; were I Timotheus of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between lord mayors and beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antitheses make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, madame, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a proser ; and it is in truth, and not in numbers that he admires you.

Why should not Mr. Thackeray give us another Erminia in his next novel, and confute his detractors? Addison never wrote anything finer in substance or in manner than this sketch. Indeed, a selection of Mr. Thackeray's best essays would, in our opinion, eclipse the united splendor of the whole British Essayists, both for absolute value in thought, and for purity and force of style. Had he never written anything of this kind but "The Book of Snobs," he would have taken first honors. What a book is this, so teeming with humor, character, and wisdom! How, like Jaques, does he "pierce through the body of the country, city, court!" Not, however, like him "invectively," but with a genial railillery which soothes while it strikes. The kindly playfulness of Horace is his model. It is only in dealing with utter worthlessness, as in his portrait of Lieutenant-General the Honorable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c. &c., that he wields the merciless lash of Juvenal. How every word tells!

His manners are irreproachable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough snob. A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old; and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere; his name is mentioned with praise in a score of Gazettes; he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses: he never read a book in his life; and with his purple old gouty fingers still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and gray hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto, of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells fifty garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us with a stupid and artless candor which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately, for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honorable and deserving beings in this world. About Waterloo-place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass

by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

If this book were read in every household, especially in every household where the British Peerage is studied, what a world of weariness and vexation of spirit, of hypocrisy and meanness, of triviality and foolish extravagance, would be saved! We would prescribe it as a manual for the British youth of both sexes; containing more suggestions for useful thought, more considerations for practical exercise, in reference to the common duties of life, than any lay volume we know. Never was satire more wholesomely applied, more genially administered. We have read it again and again with increasing admiration of the sagacity, the knowledge of the human heart, the humor, and the graphic brilliancy which it displays. Every page furnishes illustrations of some or all of these qualities. Take as an example of its lighter merits this exquisite sketch of suffering humanity at that most inane of all fashionable inanities—a London conversazione:—

Good Heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in a doorway (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful); after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione*-giver. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four-hundredth time that night; and, if she's *very* glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I would n't kiss her for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way? Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society: whose dictates we all of us obey.

Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Boti-

bol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ("The Death-Shriek;" "Damien;" "The Fagot of Joan of Arc;"; and "Translations from the German" — of course) — the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, "My dear Lady Ann," and "My dear good Eliza," and hating each other as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain, dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronize her Fridays.

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk — what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call "the gleam of gems, the odor of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps" — a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. "The Great Cacafogo," Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by — "A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument — the Hetman Platoff's pianist, you know."

To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together — a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione-roués*, whom you meet everywhere — who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment; the three last-caught lions of the season — Higgs, the traveller; Biggs, the novelist; and Toffey, who has come out so on the sugar question; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes — *que sais-je?* Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neckcloths? — Ask little Tom Prig, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings, in Jermyn-street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumps, thinks he is the fashionable young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

You go up (with your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in the corner.

"Oh, Mr. Snob! I'm afraid you're sadly matrical."

That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is

roaring out their names; poor Cacafogo is quivering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lanthorn of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honor's lordship's cab.

And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!

What wonder Mr. Thackeray should be so often condemned, when the foibles and vices which he paints are just those which, more or less, infect the whole body of society! Some way or other, he hits the weakness or sore point of us all. Nothing escapes his eye; and with an instinct almost Shakspearian he probes the secrets of a character at one venture. Like all honest teachers, he inevitably inflicts pain; and hence the soreness of wounded vanity is often at the root of the unfavorable criticism of which he is the subject. It requires both generosity and candor to accept such severe lessons thankfully, and to love the master who schools us with his bitter, if salutary wisdom. But Mr. Thackeray has wisely trusted to the ultimate justice of public opinion; and he now stands better in it for never having stooped to flatter its prejudices, nor modified the rigorous conclusions of his observant spirit for the sake of a speedier popularity. Despite the carping of critics, his teaching has found its way to men's hearts and minds, and helped to make them more simple, more humble, more sincere, and altogether more genuine than they would have been but for "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Book of Snobs."

The strength of Mr. Thackeray's genius seemed to lie so peculiarly in describing contemporary life and manners, that we looked with some anxiety for the appearance of his "Esmond," which was to revive for us the period of Queen Anne. We did not expect in it any great improvement upon his former works, in point of art, for we confess we have never felt the deficiencies in this respect, which are commonly urged against them. Minor incongruities and anachronisms are unquestionably to be found; but the characters are never inconsistent, and the events follow in easy succession to a natural close. The canvas is unusually crowded, still there is no confusion in the grouping, nor want of proportion in the figures. As they are in substance unlike the novels of any other writer, so do they seem, in point of construction, to be entirely in harmony with their purpose. We therefore feared that in a novel removed both in subject and in style from our own times, we should miss something of the

living reality of Mr. Thackeray's former works, and of their delightful frankness of expression, without gaining anything more artistic in form. The result has, we think, confirmed these fears.

"Esmond" is admirable as a literary feat. In point of style, it is equal to anything in English literature; and it will be read for this quality when the interest of its story is disregarded. The imitation of the manner of the writers of the period is as nearly as possible perfect, except that while no less racy, the language is perhaps more grammatically correct. Never did any man write with more ease under self-imposed fetters than Mr. Thackeray has done; but while we admire his skill, the question constantly recurs, why impose them upon himself at all? He has not the power — who has? — of reviving the tone as well as the manner of the time; and, disguise his characters as he will, in wigs, ruffles, hair-powder, and aëcs, we cannot help feeling it is but a disguise, and that the forms of passion and of thought are essentially modern — the judgment those of the historian, not the contemporary.

It is, moreover, a great mistake for a novelist to introduce into his story, as Mr. Thackeray has done, personages of either literary or political eminence, for he thereby needlessly hampers his own imagination, and places his readers in an attitude of criticism unfavorable to the success of his story. Every educated reader has formed, for example, certain ideas, more or less vivid, according to the extent of his reading or the vigor of his imagination, of Marlborough, Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, or Steele; and what chance has the novelist of hitting in any one feature the ideal which his reader has so worked out for himself? The novelist cannot, moreover, keep within the limits of the biographer, but must heighten or tone down features of character for the purposes of his story. This he cannot do without violating that rigorous truth which ought uniformly to be preserved wherever the character or conduct of eminent men is concerned. It would be easy to convict Mr. Thackeray not only of serious offences against this wholesome law, but also of anachronisms far more serious than any in his former works, and of inaccuracies in regard to well-known facts, which are fatal to the verisimilitude of the book as an autobiography. One of these latter is so gross as to be altogether inexcusable — the betrothal of the Duke of Hamilton, just before his duel with Lord Mohun, to Beatrix Castlewood, whereas it is notorious that the Duchess of Hamilton was alive at the time. We can scarcely suppose Mr. Thackeray ignorant of a circumstance which is elaborately recorded in Swift's *Journal*, but in any case his perversion of the facts transcends all lawful

license in matters of the kind. A still graver transgression has been committed in his portraiture of Marlborough, which is so masterly as a piece of writing that its deviation from historical truth is the more to be deprecated. When he has branded him for posterity in words that imbed themselves in the memory, it is idle to attempt to neutralize the impression by making Esmond admit that, but for certain personal slights from the hero of Blenheim, he might have formed a very different estimate of his character. This admission is a trait true to life, but it is one which is not allowable in a novelist where the reputation of a historical personage is at stake. History is full enough of perversions without our romancers being allowed to add to them. Such defects as we have adverted to are probably inseparable from any attempt to place a fictitious character among historical incidents; but if this be the case, it only proves that the attempt should never be made.

These defects are the more to be regretted in a work distinguished by so much fine thought and subtle delineation of character. It has been alleged against it that Mr. Thackeray repeats himself — that "Esmond" has his prototype in Dobbin, Lord Castlewood in Rawdon Crawley, and Beatrix Castlewood in Blanche Amory. We cannot think so. It is surely but a superficial eye which is unable to see how widely removed a little hypocritical, affected coquette like Blanche Amory is from the woman of high breeding and fiery impulse — "the weed of glorious feature" — who is presented for our admiration and surprise in Beatrix Castlewood. It were easy to point out in detail the differences between the prominent characters in this and Mr. Thackeray's other books, but such criticism is of little avail to those who cannot perceive such differences for themselves. The only feature which it owns in common with "Vanity Fair" is the insane attachment of Esmond to Beatrix. This pertinacity of devotion bears some analogy to Dobbin's for Amelia. But there was nothing humiliating in Dobbin's love: in Esmond's there is much. He is content to go on besieging with his addresses a woman, who not only rejects them, but has passed from the hands of one accepted suitor to another, till the whole bloom is worn off her nature. It is taxing our credulity too far to ask us to reconcile this with the other characteristics of Esmond. We never lose our respect for Dobbin: Esmond has wearied it out long before he shakes off his fetters, and weds the lady's mother, who has been wasting her heart upon him for years. Lady Castlewood is a portrait so exquisitely made out in all the details, so thoroughly loveable, and adorned by so many gracious characteristics, that we cannot but regret Mr. Thackeray should have

placed her in a situation so repugnant to common feeling, as that of being the enamored consoler of her own daughter's lover. Could we but forget this blemish, how much is there to admire in the delicacy with which the progress of her love for Esmond is traced—the long martyrdom of feeling which she suffers so gently and unobtrusively—the yearning fondness which hovered about him like a holy influence! Mr. Thackeray's worship for the sex is loyal, devout, and pure; and when he paints their love, a feeling of reverence and holiness infinitely sweet and noble pervades his pictures. Many instances may be cited from this book; but as an illustration we would merely point to the chapter where Esmond returns to England, after his first campaign, and meets Lady Castlewood at the cathedral.

They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, and with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was only to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid, horrid misfortune."

"You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered, too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you; and it was better, even, that having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I knew you would come, my dear; I saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see for the first time now, clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday? But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly,

"Bring your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depth overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him quite) smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God! who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain, not in vain, has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition, compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessings—or precedes you and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am I lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

How cruel must be the necessities of novel-writing, which drove Mr. Thackeray to spoil our interest in the actors in this exquisite scene by placing them afterwards in circumstances so incongruous! Mr. Thackeray is, we believe, no favorite with women generally. Yet he ought to be so; for, despite his sarcasms on their foibles, no writer has enforced their virtues more earnestly, or represented with equal energy the wrongs they suffer daily and hourly in their hearts and homes from the selfishness and sensualism of men. There are passages in this book for which they may well say of him, as that woman said of Dickens for his "Christmas Carol," "God bless him!" They do not forgive him, however, for the unnatural relation in which he has placed his hero and Lady Castlewood, and he is too wise an observer not to regard this as conclusive against his own judgment in the matter.

Mr. Thackeray will write better books than this, for his powers are ripening with every fresh emanation from his pen; his wisdom is more searching, his pathos sweeter, his humor of a more delicate flavor. He fills a large space now in the world's eye, and his reputation has become a matter of pride to his country. He is not a man to be insensible to the high regard in which he is so widely held, or to trifle with a fame which has been slowly but surely won. Kind wishes followed him to America from many an unknown friend, and kinder greetings await the return of the only satirist who mingles loving-kindness with his sarcasm, and charity and humility with his gravest rebuke.

SELLING CHICKENS TO THE LEGISLATURE.

WHILE the legislature of Missouri was in session, a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs to a string, and this being divided equally, and thrown over his horse or his shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible except their naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of outstretched wings and ruffled feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag to whom he made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want chickens himself, but perhaps he could sell them at a large stone-house over there (the Capitol); that there was a man over there buying for the St. Louis market, and no doubt he could find a ready sale.

The delighted countryman started, when his informer stopped him. "Look here," says he; "when you get over there, go up stairs, and then turn to the left. The man stops in the large room. You will find him sitting down at the other end of the room, and now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens. If a man at the door should stop you, don't mind him: He has got chickens himself for sale, and tries to prevent others from selling theirs. Don't mind him, but go right ahead."

Following the directions, our friend soon found himself at the door of the Hall of Representatives. To open it and enter was the work of a moment. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake to freshen them, he commenced his journey towards the speaker's chair, the fowls in the mean time expressing, from the half-formed *crow* to the harsh *quawk*, their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say, sir," — Here he had advanced about a half-dozen steps down the aisle, when he was seized by Ma-Sackson, the door-keeper, who happened to be returning from the clerk's desk.

"What are you doing here with those chickens? Get out, sir, get out!" whispered the door-keeper.

"No you don't, though; you don't come that game over me. You've got chickens yourself for sale; get out yourself, and let me sell mine. I say, sir (in a louder tone to the speaker), are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here." And he held up his string, and shook his fowls, until their music made the walls echo. "Let me go, sir (to the door-keeper); let me go, I say. Fine large chickens (to the speaker); only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the serjeant-at-arms?" roared the speaker. "Take that man out."

"Now don't, will you? I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the door-keeper); you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say, sir (to the speaker in a loud voice), are you buying chickens to" —

"Go ahead!" "At him again!" "That's right!" whispered some of the Opposition members, who could command gravity enough to speak.

"I say, sir (in a louder tone to the speaker) — cuss your pictures, let me go — fair play — two to one ain't fair (to the speaker and serjeant-at-arms); let me go. I say, sir, you up there (to the speaker), you can have 'em for six bits! won't take a cent less. Take 'em home and eat 'em myself before I'll take — Drat your hides! don't shove so hard, will you? you'll hurt 'em chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day, anyhow. I say, you sir, up there" —

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried; and the members, almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the door-keeper about the meanness of selling his own chickens, and letting nobody else sell theirs; adding that, "if he could just see that man up there by himself, he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol, saying as he went down stairs: "Well, this is the roughest place for selling chickens that ever I came across, sure."

IMPROVED RETURNS FROM THE RAILWAYS. —

A statement of the weekly published traffic of eleven of the principal railways, for the twenty-six weeks ending 26th December, 1852, which has been drawn out for private circulation, by Mr. Reynolds, accountant of the Great Northern, strikes us a good deal as indicating the improved prospects both of railways and of the country. We should not indeed have adverted to such a document, if it did not serve as a convincing proof of the rapidly advancing prosperity of England at the present moment. It appears, from this paper, that the returns from all the eleven railways in the summer weeks of 1851, excepting a few, greatly exceeded those of the corresponding weeks of 1852 — a fact which is readily accounted for by the extraordinary amount of travelling created at the earlier period by the Exhibition. But when we come to the middle of October, a remarkable change takes place. The receipts of 1852, after that period, in every railway, greatly exceed those of the corresponding weeks of 1851. We find, on the London and North-western, an advance of 2000*l.*, 3000*l.*, 4000*l.*, and even 5000*l.*, on some weeks. On other lines, the advances are in proportion, and the general consequence is, that on the Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Eastern Counties, York and North Midland, York, Newcastle and Berwick, and the Great Northern — six of the eleven — there is an increase of the totals of the half-year '52, a result which no one could have anticipated as to happen in the year immediately following on the Exhibition. — *Chambers.*

From Chambers' Journal.

REVIVAL OF OIL-ANOINTING.

PROFESSOR SIMPSON of Edinburgh has been the means of bringing to light a curious corroboration of the sanitary value of the ancient practice of anointing with oil. It appears that the learned professor, when recently visiting the manufacturing town of Galashiels, was casually informed that the workers in the wool-mill in that place were exempt from the attacks of consumption and scrofula. On inquiring of the medical men in the vicinity, the truth of the statement was confirmed; and it was then deemed expedient to pursue investigation on a broader scale. Communications were accordingly sent to physicians residing in Dunfermlire, Alloa, Tillicooltry, Inverness, and other districts where wool-mills are in operation; and in the case of all, it was ascertained that similar immunity was enjoyed from the fatal diseases mentioned. It further appeared that, in some of the localities, scarletina had to be added to the list; and also, that employment in the mills not only preserved health, but children of delicate constitutions were sent to be wool-workers for the express purpose of acquiring strength, a result in almost every instance attained.

The question now came to be, to ascertain the precise cause of this singular result of mill-work. Cotton-mills did not produce a similar effect, and workmen in certain departments of wool-mills were found to be subject to the ordinary maladies of the country; it therefore soon became evident, that the cause was referrible to the great quantity of oil consumed in the preparation of the raw material in wool-working. A coat or any other portion of dress, when hung up in one of the rooms, was found to be saturated with oil in a few days; and the operatives must, therefore, be held to draw into their system a large amount of oleaginous matter, either by inhalation or by absorption from the clothes through the skin, the latter being probably the principal mode in which the substance is imbibed. The hands and face of the workers are constantly besmeared, but under their clothing there are scarcely any marks of discoloration, although it is obvious that the oil must be received through all the pores of the body, and, indeed, the greatest quantity will penetrate where there is the least facility for external evaporation.

The application of this discovery to practical medicine is calculated to be of important service, in so far as some of our most serious maladies are concerned. Consumption, as now understood, is supposed to arise from defective nutrition — there being in consumptive and scrofulous subjects a deficiency of fatty as compared with albuminous matter; and to restore the equilibrium of the two

elements, cod-oil, as is well known, has been in extensive use for the last ten or twelve years, and with singular effect. In many instances, however, oil when swallowed is found to excite nausea; and in such cases, the introduction of this saving agent by external application is likely to be productive of beneficial consequences. Means are to be taken to get rid of the disagreeable odor of the cod-oil, and when freed from this objection, there can be few or no drawbacks to the ancient custom of anointing. That it adds rapidly to the weight of the emaciated, has already been proved by actual experiment; and one instance may be mentioned of an individual who gained a stone in weight in the short period of four weeks. The use of oil in this way is not disagreeable, but on the contrary is found to be productive of pleasant sensations. It has only to be added, so far as the medical action is involved, that the mode in which the oil strengthens delicate patients, is by its being received into the blood, the chemical character of which undergoes a vital change by the process.

If anointing should come into fashion, it will be merely a return to the customs of the olden time. "The Jews," says Dr. Cox in his *Biblical Antiquities* (p. 155), "addicted themselves to anointing, which consisted either of simple oil or such as had aromatic spices infused. They applied ointments chiefly to those parts of the body which were most exposed to the atmosphere, by which means they were considerably secured against its changes and inclemencies." The allusions to anointing with oil, not only the head and beard, but the feet and other portions of the person, are well-known features in Bible narrative.

Homer makes frequent mention of oil in connection with the bath; and when Ulysses enters the palace of Circe, we are told that after the use of the bath, he was anointed with costly perfumes. Passing down to later times, it is a very significant fact, that consumption is rarely if ever alluded to by medical writers among the Greeks and Romans; and it is all but certain, that the rarity of the distemper was attributable to the constant external use of oil. In the matters of bathing and anointing, they imitated the example of the Greeks; and attached to each Roman bathing-establishment was an *unctuarium*, "where," says Dr. Adam, the "visitors were anointed all over with a coarse cheap oil before they began their exercise. Here the finer odorous ointments which were used in coming out of the bath were also kept; and the room was so situated as to receive a considerable degree of heat. This chamber of perfumes was quite full of pots, like an apothecary's shop; and those who wished to anoint and perfume the body, received perfumes and unguents." In

larger bathing-establishments, the *elaothesium* was filled with an immense number of vases; and the extent to which oiling and perfuming were practised by the Romans, may be judged by the following reference to the ingredients employed:—"The vases contained perfumes and balsams—very different in their compositions, according to the different tastes of the persons who anointed themselves. The rhodinum, one of those liquid perfumes, was composed of roses; the lirinium, of lily; cyprinum, of the flower of a tree called cypria, which is believed to be the same as the privet; baccarinum, from the foxglove; myrrhinum was composed of myrrh. Oils were extracted from sweet marjoram, lavender, and the wild vine—from the iris, ban, and wild thyme. The last three were employed for rubbing the eyebrows, hair, neck and head; the arms were rubbed with the oil of sisymbrium, or water-mint; and the muscles with the oil of anarcum, and others which have been mentioned." After anointing, the bathers passed into the *spheristerium*—a very light and extensive apartment, in which were performed the many kinds of exercises to which this third part of the baths was appropriated; of these, the most favorite was the ball. After exercise, recourse was a second time had to the warm-bath—the body was then scraped with instruments called strigils, most usually of bronze, but sometimes of iron; perfumed oil of the most delicate kind was then administered anew; and the process of lustration was complete.

Let it be remarked, that a considerable amount of friction was used by the ancients when the oil was rubbed in; and also that exercise of an exciting and laborious kind followed the unctuous manipulation. In like manner, the wool-workers are in motion throughout the whole day; and from the return they receive for their daily labor, it is not probable that they have it in their power to indulge in those dietetic luxuries or excesses which create dyspepsy in other circles. The inference is, that exercise must go hand in hand with the oil, and that other physiological conditions must be strictly preserved, before anointing can certainly be depended on for conferring its full tale of benefit on humanity. There may, indeed, be frequent instances of persons benefiting by external application when all other aids fail in making the least impression; but in ordinary cases, the safe course for all who can command sufficient air and exercise, is to regard anointing as an adjuvant, not as a specific—an element of cure, but not as constituting the entire cure.

There is a certain class of people to whom this practice may be peculiarly serviceable—those who are disagreeably or injuriously affected by easterly winds, especially the

gouty or rheumatic. The east is known to be a dry wind, and never, except in very stormy weather, is it accompanied by rain. After a continuance of this wind, the leaves of plants become dry and shrivelled, evidently suffering from want of moisture. Now, without presuming to propound any medical theory, we may suggest, that it is just possible the east wind may in some measure produce its disagreeable influence on the human system by parching and drying up the skin; and in this view, anointing, by acting as a lubricant, may go far to counteract the baneful influence. At any rate, it is easy to try the question, if it is supposed to be worth trying, by experiment.

As to the kind of oil—that of the cod appears to be the strongest; and if it could be divested of its infamous odor, it probably would be the best. But some authorities are of opinion, that any kind of emollient is suitable: in this view a wide range of selection, founded even on the basis of Roman ingredients, is open for use; and when to these are added the discoveries of modern chemistry, it is evident that the most fastidious may have their tastes gratified. Friction of itself has always been regarded as of great therapeutic value; and the harder the rubbing with oil, the more beneficial will be the result. If the body has need of oleaginous aliment, it will absorb it as greedily as the parched earth drinks in rain after a season of drought. In the experiments we have ourselves instituted, the body, when rubbed at night, shows no traces of lubrication in the morning, and the sleeping-dress is little if at all affected. Careful housewives may be alarmed for their napery, but, with ordinary attention, there is little danger; and even supposing there were some trifling inconveniences, the benefit expected may surely be esteemed a fair equivalent.

NEW ANTIQUITIES. — We have, on various occasions, warned our antiquarian readers against spurious fabrications of articles of curiosity and *vertu*, especially of certain mediæval seals in *jet*, a substance easily engraved or fashioned into any shape. The unprincipled fabricators of these objects, encouraged, no doubt, by their success among the unwary, continue to follow their criminal occupation, and have lately attempted a higher flight. We have lately been shown a jet seal, bearing the head of the Emperor Severus, with his name and titles! We believe the *atelier* of the rogues whose ingenuity is exercised upon these counterfeits, is somewhere in Yorkshire. While on this subject, we may mention that we have been informed, that at many of the curiosity-shops in London, forged monastic and other mediæval brass seals are kept on sale; and some of them being *casts* of real specimens, are well calculated to dupe the inexperienced. — *Literary Gazette*.

JOHN RINTOUL; OR, THE FRAGMENT OF THE WRECK.

PART II. — CHAPTER VIII.

THE June sun is shining into Mrs. Rintoul's family room. Though he is no longer captain of his own sloop, her husband is to be mate of a considerable schooner; so Euphie, after a long interval of fretting and repining, has made herself tolerably content. A great sea-chest stands in the middle of the room, and Euphie, long ago startled out of all her little graces of invalidism, stoops over it, packing in its manifold comforts. The loss of the sloop has deprived them of all their property, but it has added scarcely any privation to their daily life, even though John has been so long ashore; and now that he is once more in full employment, Euphie does not veil her pretensions to those of any skipper's wife in Elie. As for the grief attendant on their loss, it touched her only by sympathy, and her few natural tears were neither bitter in their shedding nor hard to wipe away. Her baby thrives, her husband has been at home with her for a far longer time than she could have hoped, and Euphie as wilful a little wife as ever, goes about her house with undiminished cheerfulness, and is conscious of no shadow upon her sunny life.

And as she lays in these separate articles of John's comfortable wardrobe — each in its proper place — Euphie's gay voice now and then makes a plunge into the abyss of the great chest, and anon comes forth again, as clear and as fresh as a bird's. You can almost fancy there will be a lingering fragrance about these glistening home-made linens, when the sailor takes them out upon the seas — and that even the rough blue sea-jacket, and carefully-folded Sabbath coat, must carry some gladsome reminiscence of the pretty face and merry voice bending over them like embodied sunshine.

"Eh, lassie, it's a braw thing to hae a light heart," said Mrs. Raeburn, shaking her head as she came in, and sitting down heavily in Euphie's arm-chair with a prolonged sigh; "after a' you've gane through too, puir bairn!"

Euphie takes the compliment quite unhesitatingly — for it does not occur to the spoiled child and petted wife, that, after all, she has gone through nothing at all.

"Its nae guid letting down folk's heart," says Euphie, with some complacency. "For my part, I think its unthankful to be aye minding folk's trials: ane should feel them at the time, and be done with them — that's my way."

"I wish Nancy had just your sense," said the mother. "It ought to have been very little trial to her a' this, by what it might

have been to you; but just see how she's ta'en it to heart — I wish you would speak to her, Euphie. Here's a decent lad coming after her, and easy enough to see, after such a loss in the family, that it would be a grand thing to get her weel married, and her twenty years auld, and never had a lad, to speak of, before — and yet she'll nae mair look the side of the road he's on, than if he was a black man!"

"Is't Robert Horsburg mother?" asked Euphie, eagerly.

"It's a stranger lad that hasna been lang about the Elie; he's ta'en the new lease of the Girmel farm from Sir Robert, and they say he's furnishing a grand house, and a'thegither a far bigger man than Nancy has ony right to look for — a decent-like lad too, and steady and weel spoken; but as for giving him encouragement, I might as weel preach to Allie Rintoul's speckled hen as to Nannie Raeburn."

"Deed, I see nae call she has to set him up with encouragement," said the beauty, slightly tossing her head. "If he's no as muckle in earnest as to thole a naysay, he's nae man at a'; and I wouldna advise Nancy to have onything to do with him. Do ye think I ever gaed out of my road, mother, to encourage John?"

"Ay, Euphie, my woman, it's a' your ain simplicity that thinks a'body as guid as yourself," said Mrs. Raeburn, shaking her head; "but you had naething to do but to choose, wi' a' the young lads frae Largo to Kinnuchter courting at ye. And many a time I've wondered, in my ain mind, I'm sure, that ye took up wi' a douce man like John Rintoul at the last, when ye might have just waled out the bonniest lad in Fife; but Nannie's had nae joes to speak of, as I was saying, a' her days — and Nannie's weel enough in her looks, but she's far mair like your father's side of the house than mine; and a'thegither, considering how auld she is, and the misfortune that's happened to the family, it sets her very ill to be so nice, when she might get a house of her ain, and be weel settled hersel, and a credit to a' her kin."

"If I were Nannie, I would take nae offer under the fourth or fifth at the very soonest," said her sister. "The lads should learn better — and if they get the very first they ask, and the very ane they're wanting, what are they to think but that the lassies are just waiting on them? and its naething but that that makes such ill-willy men. Set them up! But they didna get muckle satisfaction out of me."

"Weel, Euphie," said Mrs. Raeburn, unconvinced, but with resignation, "I didna say I would take your faither the first time he askit me, mysel, and there was a lass in Anster that had had the refusing o' him before that ; but there's no mony men mair ill-willy or positive about their ain gate than what Samuel Raeburn is this day, though ane might hae thought he had the pride gey weel taken out of him in respect of women-folk ; but you see I'm no easy in my mind about Nannie. Nae doubt she might be vexed in a neighborly way for the loss of the twa Rintouls and Andrew Dewar, forby what was natural for the sloop gaun down, wi' a' our gear ; but it's a different thing being vexed for ither folk and mourning for ane's ain trouble ; and I'm sure the way she's been, night and day, ever since, is liker Kirstin Beatoun's daughter than mine. I'm no just clear in my ain mind but what it's a' for Patie Rintoul."

Euphie had lifted herself out of the chest, and now turned round with some interest to her mother. "I wouldna say," said Mrs. Rintoul, after a considerable pause. "I did tell him ance he was courting our Nanny, and his face turned as red as scarlet ; and she has been awfu' sma' and white and downcast ever sinysne ; — I wouldna say — poor Nannie ! I would gie her a' her ain gate, and no fash her, mother, if I was you, till she comes to hersel again ; for Nannie's awfu' proud — far prouder than me — and would cut off her finger before she would own to caring about onybody that hadna said plain out that he cared for her."

And Mrs. Raeburn received her daughter's counsel with long sighs and shakings of the head, as she had begun the conversation.

"They say a bad bairn 's a great handfu'," said the perplexed mother, disconsolately, "but I'm sure it canna be onything to the care and trouble of lassies ; and twa mair set on their ain will — though I'm no meaning ony blame to you, Euphie — a puir woman never was trysted with. I'm sure, when I was Nannie's age, I was at my mother's bidding, hand and fit, the baill day through — though I was just gaun to be married mysel — but nae doubt you take it frae your faither !"

CHAPTER IX.

A weel-stockit mailin, himsel for the laird,
And marriage off-hand, was his proffer ;

But Agnes Raeburn stands before him with a painful flush upon her face, and an uneasy movement in her frame : a host of many-colored thoughts are flitting through her bewildered mind, and her silence, though it is the silence of painful confusion and perplexity, encourages him to go on. It is a July night — soft twilight following close upon a gorgeous sundown — and, up in the pale, clear, languid sky the crescent moon floats softly,

dreamily, where there is not a cloud to map its course, or anything but the gentlest summer-breath to send it gliding on. In the west the rich clouds, all purple and golden, crowd together and build themselves up in glowing masses from the very edge of the water. You can fancy them the falling powers and nobilities of some one of the world's great climaxes, and that this little silver boat, slowly drawing near to them, contains the child born, the bringer-in of the new world. All unconscious is the infant hero, singing and dreaming as he comes ; but the cowering, fallen glories, whose day is past, are aware, and here and there a calm spectator-star looks out and watches, holding aside the veil of this great evening which encloses all.

But the dreamer of the heavens is silent, and all this mortal air is full of the voices of the sea. It is not laughter now, nor is it music. If you would convey into sound the smile of innocent, surprised delight, which plays upon childish faces often, you could not give it expression better than by this ripple, breaking upon rocks, and beds of sand and pebbles, and dimpling all over with quiet mirth the pools upon the beach. Accustomed as your ear may be, it is impossible to resist an answering smile to the fresh, sweet murmur, so full of wonder and childlike joyousness, which runs along these creeks and inlets, ever new, yet ever the same. Another murmur, faint and distant, bewrays to you what these low church-steeple and gray mists of smoke would do without it, the vicinity of this little sisterhood of quiet seaports ; but the hum of life in the Elie is so calm to-night, that you only feel your solitude upon the braes, when the low wild rose-bushes look up to you from the very borders of the grass, and dew-drops glisten among the leaves — the more absolute and unbroken. Sometimes a passing footstep and passing whistle, or voices pertaining to the same, pursue their measured way upon the high-road behind the hawthorn hedge ; but no one passes here upon the braes, and these two are entirely alone.

A one-and-twenty years' lease of the Girnol farm, with all its fertile slopes and capabilities — a pretty balance in the Cupar bank to make the same available — a person vigorous and young — a face which the Fife belles have not disdained to turn back and throw a second glance upon, and a pleasant consciousness of all these desirable endowments — what should make Colin Hunter fear ! And he does not fear. In this half light, looking lovingly into the full face of Agnes Raeburn, he begins to feel himself justified for making choice of her. Made choice of her he has, beyond all question, to his own considerable astonishment ; for Colin knows very well that "there are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far ;" but at present, as her eye-lash droops

upon the cheek—as her eye glances up in quick arrested looks under it—as the color comes and goes, like flitting sunshine, the lover is satisfied. There is a charm in the sweet air, which lifts the curls upon her cheek—a charm in the sweet sound which encircles them on every side, and in the languid dreamy sky, and the slow floating moon. Himself is charmed, his whole soul through, with all the fairy influences of new love. Other flirtations has Colin known, more than were good for the freshness of his heart; but his heart is fresh at its depths, and answers now, with a shy warmth and fascinated thrill, to the voice, unheard before, which calls its full affections forth.

But it is only a shiver, chill and painful, which shakes the slight figure of Agnes; and her hand, if she gave it him now, would fall marble-cold into his. Her eyes—those wandering furtive glances, which he thinks are only shy of meeting his earnest look—stray far beyond him into the vacant air, where they have almost conjured up a visible forbidding presence to say nay to his unwelcome suit; and her blushes are fever-gleams of unwilling submission, flushes of fear and restless discomfort, and of the generous tenderness which grieves to give another pain. For Agnes, remembering mournfully that she had vowed to reject her earliest wooer, now shrinks from the position which she once dreamed of exulting in, and cannot make a heartless triumph of the true affection which in her grief has come to afflict her, like an added misfortune. She is grateful for it in her heart—even a little proud of it in her most secret and compunctious consciousness—and would rather delay and temporize a little to soften her denial, than inflict the pain which unawares she exaggerates, and flatters herself by making greater than it would be. And her mother, too, plagues her sadly in behalf of this wooer; and she herself is aware that even pretty Euphie had few such proposals in her power as this, which would make herself mistress of the plentiful homestead at the Girmel; and Agnes, who only wants peace, and to be left alone to pursue the current of her own sad musings, will rather suffer anything to be implied by her silence, than rudely break it with the peremptory words which alone would suffice to dismiss a wooer so much conscious of his claims.

“Have you naething to say to me, Nancy Raeburn? Woman, ye shall keep as mony maids as ye like, and have a silk gown for every month in the year; for what do I care for silk gowns, or satin either, compared to my bonnie Nanny?”

“I’m no bonnie; it’s Euphie your’re meaning,” said Agnes with a sigh; “if you want me because I’m bonnie, you’re mista’en, Mr. Hunter—it’s my sister—it’s no me.”

“Ye may leave my ain een to judge that!” cried Colin, exultingly; “but if ye were as black as Bessie Mouther, instead of just your ain wiselike sel, I’m for you, and nae other, whatever onybody likes to say.”

“You’re for me, are you? I dinna ken what the lads are turning to,” said Agnes, roused into some of her old pride and pique; “as if we had naething to do but be thankful, and take whaeffer offered; but I would have folk ken different of me.”

“And so do I ken different,” said the discouraged suitor; “but I’m no a fisher lad, or an Elie sailor, with naething but a blue jacket and a captain’s favor, and years to wait for a house aboon my head. I’ve a weal-plenished steading to bring ye hame to, Nancy, my darlin’; and ye’ll no look up into my face, and tell me in earnest that there’s ony other man standing between you and me.”

He had scarcely spoken the words, when, with a low, affrighted cry, Agnes turned from him and fled. It was not that her actual eyes beheld the vision which her fancy was laboring to realize. It was not that Patie Rintoul himself, in the flesh or in the spirit, interposed his reproving face between her and her new wooer. She could not tell what it was; but her strong imagination overpowered her, and, in sudden dread and terror not to be expressed, she turned homeward without a pause.

Left to himself, young Colin of the Girmel stood for a few minutes lost in amazement. Then he followed the flying figure, already far advanced, before him on the darkening way; but, suddenly drawing back as he saw some one approach in the opposite direction, the young farmer leaped over a convenient stile, and made his way into the high-road, whistling a loud whistle of defiance—

Shall I like a full, quo’ he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gang—to France for me!

He concluded his song aloud as he went loftily upon his way; and next week Colin was deep in a flirtation with the daughter of his nearest neighbor, but it would not do; and he was learning to be sentimental, for the benefit of pensive Agnes Raeburn, before another seven days were out.

CHAPTER X.

“I’m no that ill—no to complain of,” said Kirstin Beatoun; “I can aye do my day’s wark, and that’s a great comfort; and, indeed, when I think o’t, I’m better than mony a younger woman—for naething ails me—I have aye my health.”

“I’m sure it’s a wonder to see you,” said the sympathizing neighbor. “Mony a time I say to my sister Jenny, ‘Woman, can ye no keep up a heart! There’s Kirstin Beatoun

lost her man and her youngest laddie in ae night — enough to take life or reason, or maybe baith; but just see to her how she aye bears up. It's a miracle to me every day."

"Ay," said Kirstin, quietly, "so it is, Marget; but the Lord gies a burden to be borne, no to be cast off and rejected; and I'm waiting on His will, whate'er it may be. I'm no to gang out of this at my ain hand, though mony a time I may be wearied enough, or have a snair enough heart, to lay down my head with good will; but I'm waiting the Lord's pleasure. He'll bid me away at His ain time."

"Eh Kirstin, woman, it's as guid as a sermon to hear ye," said the reverential Marget; "but our Jenny says it's a' the difference of folk's feelings, and that aye takes a trouble light by what anither does. But I say to Jenny, 'Ye'll no tell me that it's because Kirstin Beatoun has lost feeling — it's because she's supported, woman; and I'm just the mair convinced after speaking to yourself. It's tellt in the toun for a truth that the auld man said something awfu' comforting, just as if he kent what was gaun to happen, the night he was lost. Many a aye has askit me, thinking ye might have telled me, being such close neighbors; but ye're aye aye muckle your laane, and the door shut; and I hadna the face to chap at a shut door and ask the question plain. Is't true, Kirstin!'"

"Kirstin, can ye no come in and shut the door? I hate to hear folk claverin'," said a harsh voice from within.

"It's my guid sister, Ailie Rintoul," said Kirstin, relieved by the interruption.

"Eh, it's that awfu' Mrs. Plenderleath," said the inquisitive neighbor; "but that's my little Tammie greeting. I left him in the cradle just to ask how ye were this lang time, seeing ye at the door; but I maun away noo."

And as she went away, Kirstin stood still on her own threshold for some minutes. The flush of summer was over, and its fervent air was growing cool. Perhaps it was because she breathed it so seldom that the freshness of the air was unusually grateful to her to-day — perhaps she lingered only to reduce herself into her usual composure; for the incautious touch of the passing gossip had raised into wild and vivid life the grief which it was her daily work to curb and subdue.

Within, seated, as always, by the fireside, opposite the empty arm-chair, Ailie Rintoul was wiping some burning tears from her cheek, when Kirstin entered to resume her seat by the wheel.

"I wish there was but some lawful contrivance to shut the mouths of fools!" exclaimed Ailie, passionately; "what has the

like of that idle woman to do with a trouble like ours?"

"She meant nae ill — it's just a way they have. I mind of doing the same mysel, before I kent the ills of this life for my ain hand," said Kirstin, who had already begun with her usual monotonous steadiness to turn the wheel.

Captain Plenderleath was away on a long voyage, and had not been home since his brother-in-law's loss. Ailie was quite alone; and moved, as she had been, by the death of her nearest and most congenial relative, this silent daily visit to the silent Kirstin seemed almost the only interest of her life. They had nothing to speak of, these two forlorn women; but Kirstin span unceasingly, sending a drowsy, not uncheerful hum through the still apartment; and Ailie, fronting her brother's vacant chair, played with the folded handkerchief which she held in her slightly trembling hands. Many years' use and wont had made Ailie content with the almost necessary idleness — the want of all family industries — to which her abundant means and her childlessness compelled her; and thus the richer woman wanted the homely solace which steadied Kirstin Beatoun's heart into daily endurance of her greater sorrow.

"I have been thinking owre a' he said," said Ailie at last. "Mony's the day I have gane owre every word, aye by aye, and how he lookit, and the tear I saw in his ee. Kirstin, do ye mind what he said?"

"Do I mind?" But Kirstin did not raise her head to enforce the distinct emphasis of her question. "To wait to see what the Lord would bring out of a dark providence before I let my heart repine. Guid kens I little thought that night what providence it was that hung owre me and mine; and I am waiting, Ailie, woman; I'm no complaining! I'm striving to do my day's duty, and keep my heart content before the Lord, and wait for His good time. There can come naething but good out of His will, for a' it's whiles hard to haud up your head under the blow; but I'm no repining, Ailie; the Lord forbid I should repine. I'm waiting His pleasure night and day."

And Kirstin hastily put up her hand to intercept a few hot burning tears; and then, through the silence that followed, the drowsy hum of the wheel resumed its voice hurriedly, and went on without a pause.

"I'm looking to earth, and you're looking to heaven," said Ailie, some time after. "You're waiting on to be released and loot away out of this world, Kirstin Beatoun; I'm marvelling what the Lord meant by the dark word of prophecy He put into his servant's mouth at such an awfu' time. He didna ken, puir man, that he was as near heaven then as Moses when he gaed up the hill to die before

the Lord ; but I ken of nae prophet that served God mair constant than your man did, Kirstin, and I'll no believe the Lord loot him waste his breath — and him so little to spend ! — upon words that had nae meaning. You're no to heed me, if I'm like to disturb you with what I say ; but I've mair faith than to think that — I canna think that. There was mair in't than just to submit, and take humbly what God sends. Ye'll no think I would gang against that, but it has anither meaning, Kirstin Beatoun ; and though he didna ken himsel what that was, and you dinna ken, and what's mair, I canna see, I'll no believe, for a' that, but that something will come of what he said ; for it wouldna be like the Lord to let his servant's words fall to the ground after putting them in his mouth, as if they were but a fuil's idle breath, and no the last testimony of a righteous man."

"I never was guid at doctrine, Ailie," said Kirstin ; "I never was guid at keeping up a question the way I've seen him and you. I have had owre muckle to do with bairns and cares and the troubles of this life, to be clever at arguing or inquiring, or ony such things. And now, if I have even owre muckle time to turn my thought to the like, I'm feared for beginning, Ailie ; for ever since I've striven sair to tether my mind down to the day's spinning or the hour's wark, and never lookit behind or before mair than I could help. I ken my man's gane, that was my comfort a' my best days ; and I ken my darlin' laddie's gane, that was the desire of my heart ; and I ken, forby, that for a' sae dreadfu' a calamity it is, it's the Lord's sending, and I maun aye bless His name ; and so I'm no for bringing in ony perplexin' thoughts, Ailie, for it would be an awfu' thing for a woman of my years, that's gane through sae muckle, to lose reason and judgment at the last."

And as Kirstin continued her spinning, the wheel trembling with spasmodic motion, as again and again she put up her hand to check the falling tears.

But Ailie, feverish and excited, dried hers off hastily with her folded handkerchief, and, turning it over and over in her trembling fingers, brooded on her mystery. Ailie Rintoul had lived much and long alone — many slow solitary hours, when the little world, which recognized her as by no means either inactive or unimportant in its concerns, was busied with dearer and more private household duties, had passed in unbroken quietness over the childless wife, whose husband was far upon the sea, whose little maid was more than able for all her domestic work, and to whom the cherished china, and far-travelled shells of her best room, gave only a very brief occupation. Of considerable intellect, too, and a higher strain of mind than the common, Ailie remembered the *Gentle Shepherd* and country

romances of her youth with compunction, and knew no literature but the Bible. The noble narratives of the Old Testament were her daily fare, read with interest always thrilling and vivid ; and, living among Hebrew kings and prophets, whose every action was miraculously directed, miraculously rewarded, or punished, it was not strange that Ailie forgot often how God mantles under even a sublimer veil and silence the providence, as certain and unailing, which deals with us to-day. But her brother, always venerated, had taken his place now, in her imagination, among the highest seers and sages ; and Ailie waited for the elucidation of his prophecy with trembling enthusiast faith.

CHAPTER XI.

"I gang and come to the sea and to the shore ; and Euphie grows less a lassie, and mair a sober wife, fit for the like of me ; and little Johnnie wins to his feet, and cries Daddy when he sees me at the door ; and my mother is used to her burden ; and poor little Nancy gets a spark in her ee again ; but there never comes change to you."

And John Rintoul leant his back against the wall of his little room in the roof, and contemplated with grave composure the rude piece of wood in his hand.

No ; there came no change upon it : there they remained, these fatal characters, branding the name of John Rintoul on the broken surface, as they had branded it on the carver's heart a year ago, when he found it on the beach. The rusted nails and jagged edge had not crumbled or broken ; and still, through all these peaceful months, a terrible tale spoke in their voiceless silence ; still they were the sole token of the shipwreck — the sole memento upon his mother earth of the fate of old John Rintoul.

The John Rintoul who now looked so sadly on his name was prospering again as his sober carelessness deserved. A good sailor and a trustworthy man, people did not fail to discover him to be, and trusted he was accordingly. No longer mate, but captain, his schooner was to sail again in a day or two ; and Euphie, rich with the savings of two previous voyages, had exhausted her time and industry to make the captain's appearance worthy of his exalted rank ; for though the property was lost, it was still impossible to deny that the captain of a schooner "out of Leith" was a greater man than the skipper of a little Elie sloop, even though the sloop was half his own.

And Captain Rintoul of the *Janet* and *Mary*, with his easy voyages, his increasing means, and his pleasant home, was a man to be envied ; and his grief had faded out of present intensity into a little additional gravity, and a general softening of character. Perhaps he was cast at first in a mould less

stern, but certainly he was now settling into a gentler, milder, and less forcible person than Elder John.

Kirstin Bentoun, carefully abstaining from mention of this day, as the first melancholy anniversary of her loss, and sedulously counting, with white and trembling lips, the hanks of yarn revolving on her wheel, bravely strove against the long-restrained and gnawing grief which almost overpowered her now. Finding it impossible to work, she rose at last hastily, and began with considerable bustle to "redd up the house," already only too well arranged and orderly. Then she went out to the little yard behind, and did some necessary work in it, shutting her eyes with a strong pang and spasm at crossing her threshold; her very sight at first was blinded with the broad, dazzling sunshine rejoicing over the sea. By and by her son came to her, to take her away a long, fatiguing inland walk to see some country friends; and it came to an end at last — the longest of all long days — and the first year of her widowhood was gone.

Allie Rintoul in her own house, and in her own chamber — secretly, with some fear of wrong-doing to interrupt its fervent devotions — fasted all day long, and humbled herself, weeping and crying for some interpretation of her brother's prophecy. Allie was not quite convinced that her fasting was lawful; but it was a fast kept in secret, unknown even to little Mary, her small serving-maiden, who was no sufferer thereby; and when the night fell, Mrs. Plenderleath slept with a text of promise in her heart. Her heart was very true, very earnest and sincere, if not always perfectly sober in its vehement wishes; and when these words of holy writ came in suddenly upon her mind, as the moon came on the sea, who shall say she did wrong to accept them with a great throb of thankfulness and wonder, as a very message from the heavens!

And Agnes Ræburn stood upon the point, watching the waters under the moonlight as they rolled in, in soft ripples, over the sands of Elie bay. Very different from last year's ghastly gleam and deathlike shadow were the moonbeams of to-night. Soft hazy clouds, tinted in sober gray and brown, and edged with soft white downy borders, flitted now and then across the mild young moon, breaking into polished scales of silver sometimes, like armor, for the hunter goddess of heathen fables — sometimes caught up, as if by fairy fingers, into wreaths and floating draperies, glistening white like bridal silk; underneath, the sky was blue, pale, and clear and peaceful; and the Firth lay under that, looking up with loving eyes to reflect a kindred color. No such thing as storm, or prophecy of storm, troubled the lightened horizon, out of which, now and then — the air was so clear — you

could see a sail coming steadily, as out of another world; and the water came rippling up, with gentle breaks and hesitations, now and then crowding back, wave upon wave, like timid children, before they started for a long race, flashing up among the rocks to Agnes Ræburn's feet.

And it is true that the light has come to Nancy's eyes, the color to her cheek. Youth and health and daily work have been too many for her visionary sorrow. She is pensive to-night, as, full of softening memories, she thinks of the storm which she came here to see; pensive, but not afflicted, for autumn and winter are over and gone: the spring comes again with all its happier influences, and her heart is tender, but her heart is healed.

Young Colin Hunter has been tracing her steps; his patience is nearly worn out now with its long stretch of endurance, and the caprice and waywardness of his lady-love; and in the darkening gloaming he steals after her to the point, a little jealous of her motive for wandering there, but quite unconscious that this is the day on which the sloop was lost.

"Are you gaun to gie me my answer, Nancy?" says Colin, with a little impatience. "Here have I been cast about, like a bairn's ba', from one hand to another — fleecing at you — leeing to your mother — courting a 'body belonging to you, for little less than a year. Am I gaun to get my answer, Nancy? Will ye take me, or will ye no?"

But Agnes has no inclination to answer so blank-point a question. She herself was sufficiently explicit at one time, and Colin bore all her impatient refusals bravely, and held to his suit notwithstanding. Now, his attentions have become a habit to Agnes, and she does not quite like the idea of losing them at once and suddenly, though still she is very far from having made up her mind to the terrible Yes which he demands.

"I wish ye wouldna fash me night and day," said Agnes. "I gied ye your answer lang ago, if you would only take it and leave me at peace."

And as she spoke her heart smote her; for anything insincere or untrue, in whatever degree, was sadly unsuitable to the solemn sentiment connected with this place and time.

"Do ye think a spirit can ever come back?" said Agnes, lowering her voice. "Do ye think if ane departed by a violent end, and wanted to let his friends ken, that he could have means to do it? I saw something ance myself" —

"What did ye see?" asked Colin hastily, for she made a sudden pause.

She was shy of telling — never had told it, indeed, to her nearest friends; but Agnes has her heart softened, opened, and does not

know what a dangerous sign it is to give her confidence thus.

"The night the sloop was lost," said Agnes, speaking very low, and only with difficulty refraining from a burst of tears. "late at night, when every creature was sleeping, I saw a man's figure cross along the shore. It was terrible bright moonlight, so that I could see as clear as day, and the haill town was still, and no a whisper in the air; but I saw the figure moving, and heard the step, straight on — and now I mind it — straight towards Kirstin Beatoun's door."

"The night the sloop was lost?" said Colin — and then he added, with a gay burst of laughter, "Keep your heart, Nancy; it was nae appearance — woman, it was me!"

"You!" Agnes Raeburn suddenly turned very pale, and recoiled from him with a start.

"I had seen my bonnie lassie just that day — I mind it as weel as if it had been yestreen — and I came east the shore at twelve o'clock at night to see the house she was in; so you see it was your ain true sweetheart, Nancy, and naething to be feared for, after all."

Trembling and shivering, cold and pale, Agnes began to cry quietly, with a hysterical weakness, and turned to go home.

"You're no to be vexed now — I've said naething to vex ye," said her suitor, hastening to press upon her a support from which she shrank. "I'll no fash ye the night ony mair, and, to let ye see how forbearing I am, I'll no fash ye the morn; but after that, Nancy, I'll take nae mair naysays. Ye'll have to learn a good honest Yes, and make me content ance for a'."

CHAPTER XII.

"It's nae use asking me where Nancy's been," said Mrs. Raeburn, with a little indignation. "She's come that length now that, whaever she takes counsel with, it's never with her mother; and though I canna shut my een from seeing that she's come in a' shivering, and cauld, and white, like as she had ta'en a chill or seen a spirit, I canna take upon me to say what's the cause; for I'm no in my bairn's favor sae far as to be tellt what her trouble means."

"Oh mother!" Poor Agnes shrunk into her corner by the fireside, and again fell into a little quiet weeping, but made no other reply.

"Nannie, woman, canna ye keep up a heart!" exclaimed Euphie. "There's me, that's come through far mair trouble than you ever kent, and had a house to keep, and a man to fend for, no to speak of that wee sinner!" — and the important young mother shook her hand at little Johnnie, triumphant on his grandmother's knee. "But there's

you, a young lassie without a care, dwinning and mourning — and just look at me!"

Ay, pretty Euphie, let her look at you — through her own wet eyelashes — through her mist of unshed tears — through the sudden caprice of renewed sorrow which comes upon her like a cloud; — let her look at you, independent in your wifely consequence, rich and proud in your honors of young motherhood, unquestioned in your daily doings, unchidden in your frequent waywardness. And Agnes, lifting her head, looks and looks again, vaguely, yet with trouble in her eyes. Comes it all of being married — of "having a house of her ain" — this precious freedom? For if it was so, poor little, unreasonable, capricious Nancy could find it in her heart to be married too.

For she is very unreasonable, and knows it; and the knowledge only hurries those tears of vexation and weakness faster from her downcast eyes. She has nothing to complain of — nothing to object to in her diligent and devoted suitor — nothing to urge against the powerful arguments with which she feels convinced her mother is about to plead his cause. Poor Agnes does not know what she wants, nor what she would be at; is very well aware that Colin Hunter has distressed her sadly, and given her most unwitting offence to-night; and yet would not by any means stop her tears if she were told that Colin Hunter had satisfied himself with her past refusals, and would trouble her no more. Over all the more immediate chaos, the shadowy form of Patie Rintoul floats like a cloud; and Agnes could break her heart to think that the visitation which has filled her with awe through all this twelvemonth was no visitation after all, and feels her face flush over with vexation and anger to think how she had been deceived. Patie Rintoul! Patie Rintoul! — were all the sights and sounds of that night vanity, and did nothing, after all, come to her from him! And Agnes yearns and longs with a sick, fainting wonder, to think that she had been deceived, and that maybe he did not care for her after all.

Still she is shivering, trembling, pale and cold, starting at sounds without, feeling her heart leap and throb with unreasoning expectation! What is Agnes looking for? — that Patie himself should rise, all chill and ghastly, from the dark caves of the sea, and say, to satisfy her longing heart, the words he had no opportunity of saying in this world! But Agnes cannot tell what it is she looks for! — cannot give any reason for her emotion — feels her heart beating through all its pulses with a hundred contradictions — wishes and hopes and terrors which will not be reconciled to each other; and at last, as at first, can do nothing but cry — cry like a child, and refuse to be comforted!

"Bless me, mother, what's come owre this lassie!" said Euphie, with some anxiety. "I'm sure I canna tell what to make of it, unless she's just petted like a bairn. Nannie, woman, canna ye haud up your head, and let folk ken what ails you?"

"There's naething ails me," said Agnes, with a new flow of tears; "if folk would just let me alane."

"What ails ye to take young Colin Hunter, then, when ye're so set on your ain way?" interposed Mrs. Raeburn. "The lad's clean carried, and canna see the daylight for ye; and as lang as he's that infatue, he wouldna be like to cross your pleasure; and if you were in your ain house, ye might have twenty humors in a day, and naebody have ony right to speer a wherefore — no to speak of a grand house like the Girmel, and weel-stockit byres, and a riding-horse, and maids to serve ye hand and fit. It's a miracle to me what the lassie would be at! And ye may just be sure of this, Nannie, that you'll never get such another offer, if ye lose this one."

"I'm no heeding," said Agnes, speaking low, and with a shadow of sullenness.

"My patience! hear her how she faces me!" exclaimed the incensed mother. "If I were Colin Hunter, I would take ye at your word, and never look again the road ye were on; and I'm sure it's my hope nae decent lad will ever be beguiled again to put himself in your power. I wash my hands o't. Ye may gang to Kirstin Beatoun — or to your sister Euphie there, that belongs to the name of Rintoul as well; for I'll hae nae mair to do wi' an unthankful creature, that winna have guid counsel when it's offered, and casts away her guid chances out of clean contradiction. Just you hide a wee, my woman; ye'll be thankful to take up wi' the crookedest stick in the wood before a's done."

"Before I took up with our John," said Euphie, interposing with some authority, "ye said that to me, mother, every lad that came to the house; but for a' that, I suppose naebody can deny that I've done very weel, and gotten as guid a man as is in a' the Elie, and no crook about him, either in the body or in the disposition. I'll no say, though, but that the Girmel would be a grand downsitting for Nancy, if she hadna that great objections to the lad. I think he's a gey decent lad myself, and no that ill to look upon. What gars ye have such an ill opinion of him, Nannie!"

"I've nae ill opinion of him; I ken naebody that has," said Agnes, with a little spirit — not perfectly satisfied, indifferent as she was, to hear her own especial property so cavalierly treated. "He's just as guid as other folk, and better-looking than some; and I see nae reason onybody has to speak of him disdainfully."

"Bless me, what for will ye no take him then?" said Euphie with astonishment.

"Because I'm no wanting him," said the capricious Agnes.

Mother and daughter exchanged glances of marvelling impatience, and Mrs. Raeburn shook her head, and lifted up her hands; but Agnes dried her tears, and, rising from her corner, went about some piece of household business. She had no desire to suffer further catechizing.

"But I wouldna aggravate her, mother, if I was you," said the astute Euphie, "with saying she'll get naebody else, for that'll do naething but set a' her pride up to try; and I wouldna tempt her into contradiction with praising him: far better to misca' him, mother, till she wearies and takes his part; and she's no sae seaward to do that as it is. I dinna ken if I ever would have set my mind even on our John, if ye hadna gi'en him such an ill word when he came first about the house."

"Ye might have done far better, Euphie," said Mrs. Raeburn with a sigh. "When I consider what like a lassie ye was, and mind of him coming here first — nae mair like a wooer than auld Tammas Mearns is. But it's nae use speaking, and ye're a wilful race, the haill generation of ye; and ane canna undo what's done, and you're wonderful weel pleased with your bargain, Euphie."

"I have occasion," said John Rintoul's wife, drawing herself up. "But if you'll take my word, mother — for I mind by myself ye'll no take young Colin Hunter's part ony mair, but misca' him with a' your heart, every single thing he does; and you'll just see if it doesna set Nannie, afore the week's out, that she'll never look anither airt, but straight to the Girmel."

How Mrs. Raeburn profited by her daughter's sage advice Euphie could not linger to see, for just then John himself entered to convoy his wife home. He had been with his mother, and John's face was very grave and sad.

Catching a glimpse of it as she bade them good night, the veil fell again over the impressible, visionary mind of Agnes Raeburn. Deep, settled, unbroken melancholy always moved her strangely, as indeed every other real and sincere mood did. Immediately there sprang up, among all her bewildering thoughts, a hundred guesses and surmises as to what might be then passing in the mind of John Rintoul; and from John Rintoul her fancy wandered again to Patie, vividly recalling every scene and incident of the fatal night. If Mrs. Raeburn had been minded to put in instant operation the questionable plan of Euphie, she would have succeeded ill to-night; but as the mother and daughter sat alone together, it soon became quite suffi-

cient employment for one of them to comment bitterly on the absence—a thing invariable and certain—of Samuel Raeburn at his favorite “public;” while the other sat motionless at her seam, living over again the dreary night which seemed to have become a lasting influence, shadowing her very life.

CHAPTER XIII.

“He wasna to fash me last night, and he wasna to fash me the day.” Agnes Raeburn awoke with these words in her mind; and a sense of relief, like a respite from condemnation, in her heart.

And gradually, as the day went on, a degree of strange excitement rose and increased in the sensitive heart of Agnes: unconsciously, as she went about all her daily homely duties, she found herself looking forward to the evening as to an era—an hour of mark and note in her life. She had dedicated it to thought—to careful consultation with herself what she should do; and only one so full of wandering fancies, yet so entirely unaccustomed to deliberate *thinking*, could realize what a solemn state and importance endured the hour sacred to this grave premeditated exercise of her reflective powers. Very true, she could have accomplished this piece of thought quite well in her own little chamber, or even in the common family apartment, as she sat over her sewing through all the long afternoon; yet Agnes put off the operation, and appropriated to it, with extreme solemnity, a becoming place and time. The place, from some vague superstition which she did not care to explain to herself, was the little cove upon the shore where John Rintoul found the fragment of the wreck. The time, the last hour of daylight, when she could leave her work unobserved—for Agnes did not care to visit the fated spot at night.

Now Agnes Raeburn all her life had borne the character of thoughtfulness. Childhood and girlhood had added to her honors;—“a thoughtful lassie” was her common repute among her neighbors; and no one, except Agnes herself, had ever learned to suspect that serious thought, after all, and everything like deliberation or reflection, were things unknown, and almost impossible to her mind. Powers of sympathy in such constant use and exercise, that the careless momentary mood of another was enough to suggest, to Agnes’ impulsive spirit, states of feeling utterly unknown to their chance originators—an imagination ever ready to fill with vivid scenery and actors the vacant air, whereon her mind, passive itself and still, was content to look for hours—with a strong power of fancy, and a nature sensitive to every touch, were qualities which wrapped her in long and frequent musings, but disabled her almost as much for any real exercise of mind as they

gave her the appearance of its daily practice.

All the day through, Agnes was silent, responding only in faint monosyllables to her mother’s attempts at conversation. In the forenoon Mrs. Raeburn was fortunately occupied, and not much inclined to talk; the afternoon she spent with Euphie; and thus through all those long, still, sunshiny hours, Agnes sat alone with the clock and the cat and the kitten, demurely sewing, and with a face full of brooding thoughtfulness. But in spite of this opportunity for deliberation, Agnes Raeburn was by no means tempted to forestall her own fixed period for the final decision—it was so much easier to let her mind glide away as usual into those long wanderings of reverie than to fix it to the question, momentous as that was. Poor Agnes! it was to be a very reasonable decision, wise and sensible; and reason, after all, was so much out of her way.

Samuel Raeburn has taken his tea, and again gone out to his usual evening’s sederunt in the little sanded parlor of Mrs. Browest’s “public;” and now Agnes may make up the fire and finally sweep the hearth, and put away the cups and saucers, that her mother may find no reprovable neglect if she comes earliest home. But Agnes cannot tell what the feeling is which prompts her to take out of the drawer the new camel’s-hair shawl which has kept her in comfort all these winter Sabbaths, and to put on the beaver hat, saucily looped up at one side, and magnificent with its gray feather, which no one has ever seen her wear on “an every-day” before. What Mrs. Raeburn would say to this display is rather a serious question, and Agnes assumes the unusual bravery with a flutter at her heart.

It still wants half an hour of sunset; and Inchkeith throws a cold lengthened shadow, enviously shutting out the water, which throbs impatiently under these dark lines of his, from the last looks of the sun. Black, too, in its contrast with the light, the nearer side of Inchkeith himself frowns with misanthropic gloom upon the brightened sands and glorified brow of Largo Law. A little white yacht, bound for some of the smaller ports high up the Firth, where the quiet current only calls itself a river—just now shooting out of the shadow, reels, as you can fancy, dazzled and giddy, under the sudden canonization which throws a halo over all its shapely sails and spars; and passing fisher-boats hail each other with lengthened cries—only rustic *badinage* and homely wit, if you heard them close at hand—but stealing with a strange half-pa-thetic cadence over the distant water. Ashore here, through the quiet rural high-road, the kye, with long shadows stalking after them, go soberly home from the rich clover-fields

that skirt the public road. And quite another cadence, though even to it the distance lends a strange charm of melancholy, have the voices of the little herds and serving-maidens who call the cattle home.

The tide is back, and all the beach glistens with little pools, each reflecting bravely its independent sunset. This larger basin, which you might call the fairies' bath, has nearly lost the long withdrawing line of light which only touches its eastern edge as with a rim of gold — and the sun is gliding off the prominent fold of the brae, though it droops as if the weight of wealth were almost too much for the sweet atmosphere which bears it, glowing in ruddy yellow glory, over the sea-side turf. The gowans, like the birds, have laid their heads under their wing, and the evening dews begin to glisten on the grass — the soft, short, velvet grass on which Agnes thinks she can almost trace the outline still of the rude fragment, chronicle of death and fatal violence, which crushed the gowans down, and oppressed the peaceful stillness, on yon bright March morning, past a twelvemonth and a day.

A bit of yellow rock projecting from the rich herbage of the brae, and overtopped by a little mound, like a cap, all waving and tufted over with brambles and upright plumes of hawthorn, serves her for a seat — and Agnes composes herself solemnly, puts one small foot upon a little velvet hassock of turf, embossed upon the pebbly sand, and, stooping her face to the support of both her hands, looks far away into the distance, and begins her momentous deliberation. What is it so soon that catches the dreamy eye, only too fully awake to every passing sight, though it puts on such a haze of thoughtfulness? Nothing but a long tuft of wiry grass waving out of a little hollow on the top of the nearest rock, with a forlorn complaining motion, as if it would fain look on something else than these waving lines of water, and fain escape the dangerous vicinity which sometimes crushes with salt and heavy spray, instead of genial dewdrops, its glittering sharp blades. Agnes muses, in her unconscious reverie, and her thinking has not yet begun.

Waking up with a sudden start, she changes her attitude a little, lets one hand fall by her side, and rests her cheek on the other, before she makes another beginning. What now? A glittering bit of crystal in the rock which the sun gets note of just as he is gliding from the point, and, having little time to spare, uses what he has with such effect, that the eyes of the looker-on are half-blinded with the sparkling commotion. Ah dreamy, wandering, gentle eyes! how easy it is to charm them out of the abstraction which they feign would assume!

Now it is the flash and soft undulation of

the rising line of water — now a glistening group of sea-birds going home at nightfall to their waiting households on the May — now a rustle of wind, or of a passing insect, soft among the grass — whatever it is, constantly it is something; and Agnes sees the sky darken, and all the light fade away in the west, but her thinking has still failed to come to a beginning, while the end looks hours or years away.

Just then a footstep, almost close upon her, startles her. She has been so absorbed by all these passing fancies, that not the deepest abstraction of philosophic thought could have made her more entirely unaware of this step in the distance, though for some time it has been advancing steadily on. Turning suddenly round, she sees between her and the pale clear light of the eastern sky a dark figure in a sailor's dress. Her heart beat a little quicker with the surprise, and her whole appearance, shyly drawing back on her seat, with one hand fallen by her side, and the other leaning just as it had supported her hastily-lifted cheek on her knee, is of one suddenly started out of a dream. It is some minutes before she raises her eyes to the face which now looks down wistfully upon her; but when she does so, the effect is instantaneous. A sudden shiver running through every vein — a backward crouch into the very rock, as if there would be protection even in the touch of something earthly and palpable — a deadly paleness, leaving her face — lips, and cheeks, and all — ashen gray like extreme age — a long, shuddering gasp of breath, and eyes dilated, intense-shining out upon the stranger in a very agony. The stranger stands before her, as suddenly arrested as she had been, and, crying "Nancy, Nancy!" with a voice which rings into her heart like a dread admonition, waits, all trembling with suppressed joy and eagerness, to receive some word of greeting.

"I've done you no wrong — I've done you no wrong!" gasps out at last, a broken, interrupted voice. "If there's vision given ye yonder to see what's done on earth, ye might see folks' hearts as well; and though you never said a word to me in this life, I've thought of none forby yours — never, never, though I did let Colin Hunter come after me; and whatever you are now, oh, man! have mind of folks' mortal weakness, and dinna look at me with such dreadful een, Patie Rintoul!"

"Nancy!" — still he could say nothing but this.

"I thought it was you the night the sloop was lost — I thought you couldna leave this life, and no let me ken; and I could bear to think it was you then, for all my heart fainted, baith with sorrow and fear; but I've done naething to call you up with thae upbraiding

een, and I daurna look at ye now—I daurna look at ye now, and you been twelve months and mair at the bottom of the sea!"

He made no answer, and Agnes dared not rise with her fainting, faltering limbs, to flee from the imagined spectre. The cold dew had gathered in great beads upon her brow—her hands rose, all trembling and unsteady, to cover her eyes, and shut out the face whose fixed look afflicted her almost to madness; but the weak, hesitating arms fell again—she could not withdraw her intense and terrified gaze—could not turn away her fascinated eyes from his.

The steady figure before her moved a little—the strong, broad breast began to heave and swell—and sobs, human sobs, reluctant and irrestrainable, broke upon the quiet echoes. Then he leant over her, closer to her, shadowing the little nook she crouched into; and warm, human breath, upon her brow, revived like a cordial her almost fainted heart. "I'm nae spirit—I've gotten hame, Nancy—I'm Patie Rintoul!"

Patie Rintoul! A succession of strong shudders, almost convulsive, come upon the relaxing form of Agnes; she is looking at him now with straining eyes, with lips parted by quick, eager breath, with a face which, gradually flushing over, is now of the deepest crimson. Patie Rintoul! and superstition and terror and doubt disappear into a sudden passion of shame and humiliation; for Agnes has told unasked a secret which the living Patie might have begged for on his knees in vain; and now it is impossible even to hope that spirit or "appearance" could assume this bronzed, manly sailor face—this dress so indisputably real—these strong travelling shoes, clouted by hands of human cobbler, and soiled by dust of veritable roadways; and, burying her face in her hands, which still cannot conceal the burning flush under them, Agnes owns her error by faltering forth, in utter dismay and helplessness, "Patie, I wasna meaning you!"

But the generous Patie will not take advantage of his triumph. For a single moment the little core is startled by a sound of wavering laughter—laughter that speaks a momentary ebullition of joy, greatly akin to tears—and then, with a certain quiet authority, the stranger draws the hands from the hidden face, and half lifts the trembling Agnes from her seat. "I'll ask you anither day what you mean," said the magnanimous Patie; "now I'm content just to be beside ye again; but I'm just on my road to the town—I've seen nane of our ain folk yet—and, Nancy, ye must take me hame to my mother."

And in a moment there flows upon her sympathetic heart the blessedness of Kirstin Beatoun receiving back her son. It scarcely

takes an instant now to subdue her trembling—the thought has strengthened her: "Eh, Patie, your mother!—her heart will break for joy."

"But I come again my lane," said Patie sadly. "What wasna true for me, was true for my father, Nancy. I was washed off the deck of the sloop, and some way fought through the water till I got to a rock; but the auld man went down in her before my very een, and that'll be little comfort to my mother."

"It'll be comfort enough to see you, Patie," said Agnes quietly; "let me slip in before and warn her. I've heard of joy killing folk—and come you in quiet, and speak to naeboddy, by the back of the town."

It was the best arrangement, and Patie reluctantly suffered his companion to leave him as they reached the outskirts of the little town. It was so dark now that the stranger was safe, and had little chance of being recognized.

CHAPTER XIV.

Forgetting entirely the exhaustion of her own late agitation; forgetting the usual extreme decorum and gravity of her demeanor; forgetting herself altogether, indeed, and even forgetting her own somewhat embarrassing share in the joy which she goes to intimate, Agnes Raeburn passes, running, along Elie shore. The gossips have almost all withdrawn from the open door to the warm fire-side, as more suitable to this chill March evening, but still there are loungers enough to get up a rather lively report of the sudden illness of little Johnnie Rintoul, confidently vouched for by two or three who have seen Nancy Raeburn flying at full speed "west the town" to bring the doctor. Nancy Raeburn, quite unconscious, careless and unobservant of who sees her, runs without a pause to Kirstin Beatoun's door.

It is time for Kirstin Beatoun to go to her early rest: poor heart! there are no household duties to keep her now from the kind, oblivious sleep which helps her for an hour or two to forget her grief. Pausing reverently at the window, Agnes can see dimly through the curtain and the thick panes a solitary figure sitting by the little fire, the faint lamp burning high above her, an open book in her lap, and by her side, upon the little table, a cup of weak, oft-watered tea, Kirstin's sole cordial. In the old times the fire used to be the household light here, casting all official lamps into obscurity; but now the little red glow of its much-diminished contents add no cheerfulness to the melancholy dim apartment, while the projecting ledge of the mantelpiece, by which the lamp hangs, throws a deep shadow upon the hearth. The door is shut, but Agnes, breathless and excited in

spite of her momentary pause, forgets the usual warning of her coming, and, bursting in suddenly to the quiet room, rouses Kirstin from her reading with a violent start.

When she is within it, the hopeless, forlorn solitude of the once cheerful kitchen strikes Agnes as it never struck her before; and, without saying a word to Kirstin, she suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of tears.

"Somebody's vexed ye, my lamb," said Kirstin, tenderly. Agnes Raeburn had insensibly won her way into the widow's forlorn heart.

"Naeboddy's vexed me; it's just to see you here your lane," said Agnes through her tears.

"Is't very desolate to look at?" said Kirstin, glancing round with a faint grieved curiosity. "I could put up the shutter, but I think naeboddy cares to look in and spy upon a puir lone woman now."

"It's no for that; and I'm no vexed," said Agnes, breathlessly, for a familiar foot-step seemed to her excited fancy to be drawing near steadily, and with a purpose, to the widow's door. "I'm no vexed; I'm just as thankful and glad as onybody could be: there's aye come to the town this night with news to make us a' out of our wits with joy."

"Poor bairn!" said Kirstin. "But I mind when I was as glad mysel at any great news from the wars—that was for the men pressed out of the Elie, to think there might be a chance of peace, and of them coming hame; but I've turned awfu' cauld-hearted this year past, Nancy. I think I canna be glad of onything now."

"But ye'll be glad of this," said Agnes. "Oh, if I durst tell without any mair words!—but I'm feared for the joy."

Kirstin grasped the slender wrist of her visitor, and drew her to the centre of the room, into the full lamp-light. Agnes Raeburn's eyes looking out of tears, her face covered with wavering rosy flushes, her mouth all full of smiles, yet ready to melt into the lines of weeping, brought a strange disturbance to the dead calm of Kirstin's face.

"I can be glad of naething but the dead coming back out of their graves—out of the sea—or of my ain call to depart," she said, in a hurried tone of excitement. "Wha's that on my door-stane? Wha's that hovering about my house at this hour of the night? Pity me, pity me, my judgment's gane at the last! I'm no asking if it's a man or a spirit it's my son's fit, and my son's een. I've had my wits lang enough, and my heart's broken. Let me gang, I say—for his face is out there someplace—out there in the dark—and wha's living to heed me if I am mad the morn's morn?"

And bursting from Agnes' terrified hold, the mother flew out into the open street, where she had caught, with her roused attention, a glimpse of a passing face which was like Patie's—which was Patie's; neither a ghost nor a delusion, but a living man.

Agnes, left alone thus, and very well content to have discharged her errand so far, sat down on the wooden stool by the empty arm-chair, and relieved herself by concluding her interrupted fit of crying. A considerable time elapsed before she again heard these steps approaching, and now they were not alone.

"Gang in, my man, ye'll be wearied after your travel," said Kirstin Beatoun, thrusting her son in before her through the open door. "Ye've been a lang time gane, Patie, and nae doubt ye'er sair worn-out, and glad to come ashore; and I wouldna say but ye thought whiles, like me, that ye were never to see your ould mother again; but we'll say naething about the past; it's an awfu' time. You're hame first, Patie; and when did ye say he was to come himself? Bairns, I dinna want to make ye proud, but we'll hae the hail toun out the morn, to see the sloop come up to Elie harbor, and him come hame."

Poor desolate heart! Joy had done what grief could not do; and for the moment, with these wild smiles quivering on her face, and her restless hands wandering about her son as she seated him in a chair, Kirstin Beatoun was crazed.

"Mother, mother," said Patie sadly, "he's hame in another place; he'll never plant a foot on Elie shore again. Mother, I'm my lane; ye'll have to be content with me."

"Content?" repeated Kirstin, with a low laugh—"content?—ay, my bonnie man, far mair than content. But I wouldna say but Nancy Raeburn would be wanting a share of ye for a handsel; and I'll no deny her so far as I have any say, for she's a fine lassie; but you've never tellt me yet when he's coming hame himsel."

Agnes and Patie exchanged sorrowful, bewildered glances; they did not know how to deal with this.

"Mother, there were nane saved but me," said Patie, hurriedly. "My father gæd down in the sloop, yesterday was a year. It's best for ye to ken; he never can come hame, for he's been dead and gane this twelve-month. Do ye understand me, mother? There's little to be joyful for after a'; them that were best worth perished, and there's naeboddy saved but me."

Patie's eyes fill, for he too had felt very deeply his father's death.

Kirstin stood by him a moment in silence; then she sat down in her former seat, and,

folding her arms upon the table, laid down her head upon them. They could only hear — they could not see — the prolonged and unresisted weeping which came upon her; but when she rose, her face was calm, full of gravity, yet full of sober light.

"God be thanked that has brought you hame again, Patie, my son, and that has preserved me to see this day," said Kirstin, solemnly. "He has sent sorrow, and he has sent joy. He has baith given and taken away; but them that's gane is safe in His ain kingdom, Patie, and He has made the heart of the widow this night to sing for joy."

After this there was room for nothing but rejoicing — the danger was past.

"But I've little to set before my stranger," said Kirstin, looking with a half smile at her neglected cup of tea. "You'll no be heeding muckle about the like of that, Patie; and I'm no that weel provided for a family again. It's late at night noo: if you'll rin east to my guiddaughter, Nancy my woman, she'll be my merchant for ae night; and ye'll hae to gang yoursel, Patie, and see John."

"I'll rin east and see that Euphie puts half a dozen haddies to the fire," said Agnes; "and ye'll come yoursel, Patie and you. I ran a' the way from the braes the night to let you ken the guid news, and you're no to contradict me."

"Na, I mustna do that, at no hand," said Kirstin, with a smile; "but there's your Auntie Ailie has had near as sair a heart as me. We'll hae to gang there first, Patie, and then, Nancy my woman, I'll bring my son to see Euphie and John."

Agnes had not run so much or so lightly for many a day; and now she set off upon another race, full of the blithest and most unselfish exhilaration; and it was not until she had almost reached Euphie's door, that a dread remembrance of her gray beaver-hat, with its nodding feather, and the new camel's-hair shawl, and what her mother would think of her wearing them to-night, came in to disturb her happy mind. Ah, culprit Agnes! and all the great pieces of thinking left undone, though the decision does seem something more certain than when you left home so gravely to seek the little cove among the braes; but in spite of these sobering considerations, Agnes carries in such a beaming face to the fireside of her sister, that the very sight of it is preparation enough to John and Euphie for hearing all manner of joy.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ailie, I've come to tell you I've gotten a great deliverance," said Kirstin Beatoun, with solemn composure, as she entered her

sister-in-law's little sitting-room, leaving Patie at the door.

Mrs. Plenderleath, too, was preparing for rest, and sat before the fire, the great family Bible still lying open upon the table, herself placed with some state in her arm-chair, her hands crossed in her lap, her foot upon a foot-stool; solitary, too, as Kirstin Beatoun had been an hour ago; but with a look of use and wont in her solitude, and many little comforts adapted to it lying about her, which, in some degree, took away its impression of painfulness.

"There's word of them," said Ailie, rising stiffly from her seat, and glancing round with the unsteady, excited eyes which had never lost their look of wild eagerness since the day of the wreck. And Ailie grasped tightly with her trembling hands the edge of the table and the edge of the mantel-shelf, unwilling to reveal the strong anxiety and agitation which shook her like a sudden wind.

"There's word of ane of them," said Kirstin. "Ailie, I'm a widow woman a' my days, and you hae nae brother; but my son — my son — I've gotten back my darlin' laddie — the comfort of his auld age and mine!"

And Ailie Rintoul, catching a glimpse, as Kirstin had done, of the young face looking in at the door, advanced to him with steps of slow, deliberate dignity, holding out both her hands. Other sign of emotion she would show none, but Patie never forgot the iron grasp in which she caught his hands.

For Ailie's soul was shaken as by a great tempest; — bitter disappointment, satisfaction, thankfulness, joy, she scarcely could tell which was strongest; and her impulse was to lift up her voice and weep, as she welcomed the dead who was alive again. Some strange piece of pride, or fear of committing herself out of her usual gravity before "the laddie," prevented this indulgence, and, by a great effort, very stiffly and slowly Ailie went back to her chair. It was only when she had reached it again, that she could command her voice sufficiently to speak.

"It's the Lord's ain wise way — it's His ain righteous pleasure. It's nae news to onybody that your man, Kirstin Beatoun, my brother that's departed, was a man of God for mony a year; and nae doubt he was ready for his call, and it came just at the best time; whereas it has aye lain heavy at my heart that the laddie was but a laddie after a', and heedless, and had thought but little upon his latter end. Patie, the Lord's sent ye hame to gie ye another season to make ready. See that ye dinna tempt him, and gang to the sea unregenerated again."

In a very short time after, the mother and son left Ailie; for not even the excitement of

this great event could make such a break in her habits as to tempt her out with them to the family meeting in her nephew's house. When they left her, Ailie Rintoul sat for a long time silent by the fire, now and then wiping away secret tears. Then, without missing one habitual action, she went quietly to her rest. Heart and mind might be disturbed and shaken to their foundations, but nothing disturbed the strong iron lines of custom and outward habitude—the daily regulations of her life.

"Ye may think what kind of a time it was to me," said Patie Rintoul, and every eye around him was wet with tears—"the sloop drifting away helpless into the black night, and me clinging with baith my hands to a bit of slippery rock, and the water dashing over me every wave. The next gleam of moonlight I saw her again. I saw she was settling down deeper and deeper into the sea, and the auld man at the helm looking out for me, thinking I was gone. I gied a great cry, as loud as I could yell, to let him ken I was living, and just wi' that the sloop gied a prance forward like a horse, and then wavered a moment, and then gaed down, and I mind anither dreadful cry—whether it was mysel that made it, or anither drowning man like me, I canna tell—and then the rock slipped out of my hands, and I kent naething mair till I came to mysel aboard the Dutch brig, where there wasna a man kent mair language than just to sell an anker of brandy or a chest of tea. I canna tell how lang I had lain there before I kent where I was, but when I came to my reason again my head was shaved, and the cut on my brow near healed—ye can scarce see the mark o't now, mother—but aye of the men that had some skill in fevers let me ken after, when I had come to some understanding of their speech, that it was striking against the rock, as I slipped off my grip, that touched my brain and gave me my illness. I've naething to say against the Dutchmen. They were very kind to me in their way, and would aye give me a word in the bygaun, or a joke to keep up my spirit. Nae doubt it was in Dutch, and I didna ken a syllable, but there was the kindly meaning a' the same. Weel, I found out by and by that the brig was a smuggler running voyages out of Rotterdam, and theraway, to mair ports than aye on the east coast. They were short of hands, and feared for me forby, thinking I might lay information; so, whenever we came near a harbor, whether it was Dutch or English, I had a man mount guard on me like a sentry, and behoved to be content to bide with them, for a' it was sair against my will. We had gane on this way as far as the month of August, when aye day, down by the mouth of the Channel, a cutter got wit of us, and got up her canvases to chase. It was a brisk wind and a

high sea, and our boat was nothing to brag of for a good seagoing boat, though she was clever of her heels, like most ill-doers; but the skipper took a panic, put on every stitch on her that she could stand, and run right out to sea. The man had an ill conscience, and saw the cutters chasing in the clouds, I think; for he wouldna be persuaded to hover a wee and turn again, but maintained he had a right to change the port and gang where he likit, being part owner as well. So we scarce ever slackened sail till we came into Kingston harbor, in Jamaica, where the firm that owned the brig had an office. I took heart of grace, having learnt mair of the tongue, and took upon me to speak to baith skipper and agent to crave my discharge. I wasna asking wages nor ony thing, but just mony thanks to them and a passage home. The skipper was *fey*, poor body. It was his ain wilfu' will brought him out to Kingston, where he met with the yellow fever, and got his death in three or four days; but it was just before he took it, and he was awfu' kind to me. I got my leave, and got a possie of silver dollars besides, no to be lookit down on, mother; and a week after that there was a schooner (the "*Justitia*" of Dundee), to sail out of Kingston hame. We came in last night, and I came through to St. Andrews as soon as I could get cleared out of my berth this morning, and, walking hame from St. Andrews, I came down off the braces to the very shore, no wanting to see anybody till I saw my mother; when lo! I came upon Nancy sitting by the little cove, and then we twa came hame."

We twa! Agnes is in her corner again, deep in the shadow of the mantel-shelf, and no one sees the blush which comes up warmly on her half-hidden cheek. No one observes her at all, fortunately—for Euphie has been sitting with the breath half suspended on her red lip, and the tear glistening on her eyelash—John covers his face, and leans upon the table—Kirstin Beaton, with her hand perpetually lifted to wipe away the quiet tears from her cheek, sees nothing but the face of her son—and even Mrs. Ruesburn, forgetful of her offence at Patie for the loss of the sloop, gives him her full, undivided attention, and enters with all her heart into his mother's thanksgiving. So Agnes in her corner has time to soothe the fluttering heart which will not be still and sober, and, in the pauses of her breathless listening, chides it like an unruly child. Here is but a scene of home-like joy, of tearful thanksgiving—the danger and toil and pain and separation lie all in the past. Ghosts and spectres are dead and gone; life, young and warm and sweet, is in the very air; hearts, that would do naught but dream to-day, when there was serious work in hand, now, content with all this unexpected gladness, learn to be sober—for one little

hour; but Agnes only hears a mutter of defiance as she repeats again and again the unheeded command.

Secretly, by Euphie's connivance, the Sabbath shawl and Sabbath hat have been conveyed home, while the house-mother was not there to see; but they lie heavy still on the conscience of Agnes; and heavy too lies poor Colin Hunter, whom now no elaborate piece of thought will avail, for, looking up, she finds Patie Rintoul's eye dwelling on her — dwelling on her with a smile; and the blush deepens into burning crimson as Agnes remembers the secret she told to Patie, and to the grave rocks and curious brambles, by the little fairy cove among the Elie braes.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And this is to be the end o' t' a' — a' the pains I've ta'en wi' ye and a' the care! Eh, Nancy Raeburn! weel may your faither say I've spilt ye baith wi' owre muckle concern for ye. To think *you* should set your face to this, and Euphie there, that might ken better, uphauding ye in a' your folly! Wha's the Rintouls, I would like to ken, that I should ware a' my bairns upon them! — A fisher's sons, bred up to the sea, with neither siller nor guid connections. I'm sick of hearing the very name!"

"I think ye might have keeped that till I wasna here, mother," said Euphie indignantly. "I'm no denying the Rintouls were fishers, but I would like to ken wha would even a fisher to a tailor, or the like of thae landward trades; and I ken one of the name that's as guid a man as ye'll find in a' Fife; and Patie's a fine lad, if he's no sae rich as Colin Hunter, and no so discreet as our John. For my part, I wonder onybody has the heart to discourage the puir laddie, after a' he's come through."

"He came through naething at our hand," said Mrs. Raeburn; "and weel I wot he has little cause to look for comfort from us, and him airt and pairt in the loss o' the sloop wi' a' our gear. Just you dry your cheeks, and gang back to your work, Nancy; and let me see nae mair red een in my house; for if you'll no take Colin Hunter, ye maun just make up your mind to be your faither's daughter a' your days, for Samuel Raeburn will never give his consent to marry ye to Patie Rintoul."

"I'm no asking his consent — I'm no wanting Patie Rintoul," cried poor Agnes, in a passion of injured pride and maidenliness. "I'm wanting naeboddy, mother, if folk would only let me alane."

And it turned out, in the most conclusive manner possible, that Agnes certainly did not want Colin Hunter; and Colin Hunter, stung by kindred pride and disappointment, took immediate steps to revenge himself, but hap-

pily forgot all evil motives very speedily, in a fortunate transfer of his affections to a wife much more suitable for him than Agnes Raeburn. Meanwhile Patie Rintoul, a lion and great man in the Elie, came and went thrifty of his silver dollars, and whistled till the air was weary of hearing it, and every little boy on Elie shore had caught the refrain — a tune which was very sweet music to one heart in Samuel Raeburn's house —

I'll tak my plaid and out I'll steal,
And owe the hills to Nannie O.

They could put up the shutter on the window, and hide from him her very shadow; but they could not keep his simple serenade from the charmed ear which received it with such shy joy.

Patie went away another voyage in the "Justitia" of Dundee; Patie came home mate, with a heavier purse and a face more bronzed than ever; and Mrs. Raeburn had long ago forgotten her little skirmish with Euphie, and her angry injunction to Agnes, "never to cross Euphie's door when one of the Rintouls was there." It was a very useless caution this, so long as the Elie itself remained so little and so quiet, and the braes were so pleasant for the summer walks from which Agnes could not be quite debarred. By and by, too, father and mother began to be a little piqued that no one else did honor to the good looks of Agnes; and so, gradually, bit by bit, there came about a change.

When another year was out, Samuel Raeburn solemnly assisted at the induction of Captain Plenderleath — now returned a competent and comfortable man, to spend his evening time at home, a magnate in his native town — as one of the redoubtable municipality of the Elie; and as the new bailie's nephew disinterestedly offered to the old bailie his escort home, Samuel Raeburn saith with much solemnity —

"Patie Rintoul! I hae twa daughters, as ye ken, and a matter of eight hundred pounds to divide between them when I dee — onyway, I *had* that muckle afore your faither and you lost the sloop. Now the wife tells me — and I have an ee in my ain head worth twa of the wife's, that you're looking after our Nannie. Be it sae. I conclude that's settled, and that's the premises. Now I maun say it was real unhandsome usage on your part and your faither's to encourage John Rintoul, Euphie's man, to stay at hame for the sake of her havers, and then to let the sloop gang down that hadna had time in our aught to do mair than half pay her ain price; — sae I consider — canna ye gang straight, man! — that I've paid ye down every penny of Nannie's tocher, and that ye're to look for naething mair frae me; and that being allowed and concluded on, ye can settle a' the

rest with the wife, and let the hail affair be nae mair bother to me."

Having said this loftily, Samuel Raeburn went home with placid dignity, and left his house-door open behind him for the unhesitating entrance of Patie Rintoul.

Euphie was angry; Captain Plenderleath indignant; Ailie Rintoul lofty and proud; but the others, most deeply concerned, received very gladly the tocherless bride, to whom her mother did not refuse a magnificent "providing," richer in its snowy, glistening stores, its damask table-cloths and mighty sheets, than ever Euphie's had been; for by this time Mrs. Raeburn had remembered her old friendship for Kirstin Beaton, and forgotten that she was sick of the very name of Rintoul.

And a humble monumental stone, marking a memory, but no grave, was seen soon among the other grave-stones by the eyes which once looked up reverently to the stately patriarch fisher, the first John Rintoul. Within sight of the place where he used to stand in his antique blue coat and thick white muslin cravat, lifting his lofty head, grizzled with late snows, over the plate where the entering people laid their offerings, stands now a framework of stone, somewhat rudely cut, enclosing

a bit of dark sea-worn wood, carved with the name of Elder John: the sun shines on it, brightly tracing out the uncouth characters, with a tender, renovating hand; and your heart blesses the gracious sunshine as it takes this gentle office, cherishing the name of God's undistinguished servant as tenderly as if it were inscribed upon a martyr's grave. No martyr, though his Master chose for him another than the peaceful way of going home which an aged man himself might choose. In the deep heart of his widow's unspoken love, a canonized saint—to the profound regard of his only sister, a prophet high and honored—to the universal knowledge, a godly man; and the earth, which has no grave for him, and the sunshine which plays upon the great mantle with which the sea encloses his remains, are tender of his name—all that is left of him on the kindly soil of his own land.

Gowans and tender grass slowly encroaching on its base, verdant mosses softly stealing along its thick stone edge—the sea within sight, whereon he lived and died, and the humble roof where he had his home; and many a kindly and friendly eye pauses, with reverent comment, to read the "Lost at Sea" which puts its solemn conclusion to the life of John Rintoul.

From "The Transactions of the Entomological Society."

MR. SPENCE exhibited specimens of the fly called "Tsété," which he found were identical with the *Glossina morsitans* of Westwood. He also communicated some observations thereon, founded on a note forwarded to Dr. Quain, by W. Oswell, Esq., who has travelled extensively in Africa, and on one occasion lost forty-nine out of fifty-seven oxen, of which his teams consisted, by the attacks of this fly, the animals dying in a period of from three to twelve weeks after being bitten. It appears that three or four flies are sufficient to kill a full-grown ox; and the following appearances were observable in numerous examples which were examined. On raising the skin, a glairy condition of the muscles and flesh, the latter much wasted; stomach and intestines healthy; heart, lungs, and liver, sometimes all, and invariably one or the other, diseased; the heart, in particular, being no longer a firm muscle, but collapsing readily on compression, and having the appearance of flesh that had been steeped in water; the blood greatly diminished in quantity and altered in quality—not more than twenty pints could be obtained from the largest ox, and this thick and albuminous; the hands when plunged into it came out free from stain. The poison seems to grow in the blood, and through it to attack the vital organs. All domesticated animals, except goats, calves, and sucking animals, die from the bite of this insect; man and all wild animals are bitten with impunity. This fly is confined to particular districts, chiefly between the 15th and 18th degrees of south latitude and the 24th and 28th degrees of east longitude, and is never known to shift.

The inhabitants herd their cattle at a safe distance from its haunts; and if in changing their cattle-post they should be obliged to pass through the country in which it exists, they choose a moonlight winter's night, as during the cold weather it does not bite. It seems to differ in several particulars from the account given by Bruce of the fly called "Zimb," which was only found on plains of "black, fat earth," whereas this was an inhabitant of jungles and country not open. Mr. Oswell, who was present as a visitor, gave a more detailed account of his experience with this African pest.

WILLIAM HOBSON PALMER was indicted for the manslaughter of Charlotte Cardwell. Palmer is a "herb doctor;" he administered "Dr. Coffin's medicines" to the deceased. After her death a large quantity of husks of lobelia were found in her stomach; lobelia is largely employed in Coffin's medicines; Dr. Letheby pronounced the quantity taken by the woman as sufficient to cause death. But Mrs. Cardwell had suffered from asthma, and after death the lungs were found much inflamed; medical witnesses admitted that lobelia may be employed in asthmatic cases; it is a modern medicine; persons who have taken it for a length of time can swallow large doses with impunity. Mr. Justice Maule pronounced the evidence insufficient to warrant a conviction; and a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned. The judge then remarked, that lobelia was a dangerous medicine, and persons should be very cautious how they administer it.—*Spectator*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LODGINGS THAT WOULD N'T SUIT.

My landlady was a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old woman, with the kind of superficial sharpness of eye that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved within the same small circle. When, or at what age she began the business of letting furnished apartments, or whether she was born in it, and grew up of nature and necessity a landlady, I do not know; but there she was, as intimate with her house and everything that concerned it as a limpet is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, as that exclusive animal is of the outside world. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the force of circumstances, and then it was as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie against the enemy. Her natural foes were the trades-people who dealt in anything she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved but the fortunes of a half-penny, colored her whole day. It was not frequently, however, that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door, and lived in a state of perpetual hostility with the vendors of sprats—O, and live soles.

Her house, or at least the parlor floor which I inhabited, bore a curious resemblance to herself, being a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old floor. It consisted of a sitting-room and bedroom in excellent preservation. What the age of the furniture may have been, it was impossible even to guess; but for all practical purposes, it was as good as new. There was no gloss on it—there never is in a lodging-house—but neither was there a single grain of dust. Though kept constantly clean, it had never been rubbed in its life; and that was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, though as whole as the rest, was not in other respects so fortunate. Its color was so completely faded, that you could not tell what it had originally been; the pattern might have been matter of endless controversy; and it exhibited a decided gangway from the door to the fireplace. Its dimensions might be thought scanty, for it did not cover the entire floor; but then it must be considered that this carpet was intended for the comfort of the lodgers' feet, not of those of the six cane-bottomed chairs ranged at wide intervals along the walls. On the mantel-piece there stood a lion of Derbyshire spar, and flanking him on each side a vase of stoneware; the background being formed by a long narrow horizontal mirror, divided into three compartments, with a black frame.

These apartments, for which I paid twelve shillings a week, were not particularly cheerful. They had, indeed, rather a cold, solitary look; and sometimes in the morning at

breakfast-time, I would fain even have prolonged the ministering of the dirty maid-of-all-work, by asking questions. But Molly had doubtless been ordered not to speak to the lodgers, and therefore she answered curtly; and, slamming down, or whisking off the things, went her way. I had at length recourse to my landlady herself, and found her so much more communicative, that I suddenly conceived the wild idea of being able to select from her reminiscences the materials for a story—with which I had already resolved to delight the public, if I could only think of a plot. She was not at all disinclined to speak. Indeed, I believe she would have made no scruple of telling me the history of all her lodgers, from the epoch when things began to settle down after the Norman Conquest; for it was to some such period I referred in my own mind the first appearance in her window of "Lodgings to Let." But somehow her lodgers had no history to relate. Her favorite hero was a gentleman, who every now and then brought her in news from the world that Parliament was going to impose a tax upon furnished lodgings. This was a very exciting subject. So far as it went, she was so unscrupulous a democrat, that I began to be fearful of political consequences if we were overheard; indeed, she did not hesitate to set the whole boiling of them at defiance, saying, in answer to my caution, that if she *was* took up in such a cause, she would soon let them know they had got the wrong sow by the ear!

But since my landlady had not a story, why not tell it? There was in it a young gentleman—and a young lady—and a mother—and a journey—and a legacy: all the requisite materials, in short—only not mixed. It would be something new—wouldn't it?—to give a love-story without a word of love, without an incident, and without a dénouement. Such was my landlady's no-story; and we will get it out of her.

"The lady and her daughter!" said she. "Well, I don't know as there is anything particular to tell about them. They were respectable people, and excellent lodgers; their rent was as punctual in coming as the Saturday; they stayed fourteen months, and then they went away."

"You have not mentioned their name!"

"Their name? Well, *surely* I must have known their name when I went after the reference; but as they knew nobody, and were known to nobody, I soon forgot it. We called the mother the Parlor, and the daughter the Young Lady; for you see, at that time there was no other young lady in the house. Their occupation? As for that, the mother marketed, and the daughter sewed, sitting in the chair at the window. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they read, sometimes they chatted.

They did nothing else as I know of. They lived on their means, like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You be so green, mister, you make me laugh sometimes!"

"I only wanted to know what was their station, how they lived, and!"

"Lived? oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the Sunday, with potatoes under it; Monday, cold; Tuesday, hashed; then, maybe, a pair of live sole for the Wednesday; Thursday, a dish of sassengers; Friday, sprats—O; and on Saturday, bread and butter in the forenoon, with a save-loy or a polony at tea, made up the week—respectable. I know what a lady is, mister"—here the landlady fixed her eye upon me severely—"and them *were* ladies!"

"I have no doubt at all of it; and the young man was of course something like themselves!"

"He was like nothing but a mystery at the Coburg! I don't know as even he were a young man. He might just as well have been a middle-aged or an elderly man. There he sat at the parlor window opposite, with a book in his hand; but it was easy to see that it was our window he was reading, where the young lady was sitting, as I have told you, sewing in her chair. Day after day, week after week, month after month, there was he looking, and looking, and looking; till the picture, I daresay, gathered upon his eye, and he could see little else in the world."

"The young lady, I hope, returned the looks?"

"She, poor dear! Lor' love you, she was so short-sighted, that she could not tell whether it were a house or a hedge on the other side of the street. She did so laugh when I told her there was a young man a-looking at her! Then, when she turned her poor blind eyes in the direction, promiscuous like, how he snatched away his head, as if he had been a-stealing something! It was a great misfortune for him that I had put my ear in, for all his long, lonely, quiet looks were now at an end. The young lady could not refrain from turning her head sometimes; and every time she did so, it gave him such a spasm! but when, at last, she got up, now and then, as if to look, full-length, at something in the street, he fairly bolted off from the window. He could not stand *that* by no manner of means; little knowing, poor soul! that the eyes that had bewitched him did not carry half-way across the street."

"That is excellent, mistress," said I, for we were evidently coming to the pith of the story; "but they no doubt met at last!"

"You shall hear—you shall hear," replied my landlady; "but I must first tell you, that one day, when he had been driven away out of sight by the full length of the young lady,

I went out for a couple of chops, for their diners. Well, I was ever so long gone—for I was not to be done so easily out a ha'penny a pound—but in coming home, as the young lady was still sewing away, I thought I would just pass by the other side before crossing over. And so, mister, while going by the house, I looked in at his window promiscuous—and there was a sight to see! He had retired to the other end of the room, where he was sitting with his back to the wall, his two elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles; and thus had he been staring for an hour right across the street, unseen and alone, with that young lady before him, like a vision of his own calling up. As for the meeting of the two"—

"Stop, mistress! Before you come to that, describe the young man."

"The young man, if he were a young man, was a grave, steady, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been all ages from twenty-five to fifty. He wore black clothes and a white cravat; his hat was always as smooth as satin; his boots looked as if they had been French polished; his hair was brown, and combed smooth; his face gray; and he walked as if he was measuring the pavement with his steps. He left the house at one hour, and returned at another, neither a minute earlier nor later; and he indulged his poor heart with the young lady for the very same space of time every day."

"And the heroine?"

"The what, mister?"

"The young lady—I beg pardon."

"Oh, she was a nice sort of person, of two or three and twenty; light-hearted, but quiet in her manners; with a good complexion; pretty enough features, taking them altogether; and light-blue eyes, with the hazy appearance of short-sight."

"Then, go on to the meeting!"

"I'm a-coming to it. It was one day that the Parlor and the Young Lady were out; and the live sole being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window, wondering what ever could be keeping them, and it just one. So, as the church-clock struck, I sees my young man, as usual, open his door and come out, and after a sweeping glance with the tail of his eye at our window, walk away down the street, so steady that one or two stepped out of his line, thinking he was a-measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming, right in his front, as if for the express purpose of meeting him, but our two ladies! I declare, it put me in mind of the appointment in the paper for the sake of Matrimony with somebody as has honorable intentions and means secrecy. The young man went on for a while, as if he meant to cut right through between the mother and daughter; but his courage

failed him at last, and he stopped at a window, and stared in at the bill, 'Day-school for Young Ladies,' till they had passed some time. He then set off again, and disappeared without turning his head."

"And is this the meeting, mistress?" said I with some indignation.

"To be sure it is," said my landlady, "and the only meeting they ever had; for that very day the Parlor received a letter from France, or Scotland, or some other place abroad, which made her give me a week's warning; and at the end of that time they went off, and I never saw them more."

"And is this your story, mistress?" said I, getting into a downright rage.

"I told you from the first, mister," replied my landlady, flaring up, "that I had no story to tell; and if you don't choose to hear the end of it, you may do the other thing!"

"It is the end, my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interesting a way with you, that really" —

"Well, well. It was eight months before I heard anything about the ladies; but then I had a few lines from the Parlor, telling me that she had given up all thoughts of returning to London, as her daughter was now well married, and she was to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about, or who it was from; for the young man had gone too, soon after them — to one of the midland counties, I heard — and what with crosses of my own, and the tax that was going to be laid upon lodgings, I had forgotten all about them. By the end of a year, things were very dull with me. The parlors were empty, and the two-pair-back had gone off without paying his rent. One day I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself what ever was to be done, when all of a sudden a knock came to the door, that made my heart leap to my mouth. Not that it was a loud, long knock, clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock, ra — tatt; nor a knock like yours, mister, rät-ät-ät-ät; it was three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them; and I could have sworn the strokes were knocked by the young man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on the door on the other side of the way."

"I hope to goodness you were right?" said I.

"Never was wrong in my life," said my landlady, "when I *felt* anything. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hat, glossy boots, brown hair, gray face — all were unchanged. He looked steadily at me for some seconds when I opened the door, and I was just going to ask him how he did — when at last he said: 'Lodgings!'"

"Yes, sir," said I, "please to step in;" and I showed him into the parlor. He looked

at everything minutely; but without moving from where he stood near the door: at the table, the chairs, the fireplace, the chimney-glass; I am sure he noticed that the tail of that lion was broken (but the hussy tramped for it, I can tell you!) — nothing escaped him; and at last he looked at the window, and at the chair the young lady used to sit in as she sewed; and then, turning quietly round, he walked out.

"What do you think of them?" asked I anxiously, as I followed him.

"Would n't suit," said he; and so he went his way. I was a little put out, you may be sure" —

"I'll take my corporal oath of that!" remarked I.

"But not so much as you think, mister," said my landlady; "for I could not help feeling sorry for him. But yet I own, when the very same thing occurred next year" —

"Next year!"

"On the very day, hour, minute, second: the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer: 'Would n't suit!' The next year" —

"My dear madam! — how long is that ago!"

"Well — a matter of twenty year."

I was glad it was no worse; for a misgiving had come over me, and my imagination was losing itself in the distance of the past.

"The next year," continued my landlady, "and the next, and the next, and the next, were as like as may be. Sometimes the parlor was let; but it was all one — he would see it, as it might do for another time; and the lodgers being out, he did see it, and still it would n't suit. At last, I happened one year to be out myself, forgetting that it was the young man's day; and my! as the thought struck me when coming home, it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I had n't done right. I was by this time accustomed to the visit, you see, and always grew anxious when the time came. But it was of no consequence to him; only he stared twice as long when the door was opened, and he saw a strange face. But he went in all the same, looked at everything as usual — Would n't suit. At all these visits of inspection, his stay was of the same length to a minute; and when he went away, I found — for I did watch him once — he walked straight to the coach-office."

"Well, mister, you may think, as years passed on, that I saw some difference in the young man's appearance. But he didn't grow a bit older. His hair changed, but his gray face was still like granite stone. His pace became slower; but for that, he only came the sooner, so that he might have the same time to look, and get back to the coach at the proper moment. Then he seemed to

tremble a little in his walk ; but he had now a cane to keep him stiff and upright ; and he still looked as if he was a-measuring the pavement, only taking more pains to it. I cannot think what it was that made me care so much about that old young man, for I never in my life exchanged more words with him than you have heard. But once, when the clock was fast, and he had n't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair, and grew so nervous that, when at last the knock came, I started up with a scream. But this was after we had been well-nigh a score of years accustomed to each other. Earlier, I was sometimes cross ; that was when we had hardly any lodgers, and the parlor never *would* suit. But it was all one to him. He did n't mind me a pin—not even when, being in better humor, I once asked him to sit down. He just looked as usual—as if there was nobody in the world but himself. I was so nettled, that I thought of repeating the invitation, and pointing to the young lady's chair ; but it was a bad thought, and I am glad now I kept it down.

"He grew more and more infirm ; and at last, when one year he came and went in a coach, although he would not make use of coachee's arm either in coming down or going up the steps, I had a sore heart and dim eyes looking after him. The next year, you may be sure, I was at my post as usual ; but when it came near the hour, I was so fidgety and nervous, that I could not sit down, but kept going from the parlor window to the door, and looking up at the clock. The clock struck—there was no knock. Poor old young man ! In ten minutes more, there was the postman's knock, and I took the letter he gave me into the parlor—slow and desolate-

like. The girl was out ; we had hardly any lodgers ; things were very bad with me—I was sore cast down. But business is business ; and I opened the letter, which was no doubt about the apartments, for I never got any other. This time it was from a country attorney, telling me of that Death, and of a clause in the will, leaving a hundred pounds to me for my trouble in showing the lodgings that would n't suit. Mister, I was took all of a heap ! The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man—the young lady—the long, long love-looks across the street—the meeting he could n't stand, that was like Matrimony in the papers—the visits to the parlor, where she had lived, and sat, and never saw him—the gray face—the sinking limbs—the whitening hair—the empty lodgings—the hundred pounds ! I was alone in the house ; I felt alone in the world ; and straightway I throws the letter upon the table, plumps me down in a chair and burst out a-crying and sobbing."

Here my landlady stopped ; and here ends a tale that wants, methinks, only incident, plot, character, coloring, a beginning, a middle, and an end, to be a very good one. But all these it receives from the reader, who is acquainted with the inner life of that old young man, and is able, if he chose, to write his history in volumes ; and whose memory brings before him some unconscious image, which gave a tone and direction to the thoughts of years, and supplied a Mecca of the heart for his meditative visits, without affecting in any sensible degree the cold calm look, and the measured step with which he paced through the cares and business of the world.

THE CONDEMNATION OF MARIE ANTOINETTES ; PAINTED BY DELAROCHE. — A picture of this great historical subject, just painted by Paul Delaroche, has been on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's ; and is about to be engraved in line, by the engraver of the "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" — M. A. François, of Paris — under the superintendence of the painter himself. The moment selected is when the discrowned queen, having just heard her sentence of death pronounced, turns to leave the Convention, followed by the republican guards, amid the howls and menaces of the spectators. In one face alone are there distinct traces of sympathy—that of a young girl to the extreme right of the composition, who gazes tearfully at the queen. This head is earnestly expressive ; but it may be said that in Marie Antoinette's face and figure centres the whole interest of the work. The other personages, some down in number, are kept back by conventional tones of color and an artificial disposition of the lights and shadows, and are, indeed, of themselves comparatively valueless. We cannot acquiesce in this system on the grounds

either of technical art or of the proportion due to the subject ; but that face and figure will compensate for much. With only faint traces of its old auburn in her whitened hair, with eyes red from watching and endurance, but unchanged by any immediate emotion, and unswerving from their forward gaze, her head erect on her erect neck, she walks straight on. There is silence on her face ; to her judges and her enemies she has spoken for the last time ; and now scorn is stamped there final and supreme—a scorn not indicated by any movement of the features, but the expression of her whole self. It is the scorn too of a queen at bay ; which will produce revolt and rage in the popular heart, and the determination to bring it down anyhow, rather than remorse or compunction. Such is the main expression ; but it is complicated with nicer shades of feeling—disdainful pity and strong self-mastering effort ; and all are subdued, as well in the undemonstrative action of the figure as in the countenance, beneath the calm mask of dignity. In virtue of this figure the picture is a grand one, truly and highly historical. —*Spect.*

From the Examiner.

Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert. Being the result of a Second Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M. P., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains." With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. Murray.

We know no fairy tale that more excites the imagination than a narrative of the discoveries that have been made within the last few years upon the site of Nineveh. Told, as here, by the chief discoverer himself, in a most pleasant, easy, graphic way, yet also with a genuine earnestness, it is the most delightful reading in the world. The account of Mr. Layard's second expedition now before us forms a work less striking than his former volumes upon Nineveh and its Remains only because the topic is no longer absolutely new. The details, however, are new; and in every essential respect the present work is more important and more interesting than its predecessor, inasmuch as it begins where that left off, and guides us with a strange certainty, before impossible, among the stupendous records of the old Assyrian kings.

The scholarship of Col. Rawlinson, Doctor Hincks, M. de Saulcy and others has by this time begun to tell with good effect on the Assyrian inscriptions; and there occur so many modes of testing, in one place and another, the correctness of a reading, that of many most important fragments we may now say positively that they have been thoroughly read and translated. Nor is there any fair reason to doubt that continued study of the subject will result in an almost complete revelation of the knowledge that still lies hidden beneath the undeciphered arrow-heads. There is material enough to work upon. Mr. Layard's present volume relates chiefly to explorations at Kouyunjik in one palace, the palace of Sennacherib. The glories of Assyria were carved upon its walls, and in that one palace alone two miles of sculptured wall have been already discovered. Seventy-one of its halls, chambers, and passages have been entered, and twenty-seven portals formed by colossal-winged bulls and lion sphinxes have been laid bare by Mr. Layard during his researches.

Two of the chambers so explored contained state records on tablets and cylinders of clay. In the great fire by which the palace was destroyed, the shelves on which these records may have been arranged would of course have been consumed; at any rate the records were discovered, in a mass of fragments strewn upon the floor—a layer of historic treasure, a foot thick. In the volume before us we also read how the Arab excavators dug their way to the very throne of Sennacherib; and, not

least among the multitude of other wonders, we are told of a clay seal, now in the British Museum, attached probably to a treaty of peace between Assyria and Egypt, displaying on one piece of clay the signets of the two great kings, side by side, Sennacherib and Sabaco.

But endless as are the topics for surprise and admiration in this volume, there is also something to suggest regret. Although we are very far indeed from underrating the immense value of the wall sculptures which enable us to see the old Assyrians in their habits as they lived, getting in harvests of praise and glory, yet we cannot but regret very much that the extreme inadequacy of the means placed at Mr. Layard's command, should have compelled him almost wholly to confine and limit his attention to the walls of those rooms which he entered. That so much should have been done with so little, and so many grand results obtained, is not one of the least wonderful portions of the tale of wonder which is brought to us from Mesopotamia. Cheap as labor is in a region where the camel-load of wheat (480 lbs.) costs but 4s., it would have been impossible for any man not gifted with Mr. Layard's rare combination of energy and tact to have economized his means so well, or to have produced out of the slender material resources placed at his command a tenth part of the results now before us. As it is, however, Mr. Layard has been compelled to restrict his operations; to tunnel round the walls of chambers for their sculptured tablets, and to leave the mass of earth and ruin untouched, over the floor of almost every room. And when we consider the gains that have rewarded an examination of the floor of the two small record chambers, it seems to us most probable that under the huge masses of ruin now covering the pavements trodden by Sennacherib, there must be hidden many an object which, like the throne of the great king—

To all living, mute memento breathes
More touching far than aught which on the walls
Is pictured.

The reader will at the same time understand that we think the course actually taken in all respects best adapted to make the most of the means afforded. For the limited amount of excavations he was authorized to undertake, Mr. Layard most properly and wisely selected his field. He could not afford to dig to waste, and therefore made his chief business to trace along the walls, which, from the outward signs already visible, it was quite certain contained a rich vein of historic ore. But what treasures are yet to come out of the great Nineveh mines, when our national sense of their value shall have been expressed by a less niggardly allowance

for the working of them, we dare hardly calculate at present.

A portion of Mr. Layard's present volume is devoted to the account of some excavations on the site of Babylon; but although they led to a few discoveries of very great importance, they were not prosecuted far because the quantity of waste labor is much greater at Babylon than at Nineveh. There are at Babylon no tablets of carved alabaster, and very few sculptures found on any kind of stone. Stone was not readily obtained by the Babylonians, and their palaces were therefore ornamented with glazed brick, with plaster work and colors. The buried palace of Nebuchadnezzar has for a long series of years, indeed, provided bricks for all the buildings in the neighborhood; there is scarcely a house in Hillah which is not almost entirely built with them; and upon every single brick is stamped the name of the king.

As was the case with Mr. Layard's Nineveh and its remains, one great charm of the *Nineveh and Babylon* lies in the admirable sketches of the tribes that now move to and fro upon the soil of the Assyrians. The reproduction of the past is heightened in effect by being placed in apposition with the present. No traveller — no, not Burckhardt himself — has ever so completely won the confidence of Eastern dwellers among tents; or has obtained, from familiar genial intercourse with Bedouins and Yezidis, so accurate a knowledge of their character. Setting aside altogether the great subject matter of his books, there still remains in Mr. Layard's narrative so much of the best spirit of the traveller, and he has such intimate and kindly knowledge of the Arab, that he might have achieved a reputation for his pictures of the present, if he had not made his name immortal in connexion with discoveries relating to the past.

It is a curious fact that there have been no tombs discovered on the site of Nineveh, nor any representation on the sculptures of the mode in which the Assyrians disposed of their dead. Did they, like a good sanitary nation, burn them all? At Nimroud, in the high conical mound at the north-west corner, Mr. Layard discovered the remains of a square tower, in which a narrow gallery was found vaulted with sun-dried bricks, and blocked up at each end. This may have been a royal tomb, but nothing else of the kind was discovered. And, says Mr. Layard —

No remains whatever were found in it, neither fragments of sculpture or inscription, nor any smaller relic. There were, however, undoubted traces of its having once been broken into on the western side, by digging into the face of the mound after the edifice was in ruins, and consequently, therefore, long after the fall of the Assyrian empire. There was an evident depres-

sion in the exterior of the mound, which could be perceived by an observer from the plain, and the interior vault had been forced through. The remains which it may have contained, probably the embalmed body of the king, with vessels of precious metals and other objects of value buried with it, had been carried off by those who had opened the tomb at some remote period, in search of treasure. They must have had some clue to the precise position of the chamber, or how could they have dug into the mound exactly at the right spot? Had this depositary of the dead escaped earlier violation, who can tell with what valuable and important relics of Assyrian art or Assyrian history it might have furnished us? I explored, with feelings of great disappointment, the empty chamber, and then opened other tunnels, without further results, in the upper parts of the mound.

It was evident that the long gallery or chamber I have described was the place of deposit for the body of the king, if this were really his tomb. The tunnels and cuttings in other parts of the mound only exposed a compact and solid mass of sun-dried brick masonry. I much doubt, for many reasons, whether any sepulchre exists in the rock beneath the foundations of the tower, though, of course, it is not impossible that such may be the case.

Among other evidence by which the king who built the palace of Kouyunjik is identified with Sennacherib, is the discovery, among the wall sculptures, of a picture of the siege of Lachish. This discovery, which signalized the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, has supplied the testimony much wanted of a perfect identification of one series of the sculpture subjects with a known event in the reign of Sennacherib. The description of the scene of the siege as thus represented on the palace wall we should have been glad to quote — with many other most striking additions to our former knowledge of these marvellous remains — but we shall probably make a still better use of the limited space at our disposal if we rather extract a few passages showing the extent of Mr. Layard's influence among the Arabs, and the undoubted power that he seems to have acquired over them by the cordial and generous nature of the intercourse he has kept up. His influence, we may remark, has been used always to promote reconciliation between tribe and tribe, and to increase everywhere peace and good-will; and we may specially commend to the reader an illustration of peace advocacy (too long to be quoted, but to be found at p. 168) highly characteristic of the people with whom Mr. Layard had to deal — in which a raging conflict of mutual plunder between two wild tribes suddenly subsides into the pleasanter excitement of a chase after Mr. Layard's greyhounds in pursuit of a hare.

Here is a delightful sketch of Mr. Layard's

Arab workmen moving the lions — opening with a characteristic description, nobly felt and written : —

By the 28th of January, the colossal lions forming the portal to the great hall in the north-west palace of Nimroud were ready to be dragged to the river-bank. The walls and their sculptured panelling had been removed from both sides of them, and they stood isolated in the midst of the ruins. We rode one calm cloudless night to the mound, to look on them for the last time before they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at her full, and as we drew nigh to the edge of the deep wall of earth rising around them, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of human heads, and driving before it the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms. One by one the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before us. I shall never forget that night, or the emotions which those venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more and they were to stand no longer where they had stood unsoathed amidst the wreck of man and his works for ages. It seemed almost sacrilege to tear them from their old haunts to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them ; for they had guarded the palace in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin. Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, who had ridden with us to the mound, was troubled with no such reflections. He gazed listlessly at the grim images, wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards his tent. . . . Owing to recent heavy rains, which had left in many places deep swamps, we experienced much difficulty in dragging the cart over the plain to the river-side. Three days were spent in transporting each lion. The men of Naifa and Nimroud again came to our help, and the Abou-Salman horsemen, with Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman at their head, encouraged us by their presence. The unwieldy mass was propelled from behind by enormous levers of poplar wood ; and in the costumes of those who worked, as well as in the means adopted to move the colossal sculptures, except that we used a wheeled cart instead of a sledge, the procession closely resembled that which in days of yore transported the same great figures, and which we see so graphically represented on the walls of Kouyunjik. As they had been brought so were they taken away.

It was necessary to humor and excite the Arabs to induce them to persevere in the arduous work of dragging the cart through the deep soft soil into which it continually sank. At one time, after many vain efforts to move the buried wheels, it was unanimously declared that Mr. Cooper, the artist, brought ill-luck, and no one would work until he retired. The cumbersome machine crept onwards for a few more yards, but again all exertions were fruitless. Then the Frank lady would bring good fortune if she sat on the sculpture. The wheels rolled heavily along, but were soon clogged once more in the

yielding soil. An evil eye surely lurked among the workmen or the bystanders. Search was quickly made, and one having been detected upon whom this curse had alighted, he was ignominiously driven away with shouts and execrations. This impediment having been removed, the cart drew nearer to the village, but soon again came to a stand-still. All the Sheikhs were now summarily degraded from their rank and honors, and a weak ragged boy, having been dressed up in tawdry kerchiefs, and invested with a cloak, was pronounced by Hormuzd to be the only fit chief for such puny men. The craft moved forwards, until the ropes gave way, under the new excitement caused by this reflection upon the character of the Arabs. When that had subsided, and the presence of the youthful Sheikh no longer encouraged his subjects, he was as summarily deposed as he had been elected, and a graybeard of ninety was raised to the dignity in his stead. He had his turn ; then the most unpopular of the Sheikhs were compelled to lie down on the ground, that the groaning wheels might pass over them, like the car of Juggernaut over its votaries. With yells, shrieks, and wild antics the cart was drawn within a few inches of the prostrate men. As a last resource I seized a rope myself, and with shouts of defiance between the different tribes, who were divided into separate parties and pulled against each other, and amidst the deafening *tahel* of the women, the lion was at length fairly brought to the water's edge.

We add a few quaint sketches of oriental character picked almost at random from a host of others. The first is a tale told by his people against one of Mr. Layard's friends.

THE SLEEP OF A PASHA.

His excellency not fostering feelings of the most friendly nature towards Mamik Pasha, the new commander-in-chief of Arabia, who was passing through Mosul on his way to the headquarters of the army at Baghdad, and unwilling to entertain him, was suddenly taken ill and retired for the benefit of his health to Baasasheikhah. On the morning after his arrival he complained that the asses by their braying during the night had allowed him no rest ; and the asses were accordingly peremptorily banished from the village. The dawn of the next day was announced, to the great discomfort of his excellency, who had no interest in the matter, by the cocks ; and the irregular troops who formed his body-guard were immediately incited to a general slaughter of the race. The third night his sleep was disturbed by the crying of the children, who, with their mothers, were at once looked up, for the rest of his sojourn, in the cellars. On the fourth he was awoke at day-break by the chirping of sparrows, and every gun in the village was ordered to be brought out to wage a war of extermination against them. But on the fifth morning his rest was sorely broken by the flies, and the enraged Pasha insisted upon their instant destruction. The Kiayah, who, as chief of the village, had the task of carrying out the governor's orders, now threw

himself at his excellency's feet, exclaiming, "Your highness has seen that all the animals here, praise be to God, obey our Lord the Sultan; the infidel flies alone are rebellious to his authority. I am a man of low degree and small power, and can do nothing against them; it now behoves a great Vizir like your Highness to enforce the commands of our Lord and master." The Pasha, who relished a joke, forgave the flies, but left the village.

KURDISTAN HOSPITALITY.

At its entrance was a group of girls and an old Kurd baking bread in a hole in the ground, plastered with clay. "Have you any bread?" we asked.—"No, by the Prophet!" "Any buttermilk?"—"No, by my faith!" "Any fruit?"—"No, by Allah!"—the trees were groaning under the weight of figs, pomegranates, pears, and grapes. He then asked a string of questions in his turn: "Whence do you come?"—"From afar!" "What is your business?"—"What God commands!"—"Whither are you going?"—"As God wills!" The old gentleman, having thus satisfied himself as to our character and intentions, although our answers were undoubtedly vague enough, and might have been elsewhere considered evasive, left us without saying a word more, but soon after came back bearing a large bowl of curds, and a basket filled with the finest fruit. Placing these dainties before me, he ordered the girls to bake bread, which they speedily did, bringing us the hot cakes as they drew them from their primitive oven.

THE BEG FROM THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD.

Near Abou-Sheetha is a small village named Kasitli, inhabited by sedentary Arabs, who pay tribute to the Sheikh. A few tents of the Tai were scattered around it. As we passed by, the women came out with their children, and pointing to me exclaimed, "Look, look! this is the Beg who is come from the other end of the world to dig up the bones of our grandfathers and grandmothers!" a sacrilege which they seemed inclined to resent.

A VICTIM OF TURKISH REFORM.

Seated near him on the divan I found my old friend Ismail Agha of Tepelin, who had shown me hospitality three years before in the ruined castle of Amadiyah. He was now in command of the Albanian troops forming part of the garrison. A change had come over him since we last met. The jacket and arms which had once glittered with gold, were now greasy and dull. His face was as worn as his garments. After a cordial greeting he made me a long speech on his fortunes, and on that of Albanian irregulars in general. "Ah! Bey," said he, "the power and wealth of the Osmanlis is at an end. The Sultan has no longer any authority. The accursed Tanzimat (Reform) has been the ruin of all good men. Why see, Bey, I am obliged to live upon my pay; I cannot eat from the treasury, nor can I squeeze a piastre—what do I say, a piastre? not a miserable half-starved fowl—out of the villagers, even though they be Christians! Forsooth, they must talk to me about reform,

and ask for money. The Albanian's occupation is gone. Even Tañl-Bousi (a celebrated Albanian condottiere) smokes his pipe, and becomes fat like a Turk. It is the will of God. I have forsworn raki, I believe in the Koran, and I keep Ramazan."

RESULTS OF PROPHECY.

I gained, as other travellers have done before me, some credit for wisdom and superhuman knowledge by predicting, through the aid of an almanack, a partial eclipse of the moon. It duly took place, to the great dismay of my guests, who well nigh knocked out the bottoms of all my kitchen utensils in their endeavor to frighten away the Jins who had thus laid hold of the planet.

TURKISH PERSECUTION OF THE NESTORIANS.

The pastures and arable lands around their villages had been taken away from them and given to their Kurdish tyrants. Taxes had been placed upon every object that could afford them food, and upon their mills, their looms, and their hives, even upon the bundles of dried grass for their cattle, brought with great labor from the highest mountains. There was no tribunal to which they could apply for redress. A deputation sent to the Pasha had been ill-treated, and some of its members were still in prison. There was no one in authority to plead for them. They had even suffered less under the sway of their old oppressors, for, as a priest touchingly remarked to me, "The Kurds took away our lives, but the Turks take away wherewith we have to live."

Little did this primitive old priest imagine he was uttering the speech put by an old Christian playwright into the mouth of a Jew—but what unconscious testimony is thus given to the genuine orientalism of *Shylock*!

We now gather a note or two about Arab horses.

Whenever a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he be even about to receive his death-blow from the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim, "O Fellan! (such a one) the mare that fate has given to you is of noble blood. She is of the breed of Saklawiyah and her dam is ridden by Awaith, a sheikh of the Fedan" (or as the case may be). Nor will a lie come from the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he dies. After a battle or a foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy will send an envoy to ask their breed, and a person so chosen passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man, as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have lost.

Again:—

On one occasion, when I was amongst the Shammar at Al Mather, an Arab rode into my encampment on a beautiful gray colt. I was so much struck with the animal, that I at once expressed a wish to its rider to purchase it. He merely intimated that the sum I named was

beneath the value. I increased it, but he only shook his head, and rode off. Nevertheless, the report spread amongst the tribes that he had bargained for the sale of his horse. Although of the best blood, the animal was looked upon with suspicion by the Bedouins, and the owner was, some months after, obliged to sell him at a lower price than I had bid, to a horse-dealer of Mosul! A knowledge of such little prejudices and customs is very necessary in dealing with the Arabs of the Desert, who are extremely sensitive, and easily offended.

There is a good deal of practical philosophy in the following idea :—

The Bedouins are acquainted with few medicines. The desert yields some valuable simples, which are, however, rarely used. Dr. Sandwith hearing from Suttum that the Arabs have no opiates, asked what they did with one who could not sleep. "Do!" answered the Sheikh, "why, we make use of him, and set him to watch the camels."

Here is a modern version of an ancient tale :—

The inscription is called Meher Kapousi, which, according to the people of Wan, means the Shepherd's Gate, from a tradition that a shepherd, having fallen asleep beneath it, was told in a dream the magic word that opened the spell-bound portal. He awoke and straightway tried the talisman. The stone doors flew apart, disclosing to his wondering eyes a vast hall filled with inexhaustible treasures; but as he entered they shut again behind him. He filled with gold the bag in which, as he tended his flocks, he carried his daily food. After repeating the magic summons, he was permitted to issue into the open air. But he had left his crook, and must return for it. The doors were once more unclosed at his bidding. He sought to retrace his steps, but had forgotten the talisman. His faithful dog waited outside until nightfall. As its master did not come back, it then took up the bag of gold and carrying it to the shepherd's wife, led her to the gates of the cave. She could hear the cries of her husband, and they are heard to this day, but none can give him help.

And from oriental fiction we may pass, for our last quotation, to an illustration of oriental notions about fact. To show the uniform spirit in which Eastern philosophy and Musulman resignation contemplate all the various evidences of ancient greatness and civilization now so suddenly rising up in the midst of modern ignorance and decay, Mr. Layard gives the letter of a Turkish Cadi written in reply to some inquiries as to the commerce, population, and remains of antiquity of an ancient city, in which dwelt the head of the law :—

"My illustrious Friend, and Joy of my Liver!

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person

loads on his mules and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

"Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible then that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

"Listen, oh, my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spineth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it.

"But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, oh man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defy it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

"Oh, my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

"The meek in spirit (El Fakir),
"IMAUM ALI ZADE."

How difficult it has been to single out any special passages for quotation from a book in which every page contains matter of value—we need hardly say. Even now we cannot close the book without directing the reader's particular attention to the descriptive beauty of the eleventh chapter—the journey from Mosul to the Khabour.

Nor can we close our comments without a grateful recognition of the spirit and good sense displayed by Mr. Murray, in meeting the wide public demand for Mr. Layard's writings, by issuing the work before us at once in a cheap form. When regard is paid to the amount of type and liberality of illustration in the volume (both of which are remarkable) it will be evident that full benefit is given to the public of that certainty of a large sale which is commanded by the interest of Mr. Layard's subject, and by the cheerful, manly way in which he wins our sympathies over the telling of his wondrous tale of *Nineveh and Babylon*.

From Chambers' Journal.

MANKIND, FROM A RAILWAY BAR-MAID'S
POINT OF VIEW.

MANKIND is composed of great herds of rough-looking persons, who occasionally rush with frightful impetuosity into our refreshment-rooms, calling for cups of coffee, and hot brandy and water, which they tumble into themselves scalding, and pay for in furious haste; after which they rush out again, without exchanging a civil word with anybody. Mankind, even of the first class, are dressed queerly in pea-coats, paletôte, cloaks, and caps, with no sort of attention to elegance. They indulge much in comforters, and green and red handkerchiefs, and sometimes little is seen of their visages beyond the mouth and the point of the nose. While they stand at the bar eating or drinking, they look much like a set of wild beasts in a menagerie, taking huge bites and monstrous gulps, and often glaring wildly askance at each other, as if each dreaded that his neighbor would rob him of what he was devouring. It is a very unamiable sight, and has given me a very mean opinion of mankind. They appear to me a set of beings devoid of courtesy and refinement. None of them ever takes off hat or cap when eating, and not one of even those whom I suppose to be clergymen, ever says grace before the meat which I hand him. A soup or a sandwich is no better in this respect than a brandy and water. When a lady comes in amongst these rude, ungracious animals, unless she has a husband or other friend to take some care of her, she is left to forage for herself; and I have seen some forlorn examples of the sex come very poorly off, while gentlemen were helping themselves to veal and ham pies, and slices of the cold round. I don't know any difference in mankind for a great number of years. They are just the same muffled-up, confused-looking, munching, glaring, bolting crew, as when I first became acquainted with them at the station. They are not conversable creatures. They seem to have no idea of using the mouth and tongue for any purpose but that of eating. They can only ask for the things they wish to eat or drink, and what they have to pay for them. Now and then, I hear some one making a remark to another, but it seldom goes beyond such subjects as the coldness of the night; and this, by a curious coincidence, I always find to be alluded to just before I am asked for a tumbler of punch, as if there were a necessary connection between the two ideas. Sometimes a gentleman, when the bell suddenly rings for seats, and he only begun with his cup of coffee and biscuit, will allow a naughty expression to escape him. Beyond this, mankind are a taciturn, stupid set; for though I hear of speeches, and lectures, and conversa-

ziones, I never hear or am present at any, and I can hardly believe that such things exist.

I am, indeed, rather at a loss to understand how all those things that one hears of in the newspapers come about. We are told there of statesmen who conduct public affairs, of soldiers who fight gallantly for their country, of great poets and novelists who charm their fellow-creatures, and of philosophers and divines who instruct them. A few will lay their heads together, and raise a Crystal Palace. Some will combine, and throw a tubular bridge across a strait of the sea. These things are a complete mystery to me, for I see nothing of mankind but coarse eating and drinking, and most undignified runnings off when the bell rings. There must surely be another mankind who do all the fine things.

One detestable thing about the mankind that comes under my observation, is their gluttony. Every two or three hours they rush in, demanding new refreshments, and eating them with as much voracity as if they had not seen victuals for a week. They eat eight times a day on our line, and the last train is always the hungriest, besides taking the most drink. It is a perfect weariness to me, this constant feed—feed—feeding. What with the quantity they eat, and what with the haste of the eating, we must send out hundreds of indigestions from our rooms every day.

On account of these shocking habits on the part of mankind, I have for some time past entertained a great contempt for them, inasmuch, that I almost wish to see them scald themselves with my cups of tea, and choke upon my pies. For me to think of marrying any specimen of so coarse a crew, is entirely out of the question; so it is quite as well that Tom Collard, the guard, left me for Betsy last summer, and that, as yet, no other follower has come forward. It will be best for them all to keep their distance—so assures them their obedient, humble servant,

SOPHIA TANKARD.

The Principles of Mechanical Philosophy, applied to Industrial Mechanics; forming a Sequel to the Author's "Exercises on Mechanics and Natural Philosophy." By Thomas Tate, F. R. A. S., of Kneller's Training College, Twickenham, &c.

The object of this work is to remove an evil pointed out by Professor Moseley in his Report on the Hydraulic Machines of the Great Exhibition—the frequent sacrifice of capital and of much mechanical ingenuity, in English machinery as compared with French, from the want of a knowledge of mechanical laws. Mr. Tate enunciates the principles of his subject, and illustrates them by means of exercises, conducted for the most part "on algebraical and mathematical principles."—*Spectator*.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Diseases of the Human Hair.* From the French of M. Cazenave, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris; with a Description of an Apparatus for Fumigating the Scalp. By T. H. Burgess, M. D. 1851.
2. *Hygiène Complète des Cheveux et de la Barbe: Basée sur des récentes découvertes physiologiques et médicales, indiquant les meilleures formules pour conserver la chevelure, arrêter la chute, retarder le grisonnement, régénérer, les cheveux perdus depuis long-temps, et combattre enfin toutes les affections du cuir chevelu.* Par A. Debay. Paris, 1851.

SINCE the world began hair has been an universal vanity. Our young reader will doubtless confess that, as his name is tossed up from landing to landing by imposing flunkies, he passes his hands carefully through his curls to give them the last flowing touch ere he enters the ball-room — while Mr. Layard, from out the royal palace buried by the sand-storms of thousands of years, has shown us what thorough “prigs” were the remote Assyrians in the arrangement of their locks and beards. What applies to the male sex does so with double force to the women; and we have not the slightest doubt that Alcibiades fumed at the waste of many a half-hour whilst his mistress was “putting her hair tidy,” or arranging the *golden grasshopper*. Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a “polled” head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls; so at the present moment no tub-thumper would venture to address his “dearly beloved brethren” without having previously plastered his hair into pendant candle-ends. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it. Leaving this part of the subject for a time, however, we will briefly consider those characteristics of hair which, taken broadly, art cannot modify nor fashion

hide. Briefly, we say, and very imperfectly — for hair in an ethnological point of view is itself a very wide subject, and its adequate treatment would require a far longer paper than we at present contemplate.

Dr. Prichard, in his laborious work on the different races of mankind, apportions to the melanic or dark-haired the greater portion of the habitable globe. Europe is the chief seat of the xantho-comic or light-haired races; indeed they seem to be almost confined to its limits, and within those limits to be cooped up in certain degrees of north latitude.

From Norway and Sweden, following their sea-kings, the hardy fair-haired races poured their piratical hordes down the great overhanging peninsula, and as if from some yard-arm thronged and dropped, boarding the great European ship, whose more immediate defenders fled in consternation before them. In this manner nearly the whole of North Germany received its prevailing population, and Britain in her turn saw her primitive black-haired Celts and Cymri driven into the mountains of Scotland and Wales. The subsequent seizures and settlements made by the Danes on our eastern coast did not in any way interfere with the flood of fair-haired people in possession, as they were of the same blond type; and the Norman invasion — in whatever proportion actually dark — would, in point of aggregate numbers, have been far too limited to affect it. The indigenuous tribes, on the whole, seem to have been about as completely eaten out by the fierce fair-haired men of the North, whenever they came in contact, as were the small black rats, once common to our island and some portions of the continent, by the more powerful gray rodent of Norway.

The chief features of the ethnological map of Europe were settled before the tenth century, and, especially as regards the disposition of the dark and light-haired races, it remains in the mass pretty much the same as then. Nevertheless, certain intermixtures have been at work shading off the original differences. At the present moment the fairest-haired inhabitants of the earth are to be found north of the parallel 48; this line cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of Northern Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between the parallels 48 and 45 there seems to be a debatable land of dark brown hair, which includes northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, passes through Bohemia and

Austria Proper, and touches the Georgian and Circassian provinces of the Czar's empire. Below this line again, Spain, Naples, and Turkey, forming the southern extremity of the map, exhibit the genuine dark-haired races. So that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the color of their hair a perfect gradation — the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores. To this regular gradation, however, there are some obvious exceptions. We have already noticed the dark tribes lingering within our own island — the same is true as to the Celtic majority of the Irish; and even the Normans, as we now see them, are decidedly ranked among the black-haired. On the other hand, Venice, which is almost southern in latitude, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, beloved so of Titian and his school. These isolated cases, however, only prove the rule that race mainly determines, among other ethnological peculiarities, the color and texture of the hair. If latitude or temperature affected it materially, Tuffy, Paddy, and Donald would by this time have been toned down pretty decently to the prevailing fair-headed type; if even there had been much mixture of the Celt with the Saxon, we should not see the former breed marked out by such a lump of darkness amidst the generally fair portion of the European map.

The effect of the admixture of races is evidenced very strongly, we think, by comparing the inhabitants of the great capitals with the populations of their respective countries. London, the centre of the world, is neither fair nor dark-haired, but contains within itself all shades of color. Even so the Parisian no more represents the black-haired Norman or swart Breton than our cockney does the pure Saxon of the southern and western counties. Vienna is another example. What went on rapidly in such cities as these, has been progressing more slowly in those countries which form the highways of nations. Thus the brown hair of middle Europe is the neutral tint, which has naturally resulted from the admixture of the flaxen-haired races of the north with the old southern population.

If we open a wider map we only receive ampler proof that race alone determines the color of the hair. Thus, taking the parallel of 51 north, and following it as it runs like a

necklace round the world, we find a dozen nations threaded upon it like so many parti-colored beads. The European portion of the necklace is light-haired — whereas the Tartars, northern Mongols, and aboriginal American Indians have black straight hair — and Canada breaks the chain once more with the blond tresses of the Saxon.

That climate and food have some effect in modifying race, and with it hair as one of its most prominent signs, we do not deny; but these disturbing causes must act through a very long period of time to produce any marked effect, and certainly within the historical period we have no proof of a dark-haired people having become light, or *vice versa* of flowing hair changing into woolly locks — Tom Moore's capital joke about the Irish niggers notwithstanding.

Having said that race determines the color and quality of the hair, we have said nearly all that ethnology teaches upon the subject. An examination of its structure shows that the difference of the color is entirely owing to the tint of the fluid, which fills the hollow tube in each hair. This tint or pigment shows through the cortical substance in the same manner that it does through the epidermis of a negro. Hair is in fact but a modification of the skin. The same might be said of feathers, horns and scales. Not improbably the distinguished lady now honoring these pages with her attention, will be shocked at hearing that her satin-soft shoulder is almost chemically identical with the plated and roughened mail of the crocodile — and she will hardly perhaps believe us when we inform her that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle does when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress' softly-flowing tresses. The fond lover again, as he kisses some treasured lock, will doubtless be disgusted when we tell him, that, apart from the sentiment, he might as well impress his fervent lips upon a pig's petticoat, or even upon the famous Knob Kerry, made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, carried by the king of hunters, Mr. Roualleyn Gordon Cumming.

The hair, anatomically considered, is composed of three parts — the follicle or tubular depression in the skin into which the hair is inserted — the bulb or root of the hair — and

the stalk or cortical part filled with pigment. A single hair, with its follicle, might be roughly likened to a hyacinth growing from a glass — with this difference that the hair is supplied with nutriment exclusively from below. The bulb, which rests upon the reticulated bed of capillary vessels of the cutis and sub-cutaneous tissue, draws its pigment cells or coloring matter directly from the blood — in like manner, the horny sheath is secreted directly from the capillaries — so that, unlike the hyacinth-plant; it grows at its root instead of at its free extremity. A hair is not, as it appears, a smooth cylindrical tube like a quill; on the contrary, it is made up of a vast number of little horny laminæ; — or our reader might realize its structure to herself by placing a number of thimbles one within the other — and, as she adds to this column by supplying fresh thimbles *below*, she might get a good notion of the manner in which each hair grows, and will see that its oldest portion must be its free extremity.

The pigment cells have been scrutinized by Liebig, who finds a considerable difference in their constitution according to their color. His results may be thus tabularized: —

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon . . .	49.845	50.622	49.935
Hydrogen . .	6.576	6.618	6.681
Nitrogen . .	17.986	17.986	17.986
Oxygen and sulph.	26.148	24.829	25.498

From this analysis it would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen with a deficiency of carbon, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vauquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The coloring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft, luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

Another eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blond one he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs, was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the

hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow — a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair. "Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece" — so Bassanio describes Portia in the Merchant of Venice. Again, in the two Gentlemen of Verona, Julia says of Sylvia and herself — "Her hair is auburn — mine is perfect yellow." Twenty other passages will suggest themselves to every reader. Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate women. A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets — old Homer himself for one; — and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery — beginning with those glorious "Studies of Heads," the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens: there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

One is struck, in passing along the streets, by the curiosities one sees in those armories of Venus, the hairdressers' windows. Whence come those magnificent head-dresses which the waxen dummies slowly display as they revolve! From what source issue those pendant tresses gleaming in the background, with which the blooming belle, aptly entangling their snaky coil with her own, tempts our eligible Adams! Who are they that denude themselves of coal-black locks, that she who can afford a price may shore up her tottering beauty! Alas! free-trading England, even for her hair, has to depend upon the foreigner. Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human-hair merchant. Of these there are many, and they import between them upwards of five tons annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by one adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighboring

damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his *Summer in Brittany*, gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market, as regularly as peas or cabbages. Staring his fill at a fair in Collené, he says —

What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable "mode" which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief — they net immense profits by their trips through the country.

This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch Farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favorite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-herr spares to particular friends — or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters — a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 3s. an ounce — nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away — and the dark snodes of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject wherewith ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the color of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-cen-

tury, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair — nay, that he himself "when his nose was in" could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of the imported article is of course principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring "a suitable helpmate" for some blue spinster or fast Dowager of Mayfair. Wigs of course absorb some portion of the spoil — and a cruel suspicion rises in our mind that the *Comical* artists of this our Babylon do not confine themselves to the treasured relics intrusted to their care, but that many a sorrowing relative kisses without suspicion mementoes eked out from hair that grew not upon the head of the beloved one.

The pure whiteness of the hair in Albinos is owing to the perfect absence of pigment — an absence which extends itself to the choroid coat of the eye and also to the iris. This condition of non-development, which amounts to a physical defect in man, seems to be the normal condition of many animals — such as white bears, white mice, white rabbits, and white weasels — in which the pink eye denotes a total lack of coloring matter; whilst white feathers and hairs are very common among birds and animals, and in many of them indeed this color — or rather negative of color — is constant.

The gray hair of age and debility in the human subject results, it is supposed, from a withdrawal of the pigment cells. We feel that we are now touching upon a part of our subject that becomes personal to not a few of our most respected readers. Many a *viveur* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few gray hairs — "pursuivants of Death" — and he eradicates the tell-tales with anything but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organized a diligent army of young girls to war against decay, and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Epilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang out "Plus de Cheveux Gris" — and indeed of late we observe London advertisements beginning with "No more Gray Hairs." White hair, however, is not necessarily the slow work and certain mark of age. Some persons become gray very young; we believe that many in the prime

vigor of life are suddenly blanched from the effect of terror, or some other great mental disturbance. Marie Antoinette's hair, it seems to be allowed, turned gray in the night preceding her execution. A case came lately under our own observation, in which a soldier, in order to escape the service, malingered in a hospital for three months, feigning rheumatism, and such was his anxiety to keep up the deception (which was, however, completely penetrated by his medical attendant) that he turned perfectly gray, although quite a young man. In these cases of emotion, it is supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigment of the hair, which at once discharges its color. In some, though very rare instances, persons have been born with patches of white hair, and there is at present in the Museum of Natural History at Paris a portrait of a piebald negro, in which the hair of the head presents very much the parti-colored appearance of the wigs exposed in the windows, half black and white, as specimens of the power of the various hair-dyes.

Women are quite as often gray as men, but from baldness they are almost entirely exempt. This is owing in a great measure to the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. Eunuuchs, who possess much subcutaneous fat in this part, are never bald. The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in texture; a fact which Chaucer noticed in the Friar—"His crown it shon like any glass." This denseness of texture in the skin is owing to the destruction of the bulbs of the hair and the closure of the follicles; any attempt to reproduce the natural covering of the head on such surfaces will prove quite hopeless. From some cause or other, baldness seems to befall much younger men now than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures; which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver might recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well ascertained circumstance that soldiers in helmetted regiments

are oftener bald than other of our heroic defenders.

Hair, the universal vanity, has of course been seized upon universally by quacks—it has proved to them indeed the true Golden Fleece. Science, as though such a subject were beneath its attention, has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of the grossest charlatans. M. Cazenave is the only scientific person who has ever treated at any length of the hair, or has shown, by the light of physiology, what art is capable of doing, and what it is powerless to do, in cases of disease and baldness. Those who understand how the hair is nourished can but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair-reviewers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair-trunks and in worn-out boas, has become a popular working belief. There is one fact which every one should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only Macassar of the hair, the only oil which can with truth be said to "insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head," &c. &c. Oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourishment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due; when this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system, consequent upon age, as we have said before, no art will avail—the inevitable Deliah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some gently irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued. Dupuytren, who made baldness the subject of a chapter in his great work on Skin Diseases, gives the following receipt, which seems to us calculated to produce the desired result—to promote capillary circulation, and a consequent secretion of the materials of hair-growth:—

- | | |
|---|----------|
| R. Purified beef-tallow . . . | 3viij. |
| Acetate of lead . . . | 3j. |
| Peruvian balsam . . . | 3ij. |
| Alcohol | 3j. |
| Tinct. of cantharides,
cloves, and canella . . . | ss. ℞xv. |
| Mix. | |

We do not see why internal applications should not be tried, and we are not at all certain that gelatine soups and pills made of the ashes of burnt hair might not be effectual in

baldness, as those ingredients would supply to the blood the materials necessary for the production of hirsute growths. Those who have had taste enough to obliterate with hair-dye the silvery livery of age should at least keep in mind the horrible position in which Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse found himself, whose carrots were turned into a lively green; they should also be informed that nitrate of silver is the chief ingredient of all the preparations, which in most cases act by entirely altering the cortical portion of the hair.

Once a month, at shortest, we of the male sex are, by the exigencies of fashion, obliged to submit our heads to the tender mercies of the executioner. Swathed in wrappers of calico, the head fixed by a neckful of tormenting short hairs, a man is planted like an unfortunate wicket, and bowled at by the abhorred barber with pomatum-pots, essences, tinctures, and small talk. Our friend Punch, who seems to have suffered from this martyrdom, recommends a very neat style of batting, or rather of blocking the balls, as thus —

SCENE — A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbaresque operations.

Enter JONES, meeting OILY the barber.

Jones. I wish my hair out.

Oily. Pray, sir, take a seat.

[OILY puts chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue OILY continues cutting JONES' hair.]

Oily. We've had much wet, sir.

Jones. Very much indeed.

Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.

Jones. They were.

Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us

Until the end.

Jones. At one time — so did I.

Oily. But we have had it very wet.

Jones. We have.

[A pause of some minutes.]

Oily. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last time;

But this I say, sir, it was badly cut:

No doubt 't was in the country.

Jones. No! in town!

Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.

Jones. 'T was cut in town — and in this very room.

Oily. Amazement! but I now remember well. We had an awkward new provincial hand. A fellow from the country. Sir, he did more damage to my business in a week than all my skill can in a year repair. He must have cut your hair.

Jones *(looking at him)*. No — 't was yourself.

Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.

Jones. I don't mistake — 't was you that cut my hair.

[A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.]

Oily. Your hair is very dry, sir.

Jones. Oh! indeed.

Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

Jones. I like it dry.

Oily. But, sir! the hair when dry

Turns quickly gray.

Jones. That color I prefer.

Oily. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off, and baldness will ensue.

Jones. I would be bald.

Oily. Perhaps you mean to say you'd like a wig. —

We've wigs so natural they can't be told

From real hair.

Jones. Deception I detest.

[Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES' neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.]

Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. *(Pays 6d.)* I think you'll find that right.

Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, sir.

Jones. No: nothing. Yet — there may be something, too,

That you may show me.

Oily. Name it, sir.

Jones. The door. *[Exit JONES.]*

Oily *(to his man)*. That's a rum customer at any rate.

Had I cut him as short as he cut me,

How little hair upon his head would be!

But if kind friends will all our pains requite,

We'll hope for better luck another night.

[Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.]

Touching upon the subject of applications for nourishing the hair, we must not omit the most important and imposing, though some people imagine perfectly apocryphal, contributors — Bears. We know Bruin has of late been declared a humbug, and there is but too prevalent an opinion abroad that he does not let his genuine grease flow for the benefit of mankind as freely as barbers would have us believe from the announcement we so often see in back streets of "another bear to be killed." After full inquiry, however, we find that Bruin still bleeds without murmuring for an ungrateful public. During the winter months upwards of fifty bears yield up the ghost in this metropolis alone, and they are we find very regular passengers between the ports of St. Petersburg and London. The destiny of these creatures affords a singular instance of the manner in which extremes meet — the shaggy denizen of a Russian forest having at last the honor of yielding up his precious fat to make glossy and smooth the ringlets of an irresistible Puseyite. If Ursa Major could only know his distinguished future!

In order to combat the growing scepticism as to "hairdressers' bears," a worthy son of the craft in the neighborhood of St. Giles' Church was long in the habit, when he

slaughtered a Muscovite, of hanging him by chains out of the second-floor window, with an inscription to the effect that customers bringing their own gallipots might cut the fat out for themselves.

The history of the coiffure commenced, we suppose, when Eve, first gazing on a brook (not far from *the Tree*), discovered the dishevelled condition of her head-gear. As far back as we have any records of man, we find a more or less elaborate fashion of dressing the hair. As we have said before, the Nineveh statues and reliefs show us how justly the old Hebrew prophets describe and rebuke the dandyism of Sennacherib's captains and counsellors. A modern Truefitt with all his skill must wonder as he gazes upon those exquisite plaitings, and bossings, and curls which extended over the beard as well as the head of the Assyrian. A glimpse at the wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, and now, as has also been mentioned, among the glories of the Museum, proves that the Egyptians, of even an earlier epoch, probably, were most studious of their toilet. The Greeks, however, with their innate love of the beautiful, carried the arrangement of the hair to the highest point of artistic excellence. The marbles which have come down to us testify to this perfection, and after a lapse of eighteen hundred years all the nations of Christendom, discarding their own hideous devices, have returned with more or less scrupulousness to the models so bequeathed. The Roman dames speedily overlaid the simple beauty of the Greek mode, piled upon their heads imitations of castles and crowns, hoisted their hair in intricate wreaths, and knotted it with a tiresome elaborateness. The men generally showed better taste and continued to sport sharp crisp locks after the manner of "the curled Antony," sometimes with the addition of the beard, sometimes without it. By and by, however, among other signs of decadence, the simple male coiffure was thrown aside for more luxurious fashions, and the Emperor Commodus for one is said to have powdered his hair with gold.

Outside of Rome, long hair was generally prevalent among freemen. The slaves were invariably cropped, and Cæsar relates that he always ordered the populations of the provinces he had conquered to shave off their hair as a sign of their subjection. In the decline of the empire, when any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the masses to wear their hair long again, as a signal of recovered freedom. Thus the hair-crops of whole countries were alternately mown and allowed to grow like so many fields at the command of the husbandman — the most important of facts political being indicated — (we despise the vile imputation of a pun) — by the state of the poll. Long hair, during

the dark ages, was very much respected; and at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks. In our own island it was equally esteemed; and so far from its being considered a mark of effeminacy to carefully tend it, we are told that the Danish officers who were quartered upon the English in the reign of Ethelred the Unready won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, which they combed *at least once a-day*. The clergy seem to have been the only class of men who wore the hair short, and this they did as a kind of mortification. Not content with exercising this virtue themselves, however, they attempted to impose it upon the laity. Thus St. Anselm fulminated orders against long hair, both in England and France. There was a kind of hair which received the honor of a special canon denouncing it. This hair, crisped by art, was styled by them *the malice of the Devil*. The following represents — in modernized form, of course — the terms in which the French bishops anathematized it:—

Prenant un soin paternel de punir, autant qu'il est à propos, ceux qui portent des cheveux frisés et bouclés par artifice, pour faire tomber dans le piège les personnes qui les voient, nous les exhortons et leur enjoignons de vivre plus modestement, en sorte qu'on ne remarque plus en eux *aucuns restes de la malice du diable*. Si quelqu'un pèche contre ce canon, qu'il soit excommunié !

Indeed, so many and such complicated and contradictory ordinances were issued by like authority about the seventh and eighth centuries, that some wag suggested that the young fellows should continue to wear their hair long until the church had settled what short hair really was. In England the clergy did not confine themselves merely to denouncing the flowing tresses of the nobility; impregnated with the practical turn of mind of the country, they acted as well as talked. Thus Serlo, a Norman prelate, preaching before Henry II. and his court, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance respecting the profligate length of their locks, that they consented to give them up, whereupon the crafty churchman pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Such occasional results of pious impulse were, however, of little avail; on the whole, the abomination remained throughout the early reigns of both France and England quite triumphant. In Richard II.'s time the men as well as the women confined the hair over the brow with a fillet. What the clergy, with all their threats of excommunication and promises of paradise, could not effect in a series of ages, was at last brought about by an

accident. Francis I., having been wounded in the head at a tournament, was obliged to have his hair cropped, whereupon the whole of fashionable France gave up their locks out of compliment to the sovereign. In the History of England, illustrated with woodcuts of the kings' heads, which we have all of us thumbed over so at school, the sudden and complete change in the method of wearing the hair between the installation of the Tudor dynasty and the meridian of bluff King Hal must be well remembered. The portraits of the latter period by Holbein are, however, the best of illustrations. The women, as well as the men, appear almost totally deprived of hair, and we cannot help thinking that much of the hard expression of features, which especially marks the female heads of Henry VIII.'s great painter, was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair. The close cropping of the gentlemen, on the other hand, gave them a virile aspect which especially suited with the reforming spirit of the age. As the hair shortened, the beard was allowed to flow. Indeed, this compensatory process has always obtained; in no age, we think, have the hair and beard been allowed to grow long at the same time. Shakspeare was constantly alluding to the beard. In his day this term included the three more modern subdivisions of beard, moustache, and whisker—they were all then worn in one. "Did he not wear a great round beard like a glover's paring-knife?" asks one of his characters, clearly alluding to the extent of cheek it covered. In a word, the period *par excellence* of magnificent barbes comprised the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century—and, as a matter of course, there was at the same time manifested the germ of that party which gave a politico-religious character to the hair of the revolutionary epoch. The Cavaliers began to restore long locks early in the reign of Charles I.; the Puritans, so far from adopting the fashion, polled even closer than before, and at last came to rejoice in the cognomen of Roundheads. Between these two grand extremes, however, there were innumerable other fashions of wearing the hair, the minor ensigns, we suppose, of trimming sectaries. Dr. Hall, who published a little work in 1643, "On the Loathsomenesse of Long Hair," exclaims—

How strangely do men cut their hairs—some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crowns being cut short like cottes or popish priests and friars; some have long locks at their eares, as if they had foure eares, or were prickeared; some have a little long lock only before, hanging downe to their noses, like the taile of a weasall; every man being made a foole at the barber's pleasure, or making a foole

of the barber for having to make him such a foole.

The virulence with which the Puritans denounced long hair even exceeded that of the priests of old. Diseases of the hair were lugged in as evidences of the divine displeasure; for example, the worthy divine we have just been quoting talks of *plica polonica* as unquestionably resulting from the wickedness of the times. There is a cat afflicted with this singular hair-disease in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, so we suppose that race at the present time are living profligate lives! What says Professor Owen?

With the renewed triumph of long hair the beard gradually shrank up; first assuming a forked appearance, then dwindling to a peak, and ultimately vanishing altogether. The female coiffure of the Stuart period was peculiarly pleasing: clustering glossy curls, which were sometimes made soft and semi-transparent by a peculiar friz, gave life and movement to the face; whilst a pretty arrangement of loops hung like a fringe across the forehead, and added a great air of quaintness to the whole expression.

But how shall we approach with sufficient awe the solemn epoch of perukes! It is true we have sufficient evidence that the Egypt of Pharaoh was not ignorant of the wig—the very *corpus delicti* is familiar to our eyes—and many busts and statues in the Vatican have actually marble wigs at this hour upon them—clearly indicating the same fact in the days of imperial Rome. But, apart from these very ancient matters, which are comparatively new discoveries, hitherto our attention has been claimed by the simple manipulations of the barber; we now enter upon a period when the dressing of hair rises into a real science, and the perruquier with a majestic bearing takes the dignity of a professor. To France, of course, we owe the reinvention and complete adoption of a head-dress which sacrificed the beauty of nature to the delicacies of art. The epidemic broke out in the reign of Louis XIII. This prince never from his childhood cropped his hair, and the peruke was invented to enable those to whom nature had not been so bountiful in the item of flowing locks to keep themselves in the mode brought in by their royal master. In England the introduction of these portentous head-dresses is well marked in Pepys' Diary. Under date November 3, 1663, he says—

Home, and by and bye comes Chapman, the perriwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my perriwig on, I paid him 8l., and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and bye went abroad, after I had caused

all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Besse.

November 8, 1663. Lord's Day. — To church, where I found that my coming in a perriwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such things.

From this last extract it would appear, that in the beginning the peruke, made as it was from the natural hair, was not very different from the Cavalier mode. The imagination of France speedily improved, however, upon poor old Dame Nature. Under Louis XIV. the size to which perukes had grown was such, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair. The great architect of this triumphant age of perukes was one Binette, an artist of such note and consequence that without him the king and all his courtiers were nothing. His equipage and running footmen were seen at every door, and he might have adopted without much assumption the celebrated *mot* of his royal master — *L'état c'est moi*. The clergy, physicians, and lawyers speedily adopted the peruke, as they imagined it gave an imposing air to the countenance, and so indeed it must be confessed it did. One can never look at the portraits of the old bishops and judges dressed in the full-bottomed flowing peruke without a sort of conviction that the originals must have been a deal more profound and learned than those of our own close-cropped age. So impressed was the Grand Monarque with the majestic character it lent to the face, that he never appeared without his peruke before his attendants, and it was the necessity, perhaps, of taking it off at the latest moment of the toilet, that caused him to say that no man was a hero to his valet de chambre. This mode grew so universal that children were made to submit to it, and all Nature seemed bewigged. The multiplicity of sizes and forms became so numerous that it was found necessary to frame a new technical vocabulary, now in parts obscure enough even for the most erudite. Thus there were "*perruques grandes et petites — en folio, en quarto, en trente-deux — perruques rondes, carrées, pointues; perruques à boudins, à papillons, à deux et trois marteaux,*" &c. &c.

For a long time after this invention the head-dress retained the natural color of the hair, but in 1714 it became the fashion to have wigs bleached; the process, however, was ineffectual, and they speedily turned an ashen gray; to remedy which defect hair-powder was invoked — another wondrous device which speedily spread from the source and centre of civilization over the rest of Europe.

The natural vanity of the fair sex struggled with more or less success against the loss of their own hair, but they managed to friz and build this up with such piles of lace and ribbons that it at length excelled the male peruke. In 1760, when they had reached a truly monstrous altitude, one Legros had the extraordinary impudence to hint that the things was getting beyond a joke, and proposed a return to the "*coiffure à la Grecque.*" For a moment the fair mob of fashion listened, and the hair-dressers trembled, for well they knew that, if the women hesitated, the mode, like their virtue, would be lost. Accordingly they combined with immense force against Legros, instituted a lawsuit, and speedily crushed him. This momentary blight removed, the female head-dress sprang up still more madly than before, and assumed an abstruseness of construction hitherto unexampled. The author of the "*Secret Memoirs*" relates that Queen Marie Antoinette herself invented a coiffure which represented all the refinements of landscape gardening — "*des collines, des prairies émaillées, des ruissaux argentins et des torrents écumeux, des jardins symétriques, et des parcs Anglais.*" From the altitude of the head-dresses in 1778 it was found that they intercepted the view of spectators in the rear of them at the Opera, and the director was obliged to refuse admittance to the amphitheatre to those persons who wore such immoderate coiffures — a proceeding which reminds us of the joke of Jack Reeve, who, whilst manager of the Adelphi, posted a notice that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, gentlemen frequenting the pit must shave off their whiskers! Such was the art expended on these tremendous head-dresses, and such a detail required in their different stages, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day. Thus, when they had to attend entertainments on succeeding evenings, they were forced to sleep in arm-chairs, for fear of endangering the finish of the coiffure!

The female head-dress, having now arrived at its most Alpine elevation, suddenly toppled over and fell, by the mere accident of the queen's hair coming off during her accouchement. The court, out of compliment to her majesty, wore the hair *à l'enfant*; others followed, and the fashion was at an end. And it was well it was so. It required all the art of our own Sir Joshua to bring this strange mode within the sphere of pictorial art. And yet in real life the white powder was not without its merit. It brought out the color of the cheeks, and added brilliancy to the eyes; in short, it was treating the face like a water-colored landscape, mounting it on an ocean of white, which brought out by contrast all its natural force and effect. Few can have forgotten how many of our beauties

gained by figuring in powder at the court fancy balls of a few seasons back.

The male peruke, startled, it would appear, by the vehement growth of the female coiffure, stood still, grew gradually more calm and reasonable, and at last, spurning any further contest with its rival, resigned altogether — and the natural hair, powdered and gathered in a queue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode — to rout which it required a revolution; in '93 it fell — together with the monarchy of France. In the world of fashion here the system stood out till somewhat later — but our Gallo-maniac whigs were early deserters, and Pitt's tax on hair-powder in 1795 gave a grand advantage to the innovating party. Pigtailed continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until 1804, when they were by order reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the "parting spirit" of protection. The very next day brought a counter order: — but, to the great joy of the rank and file at least, it was too late — already the pigtailed were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair and dressing the tail was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the "Costume of the British Soldier" relates that on one occasion, in a glorious dependency of ours, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over night, and, to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to *sleep* as well as they could on their faces! Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.

For many years every trace of powder and pigtail has disappeared from the parade as well as the saloon — and footmen are now the only persons who use a mode which once set off the aristocratic aspect of our Seymours and Hamiltons. The horsehair court-wigs of the judges seem to be recollections of the white perukes of the early Georgian era, but they are far more massive and precise than the old flowing head-dresses — their exact little curls and sternly cut brow-lines making them fit emblems of the unbending, uncompromising spirit of the modern bench. Only thirty years ago, it must be remembered, the sages of the law, even in ordinary society, sported a peculiar and marking head-gear; or rather there were two varieties in constant use, one brief and brown for the morning, the other

white, pretty ample, and terminating in pigtail, for the Lord Mayor's Feast or Bloomsbury Drum. The epoch of Reform witnessed at once the abandonment of Bloomsbury and the final abolition of these judicial ensigns. The last adherent was, we believe, the excellent Mr. Justice James Alan Park — latterly distinguished accordingly as *Bushy Park*. The general disappearance of the episcopal peruke befell at the same era of change and alarm — being warned to set their house in order, they lost no time in dealing with their heads. At this day hardly one wig ever is visible even in the House of Lords; and we must say we doubt whether most of the right reverend fathers have gained in weight of aspect by this complete revolution. It has, of course, extended over all the inferior dignitaries of the clerical order. With the exception of one most venerable relic which has often nodded in opposition to Dr. Parr's *μυγα θάυμα*, we do not suppose there remains one *Head*, with a wig, on the banks of either Cam or Isis. Yet people question the capacity or resolution for internal reforms in our academical Caputs!

The natural hair, after its long imprisonment, seemed for a moment to have run wild. The portraits of the beginning of the century, and even down to the time of Lawrence's supremacy, show the hair falling thickly upon the brow, and flowing, especially in the young, over the shoulders. Who can ever forget, that has once seen it, the portrait of young Lindley in the Dulwich Gallery by Sir Thomas — that noble and sad-looking brow, so softly shaded with luxuriant curls! At the present moment almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in "bands" — nothing but bands, the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face with a downright good-natured pug nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *retroussé*, to adopt it, is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze. Every physiognomy requires its own peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which in Ireland is called "good-natured hair." There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture — it no more resembles the real thing than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of the *malice of the Devil*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender thread-like locks just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white

skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out as it were between their own natural trellis-work or *jalousies*. We own to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every motion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble, generous countenance, is that compromise between the severe-looking "band" and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-like convolution behind. The Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow, so as to show a tower of forehead and, as they suppose, produce an overpowering impression. This is a sad mistake. Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The Greeks threw all the commanding dignity into the *καρυμφος*—or bow-like ornament. We all admire this in the Diana of the British Museum. It was, however, used indifferently for both sexes—the Apollo Belvedere is crowned in the same manner. The ancients were never guilty of thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was in fact at all imposing in appearance—they invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down any absolute rule, however, even in this particular; the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in their faces, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown Dolores—"blue-black, lustrous, thick as horsehair"—and the Greek islanders' hair like sea-moss, that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as "fixture" allowable for one moment—he must have been a bold bad man indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

There is much more individuality in the treatment of gentlemen's hair, simply because most of them leave it more alone, and allow Nature to take her course; nevertheless, the lords of the earth, like the ladies, have to a

certain extent their prevailing formula, or rather the hairdressers have, of arranging the hair—to wit, one great sprawling wave across the forehead, with a cauliflower growth on either side. To this pattern the artists would, if they could, reduce all creation. Their opinion upon the graceful flow of the hair is to be found in that utmost effort of their science—the wig—we mean the upstart sham so styled. Was there ever such a hideous, artificial, gentish-looking thing as the George-the-Fourthian peruke—"half in storm, half in calm—patted down over the left temple, like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it!"—Its painfully white net parting, and its painfully tight little curls, haunt us. We scarcely ever see that type now in its full original horror—but bad is the best. It seems, at first thought, very odd that they cannot make a decent imitation of a head of hair. People forge old letters, even to the imitation of the stains of time and the fading of the ink; they copy a flower until it will well-nigh entice a bee; but who ever failed to discover a wig on the instant? Its nasty, hard scalp-line against the forehead gives a positive shock to any person possessing nervous susceptibility. Surely something might be done. Nothing can ever be expected, however, to come quite up to that beautiful setting on of the hair which nature shows us; for, as a writer in a former number of this Review says—and we may be allowed to add, says beautifully—because the pen is now well known to have been held by feminine fingers—

It is the exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulations of the shores of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the color tenderer, than any other part of the human face—like the smooth, pure sands, where the tide has just retired.*

Again, art can never match even the color of the hair to the complexion and the temperament of the individual. Did any one ever see a man with a head of hair of his own growing that did not suit him? On the other hand, was there ever seen a wig that seemed a part of the man? The infinite variety of Nature in managing the coiffure is unapproachable. One man's hair she tosses up in a sea of curls; another's she smoothes down to the meekness of a maid's; a third's she flames up, like a conflagration; a fourth's she seems to have crystallized, each hair thwarting and crossing its neighbor, like a mass of needles; to a fifth she imparts that sweet and graceful flow which F. Grant and all other feeling painters do their best to copy. In color and texture, again, she is equally excellent; each flesh-

* See *Essays by the Authoress of Letters from the Baltic*, lately collected as *Reading for the Rail*.

tint has its agreeing shade and character of hair, which if a man departs from, he disguises himself. What a standing protest is the sandy whisker to the glossy black peruke! Again, how contradictory and withered a worn old face looks, whose shaggy white eyebrows are crowned by chestnut curling locks! It reminds us of a style of drawing in vogue with ladies some years since, in which a bright colored haymaker is seen at work in a cold, blacklead pencil landscape.

Of the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen? Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upwards? To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker? Was there ever known a hobbledoy who saw "a great future" in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. British whiskers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly and persistently — an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descrie has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear; he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen with the vast Pacific of a face has little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see as the colonel or general takes off his hat to that lady that he is quite bald — those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a tremendous landslip from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting a short time since in town. The description she gives of herself

in every particular we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill: —

The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. FORTUNNE, one of the most curious phenomena which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honor her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be convinced that it is perfectly natural.

The beard was certainly a most glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen.

Of the expression of hair — could we press for the nonce a quill from Esthonia — much might be well and edifyingly said. The Greeks, with their usual subtlety in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of Art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrescence. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Duchess and Countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her sweet soft redundance of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso: —

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few monstrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy *favoris* with the, however reduced, peruke of Brother Briefless or Brother Hardup. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the *via media*—to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

From the Athenæum.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.
By ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet-Laureate. A New edition. Moxon.

MR. TENNYSON has suffered from the severity of the critics in their remarks on the first hasty edition of his laureate lyric to the memory of the "Great Duke;" and, as we had the means of informing our readers in our own view of the "Ode," that it was his intention to do, he has subjected his work to a thorough revision, and sought to make it more worthy at once of himself and of his subject. The poem in its amended state has much of that finish which the writer had not time in the pressure of the immediate occasion to communicate to the original draft. In this issue not only are there many passages added of great power and beauty, but such minute corrections are introduced into single lines as amount nearly to recomposition. All this may seem strange to those who have been accustomed to look on poetry as an inspiration rather than an art; but to the better instructed it will furnish a modern instance in corroboration of the Horatian maxim, that time and leisure are essential to the production of a perfect poem. The comparative failure of

Mr. Tennyson's first sketch is, moreover, one of the penalties of the Laureateship. The mind of the free poet, who has been privileged to act on the pure impulse of his will, must need feel an inauspicious constraint when urged to its office by the prescription of an external occasion—and will be perplexed by the presence of a necessity which is not that of its own inspiration. The Muse is a spirit who will not be compelled; and Mr. Tennyson has found his profit in waiting till she was ready to lend him her willing aid in the task of revision.

It would require an extensive collation of passages to point out the minute corrections to be found in this new edition—and much remark and analysis touching the effect of diction on the mind to measure their precise propriety;—but the reader who has no wish to be too metaphysical may practically put himself into the way of judging of the matter by re-perusing the poem in its present shape, and consciously remarking the different impressions which it makes, though in substance it is the same poem. There are a completeness and compactness, produced by what is added and what is subtracted, that satisfy and fill the imagination with a sense of harmony that was previously wanting. In some cases there are a proportion and an artistic reserve indicated in the change of a mere epithet which makes all the difference in the world to the feeling. Thus, in the fifth line of the first Ode, there *was* the phrase—

When laurel-garlanded heroes fall.

The compound epithet was injurious to the simplicity proper to an exordium, and injudiciously anticipated the decorations befitting the body of the poem. Mr. Tennyson, therefore, now prints the line in question and its two predecessors and successors as follows:—

Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

In the next stanza the poet supplies an omission in the first draft—that of the place of the hero's death:—

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
He died on Walmer's lonely shore,
But here, in streaming London's central roar,
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

—The contrast between the quiet of the one spot and the noise of the other, is full of suggested significance. The soul of the duke, like that of Coriolanus, was familiar in life with the stir and bustle of numbers in compe-

tition — so let it be with him in his death !
 “Hark! the trumpets. These are the ushers
 of Marcius; before him he carries noise, and
 behind him he leaves tears.” There is a
 feeling finely appropriate and full of the true
 warlike sentiment in the lines above cited,
 and which the two verses now introduced, and
 distinguished in our quotations by italics, serve
 more fully to develop.

The great difficulty experienced by Mr. Tennyson in this laureate Ode has evidently lain in his desire to penetrate through the martial symbols to the moral meaning of the duke's life. It is with manifest unwillingness that he touches on the political differences and the battle-fields with which the duke's memory is associated. He would transcend these, or else treat them as types of the spiritual, and lose them in the radiance of what they symbolized. War is alien, indeed, to the prevailing sentiment of the age. Its very glories are like the “fine gold” that has “become dim,” — and no longer dazzle the popular mind as they did. Accordingly, Mr. Tennyson interpreted them all by the one large term “duty,” in the light of which a public lesson may be learnt, and the duke's example may prove the guiding star to any man however peacefully disposed. This, in fact, has been so generally felt, that the lesson has been dwelt on to satiety. By Mr. Tennyson it has been made the theme of one of the most brilliant passages in his Ode — which we cited in our former article. To that passage are now added the following lines : —

Such was he ; his work is done ;
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
 Till in all lands and through all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory.

Mr. Tennyson seems now, however, to have felt that he had dwelt too exclusively on the moral phases of the duke's character ; and he has supplied an additional number of references to the soldier-life of the departed warrior. He now reminds us that

No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street ;

— and in the apostrophe to the shade of Nelson, he adds to the allusions to the duke's victories the following : —

And underneath a nearer sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Bound affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labored rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,

Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms.

This word “banded” was “bandit” in the former copy. The alteration is a judicious one.

In the following citation, the lines in *italics* are additions or emendations : —

A people's voice ! we are a people yet,
 Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And kept it ours, O God, from brute control ;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds be sane and crowns be just ;
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 Revere his warning ; guard your coasts ;
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 Forever ; and whatever tempests lour
 Forever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims heven from life ;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke,
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right ;
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

From this section lines have been also omitted — but it is not necessary to distinguish the rejected. Altogether this strophe of the Ode is decidedly improved in its effect. It has gained power by compression as well as by dilation.

We will point out another additional gem or two — and then conclude. They occur in the last strophe ; — we have *italicized* the lines.

We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Lifted up in heart are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And victor he must ever be.
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will ;

Though worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March sounds in the people's

ears ;
The dark crowd moves ; and there are sobs and
tears ;

The black earth yawns ; the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seemed so great.

—It will be obvious to the critical reader that the lines in *italics* serve to develop and illustrate the thought, and are not arbitrary extensions of the original matters.

The poem as it now stands has the mature stamp of the artist upon it. There are yet a few things which we should have liked to see removed or amended : — we will instance the imperfect rhymes commencing the sixth strophe — viz., “guest,” “priest,” “rest.” This dissonance might have been avoided by an additional verse rhyming to “priest.” Standing where it does, at the commencement of the finest section of the poem, the triplet in question is offensive. It is, besides, the only instance of poetic license thus abused ; and as it may be easily remedied, we hope to see the requisite line added in the next edition.

From the Critic.

THE Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, determined to maintain the high reputation of their “Foreign Theological Library,” have just added to the series a twenty-eighth volume, containing *A General Historico-Critical Introduction to the Old Testament*, by H. A. Ch. Hävernick, late Teacher of Theology in the University of Königsberg, translated from the German by William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. This work of Professor Hävernick, an orthodox German divine, is one of the most important that have been recently published on the subject of Old Testament criticism. The second and third chapters especially, which treat of the original languages of the Old Testament Scriptures, and of the history of the text, deserve notice, as containing much information which the mere English reader would not find elsewhere. Indeed, the whole is the production of a learned and earnest scholar. In some parts, however, it labors under the disadvantage of obscurity. Of this and other drawbacks the able translator, while he commends the work as a whole, complains in the following terms : — “It is not, indeed, free from defects. The translator feels himself at liberty to acknowledge that on several points Dr. Hävernick has failed to carry conviction to his mind ; that his conclusions are not always such as his premises

seem to justify, at least to the full extent ; that not unfrequently he has fallen under the charge of obscurity and vagueness both of thought and expression ; that sometimes his ponderous learning rather encumbers than aids his reasonings ; and that now and then he has misapprehended the point of an opponent's argument, or has tried to turn it aside by what is irrelevant. But, after every deduction is made that can be justly made on the score of such deficiencies, the work, he is persuaded, will commend itself to literate theologians as one of the most valuable contributions which Germany has furnished to Biblical Criticism and Isagogie.” A translator must be both very conscientious, and have great confidence in the merits of his author, when he thus ventures to call attention to his defects. The charge of obscurity is one that has been brought against Dr. Hävernick even by his own countrymen, and we are therefore bound to express to Dr. Alexander all the more thanks for the pains he must have taken to present us with this translation.

Another noticeable importation from Germany is *The Lord's Day*, by E. W. Hengstenberg, Doctor and Professor of Theology at Berlin, translated by James Martin, B.A., of Lymington. The Sabbath Observance question is one upon which enlightened English readers must feel that it is not indifferent to know what is the opinion of our continental Protestant brethren, and especially of such a man as Professor Hengstenberg, who, now that we have lost the illustrious Neander, may be regarded as the chief expositor of German orthodoxy. The present treatise is divided into three parts, in the first of which the author treats of “The Old Testament ; its Letter and Spirit,” and in the second of “The Sabbath of the Jews, and the Sunday of Christians ; containing — I. A history of opinions on the connexion between the Sabbath and Sunday. II. Investigation of the connexion between the Sabbath and Sunday.” Part III. contains “Remedial Efforts examined.” The doctrine of the strict observance of the Sabbath, as it prevails in this country and America, has of late obtained many advocates in Germany, and the year 1850 stands especially marked for the zeal and energy with which those advocates sought to bring the subject before their countrymen. “Societies were formed, prizes offered, a periodical started, and a large number of publications issued and put in circulation,” all with a view to enforce the English, or, as it is sometimes called, the Puritanical doctrine of the Sabbath. Professor Hengstenberg, not entirely disapproving of these efforts, at the same time sees a danger in such enthusiasm being carried too far, and at last landing its authors in a Pharisaic formalism. In this, as everything, therefore, he wishes to consult the Holy Scriptures, in

which he finds nothing to authorize the view of the conversion of the Jewish Sabbath into the Christian Sunday. Antiquity also is against such a view of the question. "This opinion that the Jewish Sabbath has been simply transferred to the Sunday was entirely unknown in the first ages of Christianity. So much so, that it is never even discussed; whilst the opposite opinion is always mentioned, without any appearance of partiality, as that which universally prevailed." In confirmation of this he quotes the evidence of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Irenæus, Augustine, Jerome, Bede, Thomas Aquinas, and others successively, down to the time of the German Reformation, when he shows that both the great Luther and the pious Melancthon were entirely opposed to the doctrine of the identity of the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday. "The opinion that the Sabbath was transferred to the Sunday was first broached in its perfect form, and with all its consequences, in the controversy which was carried on in England between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. . . . The Presbyterians maintained that the fourth commandment was a perpetual one, binding upon all ages, and that the difference between the Old and New Testament consisted solely in this, that at the command of God, given through the Apostles, the first day of the week was substituted for the seventh." The writer's own opinion may be partly gathered from the following sentences: "On what then is our duty founded, to select Sunday as the day to be observed, since, as we have shown, we cannot dispense with a fixed and regularly returning period, exclusively devoted to the worship of God? We reply, in the first place, on the same feeling which first dictated that selection. This reason must have the same force as ever, since Christ is still the same Saviour, and his resurrection, the climax of his whole work of redemption, must have the same importance for us, as for those who saw him, when risen, with their bodily eyes," &c. In his anxiety to avoid what he calls "one-sidedness, extreme views, and the splitting of hairs," it is difficult to obtain from him, in brief, any decided opinion on the subject. From a perusal of the entire work, however, it may be gathered that he is rather opposed to than favorable towards the introduction into Germany of the English doctrine of Sabbath observance. As a summary of the argument on both sides, Dr. Hengstenberg's treatise is highly valuable, and as such we commend it to the notice of our readers.

The Coming Struggle with Rome, not Religious but Political; an American's Word of Warning to the English People, by Pierce Connelly, M.A., is a pamphlet of stirring in-

terest, as may at once be inferred from the fact that it has already reached a sixth edition. Commencing with a narrative of a private wrong which he sustained at the hands of the Romish priesthood, namely, the removal of his wife from his protection, and his being denied all intercourse with her—a matter which our readers will recollect formed the subject of a public trial, and in which Mr. Connelly obtained no redress—the writer proceeds to call attention to the various infringements of the Church of Rome upon the liberties of Englishmen generally, and warns them that what he has himself suffered is only an evidence of a wide-spread and deeply-rooted conspiracy to crush, not only our religious freedom, but our civil and political institutions. Mr. Connelly writes with considerable vigor; but he is too much of an alarmist. We do not dread all the fearful consequences of the Emancipation Act, as set forth by him, and we believe that England is still great enough and wise enough to guard against the machinations of Italian cardinals and Irish priests. With Mr. Connelly's private griefs we sympathize heartily, and, without being learned in the law, consider it a great hardship that he should not before this time have obtained redress.

The Working Man's Way in the World; being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. Reprinted in New York.

Except the "Services" and the police force, perhaps few callings exhibit so much intelligence, spirit, and character among the mass of their followers, as printers. And this autobiography of a journeyman printer displays a good deal of those qualities in himself, or in the persons of some natural mark he encountered during a busy life employed in London, the country, and at Paris. For he was engaged as a compositor in a Parisian office, which printed the once celebrated piratical editions of English new books; he witnessed the Revolution of 1830; and on his return he took part as a volunteer "special" in opposing the Bristol riot. When the interest of a work depends upon its facts, the guarantee of a name is desirable; but we see no reason to doubt the authenticity of this autobiography. The incidents are probable, in fact, common; and the persons such as are met with every day, besides bearing a strong look of likeness. When the autobiographer passes beyond the individual and attempts to generalize—as in his later sketches, such as the "Reader," and especially the "Overseer,"—he falls into the wordiness and effort of magazine-writing; and in the more particular parts, he sometimes endeavors to make more of a subject than it will bear. The better portions of the narrative possess a naturalness and reality akin to the autobiography of Franklin. The book was originally published in *Tait's Magazine*, and it merited republication. — *Spectator*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LIBERIAN BLACKSMITH.

Was there ever a person like Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom in actual existence? What we want to know is, whether an individual born in slavery, and bred under the degrading and stupefying influences of that condition, could possibly be so admirable in character, so meek and yet so firm, so amiable, so conscientious, and so intelligently pious as that wonderful hero of romance is represented to have been? Some eminent critics have boldly asserted that the character is an impossible one. Even Mrs. Stowe herself seems to have been sensible of the objection, and willing to admit its truth; for she declares, or, what amounts to the same thing, makes Arthur St. Clair affirm, that a slave like Uncle Tom is a "moral miracle." Such an admission might lead one to believe that the lady's genius is more powerful than her reasoning faculty. It overmasters her; and, like a prophetic old, she utters higher truths than she can fully comprehend. But the reader shall judge.

Suppose, for a moment, that Uncle Tom had been depicted as not only excellent in every moral quality, but also a man of strong intellect and great learning; suppose that he had been represented as acquiring, by his unaided exertions, not only the common elements of education, but a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and even some acquaintance with Hebrew, and as exciting, by his theological disquisitions, the admiration of a large assembly of clergymen: here would have been an intellectual prodigy, combined with the "moral miracle." Mrs. Stowe would evidently not have ventured upon such a delineation; and if she had, the critics would unanimously have scouted it as outraging the utmost bounds of the natural and probable. A writer of fiction must keep within these bounds, and the lady has probably gone as far as the limits of art would allow her. But truth is privileged, and acknowledges no such artificial restrictions. It is quite true, if human testimony is to be believed, that such a moral and intellectual prodigy as has just been described did exist, at no great distance from the scene of Uncle Tom's imaginary adventures and sufferings. The particulars of this remarkable case, as they have come to our knowledge, may be briefly told.

About six years ago a narrative appeared in some American journals which excited a good deal of interest. It was an account of "a learned black blacksmith," or, in other words, of a negro slave, who, while working as a mechanic, had managed first to learn to read and write; then to acquire a considerable proficiency in the classical tongues; and, finally, to commence the study of Hebrew. Indeed, as usually happens in such cases, his

attainments were at first exaggerated, and he was represented as having made himself acquainted with no less than seven languages, and as thus being hardly inferior in learning to Elihu Burritt himself. The story in this form attracted the attention of some benevolent persons. Inquiries were made; and the simple truth, divested of all embellishment, was found to be sufficiently extraordinary to awaken a strong feeling in his favor, and to lead to efforts which resulted in his liberation. In the year 1846, a Presbyterian minister, belonging to the synod of Alabama, sent to a religious newspaper of New Orleans a short biography of this remarkable slave. From this and other sources, we learn that Ellis, or, as he subsequently wrote his name, Harrison W. Ellis, was born in Pittsylvania County, in the state of Virginia. In early life he "was removed" from that place to Tennessee; but whether in this removal he accompanied his old master, or was sold to another, is not stated. At the age of nine years he formed the purpose of learning to read, principally in order that he might be able to peruse the Bible. He had observed that ministers, in preaching, always read from the Bible, and spoke of it as being the Word of God; and the expression, so customary as to pass without notice from ordinary hearers, made a strong impression upon his mind. It would be interesting to learn the exact methods by which he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose; but all his biographer tells us is, that in despite of numerous obstacles, such as would have deterred almost any one else, he succeeded in learning to read, and afterwards to write. When he was twenty-five years old another removal took place. This time he was transferred to the state of Alabama. He was still a slave, laboring at the trade of a blacksmith, of course for his master's benefit. A thirst for knowledge had been awakened in his mind; and after reading a good many books, principally on religious subjects, he was led to undertake the study of the Latin language. He had no regular instruction, but received, it is stated, "some little assistance from one person and another, as a casual opportunity afforded it."

This statement, it may be observed, does not altogether harmonize with the commonly received opinion, that the slaves in America are purposely kept in gross ignorance, and that to teach one to read is treated as a criminal offence. The fact is, that such prohibitory and penal laws really exist, and that a school for the instruction of slaves would not be tolerated; but the efforts of individual slaves to acquire instruction, either from one another or from good-natured whites, are rarely if ever interfered with. The difficulties which opposed Ellis' pursuit of knowledge

do not seem to have been greater than a poor laboring man would have had to encounter in most parts of Europe during the last century. What excites our surprise in the case of Ellis, is not the extent of his acquirements, or the magnitude of the obstacles which he had to overcome, but that a negro, and a slave, should thus devote himself earnestly to intellectual pursuits. The negro race is regarded by some as naturally deficient in mental capacity, and a slave has apparently no motive for attempting to improve his mind. It does not appear that Ellis commenced his studies with any expectation that they would procure him his freedom, or in any way ameliorate his circumstances. He studied, partly that he might better comprehend his Bible, and partly for the mere love of learning. Having acquired some knowledge of Latin, he afterwards undertook the study of Greek, and subsequently of Hebrew. In the latter, however, he made very little progress, owing to the want of books — a difficulty, indeed, which had retarded his progress throughout his studies. "It cannot be said," observes the clergyman who wrote of him in 1846, "that he is a finished scholar in either the Latin or Greek languages. He has, however, acquired such a knowledge of both, as to be able, without any assistance, to prosecute his studies in them to any length he may wish. His acquaintance with his own tongue is such as to enable him to speak and write it with as much propriety as is common among educated men. While he has read and studied some authors on natural science, moral philosophy, and the like, his reading has been confined for the most part to religious books. Dwight, Dick, and Boston, are the theological writers with whom he is most familiar."

In what way the abilities and acquirements of this remarkable slave first became known does not appear. It may be presumed, however, that some Presbyterian minister was induced to take an interest in him, and to bring his case under the notice of the ruling bodies of that church, as it appears that in the year already mentioned the synods of Alabama and Mississippi combined to purchase his freedom and that of his family, with the view of sending them to Africa under the care of the American Board of Missions. It was intended that Ellis should be ordained as a missionary, and with this view he was introduced at a meeting of the presbytery of Tuscaloosa as a candidate for clerical orders. The impression he made is thus recorded by the writer who has been already quoted, and who then apparently saw him for the first time: — "I believe I utter the sentiments of the whole presbytery, and of the large assembly present at his examination, when I say, that for precision on the details of religious experience — for sober, rational views of

what constitutes a call to the ministry — for sound, consistent, scriptural views of the leading doctrines of the Gospel, few candidates for the office have been known to equal him. The effect of his statements was greatly increased by the fact, that he seemed to be presenting rather the results of his own reflections than what he had learned from the investigations of others. On many points, there was a striking originality in his mode of exhibiting his sentiments. He also read a sermon of his own composition, of which some of the members thought so highly, that they proposed that the presbytery should order its publication. It certainly looked and sounded very strange — it was almost incredible — to see and hear one who had been all his life a slave, with none but the ordinary privileges of a slave, reading a production so correct in language, so forcible in style, so logical in argument, and abounding in quotations from the Bible so intelligently and pertinently applied." So well satisfied was the presbytery of his fitness for the office, that arrangements were immediately made to ordain him as a missionary during the next session of the synod.

Ellis was at that time between thirty and forty years of age. He is described as of pure negro parentage, and quite black; his grandfather, indeed, was a native of Africa. His wife was about the same age, and could read. They had two children, a son and daughter. The former, a sprightly lad, seventeen years old, could not only read and write, but had made some progress in the study of arithmetic, geography, and other branches of school learning. The daughter, then eleven years of age, had just commenced learning to read. It must be borne in mind that the only opportunities which the children could have had for receiving instruction, were such as occurred in the casual intervals of their own and their father's labor.

It appears that the benevolent intentions of the two synods were promptly carried into effect. In looking through a series of the publications of the American Colonization Society, we are enabled to trace the results. In March, 1847, a schooner arrived at Liberia from New Orleans with a party of emigrants for the colony. A letter from an American physician, then residing in Liberia as the agent of the United States government, gives an account of the arrival of these emigrants, and thus notices the one in whom we are chiefly interested: — "I am pleased with the manners and character of Mr. Ellis, 'the learned black blacksmith,' who came out in the schooner, and who, with his wife and two children, was liberated from slavery by the Presbyterian synods of Alabama and Mississippi, at an expense of 2500 dollars. Although the accounts which have been pub-

lished respecting his proficiency as a scholar, especially as a linguist, may have been exaggerated, yet I think he is an extraordinary man; and I hope his example and influence may be highly beneficial to this country."

In the *African Repository* for 1848, there appears a brief letter from Mr. Ellis himself, addressed to one of his clerical friends in Alabama. He was then in excellent spirits, well pleased with the colony, and content with his own prospects. A few months after his arrival in Liberia, the pulpit of one of the Presbyterian churches in Monrovia became vacant, and Mr. Ellis was installed pastor of the church. Five members, he writes, have since been added to the church, one of whom was his own son. A year later, we find, by a paragraph in the same publication, that, besides performing the duties of his pastoral charge, Mr. Ellis had commenced his missionary labors among the natives. "He is studying," we are here told, "the language of two wild tribes, in order to be able to preach to them in their own tongue. He says, that the Mandingoes claim him for their countryman, because his grandfather was born in Africa. This tribe are Mohammedans; and some of their priests, he says, are intelligent, being capable of reading Hebrew when written in the Arabic character." Two years later, there appears a somewhat long letter from Mr. Ellis, giving some interesting information concerning Liberia, in answer to a letter of inquiry from a gentleman in Alabama, and at the same time affording us a good insight into the character of the writer, who certainly bears a strong moral resemblance to Uncle Tom. For instance, supposing the latter to have obtained an education, and afterwards to have settled in Liberia, would he have answered an inquiry about "the general capacity of Liberian children," in terms very different from those of the following intelligent and quaintly-expressed reply?—"The children of Liberia are exactly like the white children in America; and as this part of our community have the best opportunity to equal the corresponding part in America, their equality can be better seen. And as remarkable as this branch of society is [that is, white children in America], old persons [slaves] had not the opportunity of seeing much of it where we came from, so that many think our children have more penetrating minds than those of America. This supposition arose out of the above-mentioned circumstance; but it is not well-founded. The fact is, if there be any difference, it is in this—perhaps the children in Liberia learn as fast, if not faster, for the first few years; but it may be that the young Americans continue their mental improvement the longest. I think—though there may be circumstances

by which we shall be able, after a while, to account better for the facts just alluded to—I think it most probable, that 'the lambs stop eating, because the shepherds get out of corn; the children stop learning, when their teacher cannot teach them any further. But,' he adds, alluding to the recent establishment of some good schools in Liberia, "this sad state of things does not exist at present."

There is another passage in the letter which deserves to be quoted, as it strikingly evinces the truth of Mrs. Stowe's representation of character. Uncle Tom's meek endurance of all the wrongs of slavery, his refusal to make use of his "pass" for the purpose of escaping, and the excuses which he finds for his master's hard treatment of him, have been censured by critics as indicating a state of feeling altogether unnatural and improbable in a slave. Now, our learned blacksmith had been a slave till he was past thirty years of age; he had apparently been twice sold—he had certainly had to give nearly all his earnings to his master, and to submit entirely to his master's will; yet he "strove," as he himself said, "to make himself agreeable and happy" in this condition, and he counselled all his brethren to submission.

At this time, Mr. Ellis had accepted a new responsibility, probably more in compliance with the wishes of others, than in accordance with his own views. A high school, supported by the Presbyterian Board of Missions in New York, had been established at Monrovia, and Mr. Ellis was appointed the master of it. As might have been expected, the arrangement proved to be an injudicious one. Experience has shown that a person entirely self-taught, however great his abilities and his learning, is rarely if ever qualified for the office of a teacher. The art of instruction, like other arts, must be acquired by an apprenticeship. The self-taught man, with his mind full of scientific truths and classical erudition, finds himself ignorant of numerous important methods and essential details which he could have acquired in any well-conducted village-school. Hence we are not surprised to learn, from a recent report on the state of education in Liberia, that the high school had been less successful than its patrons expected. "The uncommon talents and industry of its principal, the Rev. Mr. Ellis, manifested in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages while a slave," adds this report, "do not adequately supply the place of that thorough and careful training in the rudiments, which every teacher needs, in order to teach others to the best advantage." Under these circumstances, the proper course was taken; a new principal—a graduate of an American theological seminary—was appointed to the

school, and Mr. Ellis was left free to pursue the pastoral and missionary labors for which he was best qualified.

Such is the sum of our information concerning this learned, sensible, and pious negro slave. The story is a suggestive one in various ways, and might give occasion for many reflections on slavery and its effects on African civilization, distinctions of race, and so forth. We choose, however, to leave it simply as a *pièce justificative* — as a French historian would say — of the now world-famous American romance; merely observing, that if Mrs. Stowe's fiction is strange, the plain truth maintains its superiority, as usual, by being stranger still.

A WONDERFUL BONE.

IN a small work on the *Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age*, by Mr. Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull (Blackwood & Sons), the author touches on the subject of comparative anatomy, and the pitch to which a study of it has been carried in this country. We gladly make room for the following passages: —

The incident which I am about to mention, exhibits the result of an immense induction of particulars in this noble science, and bears no faint analogy to the magnificent astronomical calculation, or prediction, whichever one may call it, presently to be laid before you. Let it be premised, that Cuvier, the late illustrious French physiologist and comparative anatomist, had said, that in order to deduce from a single fragment of its structure, the entire animal, it was necessary to have a *tooth*, or an entire articulated *extremity*. In his time, the comparison was limited to the external configuration of bone. The study of the *internal* structure had not proceeded so far.

In the year 1839, Professor Owen was sitting alone in his study when a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, announcing that he had got a great curiosity which he had brought from New Zealand, and wished to dispose of it to him. Any one in London can now see the article in question, for it is deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has the appearance of an old marrow-bone, about six inches in length, and rather more than two inches in thickness, *with both extremities broken off*; and Professor Owen considered, that to whatever animal it might have belonged, the fragment must have lain in the earth for centuries. At first, he considered this same marrow-bone to have belonged to an ox — at all events, to a quadruped; for the wall or rim of the bone was six times as thick as the bone of any bird, even the ostrich. He compared it with the bones in the skeleton of an ox, a horse, a camel, a tapir — and every quadruped apparently possessing a bone of that size and configuration; but it corresponded with none. On this, he very narrowly examined the surface of the bony rim, and at length became satisfied

that this monstrous fragment must have belonged to a *bird*! to one at least as large as an ostrich, but of a totally different species; and consequently, one never before heard of, as an ostrich was by far the biggest bird known. From the difference in the *strength* of the bone, the ostrich being unable to fly, so must have been unable this unknown bird; and so our anatomist came to the conclusion, that this old, shapeless bone indicated the former existence, in New Zealand, of some huge bird, at least as great as an ostrich, but of a far heavier and more sluggish kind. Professor Owen was confident of the validity of his conclusions, but could communicate that confidence to no one else; and notwithstanding attempts to dissuade him from committing his views to the public, he printed his deductions in the *Transactions of the Zoological Society* for the year 1839, where fortunately they remain on record as conclusive evidence of the fact of his having then made this guess, so to speak, in the dark. He caused the bone, however, to be engraved; and having sent one hundred copies of the engraving to New Zealand, in the hopes of their being distributed, and leading to interesting results, he patiently waited for three years — namely, till the year 1843 — when he received intelligence from Dr. Buckland, at Oxford, that a great box, just arrived from New Zealand, consigned to himself, was on its way, unopened, to Professor Owen; who found it filled with bones, palpably of a bird, one of which was three feet in length, and much more than double the size of any bone in the ostrich! And out of the contents of this box the professor was positively enabled to articulate almost the entire skeleton of a huge wingless bird, *between ten and eleven feet* in height, its bony structure in strict conformity with the fragment in question; and that skeleton may be at any time seen at the Museum of the College of Surgeons, towering over, and nearly twice the height of the skeleton of an ostrich; and at its feet is lying the old bone, from which alone consummate anatomical science had deduced such an astounding reality; the existence of an enormous extinct creature of the bird kind, in an island where previously no bird had been known to exist larger than a pheasant or a common fowl!

Lectures on the Results of the Great Exhibition. 2d series. Bogue.

This volume contains the lectures of Wilson on Agricultural Products, Macadam on Flax, Tennant on Gems, Bazley on Cotton, Blackwell on Iron, Shaw on Glass, Wyatt on Decorative Art, Owen Jones on the Employment of Color, Ansted on the non-metallic Mineral Manufactures, Arnoux on Porcelain and Pottery, and on the General Results of the Exhibition, to which these lectures are an appropriate close. Every visitor should read them, for thus the remembrance of what was there beheld will be revived, and turned to profitable account in the knowledge of the meaning of a great deal that was unintelligible to the uninitiated. We do not know two more instructive volumes than are these collected lectures. — *Critic*.

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LOVE.

FOND mother, who dost gaze with joy upon
That darling little baby, all thine own;
Thinking how much of loveliness and grace
Are centred in its little form and face;
Loving, with all thy heart and soul and mind,
The child whose helplessness thy soul doth bind;
Oh! let not all thy love be chained to one,
A mortal like thyself—to God alone
Thy soul with highest, strongest love should soar,
Loving him first, him last, him best, forevermore.
For know, the human heart, e'en on this earth,
Is capable of greater love and higher,
Than any being of mere mortal birth,
However sweet or lovely, can inspire.

Young maiden, hearing first those mystic words,
Which thrill thy heart to its most secret chords,
And bind thy soul, by the sweet chain of love,
To one whose truth thy future life must prove;
Thou thinkest that he, 'mid all of mortal race,
Has the most noble heart, the most of manly
grace;

And thou may'st trust him, for he loves thee well,
With a deep devotion words would fail to tell;
Yet first, would'st thou be blest, love Him above,
Whose love surpasses far all human love;
He whom thou canst love, e'en on this earth,
With a devotion deeper, purer, higher,
Than any being of mere mortal birth,
However great or noble, can inspire.

Thou aged traveller, who art passing now
Through the late evening of thy life on earth;
I see thee turn with calm and loving brow,
To the dear partner of thy home and heart;
CCCCXX. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 29

Her who hath with thee watched hope's brilliant
bow,
And made affliction's cup less full of woe;
Oh! may the preparations for thy life above
Consist in that devoted, earnest love
To thy Redeemer, which will also best
Prepare for life, and make that life most blest.
Yes, love him, for thy heart, e'en on this earth,
Is capable of greater love and higher,
Than any being of mere mortal birth,
However fond or faithful, can inspire.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE poetry of the early volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine deserves more attention than it has yet received, containing, as it does, some of the earliest verse of Johnson, Akenside, and Collins, and some pieces of great merit and curiosity not to be found elsewhere. In proof of this I would call attention to the following poem, printed p. 256 of the Gentleman's Magazine for May, 1740:—

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN BY A SCOTCH CLERGYMAN.

Corrected by an Eminent Hand.

Now, gloomy soul! look out—now comes thy turn;

With thee, behold all ravaged nature mourn:
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That spreads, slow-shadowing o'er the vanquished light.

Look out, with joy ; the ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimm'ring ray :
Already exiled to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turns his clouded eye.
Lo ! from the limits of the wintry pole,
Mountainous clouds in rude confusion roll ;
In dismal pomp, now hov'ring on their way,
To a sick twilight they reduce the day.
And hark ! imprisoned winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the
skies.

While the driv'n clouds, o'ercharged with floods
of rain,

And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.
Now see sad *earth* — like thine, her altered state,
Like thee, she mourns her sad reverse of fate !
Her smiles, her wanton looks — where are they
now ?

Faded her face ! and wrapped in clouds her brow !
No more th' ungrateful verdure of the plain ;
No more the wealth-crowned labors of the swain ;
These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought and rouse my hate.
The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Strip of their honors, naked now appear ;
This is, my soul ! the Winter of their year !
The little noisy songsters of the wing,
All shiv'ring on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail, rev'rend silence, with thy awful brow !
Be music's voice forever mute — as now ;
Let no intrusive voice my dead repose
Disturb — no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-covered cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff I'll lean my aching head,
And, pleased with winter's waste, un pitying, see
All nature in an agony with me !
Rough rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruined towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and
rushy moors,

Dread floods, huge cataracts, to my pleased eyes
(Now, I can smile !) in wild disorder rise.
And now, the various dreadfulness combined,
Black melancholy comes to doze my mind.
See ! night's wished shades, spreading through
the air,

And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare !
Hail ! solitary ruler of the grave !
Parent of terrors ! from thy dreary cave !
Let thy dumb silence *midnight* all the ground,
And spread a welcome horror all around.
But hark ! — a sudden howl invades my ear !
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
Stop, flying Time ! repose thy restless wing ;
Fix here — nor hasten to restore the Spring.
Fixed my ill *fate*, so fixed let Winter be,
Let never wanton season laugh at me !

Now, beyond its undoubted merit and its many fine strokes of careful observation, this Winter's Day possesses an interest of an unusual kind. It was the original, I conceive, of Thomson's "Winter ;" though actually printed in Savage's Miscellany, 1726, as the production of the author of "William and Margaret," meaning David Mallet. The Scotch

clergyman was the Rev. Robert Riccaltoun, assistant to the minister of Bowden, near Melrose, and afterwards (1728) minister of Hobb-kirk, near Edman, where the author of "The Seasons" was born, and the Eminent Hand was, as I suspect, not Mallet, but no less a person than Thomson himself.

In a letter from Thomson, written from Barnet about September, 1725, is the following passage : — "Nature delights me in every form : I am just now painting her in her most lugubrious dress for my own amusement, describing Winter as it presents itself. . . . Mr. Riccaltoun's poem on Winter, which I still have, first put the design into my head. In it are some masterly strokes that awakened me." Thomson was a friend of Cave's, and from the author of "The Seasons" Cave most likely received this poem. I place little reliance on the testimony of Savage's Miscellany when it appears against the evidence of the Gentleman's Magazine, which, in 1740, might in some respects be called a *Second Savage's Miscellany*.

Of Riccaltoun, who assisted the studies of Thomson, too little is known. "The Rev. Mr. Riccarton," says Murdock, the bosom friend and biographer of Thomson, "a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances, and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labor so happily employed." Nor was Thomson unmindful of his kindness. "It will be a great pleasure to me," he writes from London, "to hear of Mr. Riccaltoun's welfare, who deserves encouragement as much as any preacher in Scotland."

In the year 1836 — for so long ago I commenced my collections for a life of Thomson — I wrote to the Rev. John Richmond, the minister of Southdean (the manse of the poet's father), for some particulars about Riccaltoun. All I could learn from him in reply was this — that he was "said to have composed" a poem on "Ruberslaw," a high hill near Southdean : that it was descriptive of a storm gathering round the hill, and that he had heard of "fifty copies" being printed off, "none of which are now to be found." By another memorandum I find that Riccaltoun was buried in Rule church-yard ; his works (his poetry excepted) were edited by the Rev. Robert Walker, in 3 vols. 8vo. 1771. "Ruberslaw," I may add, is commemorated in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" —

Already on dark Ruberslaw,
The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Shores of the Arctic Sea, in 1846 and 1847.* By JOHN RAE. 1850.
2. *Arctic Searching Expedition: Journal of a Boat Voyage.* By Sir JOHN RICHARDSON. 2 vols. 1851.
3. *Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal.* By Lieut. S. OSBORN. 1852.
4. *Journal of a Voyage in 1850-1, performed by the Lady Franklin and Sophia, under the command of Mr. Wm. Penny.* By P. C. SUTHERLAND, M. D. 2 vols. 1852.
5. *Papers and Despatches relating to the Arctic Searching Expeditions of 1850-1-2.* Collected by JAMES MANGLES, R. N. 1852.
6. *Second Voyage of the Prince Albert, in Search of Sir John Franklin.* By WM. KENNEDY. 1853.
7. *Parliamentary Papers.* 1848-53.
8. *Chart of Discoveries in the Arctic Sea.* By JOHN ARROWSMITH.

THESE books and papers comprise most of the discoveries made in Arctic regions since we noticed Sir John Barrow's volume of Voyages in 1846. Franklin had sailed in the previous year, and in saying that we should wait his reappearance with the anxiety of the princess for the diver, we much rather anticipated that we should soon have to welcome him with the goblet of gold, than that a seventh year should find us deploring his continued absence, with no better clue to his fate than dismal conjecture could supply. There was nothing in the nature of his enterprise to excite much fear for its results. The several Arctic expeditions sent out since 1818 had returned in safety. Their records are full of peril, but full also of the resources of skill and courage by which peril may be overcome. When this voyage was proposed by Barrow to the Royal Society, he urged that "there could be no objection with regard to any apprehension of the loss of ships or men," as it was "remarkable that neither sickness nor death had occurred in most of the voyages made into the Arctic regions, north or south." Franklin was well experienced in the navigation of frozen seas; his officers and crews were picked men; and the strength of his ships—the *Erebus* and *Terror*—had been thoroughly tested—the first in the Expedition of Sir James Ross to the South Pole—the second in the voyage of Back to Repulse Bay. He sailed, full of confidence in the success of his mission, on the 19th of May, 1845, and though nearly thirty vessels have since been despatched in search of him, besides parties

who have explored the North American coast, all that we yet know of him is, that he passed his first winter in a secure harbor at the entrance of Wellington Channel. Whether, when released from the ice in 1846, he advanced or receded, is not certainly known. In the absence of decisive evidence, the best authorities are at fault. One witness stated before the last Arctic committee, it was "all guess-work." The travelling parties, who from Beechey Island surveyed every coast for hundreds of miles, found not a cairn or post erected by the missing expedition. Since Franklin entered Lancaster Sound, not one of the cylinders which he was directed to throw overboard has been recovered, nor has a fragment of his equipment been found on any shore. It has hence been inferred that he must have left the harbor with the full intention of proceeding homewards. Captain Austin believes that the ships did not go beyond Beechey Island, but were lost in the ice, either by being beset when leaving winter quarters, or when attempting their return to England. Commander Phillips is of the same opinion.

But if Franklin did resolve to return thus early, what could have become of the ships and men? That both vessels should be totally lost is contrary to all experience and probability, and that not a man should arrive is more unlikely still. One of the most experienced Arctic seamen living, who went six voyages in whalers before he sailed with Parry, and has since been in the expeditions of the two *Rosses*, states that though it is possible—and he admits the supposition as but a possibility—the ships may have been "walked over by the ice in Baffin's Bay," yet that "the men on such occasions are always saved," by jumping on the ice and making their way to the land or to the next ship.* The harborage chosen for the ships was so secure, that it is unlikely they could have been carried out from the Straits at the mercy of the ice, as were the ships of Sir James Ross in 1849, and of the American expedition in 1850. Franklin did not take up his winter quarters in haste, or from necessity. He must have dropped anchor while the sea was comparatively open, and why

* In a recent Dundee newspaper we observe an account of a whale-ship, employed in the Greenland fishery for the last sixty-nine years. She was lost at last, not by the ice of the northern seas, but by being stranded on a reef near her port, when returning with a full cargo.

winter there at all if he meant to return as soon as the open season again came round !

We know that he contemplated the probability of an absence prolonged even beyond two winters. His last letter to Sabine from Whale Fish Islands entreats him to relieve the anxiety of Lady Franklin and his daughter, should he not return at the time they expected, as —

You know well that, *even after the second winter without success in our object*, we should wish to try some other channel, if the state of our provisions and the health of the crews justify it.

Is it likely that the man who wrote thus to his nearest friend, would have returned after one winter, without effecting or attempting more than a passage to Barrow's Strait !

Lieutenant Griffith, announcing his departure from the ships with his transport, July, 1845, wrote —

All are in the highest possible spirits, and determined to succeed, if success be possible. A set of more undaunted fellows never were got together, or officers better selected. I am indeed certain that, if the icy barriers will be sufficiently penetrable to give them but half the length of their ships to force themselves through, they will do so at all risks and hazards.

Commander Fitzjames, who sailed in the *Erebus* with Franklin, speaks repeatedly, in the lively letters and journal he forwarded to his friends at home, of the determination which prevailed in both ships "to go a-head," and jestingly begs that, if nothing is heard of him by next June, letters may be forwarded to him *viâ* Kamtschatka. "We can carry much sail and do," he notes in his journal. "I can scarcely manage to get Sir John to shorten sail at all." So well was it understood that the ships would push forward through any open channel which might present itself, that the ice-master of the *Terror*, writing to his wife from Disco Island, July 12, 1845, warned her of the probability that they might be out much longer than was anticipated : —

We are all in good health and spirits, one and all appearing to be of the same determination, that is, to persevere in making a passage to the north-west. Should we not be at home in the fall of 1848, or early in the spring of 1849 [this allowed for a four years' absence], you may anticipate that we have made the passage, or are likely to do so ; and if so, it may be from five to six years — it might be into the seventh — ere we return ; and should it be so, *do not allow*

any person to dishearten you on the length of our absence, but look forward with hope, that Providence will at length of time restore us safely to you.

An anecdote is related of Franklin in Barrow's volume, which shows how superior he held the claims of duty to those of personal feeling or convenience. When about to leave England, in 1825, on his second expedition to explore the North American coast, his first wife was sinking under a fatal malady. She urged his departure on the day appointed, and he denied himself the sad satisfaction of waiting to close her eyes. She had employed some of the tedious hours of sickness in making for him a union flag, only to be unfurled when he reached the Polar Sea. This flag was hoisted when from the summit of Garry Island the sea, stretching free and unincumbered to the north, appeared in all its majesty. His companions hailed the outspread banner with joyful excitement, and Franklin, who had learned that his wife died the day after his departure, repressed all sign of painful emotion that he might not cloud their triumph at having planted the British colors on this island of the Polar Sea. Was this the man to turn back after one winter spent at the entrance of the strait where his enterprise did but commence ?

It has indeed been much the fashion of late to complain of the employment of naval commanders in a too advanced stage of life, and remarks of this nature have been made on the ultimate commission of Franklin. We saw him often, however, on the eve of his start, and assuredly, though well up in years, there was no sign whatever of any falling off either in muscular fibre or animal spirits. We may add that his government at Van Diemen's Land had not ended under altogether flattering circumstances, and, according to our information, few of his friends doubted that in embracing this new task he was not uninfluenced by a yearning to recover whatever of *prestige* he might have supposed himself to have lost as a civil administrator, by another and a crowning display of tact and energy in the department of his original distinction.

It is by no means certain that because no record of him has been discovered beyond Beechey Island, none was left. Mr. Kennedy, when he explored Cape Walker last spring — ignorant that he had been preceded by Captain Austin's parties — mistook the

large cairn they had erected for a part of the cliff, and actually walked over a smaller one deeply covered with snow, without for a moment suspecting that the spot had been previously visited. This fact has come out on Capt. Ommaney and Mr. Kennedy's comparing notes of their respective journeys. Sir Edward Belcher, in his recent despatches, states that the cairns erected by the well-organized expedition of his predecessors have in some cases been destroyed, and in others can with difficulty be recognized. For example, he says on August 14 :—

We have not been able, even with this very open season, to trace the large supplies left at Navy Board Inlet by the North Star, and no beacon marks their whereabouts.

At Cape Warrender he found the cairn and post erected by Captain Austin's expedition, but no document :—

• The tally having written on it *Pull out Record* was found beside the cairn, deeply impressed with the teeth of some small animal.

In the opinion of this experienced officer, there could have been no hurry in removing from Beechey Island, as everything bore the stamp of order and regularity. This is utterly opposed to the notion that Franklin had been forced away by the ice.

In the distressful uncertainty which clouds his fate it is our only consolation to reflect that government has shown all along the heartiest concern for its gallant servants. With other dispositions, indeed, better results might have been looked for. It is the misfortune of the Admiralty Instructions, we think, that they have said too much to leave the commanders of the expeditions entirely to their own discretion, and not enough to ensure a regular and systematic series of operations. Discovery, however, has not languished since Franklin's departure, and a sketch of what has been effected within the polar circle for the last six years will conveniently exhibit the efforts made for his relief, and show the lines of coast which have already been fruitlessly searched.

When he sailed it was a disputed question whether an opening into that sea which washes the shores of North America might not exist in some part of Boothia Gulf. Mr. Rae has set that question at rest. His expedition is a fine example of how much may be accomplished with very limited means. He started from Fort Churchill, on the west side of Hudson's Bay, with twelve men and two boats, on the 5th of July, 1846. On arriving at the head of Repulse Bay he crossed the isthmus which separated him from Boothia Gulf, a distance of 40 miles, and in six days reached the sea. But it was now the first week in August, heavy rains set in, and, finding progress impossible, he recrossed the

isthmus, joined the party he had left at Repulse Bay, and determined to leave any further survey until the spring, employing the remainder of the open season in making the best provision he could for the winter.

His stores had been calculated for four months' consumption only; he was entirely destitute of fuel; he could obtain no promise of supplies of any kind from the natives; the resources of the country were unknown to him; and the head of the bay had the character of being one of the most dreary and inhospitable of polar coasts. But Rae was inured to hardships, and, a first-rate sportsman, he had confidence in his own exertions. He selected a sheltered site for his winter dwelling, near the river, on the northern shore leading to the lakes, and here established his fishing-stations. Collecting his men, some were sent out to bring in stones for building a house, others to set nets, to hunt deer, and to gather fuel. The walls were built two feet thick, the stones being cemented with mud and clay. Squares of glass were fixed in three small apertures. As timber was unknown in this bleak region, he used the oars and masts of his boats for rafters, stretching over them oilcloth and skins for roofing. Deer-skins, nailed over a framework of wood, made a weather-tight door. The interior of this house, to serve for twelve persons through eight winter months, was twenty feet long by fourteen wide; seven and a half feet high in front, sloping down to five and a half feet behind. Yet in these narrow dimensions Rae found room for a great part of his stores, and, by a partition of oilcloth, secured separate quarters for himself, where he worked his observations and kept his journal.

His fishing and hunting proved successful. His sporting-book for September showed a total of 63 deer, 5 hares, 172 partridges, and 116 salmon and trout. In the following month 69 deer were shot, but the nets produced only 22 fish. He was most at a loss for fuel. His men brought in a scanty supply of withered moss, heather, and the like, and this, being dried in the house, was piled into stacks. As the season advanced he built two observatories of snow, one for a dip circle, the other for an horizontally suspended needle, to test the action of the aurora. Snow-houses were also built for the dogs, for stores, &c.; and all were connected together by passages cut under the frozen snow.

Early in January the thermometer sank 79° below the freezing point; and even indoors it was commonly below zero.

This, says Rae, "would not have been unpleasant where there was a fire to warm the hands and feet, or even room to move about; but where there was neither the one nor the other, some few degrees more heat would have been preferable."

Their fuel was so short that they could afford themselves but one meal a-day, and were obliged to discontinue the comfort of a cup of tea. Being short of oil also, and darkness and cold together being intolerable, they had no resource but to pass about fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in bed. Rae was worse off than his companions; they could smoke at all hours; but that which was their greatest luxury was his greatest annoyance. Honest Jack's jerseys and trousers felt, from frozen moisture, as hard and prickly as any integuments of ascetical invention. When they went to bed their blankets sparkled with hoar-frost; Rae's own waistcoat became so stiff that he had much ado to get it buttoned. When he went to open his books he found that the leaves were fast frozen together, the damp from the walls having got into them before the frost set in; and every article bound with brass or silver burst its fastenings. Yet the men were cheerful, enjoyed excellent health, and made light of their hardships. When one poor fellow got his knee frozen in bed he was sorry that it became known, as the laugh was turned against him for his effeminacy. Christmas-day they had all "an excellent dinner of venison and plum-pudding," and on the 1st of January "capital fat venison-steaks and currant dumplings." A small supply of brandy was served out to drink to absent friends; and on the whole, Rae does not think that "a happier party could have been found in America, large as it is."

By the commencement of March deer began to migrate to the north, and during this month Rae got sledges finished and all preparations made for his spring survey. On the 3rd of April the thermometer rose above zero for the first time since the 12th of December. He started on the 4th, taking with him three of his men and two Esquimaux; his luggage and provisions being stowed in two sledges, each drawn by four dogs. He took no tent, as he found it much more convenient to erect snow-houses. Those which he built on his outward journey served on his way back. In these houses storm and cold were unfelt. On one occasion, where there was a stiff gale, with the thermometer 21° below zero, he says — "We were as snug and comfortable in our snow-hive as if we had been lodged in the best house in England."

In this journey he surveyed the whole western shore of the sea until he reached the furthest discovery of Ross to the south. In a second journey, made the same spring, he traversed the eastern coast till he reached Cape Crozier; from hence he could observe the line of coast some miles farther to the north — leaving, as he reckoned, not more than ten miles of shore to be surveyed up to the mouth of the Fury and Hecla Strait: — the shortness of his provisions would, how-

ever, allow him to go no further. His thorough exploration of the shores of Committee Bay connects the discoveries of Parry on one side with those of Ross on the other.

The ice broke up late in 1847, and it was not till the 12th August that the boats were launched in open water. Rae safely arrived with all his men at York Factory on the 6th September: there the good health and high condition of the whole party excited unqualified admiration. "By George!" exclaimed a stout corporal in charge of the sappers and miners destined to accompany Richardson in his boat voyage, "I never saw such a set of men." From none of the parties of Esquimaux Rae met with could he gather any tidings of Franklin.

We have dwelt on the particulars of this journey — interesting however for their own sake — because they support the idea that Franklin and his crews, if detained in some remote region of thick-ribbed ice, might not, even to this date, be reduced to utter extremity for want of food. If Rae, with provisions for only four months, could keep his men in high condition for fourteen, and could weather a winter of great severity almost without fuel, with no other shelter than they could erect for themselves, and with but scant supplies of clothing, it does appear improbable that, with the two well-stored ships of Franklin, some brave fellows may yet be living, animated by the hope that succor will reach them at last. In the course of nature the crews would be much reduced by death, and the supplies be consequently available for a longer period than was calculated on.

While Rae was engaged in this expedition, attention was painfully excited in England by Franklin's prolonged absence. The opinion of the most experienced arctic navigators was that he had pushed to the south-west after passing Cape Walker, and had got inextricably involved in the ice somewhere south of Banks' Land. Thus Sir E. Parry expressed his conviction that the ships were directed to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. Long; Sir James Ross, taking the same view, expected the ships would be found about lat. 73° N. and long. 135° W.; and Richardson, likely to be informed of his old comrade's views, believed that he was blocked up in attempting, by sailing south-west of Cape Walker, to reach that open Polar Sea, which both of them had observed, east and west of the Mackenzie river, in their exploration of the North American coast. Similar views were expressed before the Committee of 1850.

The course indicated was that which Franklin had been expressly directed to take. Sir John Barrow, in proposing this voyage to the Royal Society, had dwelt mainly on the probability of a channel south-west of Cape Walker, whence —

A distance of 800 leagues on a clear sea, keeping midway between the supposed Banks' Land and the coast of America, would accomplish an object which, at intervals during 300 years, has engaged the attention of crowned heads, men of science, and mercantile bodies, whose expectations were frequently disappointed but not discouraged.

The official instructions to Franklin are, however, quite distinct on this point : —

In proceeding to the westward you will not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward of that strait [Barrow's] but continue to push to the westward *without loss of time* in the latitude of about 74½ till you have reached the longitude of that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98° west. From that point we desire that *every effort be used to endeavor to penetrate to the southward and westward* in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit. We direct you to this particular part of the Polar Sea as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific. . . . You are well aware, having yourself been one of the intelligent travellers who have traversed the American shore of the Polar Sea, that the groups of islands that stretch from that shore to the northward to a distance not yet known, do not extend to the westward further than about the 120th degree of western longitude, and that beyond this and to Behring's Strait no land is visible from the American shore of the Polar Sea.

That the search for this great seaman and his companions might be as complete as possible, the government, in 1848, fitted out three distinct expeditions — each, however, planned on the probability that he had taken the route prescribed for him, rather than with any special view to Wellington Channel. The principal one, under command of Sir James Ross, consisting of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, was directed to follow, as far as practicable, in the assumed wake of Franklin, proceeding direct to Lancaster Sound, and scrutinizing the shores north and south. It was supposed that one ship might winter near Cape Rennel or Cape Walker, and that the other might advance to Melville Island. Searching parties were to be sent from each vessel in the spring, some to explore the neighboring coasts, and particularly the unknown space between Cape Walker and Banks' Land; and others to cross, if possible, to the coast of North America, and attempt to reach the Mackenzie and Coppermine rivers, where Sir John Richardson's aids would meet them.

To Richardson had been intrusted the task of searching the North American shore between the Coppermine and the Mackenzie, and of depositing provisions at Fort Good Hope, on the latter river, at its mouth, and at Capes

Bathuret, Parry, Krusenstern, and Hearne, along the coast.

A third expedition, consisting of the *Herald*, Captain Kellet, then employed on a survey in the Pacific, and the *Plover*, under Commander Moore, were to penetrate through Behring's Strait, taking up positions as far north-east as might be consistent with their safety, and two whale-boats were to perform a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie to meet Richardson's party.

These arrangements were judicious, but, unfortunately that expedition to which the chief service was intrusted was baffled by those natural causes which so often, in arctic regions, defeat the best-laid plans, and, inextricably enclosing ships in mighty fields of ice, deliver over the most experienced and courageous commanders to the mercy of winds and currents.

The vessels of Ross were not able to cross the middle ice of Baffin's Bay till the 20th July. He did not reach Cape York, at the entrance of Regent's Inlet, till the 1st September; and here he had the mortification to find that impenetrable barriers of ice prevented his approaching the entrance of Wellington Channel to the north, or Cape Rennell to the west. He put into Port Leopold on the 11th September, and on the following day both vessels were fast shut in by the main pack of ice closing with the land. He employed the winter and spring in all practicable measures for the discovery and relief of Franklin. A house was built at Port Leopold, and stored with provisions for twelve months, in case he might come that way after the ships had gone. Exploring parties searched both shores of North Somerset, down to Fury Point on one side, and Four Rivers Bay on the other.

The open season of 1849 was late. The vessels were not released till the 28th August, and three days later the ice closed round them, and defied every effort made for their relief. Helplessly beset, they remained fast until they drifted out of Lancaster Sound. When they were once more free the 25th of September had arrived, and winter had set in with rigor. The harbors on the coast were already closed against them, and, having done all that was possible to contend with adverse circumstances, Ross had no resource but to return home, thankful to the Providence which had so mercifully preserved him when all human effort was unavailing.

It had been his intention, were no tidings heard of Franklin by the close of the summer 1849, to send home the *Investigator*, continuing the search through another year in the *Enterprise* alone. The Admiralty appreciated his zeal, but feared it might jeopardize his safety. Early in the spring of 1849 the *North Star* was supplied with stores, and in

May sailed for Lancaster Sound, bearing despatches to Sir James Ross, instructing him to keep out both ships, and to make a particular examination of Wellington Channel. The North Star was not to hazard a winter in the ice; but the unusual severity of the season, which had carried Sir James out of Lancaster Sound, prevented the North Star from approaching it. She wintered in Wolstenholme Sound, and hence originated that foolish story of the wreck of Franklin's ships on the north shore of Baffin's Bay, which imposed on the credulity of Sir John Ross. The impudent fabrication is now conclusively exposed.*

The return of Sir James Ross' ships at the very time when it was supposed the North Star would have been in communication with them, replenishing them for a prolonged absence, excited some very unreasonable dissatisfaction in the minds of a few noisy people. Even had it been possible for Sir James to winter in some harbor of Baffin's Bay, it would clearly have been unadvisable for him to do so, as a fresh expedition from England would reach Lancaster Sound by about the time he could expect to get released. It is not for one unsuccessful adventure to dim the reputation of this most skilful and gallant officer. The arctic and antarctic zones equally bear witness to his high qualities and acquirements. If second to any among Polar discoverers, he is second to Parry alone; and while he may justly claim part in the successes of that able commander—having sailed with him when the Parry Islands were discovered—and accompanied him in his wonderful journey over the ice towards the Pole—the merit is all his own of planting the British flag on the magnetic pole, and of discovering an antarctic continent.

The other expeditions were more successful in fulfilling the parts assigned them. Preparations for Richardson's journey had to be made in the summer of 1847. Four boats of the most approved construction were built in the royal yards; and, with wise consideration for the commissariat, Sir John had that indispensable article for the arctic voyager, pemmican, manufactured under his own eye. The reader may not be displeased to see an authentic account of its preparation:—

The round or buttock of beef, of the best quality, having been cut into thin steaks, from which the fat and membranous parts were pared

away, was dried in a malt-kiln over an oak fire until its moisture was entirely dissipated, and the fibre of the meat became friable. It was then ground in a malt-mill, when it resembled finely-grated meat. Being next mixed with an equal quantity of melted beef-suet or lard, the preparation of plain pemmican was complete; but to render it more agreeable to the unaccustomed palate, a proportion of the best Zante currants was added to part of it, and part was sweetened with sugar. Both these kinds were much approved of in the sequel, but more especially that to which the sugar had been added. After the ingredients had been well incorporated by stirring, they were transferred to tin canisters capable of containing 85 lbs. each, and having been firmly rammed down, and allowed to contract further by cooling, the air was completely expelled and excluded by filling the canister to the brim with melted lard, through a small hole left in the end, which was then covered with a piece of tin and soldered up. Finally, the canister was painted and lettered according to its contents. The total quantity of pemmican thus made was 17,424 lbs., at a cost of 1s. 7½d. per lb. . . . As the meat in drying loses more than three fourths of its original weight, the quantity required was considerable, being 35,661 lbs. (reduced by drying to about 8000 lbs.) and the sudden abstraction of more than 1000 rounds of beef from Leadenhall Market occasioned speculation among the dealers, and a temporary rise in the price of one penny per pound. — *Rich.*, vol. i., 37, 38.

It is curiously illustrative of the interest excited by this expedition, that Richardson received numerous advances from volunteers desirous of joining him. Among the applicants he enumerates two clergymen, one Welsh justice, several country gentlemen, and some scientific foreigners. Rae was associated with Richardson. They left Liverpool for New York on the 25th of March, 1848, taking with them necessary baggage to the amount of 4000 lbs. They moved with all practicable rapidity. Landing at New York on the 10th of April, they arrived at Cumberland House 14th of June, the distance from New York being 2850 miles. They found their party, which had left England the previous year, a fortnight in advance; it had been joined by Mr. Bell, chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company, and by sixteen of the Company's voyagers. Their journey down the Mackenzie was favorable. On the 31st of July they reached Point Separation, and here a case of pemmican with memoranda was buried for the Plover's boat party. To indicate the spot to their friends, but conceal it from the natives, a fire was lit over the pit; and, as this signal had been agreed on, the deposit was readily found by Pullen and his men when they arrived in the Plover's boats fourteen months later. From the mouth of the Mackenzie, Richardson's boats turned to the east, passed Cape Bathurst on the 11th of

* Captain Inglefield, in a paper read at the Geographical Society November 22d last, giving an account of his voyage in the *Isabel*, states that he paid a visit to Ominack, the spot named by Adam Beck as that on which Franklin and his crew had been murdered, and satisfied himself, "beyond all doubt, that there was no truth whatever in the statement of that reprobate Adam Beck, and that no such fate as he had related had befallen their missing countrymen."

August, and soon after rounded Cape Parry. The navigation from this point became more difficult, the boats having to make way through crowded floes of ice. As they approached Cape Krusenstern, the sea, as far as vision extended, was one dense, close pack, with not a lane of water perceptible. On the night of the 26th of August a severe frost covered the sea and ponds with young ice, and glued the floes immovably together. Progress with the boats could now be made only by dragging them over the floes, when the surface was sufficiently smooth, by cutting through tongues of ice, and by carrying them bodily over flats and points of land. On one morning three hours of severe labor only advanced them a hundred yards. When about a dozen miles from Cape Krusenstern, one boat and her cargo had to be left on a rocky projection. From the cape itself nothing but ice in firmly compacted floes could be seen, and the sorrowful conclusion was forced on Sir John that the sea-voyage was at an end. East of Cape Parry, says he, only six weeks of summer can be reckoned on. All struggled forward, however, to Cape Hearne, and, as from this point the sea was covered with floes, and new ice formed rapidly, the abandonment of the other boats became inevitable. Richardson says:—

I had hoped that, by conveying the boats and stores up the Coppermine river, beyond the range of the Eskimos, we could deposit them in a place of safety, to be available for a voyage to Wollaston Land next summer. But, abandoned as they now must be on the coast, we could not expect that they would escape the researches of the hunting parties who would follow up our foot-marks, and who were certain to break up the boats to obtain their copper fastenings.

Preparations for a march to Fort Confidence, at the northern extremity of Great Bear Lake, were now set about. Packages were made up, each man taking with him thirteen days' provision. Six pieces of pemmican and a boat's magazine of powder were buried under a cliff. The tents were left standing near the boats, and a few useful articles, as hatchets and cooking utensils, were deposited in them for the use of the Esquimaux. On the 3rd of September—after solemn prayers, in which all seemed to join with deep earnestness—they started. At the end of their day's march some scraps of drift-wood were collected for a fire to cook their supper; then, selecting the best sleeping-places they could find among blocks of basalt, they passed, though the weather continued cold, "a pretty comfortable night." In this way Sir John and his men journeyed on for twelve days, reaching Fort Confidence on the 15th of September:—

We were happy to find Mr. Bell and his people well and the buildings much further ad-

vanced than we had expected. He had built an ample store-house, two houses for the men, and a dwelling-house for the officers, consisting of a hall, three sleeping apartments, and store-closet. Mr. Bell and Mr. Rae quartered themselves with Bruce in the store-room, and I took possession of my sleeping-room, which was put temporarily in order. I could there enjoy the luxury of a fire while I was preparing my despatches for the Admiralty, and writing my domestic letters. I looked forward to the winter without anxiety.

The main business of the expedition was now ended. The men were sent home, and, on the 7th of May, 1849, Richardson and Bell commenced their journey southwards, leaving Rae as the best qualified to make another effort to reach Wollaston Land from Cape Krusenstern in the summer, with one boat's crew of six men. Richardson landed at Liverpool 6th November, 1849, after an absence of nineteen months. Rae's summer expedition of 1849, however, was a failure. On the 30th of July he arrived at Cape Krusenstern from Fort Confidence, but found the channel so choked with ice, that it was impossible to get a boat through it. He waited at the Cape watching the channel for an opening until the 23rd of August, when, the sea being completely closed by compacted floes, he reluctantly returned by the Coppermine river to his winter-quarters. The boats left the previous year had been much damaged by the Esquimaux to obtain the iron-work, but the tents were uninjured, and the *cache* of pemmican and ammunition untouched.

One encouraging fact runs through all these explorations of the North American coast—and that is, the abundance of animal life to be met with. In 1848 the gun of Rae procured a constant supply of fresh provisions for the whole party. In Richardson's journal we read:—

Aug. 19. Mr. Rae brought in two fine reindeer. — Aug. 20. Mr. Rae killed a fine buck reindeer. In this quarter a skilful hunter like Mr. Rae could supply the whole party with venison without any loss of time. — Aug. 24. Many salmon were seen. — To the north of Coronation Gulf reindeer and musk oxen may be procured by skilful hunters. With nets a large quantity of salmon and other fish might be captured in Dolphin and Union Straits; with percussion caps we might have slain *hundreds of seals*.

The experience of Rae, in his exploration of Wollaston Land in 1851, is to the like effect:—

7th May. — During the interval between taking the observations for time and latitude I shot ten hares. These fine animals were very large and tame, and several more might have been killed, as well as many partridges, had I thought it expedient to follow them. On the 2d June

Cape Hearne formed our head-quarters, at which place eleven geese, all in fine condition, were killed. On the 9th a large musk-bull was shot, and his flesh was found excellent. Our principal food was geese, partridges, and lemmings. The latter, being fat and large, were very fine when roasted before the fire or between two stones. These little animals were *migrating northward*, and were so numerous that our dogs, as they trotted on, killed as many as supported them without any other food.

In his journey of 1849 his party caught as many salmon as they could consume, whenever there was a piece of open water large enough for setting a net.

While Rae was anxiously watching the ice-choked sea from Cape Krusenstern, Captain Kellett in the *Herald* was discovering land in the Polar Sea far north of Behring's Strait, and Pullen in the boats of the *Plover* was navigating the coast from Icy Cape to the Mackenzie. The Behring's Strait parties were too late to do more than reconnoitre their destined course in 1848. The *Plover* arrived on the Asiatic coast only in time to select winter-quarters just south of Cape Tschukotskoi, outside the strait. The *Herald* went up the strait, visited Kotzebue Sound, the appointed rendezvous, and repassed the strait, before the *Plover* arrived. She returned to South America to winter.

The *Plover* got out from her winter-port on the 30th June, 1848, and in a fortnight reached Chamisso Island at the bottom of Kotzebue Sound. Here, on the next day, she was joined by the *Herald*, and by the *Nancy Dawson*, the private yacht of Mr. Shedden, whose name deserves honorable mention in every notice of these expeditions. Hearing in China of the efforts on behalf of Franklin, he at once sailed for Behring's Strait, putting aside his purposed voyage round the globe, to join in the search. Unfortunately his death prevented him from doing more than showing his zeal in the cause. The ships left the Sound on the 18th July, and, taking an easterly course, on the 25th arrived at Wainwright's Inlet. Here

The *vast number of walrus* that surrounded us, keeping up a continual bellowing or grunting; the barking of the *innumerable seals*—the small whales—and the *immense flocks of ducks* continually rising from the water as we neared them, warned us of our approach to the ice, although the temperature of the sea was still high.

From this point, as the packed ice forbade the ships getting farther to the east, the boat expedition was despatched on a coasting voyage to the Mackenzie. It consisted of two twenty-seven-foot whaleboats, each with a crew of six men. Pullen had with him a hundred days' provisions for each man, and intimated his intention, should he reach the

Mackenzie, of proceeding up the river to await the instructions of the Admiralty.

On the day following the departure of the boats the ships met with heavily packed ice extending from the shore, as far as the eye could reach, from north-west by west to north-east. This pack was traced "for forty leagues, made in a series of steps westerly and northerly, the westerly being about ten or twelve miles, and the northerly twenty." A water-sky was reported north of the pack, which, however, was perfectly impenetrable. Returning to Wainwright's Inlet, "not a particle of the ice seen on our former visit remained." A boat went ashore, and purchased from the natives 800 lbs. of reindeer meat—as much as the boat would carry—for a small quantity of tobacco. More was to be had on the same terms.

On the 17th of August, while cruising north of North Cape, packed ice was seen from south-south-west to north-north-west, five miles distant, and soon after land was reported from the mast-head. A group of small islands could be distinctly seen, and further off a very extensive and high land was reported.

There was a fine, clear atmosphere (such an one as can only be seen in this climate), except in the direction of this extended land, where the clouds rolled in numerous immense masses, occasionally leaving the very lofty peaks uncapped, where could be distinctly seen columns, pillars, and very broken angles on their summits, very characteristic of the high headlands in this sea. As far as a man can be certain, who has one hundred and thirty pairs of eyes to assist him, and all agreeing, I am certain we have discovered an extensive land. I think, also, it is more than probable that these peaks we saw are a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia), mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages. — *Kellett*.

An island was reached, four and a half miles one way, by two and a half the other. Here Kellett landed. It was in lat. 71° 19' N., long. 175° 16' W. It proved a solid mass of granite, almost inaccessible on every side, and "literally alive with birds." "Innumerable black and white divers (common to this sea) here found a safe place to deposit their eggs and bring up their young." The weather was bad; and Kellett, fearing he might be caught by the pack, made all sail for the south-east. As the commander of the *Plover* had determined to pass his second winter in Kotzebue Sound, the *Herald* supplied all the *Plover's* wants, and on the 29th September sailed in company with the yacht, and arrived at Mazatlan on the 14th November, 1849—the same month in which Richardson returned to England from North America, and Sir James Ross from Baffin's Bay.

The accounts so far were discouraging enough; but the Admiralty resolved that the search should be renewed—and on a yet more extended scale. The ships of Sir James Ross were promptly refitted and despatched to Behring's Strait; the *Enterprise* commanded by Capt. Collinson, and the *Investigator* by M'Clure. They were instructed to sail with all speed, so as to pass the strait and reach the edge of the ice by the end of August. The Plover was to remain out, and be secured in a safe harbor as far in advance as practicable, to serve as a dépôt for parties from the other ships to fall back upon if necessary. The *Herald*, under Capt. Kellett was to be sent home, volunteers being received from her for the other ships. This expedition left Plymouth on the 20th January, 1850. The ships communicated with the *Herald*, and Kellett assures the Arctic Committee of 1851, that, from a conversation he had with M'Clure—

I am convinced that he will use every endeavor to reach Melville Island with his parties, if he failed with his ship. Should one of these parties reach Melville Island, or even the northern shore of Banks' Land, they will endeavor to get home by the east, being a safer route than attempting to return to their ships.

This statement is confirmed by the official and private letters of M'Clure. To Sir George Back, in particular, he states in a letter of July 28, 1850, that he has *carte blanche* from Collinson, and that he is determined to push to the eastward to reach 130° W. long., and take his chance of wintering in the pack wherever he may be caught by the ice. These brave commanders had no sooner joined the Plover than they earnestly set to work to fulfil their mission. M'Clure outsailed Collinson, and was last seen by the Plover (August, 1850), in lat. 70° 44' N. long., 159° 52' W. M'Clure calculated that he might make Banks' Land, got to the northward of Melville Island, and perhaps pass to the S.E. by Wellington Channel, or some other passage, so as to return home at latest in 1853. To the Admiralty he says that, should he find no navigable channel after pushing ahead for two seasons, he intends to desert his vessel on the third, and start on foot for Melville Island and Leopold Harbor. It is impossible not to admire his energy and daring. But knowing how completely the plans of the most able and resolute are at the mercy of the seasons in those latitudes, we cannot accept his courage as a pledge of his success, nor avoid feeling already some misgivings for his fate. Capt. Collinson, after penetrating some distance to the N. and E. of the strait, repassed it to winter at Hong Kong, the Plover being left in reserve at Port Clarence, in the strait. The *Enterprise* again quitted Hong Kong in May, 1851,

reached Port Clarence, and left that port on 10th July, to renew her explorations to the north-east.

Lieut. Pullen, with his boats, arrived at the mouth of the Mackenzie on the 27th August, having made the passage from Wainwright's Inlet in thirty-three days. The most difficult part of the voyage was off Cape Bathurst, very heavy hummocky ice being met with. "It was one continued struggle from the 25th July to the 5th of August to get along that ice, it being so close in, and we were cutting all the time." Portions of his examination by the committee are of value.

Capt. Beechy: Did you see any land to the northward during your voyage?—*No*.

Sir G. Back: There seems a remarkable difference when you were there, and when I was with Sir John Franklin, viz., that on the 15th August, 1826, there was a complete open sea, with the exception of one piece of ice to the north and west. What was its state when you were there?—*It was all ice to seaward, and along the coast east and west.*

Pullen in his boats ascended the Mackenzie, and reached Fort Simpson on the 13th of October. Here he wintered, and while on his way to York Factory the following spring received instructions by express to attempt a passage in boats, across the sea to Melville Island. He immediately hurried back, and, on being supplied with 4500 lbs. of jerked venison and pemmican by Rae, he descended the Mackenzie in one of the Plover's boats and a barge of the Hudson's Bay Company. The season of 1850 proved more severe, however, than that of the previous year; he found the sea from the Mackenzie to Cape Bathurst covered with unbroken ice, a small channel only existing in-shore, through which he threaded his way to the vicinity of the cape. Failing in finding a passage out to sea to the north of Cape Bathurst, he remained in its vicinity, watching the ice for an opening, until the approach of winter compelled him to return to the Mackenzie. He had reached the sea on the 22nd of July, and he did not quit it until the 1st of September. As he ascended the Mackenzie, ice was driving rapidly down. "It was one continued drift of ice and heavy snow-storms." He reached Fort Simpson on the 5th October, and arrived in England to take the command of the *North Star*, and join in the expedition under Sir E. Belcher.

To conclude here the researches from the North American coast—Mr. Rae left Fort Confidence, on the Coppermine, April the 25th, 1851, with four men and three sledges drawn by dogs. He reached the coast on the 1st of May, and found the ice favorable for travelling. On the 5th he landed at Douglas

Island, and on the 7th gained the opposite shore. Traversing it to the east, until he reached 110° W. long., where his survey met that of Dease and Simpson, he retraced his steps, and advanced west until he turned Cape Baring, past lat 70° , and long. 117° W. From some elevated ground in this neighborhood high land could be seen to the north, but none was visible to the west. He got back to his provision station on the Kendal River upon the 10th June, having travelled 824 geographical or 942 English miles in forty days. In this lengthened journey his arrangements were much the same as during his survey of Committee Bay. He slept in snow houses, and, as he advanced, buried provisions to serve for his return. In the month of July and August he explored the coast of Victoria Land, east and north, in boats. His delineation of the land to Point Pelly, on the western shore of Victoria Strait, is carefully laid down in Arrowmith's map. That red line, marking every indentation of the coast, from the 101^{st} to the 117^{th} degree of latitude, accomplished with limited means in a single season, is an achievement of which any officer might well be proud. On this newly discovered coast he met many parties of Esquimaux; but his inquiries as to the grand subject were all fruitless. The American coast has now been diligently examined, from the entrance of Behring's Strait to the head of Hudson's Bay; and we may, therefore, surely conclude that Franklin never reached so low a latitude.

On the side of Baffin's Bay the search was prosecuted by no less than eleven vessels in 1850. The expedition under Captain Austin consisted of the *Resolute* and *Assistance*, with their steam-tenders the *Pioneer* and *Intrepid*. He was instructed that his main object should be to reach Melville Island — detaching vessels to examine Wellington Channel and the coast about Cape Walker, "to which point Sir John Franklin was ordered to proceed." At the same time — much having been said about the probable advantage of employing old-professional whalers — Mr. William Penny, long experienced in the northern fishery, was empowered by government to purchase two small brigs, adapted for the service they were to perform. All arrangements were left to himself, and he had the choice of his own officers. But, clumsily enough, instead of distinct objects being assigned him, his instructions were substantially the same as those given to Austin. Penny's ships sailed on the 15th April, 1850, and Austin's on the 4th of May following. The *Prince Albert* was purchased and equipped by public subscription, Lady Franklin being a principal contributor. Its special object was to search the shores of Boothia Gulf, it being thought possible that traces of Franklin might be

found in that direction, as he was ignorant of the complete survey of the bottom of the gulf by Rae, and might have imagined that a passage thence, as was generally surmised when he sailed, led into the Polar Sea. The *Felix*, commanded by Sir John Ross, was equipped by subscription, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company. An American expedition of two schooners, fitted out by Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, was to pass through Lancaster Sound, and push to the west. Lastly, the *North Star*, sent out the previous year, to recruit the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, remained in the Arctic Sea with a large quantity of available stores. These vessels, though sailing at different times, were all stopped by the middle ice of Baffin's Bay, and got through it at nearly the same period.

The first traces of the missing ships were discovered by Captain Ommaney, in the *Assistance*, at Cape Riley, on 23d August. He found sundry pieces of rag, rope, and broken bottles, and also the marks of five tent-places. This Cape is a point at the eastern entrance of Wellington Channel; about three miles west of it rises the bold abrupt coast of Beechey Island; and between the shores of this isle and the mainland lies a bay to which extraordinary interest is now attached. On its coast were observed numerous sledge tracks, and at Cape Spencer, about ten miles from Cape Riley, up Wellington Channel, the party discovered the ground-place of a tent, the floor neatly paved with small smooth stones.

Around the tent a number of birds' bones, as well as remnants of meat-canisters, led Mr. Penny to imagine that it had been inhabited for some time as a shooting station and a look-out place, for which latter purpose it was admirably chosen, commanding a good view of Barrow's strait and Wellington Channel. — *Osborn*, p. 102.

Some sledge-tracks led northward for about twenty miles, but the trail ceased south of Cape Bowden, and an empty bottle and a piece of newspaper were the last things found. The results of examining Beechey Island must be given in more detail. Lieutenant Osborn says —

A long point of land slopes gradually from the southern bluffs of this now deeply-interesting island, until it almost connects itself with the land of North Devon, forming on either side of it two good and commodious bays. On this slope a multitude of preserved meat-tins were strewed about; and near them, and on the ridge of the slope, a carefully-constructed cairn was discovered; it consisted of layers of fitted tins, filled with gravel, and placed to form a firm and solid foundation. Beyond this, and along the northern shore of Beechey Island, the following traces were then quickly discovered: the embankment of a house, with carpenters' and armorers' working-places, washing-tubs, coal-bags, pieces of old

clothing, rope—and, lastly, the graves of three of the crew of the Erebus and Terror—bearing date of the winter of 1845-6. *We, therefore, now had ascertained the first winter-quarters of Sir John Franklin.*

On the eastern slope of the ridge of Beechey Island a remnant of a garden (for remnant it now only was, having been dug up in the search) told an interesting tale; its neatly-shaped oval outline—the border carefully formed of moss lichen, poppies, and anemones, transplanted from some more genial part of this dreary region—contrived still to show symptoms of vitality; but the seeds which doubtless they had sowed in the garden had decayed away. Nearer to the beach, a heap of cinders and scraps of iron showed the armorers' working-place; and along an old water-course, now chained up by frost, several tubs, constructed of the ends of salt-meat casks, left no doubt as to the washing-places of the men of Franklin's squadron. Happening to cross a level piece of ground, which as yet no one had lighted upon, I was pleased to see a pair of Cashmere gloves laid out to dry, with two small stones on the palms to prevent their blowing away; they had been there since 1846. I took them up carefully, as melancholy mementoes of my missing friends. In another spot a flannel was discovered; and this, together with some things lying about, would, in my ignorance of wintering in the Arctic regions, have led me to suppose that there was considerable haste displayed in the departure of the Erebus and Terror from this spot, had not Captain Austin assured me that there was nothing to ground such a belief upon, and that, from experience, he could vouch for these being nothing more than the ordinary traces of a winter station; and this opinion was fully borne out by those officers who had in the previous year wintered in Port Leopold, one of them asserting that people left winter-quarters too well pleased to escape, to care much for a handful of shavings, an old coal-bag, or a washing-tub. This I, from experience, now know to be true. — *Osborn*, pp. 107-110.

From a number of minute facts, it was not difficult to assign the place where the ships must have lain through the winter: they were so stationed, *Osborn* says, as to be

effectually removed from all risk of being swept out of the bay—which, by the by, from the fact of the enclosed area being many times broader than the entrance of Erebus and Terror Bay, was about as probable as any stout gentleman being blown out of a house through the keyhole.

The most interesting traces of winter residence were the graves of Franklin's three seamen. The following description is in all respects creditable to Mr. *Osborn*:—

The graves, like all that English seamen construct, were scrupulously neat. Go where you will over the globe's surface—afar in the east, or afar in the west, down among the coral-girded isles of the South Sea, or here, where the grim North frowns on the sailor's grave—you

will always find it alike; it is the monument raised by rough hands but affectionate hearts over the last home of their messmate; it breathes of the quiet churchyard in some of England's many nooks, where each had formed his idea of what was due to departed worth; and the ornaments that Nature decks herself with, even in the desolation of the frozen zone, were carefully culled to mark the dead seaman's home. The good taste of the officers had prevented the general simplicity of an oaken head and foot board to each of the three graves being marred by any long and childish epitaphs, or the doggerel of a lower-deck poet, and the three inscriptions were as follows:—

"Sacred to the memory of J. Torrington, who departed this life January 1st, 1846, on board of H. M. S. Terror, aged 20 years."

"Sacred to the memory of Wm. Braine, R. M., of H. M. S. Erebus, died April 3d, 1846, aged 32 years. *Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.*—Josh. xxiv. 15."

"Sacred to the memory of J. Hartwell, A. B., of H. M. S. Erebus, died January 4th, 1846, aged 25 years. *Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider your ways.*—Haggai i. 7."

I thought I traced in the epitaphs over the graves of the men from the Erebus the manly and Christian spirit of Franklin. In the true spirit of chivalry, he, their captain and leader, led them amidst dangers and unknown difficulties with iron will stamped upon his brow, but the words of meekness, gentleness, and truth were his device. — *Ibid.*, p. 111.

With this discovery the work of the ships for the season may be said to have closed. Wellington Channel, as far as vision extended, presented a continuous sheet of ice, much of it, as we learn from Dr. Sutherland and other experienced persons, appearing "to be at least three years old." (ii. 124.) In mid-channel of Barrow's Strait, at the same time (Aug. 25), the pack was seen to westward, but

the sea was as smooth as oil; and thousands of seals, in which one could distinguish three species—the ocean or Greenland seal, the bearded seal, and the common seal—were seen taking their pastime in the water. White whales were also seen in great abundance. — *Suth.*, i. 293.

Osborn also dwells upon the enormous shoals of white whales—the water appearing as if filled with them; he states that eleven bears were seen, and that large flights of wild fowl came down Wellington Channel. By the middle of September Austin's ships were fast fixed in the ice, in the channel between Griffith's Island and Cornwallis Land, and here they were secured as well as might be for the winter. Penny made his ships fast in Assistance Harbor, on the south coast of Cornwallis Land, about 20 miles east of Austin's station; and here, also, Sir John Ross, in the *Felix*, wintered.

The other ships turned homewards. The *North Star* left her winter-quarters in Wolstenholme Sound on the 3rd of August, and reached Port Leopold on the 12th. Being unable, however, from the ice, to land her stores there, she deposited them at Admiralty Inlet, where, as we have seen, Sir E. Belcher was unable to find any trace of them.

The American expedition made a most singular sweep. Lieut. de Haven parted company with the other searching vessels on the 13th of September, off Griffith's Island. But the frost had already set in, and, snow having fallen, the sea was covered with a tenacious coating through which it was impossible for the vessels to force their way. As the ice about them thickened they became entirely at the mercy of the winds and currents. To the astonishment of all on board, they were carried directly up Wellington Channel. Here, drifting about as the wind varied, they came, on the 22nd of September, in sight of that island which in our charts is named Baillie Hamilton. To the north-west was distinctly seen the cloud of "frost-smoke," indicative of open water, and signs of animal life became more abundant. For the remainder of September the vessels were nearly stationary;—throughout October and November again they were drifted to and fro by the changing wind, but never passing out of Wellington Channel. On the 1st of November the new ice was upwards of three feet thick.

Still frequent breaks would occur in it often in fearful proximity to the vessels. Hummocks, consisting of massive granite-like blocks, would be thrown up to the height of twenty and even thirty feet. This action in the ice was accompanied with a variety of sounds impossible to be described, but which never failed to carry a feeling of awe into the stoutest hearts. — *De Haven's Report*.

By the beginning of December the ships were carried down the Channel, and entered Lancaster Sound. Westerly winds now prevailing, the vast field of ice, with the imprisoned ships, slowly drifted to the mouth of the Sound. In January they were fairly launched in Baffin's Bay, and a steady drift commenced to the southward, the vessels being carried along with the whole vast body of ice. On the 19th of May, Cape Serle was descried, being the first land seen for four months; a few days later Cape Walsingham was visible, and the ships passed out of the Arctic zone. On the 6th of June, the whole immense floe in which they had been inextricably locked for nearly nine months was rent in all directions, without violence or noise, leaving not a piece exceeding 100 yards in diameter. Thenceforth the vessels were free, and in due time safely reached New York. During the

winter, the occupations and amusements most suitable for preserving the crews in health had been persevered in—but sledges and boats with stores were always ready in case of accident, each man being furnished with a bundle of clothes which he could catch up at a moment's notice.

From this extraordinary sweep we must conclude that the barrier of ice across Wellington Channel, apparently fixed firmly to the land on either side, was really in continual motion. It seems to have been obedient to the wind rather than to any settled current. Of these facts our ships, safe in their winter-quarters, were entirely ignorant; and when, so late as the 12th of August in the following season, they still saw the entrance of the Channel firmly closed against them by solid ice, we cannot feel surprised at their supposing it to have remained unmoved since the first day of their arrival. Here the principal business of the winter was preparation for the spring journeys. Amusements were not neglected; there were plays and masquerades; the general health of all the men was good; and we have more than one admission that throughout the long winter "hardships there were none."

The arrangements for the sledging parties were in both expeditions very complete. Every provision was made for the health and comfort of the men, and whoever glances into the blue-books will acknowledge that Austin most thoroughly fulfilled the duties of a skilful and humane commander. By an arrangement with Penny, made as early as 17th October, 1850, the latter undertook the complete "search of Wellington Strait," while Austin's detachments were to examine the shores north and south of Barrow's Strait. The coasts newly explored by these parties are laid down in the charts of Arrowsmith and the Admiralty. We confine our notice to the three routes which it seemed most likely Franklin might have taken:—to the west by Melville Island, to the south-west by Cape Walker, and to the north-west by Wellington Channel.

Of all Austin's parties, that under Lieutenant M'Clintock was most ably and successfully conducted. He left the ships on the 15th of April, and, taking a course due west, reached Point Griffith on the eastern shore of Melville Island on the 11th of May. On the 21st he sighted Winter Harbor, but there being neither ships, tents, nor any sign of human habitation to be seen, he deferred any close scrutiny of it until his return. By the 27th of May he had reached Cape Dundas at the western extremity of Melville Island, and on the following day, ascending a high cliff, made out the coast of Banks' Land.

Its eastern extreme was indistinct; but its

western extreme terminated abruptly. Banks' Land appears to be very lofty, with steep cliffs and large ravines, as about Cape Dundas. I could make out the ravines and snow-patches distinctly with my glass. — *M'Clintock's Report*.

To the north of Banks' Land, at a distance from it of about seventy miles, he discovered a range of land apparently running nearly due west. "This does not present steep cliffs, but a bold and deeply indented coast; the land rising to the interior, and intersected by valleys rather than ravines." The sea he imagined to continue to the westward. Following the coast of Melville Island to the north-east, he entered Liddon Gulf, and here saw fragments of coal of good quality. Leaving the shore, he crossed the Gulf to gain Bushman Cove, where Parry, in his journey across the island in 1820, had left the "strong but light cart," in which he had carried his tent and stores. On the 1st of June M'Clintock reached the west point of the Cove, and, leaving two men to prepare supper, he commenced a search with four others for Parry's encampment of the 11th of June, 1820: —

On reaching the ravine leading into the cove, we spread across, and walked up, and easily found the encampment, although the pole had fallen down. The very accurate report published of his journey saved us much labor in finding the tin cylinder and ammunition. The crevices between the stones piled over them were filled with ice and snow; the powder completely destroyed, and cylinder eaten through with rust, and filled with ice. From the extreme difficulty of descending into such a ravine with any vehicle, I supposed that the most direct route where all seemed equally bad was selected, therefore sent the men directly up the northern bank in search of the wheels which were left where the cart broke down. They fortunately found them at once; erected a cairn about the remains of the wall built to shelter the tent; placed a record on it in one tin case within another. We then collected a few relics of our predecessors, and returned with the remains of the cart to our encampment. An excellent fire had been made with willow stems, and upon this a kettle, containing Parry's cylinder, was placed. As soon as the ice was thawed out of it, the record it contained was carefully taken out. I could only just distinguish the date. Had it been in a better state of preservation I would have restored it to its lonely position. — *Ibid*.

As the weather was misty, M'Clintock did not explore the head of the gulf, but struck directly across the land for Winter Harbor. It was evident that no one had visited the place since Parry's departure in 1820. The inscription cut upon the face of the sandstone rock by Mr. Fisher appeared quite fresh. A hare, discovered at the foot of this rock, was so tame that she entered the tent, and would almost allow the men to touch her.

I have never seen any animal in its natural state so perfectly fearless of man; and there cannot be a more convincing proof that our missing countrymen have not been here. A ptarmigan alighted on the rock, and was shot, without in the least disturbing puss as she sat beneath it. — *Ibid*.

On the 6th of June M'Clintock left Winter Harbor, and reached the ships on the 4th of July. The latter part of his journey was fatiguing, from the extensive pools of water in the ice, but all his men arrived in excellent health and spirits. He was out 80 days, and had travelled 770 miles. Several reindeer, musk-oxen, and bears were shot, besides numerous birds — and the food thus obtained was of very material importance to the people. This journey made it certain that Franklin had not passed west of the Parry Islands.

The expedition under Captain Ommaney and Lieut. Osborn south-west of Cape Walker determined nothing. The cape was found to be the north-eastern extremity of an island, separated from the continent by a narrow channel. Beyond the cape the coast swept round to the south, until interrupted by a bay about 20 miles wide. While Ommaney proceeded to examine the shores of this bay Osborn struck across it, and making the land again, which still trended southerly, he followed it some miles further, and then travelled a few miles across the sea to the west. But, after a short journey, finding the ice exceedingly hummocky, he retraced his steps. From his farthest point he saw a continuation of land to the south, but could perceive neither land nor loom of land to the west or south-west. As the weather was clear, and he had a good spy-glass, and as, moreover, he had advanced westward fifteen miles from the coast, his view must have extended a considerable distance. Both Ommaney and Osborn are clear that the coast they traversed could never be navigable for ships. Shoals extended for a considerable distance into the sea; the water, to the depth of several feet in-shore, was frozen to the bottom, and enormous masses of ice were thrown up on the floe by pressure, and grounded on the strand. But the question is — not whether that particular coast was navigable, but — whether there was any reason to suppose that a navigable sea existed between the shore they followed to the south, and the nearest coast to the west yet discovered (Banks' Land) — a distance of 200 miles at least. Lieut. Osborn had never been among ice before; with more experience he would have known that the enormous blocks he saw aground and on the floe surely indicated motion at some time. It is common enough to find coasts fast bound with ice, even in the open season, while open water exists some miles off. Thus Parry tells us that he found Prince Leopold's Islands "en-

cumbered with ice to the distance of four or five miles all round them, while the strait was generally as clear and navigable as any part of the Atlantic." Before the last Committee, M'Clintock stated that there was no appearance of the sea being navigable west of Melville Island—and then followed some questions by Parry:—

Sir E. Parry.—Does that remark apply to the whole of the ice to the southward of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—No. *Parry.*—State whereabouts in your opinion it was likely to be navigable to the south of Melville Island. *M'Clintock.*—I think to the east of Winter Harbor. *Parry.*—Then you think a ship could probably get to the southward and westward more easily to the eastward of Winter Harbor, than by going on to the west part of Melville Island? *M'Clintock.*—Yes.

When Parry himself was off the east end of Melville Island, he found his soundings uniformly increase as he went to the south. "In standing to the southward, we had gradually deepened the soundings to 105 fathoms." Here is proof of deep water in the direction Franklin was ordered to take; nor is there any evidence to show that there may not be, at certain seasons, a navigable sea to the south, which may lead, as M'Clintock supposes, far to the west of the Parry group.

Of Penny's parties one followed the western and the other the eastern side of Wellington Channel, until both were stopped by reaching open water. Captain Stewart, on the east, or rather north side of the channel, reached Cape Becher 30th May; from hence he could see water washing the land all along, with much broke-up ice in the offing. Mr. Goodsir, on the opposite shore, first saw open water from Disappointment Bay on the 20th of May. To the west an open channel appeared. Penny himself, traversing the channel from south to north, reached the islands which divide the strait into three narrow channels. From Point Surprise, on the north of Baillie Hamilton island, he beheld a vast expanse of open water, and here, he tells us, "the expression that escaped me was, 'No one will ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found; so we returned to the sledges very much disappointed.'" (*Suth. ii. 132.*) Determining to prosecute the search further in a boat, he returned to the ships with all speed, and succeeded in getting a boat to the edge of the water by the 17th of June, but a succession of contrary gales prevented him after all from getting further than Baring Island—though there was open water to the north-west. He got back to his ships on the 25th of July.

Towards the close of June the ice in Barrow's Strait broke up. Mr. Stewart, under date of the 27th, writes:—"I went to the

land, and ascended the hill, and then saw that the ice in Barrow's Strait was all adrift and broken up, to the utmost limits of vision assisted by a telescope." On the 10th of July, as we learn from Osborn—

Not a particle of ice was to be seen east or west in Barrow's Strait, except between Griffith's Island and Cape Martyr, where, some ten miles from the water, and in the centre of a fixed floe, our unlucky squadron was jammed. Everywhere else a clear sea spread itself, sparkling and breaking under a fresh southerly breeze.

Surely this must have taught our young lieutenant that it was very possible for a navigable sea to exist, at some miles' distance from an ice-bound coast. It was August before the ships were free. Captain Austin then addressed an official note to Penny, distinctly asking "whether you consider that the search of Wellington Strait, made by the expedition under your charge, is so far satisfactory as to render a further prosecution in that direction, if practicable, unnecessary?" The reply was—

Assistance Bay, 11th August, 1851.

Sir—Your question is easily answered. My opinion is, Wellington Channel requires no further search. All has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace has been found. What else can be done? I have, &c.
WILLIAM PENNY.

The following day Penny put to sea. The entrance of Wellington Channel was then full of heavy ice, nor did there appear any probability that it would break up that season. Penny states that he now determined to get home before the other ships.

When I saw Sir John Ross taken in tow by Captain Austin, from this moment I was determined I should go home before him, and had great cause to be satisfied with the decision, for I had every reason to suppose that disrepute would be thrown upon what we had done, and I told this to my officers. — *Penny's Evidence.*

Pushing forward with all speed, Penny arrived in London on the 12th of September. Austin's ships explored the entrances of Jones' Sound and Smith's Sound, and did not reach home for a fortnight or three weeks later. In the mean time Mr. Penny addressed a letter to the Admiralty, asserting his conviction that the missing expedition had gone up Wellington Channel, and that "its course should be therein followed with the utmost energy, determination, and despatch." This suggestion was so contrary to the spirit of his note to Austin on the 11th of August, that he was called on by the Admiralty to transmit a copy of his official correspondence. In place of doing so, he made statements to the effect that he had entreated Captain Austin to give him a steamer to make an

effort to get up Wellington Channel, and that his last words to Austin were, "Go up Wellington Channel, sir, and you will do good service to the cause." As the result of these, and other statements of a like kind, a committee of Arctic officers was appointed to inquire into the circumstances. They properly came to the conclusion that Captain Austin could put only one construction on Mr. Penny's letters, and would not have been justified in commencing a fresh search in a direction concerning which he naturally considered himself to have received the most authentic information.

At the time when open water was discovered high up Wellington Channel the sea in every other direction was covered with solid ice. The fact is remarkable, whatever conclusion may be drawn from it. The prevalent opinion seems to be that Franklin, having learnt at his winter-quarters the existence of this open water, thenceforth directed all his energies to meet it, and succeeded in the attempt. There are, however, not inconsiderable difficulties in the way of this supposition. Be it conceded that in the summer of 1846 Franklin found the entrance of the channel open, and knew of the sea beyond it, does it follow, as matter of certainty, that he would take that course? The mere fact of a prospect of open water to the north might not appear to him of much importance, as it is commonly found throughout the winter at the head of Baffin's Bay and in gulfs on the coast of Greenland, where the tide, as in Wellington Channel, runs high and gets strongly. We know that Sir John Barrow warned Franklin and his officers against attempting Wellington Channel—not because it might be closed, but because,

as far as experience went, it was always entirely free from ice—no one venturing to conjecture to what extent it might go, or into what difficulties it might lead. — *Mangles*, 87, 88.

We have seen what his Instructions were; and Richardson observes:—

It is admitted by all who are intimately acquainted with Sir John Franklin, that his first endeavor would be to act up to the letter of his Instructions.

Sir F. Beaufort says, "He was not a man to treat his orders with levity;" and such is the testimony of all the important witnesses. It is only on the supposition that Franklin found it impossible to penetrate to the south-west that any of his friends imagine he might have tried Wellington Channel.

Setting aside all gossiping communication, usually a fertile source of error, and oftener supplied by imagination than by memory, we are not without decisive evidence of Franklin's real opinion. In the diary of

Fitzjames there is, under date of June 6, 1845, one very remarkable passage:—

At dinner to-day Sir John gave us a pleasant account of his expectations of being able to get through the ice on the coast of America, and his disbelief in the idea that there is open sea to the northward. He also said he believed it possible to reach the pole over the ice by wintering at Splitzbergen, and going in the spring, before the ice broke up and drifted to the south, as it did with Parry on it. — *Mangles*, 78.

To our mind these words are conclusive as to Franklin's hopes and intentions. In his second journey to the Mackenzie river, 1825–6, he himself writes that from the summit of Garry Island

the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any visible obstruction to its navigation; and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us.

Then he had ardently wished for a ship in which he could leave that shallow shore, and steer direct for Behring's Strait. It was this sea which he was instructed to reach, and which there seemed every probability of his reaching by pushing to the south-west between 100° and 110° W. long. It was greatly in favor of his attempting this passage that, even should he meet with obstructions, he might reasonably hope to reach the North American shore by boats, or by a journey across the ice, and thus connect the discoveries of Parry with his own.

Fairly stated the case stands thus:—On the supposition that he ascended the Channel, we must suppose either that he disobeyed the Admiralty orders (which all who know him agree he would not do), or that he tried to penetrate to the south-west before he entered his winter harbor or immediately on quitting it. Could he have made the attempt in 1845? He left Disco Island on the 12th July, and at the close of that month was struggling with the middle ice in Baffin's Bay. He had himself, as we learn from Fitzjames, a perfect knowledge of the difficulty there would be in getting to Lancaster Sound:—

Parry was fortunate enough, in his first voyage, to sail right across in nine or ten days—a thing unheard of before or since. In his next voyage he was fifty-four days toiling through fields of ice, and did not get in till September—yet Lancaster Sound is the point we look to as the beginning of our work.

Now, progress from Disco Island to Lancaster Sound took Ross (Sir John) in his first voyage from 17th June to 30th August. Sir James Ross, in 1848, was from 20th July to 20th August, struggling through the middle ice, and did not reach Cape York till 1st September. Penny's ships were at Disco Island May

3rd, 1850, and did not reach Beechey Island till 26th August. To make the same distance took Mr. Kennedy, in 1851, from the commencement of July till the 4th September, and Sir E. Belcher, in the remarkably open season of 1852, from June 12th to August 11th. It is not probable that Franklin could have reached Barrow's Strait until the end of August or beginning of September; and it is hardly conceivable that he could that season have satisfied himself that there was no passage to the south-west—more especially as he must have taken up his station early, and before young ice began to form.

Shall we suppose, then, that, on getting out of harbor, he advanced to the south-west, and, baffled in his efforts, returned to Wellington Channel? The absence of any signals on the shore either way must go far to negative the idea; and it is more than doubtful whether the two months of an Arctic summer would suffice for such an exploration. Wellington Channel is intricate, and, for ships of the size of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, would require great caution. Penny states that—

the fearful rate the tide runs (not less than six knots) through the sounds that divide the Channel renders it dangerous even for a boat, *much more so a ship*, unless clear of ice, which, from the appearance of the ice here, will not be clear this season.

The experienced Abernethy says:—

Wellington Strait is a dangerous navigable passage, the ice flowing about with the tide. It would not be safe for a ship to go up there.

Lieut. Aldrich conceived there must be "vast difficulty in navigating the Strait;" and Captain Austin observes that the navigation of the Channel must be "very critical, as *all narrow straits in icy seas are*." We do not quote these statements as evidence that the Strait cannot be navigated, for Sir E. Belcher has settled that question; but to prove how unlikely it is that the Channel could be passed through rapidly. On the supposition that Franklin went up it, how are we to account for the absence of cairns or flag-staffs, which would show he had visited, or taken possession of, the newly-found land?—for no shores have been so minutely explored as these.

In our total ignorance of the geography of that region which Franklin was directed to examine, it would be rash to speculate on the difficulties into which an opening to the south-west might lead. Before Lancaster Sound was explored no one could have supposed that it would open out so many intricate channels, or display that intermingling of land and sea on either side north and south, which the skill of our best navigators for the last thirty years has failed to

make more than imperfectly known. Franklin's ships may have been, as the *Fury* was, forced ashore in some narrow, ice-choked channel far to the west, or they may have been caught in the bottom of some gulf from which they have been unable to escape. Between him and the American continent there may be mountainous land, and immense fields of that peculiar sharp-pointed ice which Kellett says it would be impossible to traverse by any exertion or contrivance. He describes it as

very much broken, or rough, with pinnacles of considerable height. Travelling over it for any distance is, I should say, impossible; many of the floes are nearly covered with water, the mirage from which distorted objects in the most extraordinary way.

In the same way Pullen gives it as his opinion that there would be no possibility of reaching the North American coast across the heavy hummocky ice he saw to the north. We are constrained, indeed, to admit that the fact of no trace of Franklin having as yet been found furnishes a strong presumption that he is no longer in existence; but we say that that fact alone is not stronger against his having taken a south-west than a north-west course, as the one might have led him into as great peril as the other, and as completely have deprived him of the possibility of communicating with any point where he might hope for assistance.

We are not ignorant of what may be urged on the other side; that the most experienced Arctic navigators hug the *northern* shore; that—in spite of the evidence of Dr. Sutherland and others as to the usually later breaking up of the ice in Wellington Channel—Franklin might have met with an impenetrable barrier of ice to the west, while the entrance of that channel was open;* and that Parry in his first voyage in vain attempted to find an opening in the ice to the south. Our argument is not that Franklin must have taken any one particular course, but only that, so long as the space between 104° and 116° W. long is unexplored, it cannot be said that Franklin has been fairly sought in the direction he was ordered to pursue.

The search was maintained by one vessel only in the following year. The *Prince Albert*, which returned home in 1850, after her unsuccessful cruise, was refitted, and sailed early in 1851, under command of Mr. William Kennedy, who has published a short and sensible narrative of his voyage. M. Bellot, a lieutenant in the French navy,

* Dr. Sutherland, when asked by Sir E. Parry whether it was his opinion that the ice broke up sooner in the direction of Cape Walker than at the entrance of Wellington Channel, replied, "Yes; two months sooner."

joined as a volunteer, and his generous ardor and lively spirits seem to have contributed greatly to the efficiency of the expedition. Kennedy wintered at Batty Bay, on the west side of Regent's Inlet. In his spring journey of 1852 he showed what it was in the power of a really intrepid traveller to accomplish. Following the coast to the south, he found a channel in Brentford Bay leading westward. Traversing this channel he came again upon the sea, thus proving North Somerset to be a large island. On his right, to the north, the land appeared continuous. By Lieut. Browne's examination of Peel's Sound (or Ommaney Inlet) from Barrow's Strait, we were led to suppose that it was only a gulf, which would so far correspond with Mr. Kennedy's observation. As an open sea appeared to the south, it is not unreasonably conjectured that it may be continued to the Victoria Strait of Rae; in that case the narrow channel of Brentford Bay would prove that at least one south-west passage existed. Continuing his course nearly west, until he passed 100° west long., he turned to the north, struck the sea at that point reached by Capt. Ommaney in exploring the bay which bears his name, then turned to the east and to the north till he reached Cape Walker, returning to his ship by the north shore of North Somerset, having successfully performed a journey of eleven hundred miles, and been absent from the ship for ninety-seven days! During the whole time they knew no other shelter than the snow-houses they threw up at each resting-place.

In his modest narrative Mr. Kennedy describes the general order of his arrangements. His party, including M. Bellot and himself, consisted of six persons. Their luggage and stores were borne on sleighs made after the Indian fashion, five Esquimaux dogs very materially assisting in their draught. Without the aid, indeed, of these much-enduring animals so long a journey could scarcely have been performed; and, as nothing came amiss to them in the way of food, it being found that "they thrive wonderfully on old leather shoes and fag-ends of buffalo-robcs," the sleighs were not much burdened by care for their provision. With a little practice all hands became expert in the erection of snow-houses, which presented

a dome-shaped structure, out of which you have only to cut a small hole for a door, to find yourself within a very light, comfortable-looking beehive on a large scale, in which you can bid defiance to wind and weather. Any chinks between the blocks are filled up with loose snow with the hand from the outside; as these are best detected from within, a man is usually sent in to drive a thin rod through the spot where he discovers a chink, which is immediately plastered over by some one from without, till the whole

house is as air-tight as an egg. — *Narrative*, 78, 79.

As respects their provision, they were materially indebted to the old treasures of the *Fury*, which they found "not only in the best preservation, but much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of our own stores and those supplied to the other Arctic expeditions." * While travelling they had a cup of hot tea night and morning — "a luxury they would not have exchanged for the mines of Ophir." A gill and a half of spirits of wine boiled a pint of water. When detained by bad weather they had but one meal daily, and took ice with their biscuit and pemmican to save fuel. On the 15th of May they reached Whaler Point, and here stopped a week to recruit; all suffering much from scurvy. At this early period Regent's Inlet and Barrow's Strait were free from ice as far as the eye could reach. In a notice left at Whaler Point it was said "Cape Walker was carefully examined, but bore no evidence whatever of its having been visited by Europeans." Now, as the large cairns, formed by the parties of Ommaney and Osborn the previous spring, could thus be overlooked, might not signals erected by Franklin have been equally undistinguishable amid the deep snow which enveloped this bleak and rugged coast?

By the 30th of May the travellers were back at Batty Bay, where all had gone on well; but it was not until the 6th of August that the ship, by sawing and blasting, could be got clear of the ice. On the 19th of August Kennedy reached Beechey Island, where he had the satisfaction of finding the *North Star* engaged in sawing into winter-quarters. The expedition of Sir E. Belcher — consisting of the two brigs and their attendant steamers previously commanded by Austin, with the *North Star* as a dépôt-ship — had left the Thames on the 21st of April, and arrived at Beechey Island on the 10th of August. The season was remarkably open; Wellington Channel and Barrow Strait were equally clear of ice; on the 14th of August Sir E. Belcher (with a ship and a steamer) stood up the Channel, and the following day Captain Kellett (with the other brig and steamer) sailed in open water for Melville Island. From the *North Star* Mr. Kennedy received despatches for England. He would gladly have remained out another season, but, as his men were

* On a strict and careful survey, made last July, of the preserved meats, 10,570 lbs., in tin canisters, supplied to the *Plover*, they were found "in a pulpy, decayed, and putrid state, totally unfit for men's food." The whole were thrown into the sea, as a nuisance. It is much to be feared that Franklin's preserved meats may have been of no better quality.

bent on returning, he was compelled to relinquish his design, and bring his ship home.

A fortnight after his departure, Captain Inglefield, in the *Isabel* screw-steamer, communicated with the *North Star*. The *Isabel* had been purchased by Lady Franklin, with assistance from the Geographical Society and others. In her Captain Inglefield quitted England on the 6th of July last; coasted the northern shores of Baffin's Bay; advanced much further up Whale Sound than any previous navigator, finding as he proceeded an immense expanse of open water; ran a considerable distance up Smith's Sound and Jones' Sound without discovering any opposing land; and then made for Beechey Island, which he reached on the 7th of September. It is the opinion of this skilful observer that all the three great sounds at the head of Baffin's Bay are channels leading into the Polar Ocean. It is to be regretted that, in so favorable a season, he had not the opportunity of determining this question, with regard to one of them at least. But, on the whole, considering the limited time at his disposal — his whole voyage lasting but four months — he must be allowed to have exerted himself very laudably.

The last parliamentary paper prints the intelligence received from Behring's Strait to the end of August, 1852. Commander Maguire, who was sent out to relieve Captain Moore in the *Plover*, arrived at Port Clarence on the 30th of June. The crew, with the exception of some frost-bites, were well, and had behaved admirably. Constant intercourse had been kept up with the natives, but no tidings had been heard as to any subject of anxiety. The *Plover*, under her new commander, put to sea on the 12th of July, and arrived at Icy Cape on the 19th, whence Maguire proceeded in a boat to Point Barrow to take soundings for anchorage. In his last despatch, 20th of August, he intimates his expectation that he shall be able to place the *Plover* in winter-quarters there about the beginning of September. He much advises that a steamer should be sent out to open a communication with him; and, considering how strongly a vessel of this kind has been recommended for the service by Admiral Beaufort and other high authorities, we are quite at a loss to understand why one was not sent out in place of the *Rattlesnake* recently despatched.

Mr. Kennedy is about to depart in the *Isabel* for Behring's Sea. Lady Franklin, aided by 1000*l.* subscribed by some generous friends in Van Diemen's Land, who gratefully remember Sir John's rule, will again be at the charge of the expedition. The *Isabel*

will be provisioned for four years. Mr. Kennedy hopes he shall be able to pass the strait this year, and take up a position for the winter somewhere near Point Barrow, whence in the winter and spring he might explore to the north and east, in the direction of Melville Island and Banks' Land. Captain Inglefield, in the *Phoenix* steam-sloop, will start this spring for Beechey Island, accompanied by a store-ship containing an ample supply of provisions. A new expedition is also, we observe, to be fitted out by the beneficent Mr. Grinnell, of New York.

The present state of the search then is this: — Sir E. Belcher is engaged in a survey of Wellington, while Captain Kellett is probably safely anchored in Winter Harbor, the old quarters of Parry. Each has a well-stored ship with an attendant steamer; while the *North Star*, within reach no doubt of parties from either vessel, remains in Franklin's harborage at Beechey Island. On the Pacific side, the *Plover*, we may presume, is advanced to Point Barrow. We have no intelligence of M'Clure since, under a press of canvas, he stood for the pack-ice off Icy Cape, in August, 1850; nor from Collinson since he passed Behring's Strait in July of the following year. Our consul at Panama indeed writes that Collinson had been spoken by whalers, but, without details, we know not what credit is to be attached to the report. M'Clure supposed he should be able to reach England by way of Barrow's Strait some time in this year, either by navigating his vessel through the unknown sea which stretches north of the American continent, or by quitting his ship and making for Melville Island, or some point nearer home. Stirring tidings of some kind will most likely reach us in the course of a few months. The search, so long and so ardently prosecuted, continues not only to interest the scientific and enterprising, but to carry with it the sympathies of the whole nation. The public mind is made up that the fate of the missing ships shall be determined, if human energy can determine it — and the resolve is as wise as generous. To our navy, under God, we owe our greatness and safety; and, in sending forth our gallant seamen on hazardous enterprises, we are bound by every possible obligation to inspire them with a full confidence that they are under the eye and guardianship of their country, and that its resources will be exerted to the utmost in their behalf. The pecuniary cost of the search is not to be regarded in comparison with its object; and it is better for a thousand lives to be perilled in the discharge of duty than for one to be sacrificed through neglect.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY AT FLORENCE.

THE supper of dethroned kings, at which Candide was present at Venice, described by Voltaire with such sparkling wit in the most celebrated of his novels, might have been repeated at Florence with a yet greater variety and number of guests, in the years which preceded the revolution of 1830. Ex-majesties were there to be seen of every color and of every race. The negro was represented by the ex-Queen of Haïti (the widow of Christophe), who every day displayed on the Cascine, that delicious promenade of the Florentines, her great fat face shaded by an enormous straw hat. A Persian or Hindoo Prince, whose father was said to have been assassinated in some mysterious manner, betrayed through his copper-colored skin a singular mixture of cunning and credulity, and repeated, with all the gravity in the world, stories of genii and prodigies in every way worthy a place in the Arabian Nights. The Hospodar of Wallachia, whom the revolution of Greece had cast upon the banks of the Arno, presented a striking contrast, in his airs of pride and grandeur, with the humble and ceremonious bearing of the Indian Prince. Iturbide, who had lost the empire of Mexico as rapidly as he had won it, was as great a gambler at Florence as he had been in America, and lost his doubloons with a *sang froid* perfectly Spanish. This coolness, this resignation, however, was not real. He one day suddenly disappeared and went off to get shot in America at the very moment when he thought he was about to seize again on his empire. At a later period the Dey of Algiers, driven from his territories by the French, made his appearance with pipe and harem in Tuscany, where also the Prince of Carignano, afterwards so celebrated under the name of Charles Albert, took refuge when forced by the events of 1821 to quit Piedmont. Never had such a gallery of dethroned princes been seen, and at the entrance of this gallery might be placed a family of Osages, Princes or Caziques by birth, who were awaiting their restoration and, *en attendant*, exhibited themselves for money, and devoured enormous piles of beefsteaks for the delectation of the gaping crowd.

I have purposely reserved for the last, as forming the most interesting portion of this singular réunion, the Bonaparte family, most

of the members of which had agreed to meet at Florence. This family alone could furnish more sovereigns, past and future, than is sometimes to be found in an entire dynasty. Having had the advantage not only of frequent, but also of familiar, intercourse with the greater number of the members of this extraordinary family, which for fifty years has made so much noise in the world, I shall submit to the curiosity of the reader that only which I have seen with my own eyes or heard with my own ears.

On the banks of the Arno, near the beautiful bridge A Santa Trinita, built from the designs of Michael Angelo, and close to the modest dwelling in which the celebrated Alfieri passed the last years of his troubled existence, Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, occupied, under the name of the Count de St. Leu, a handsome and spacious mansion, of which he did the honors with the most perfect urbanity. There resided with him his eldest son, Napoleon, who had married the Princess Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, and then a refugee in America. At a short distance dwelt the ex-Queen of Spain, the Countess de Surveilliers, with her sister and her niece, Madame and Mademoiselle de Villeneuve. Subsequently Jerome Bonaparte, the ex-King of Westphalia, established himself at Florence with his family. Jerome was a singular person. Napoleon related, when at St. Helena, that he wished to make him an admiral of France, and had sent him on board a frigate which sailed for the United States. But, instead of furnishing himself with compasses and astronomical instruments, the embryo-admiral, who was extremely fond of comfits, had laid in a cargo of sugar-plums to the value of 400*l.* sterling. He is now heir-presumptive to the throne of France: under his reign we shall not despair of seeing comfitmakers members of the Senate.

Without mentioning the Princess Pauline, who, only at the close of her life, came to Florence to reunite herself with her husband, the Prince Borghese, other members of the Bonaparte family from time to time appeared for short periods in the same city. Sometimes we saw there the Prince of Musignano, son of Lucien Bonaparte and author of some works of merit on natural history, the same who, under the title of Prince of Canino, has figured recently among the most fiery demagogues of the Roman Republic.

Sometimes it was the Queen Hortense, the wife of the Count de St. Leu, who passed through Florence without making any long stay there. Her second son, Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French, remained with her, for he had no sympathies in common with — his father.

Although these visits were very rare, they did not appear to produce an agreeable impression upon Louis Bonaparte and his quiet and orderly household. The Prince of Musignano was accused, be it justly or otherwise, of having brutally ill-treated his wife, who was sister of the Princess Charlotte. These reports might explain the terror exhibited a few months ago by that lady, who lives apart from him, at Rome, when, having heard of his unexpected arrival at Civita Vecchia, she demanded in all haste from the Pope a guard of police to protect her, in the event of her husband making his way to her.

As to the Queen Hortense, her husband never saw her, and he, who was in general so reserved, would give way to most incredible outbursts respecting her. He had the misfortune to have almost lost the use of one side from paralysis, and could not walk without support. One day when I was with him in his library he made a movement to reach a book, and nearly fell. "Wretched woman!" exclaimed he, "wretched woman! I am indebted to my wife for this." And in his despair he forgot himself so far as to tell me things that were inconceivable. He seldom saw and always treated with icy coldness the second son of Queen Hortense. The doubts which have been thrown upon the right of this young man to call himself nephew of the Emperor have been so much discussed recently that it is not necessary to say anything upon the subject here.

Louis Napoleon, Count de St. Leu, was a man of moderate capacity; but he was gentle, good, charitable, and most honorable. It is well known that he resigned the crown of Holland, without affectation and without regret, because he would not adopt the views of Napoleon, so ruinous to the country. He was exceedingly fat, and he resembled very much, particularly in profile, the likenesses we have of his brother when at St. Helena. He spoke Italian and French with a slight Corsican accent, which he had never been able to correct. He wrote several works, which met with very indifferent success, and some poems which are below mediocrity. He made an unsuccessful

attempt to banish rhyme from French verse, which led people to say that his poetical pieces had *neither rhyme nor reason*. Each day was the counterpart of the other. He was fond of the society of a few persons, and frequently visited the theatre as an amusement. Occasionally he had receptions, the most numerous attended of which was that at Christmas. On this occasion he gave a splendid repast, preceded by a midnight mass, which was celebrated in his chapel.

His eldest son was a fine, amiable, upright, noble-hearted young man, but without much grasp of intellect. He cultivated the arts, as did also his wife, and I preserve in my album with much pleasure some lithographs made from their drawings, and which they presented to me. The Princess Charlotte was small, and slightly deformed, but her character was more firm and decided than that of her husband, who allowed himself to be governed by her. They were both easily caught by new ideas and projects; their brother, the Prince Louis Napoleon, had inspired them with his own taste for aerostatics, and they occupied themselves with endeavoring to discover the means of guiding balloons. They persisted for a long time in their experiments, notwithstanding all my efforts to persuade them to desist. We have recently seen Louis Napoleon give himself up again to this mania of his youth.

The younger portion of the family generally passed these evenings with the Countess of Survilliers, at whose house several distinguished men were in the habit of assembling. Of these the most frequent visitors were M. Giordani, the most elegant of the modern writers of Italy; the Count Mamiani, who has since been prime minister to Pope Pius IX., in circumstances of much trouble and difficulty; and the celebrated engraver, M. Jesi. The evenings passed without any display, and with a certain calm resignation. The ladies sometimes amused themselves with music, the gentlemen conversed about literature or politics, and their opinions generally had a republican tendency. It was Bonapartism taken up at its source. But the subject which was never exhausted was the life of Napoleon. The private anecdotes about him were innumerable. Sometimes we were shown with a sigh curious objects which had belonged to the Emperor, or documents connected with the history of his life. Amongst these papers was preserved, with great care,

a collection of love-letters written by Napoleon to the Queen of Sweden, before she married Bernadotte. When about to ascend the throne, she confided these passionate effusions to her sister, the Countess of Survilliers, by whom they were only shown to a few very intimate friends. The soul and warmth which pervaded them often supplied the place of orthography.

Amongst the persons who at this period were received with kindness by the Bonaparte family, I must not forget a young and amiable French artist, Mademoiselle A——, who afterwards married a banker, established at Rome. Her name recalls to my mind a very piquant anecdote, which displays in a striking manner the Corsican and primitive manners of the Bonaparte family. This young lady had painted an excellent portrait of the Count de St. Leu. When she quitted Florence for Rome, the count recommended her to his mother, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, who at that time resided in the latter city, at a very advanced age. Madame Letitia had amassed an immense fortune, for even during the most brilliant period of the career of the Emperor she appears to have looked forward to a less prosperous future, and to have taken her precautions accordingly. Mademoiselle A—— was commissioned to paint the portrait of the mother of this family of kings. The work being finished and admired, Madame Letitia demanded the price. The artist replied, at first, that she had been but too happy in painting the portrait of the mother of the Emperor; that this honor was sufficient recompense. Being further pressed, she said that she had received 3000 francs (120l. sterling) for the portrait of the Count de St. Leu, and that she should be happy to accept the same sum from Madame. Madame Letitia, considering this to be an exorbitant demand, fell into a truly Corsican passion, in spite of her eighty years, ordered the money to be told down in her presence to the young artist, who stood trembling and sobbing, and at the same time, her rage increasing more and more, kicked the unlucky portrait to tatters, in the true style of a *poissarde*.

Jerome Bonaparte was far from living at Florence with the same respectability as his brother, the Count de St. Leu. I did not know him personally, but it was notorious that his affairs were always wrong, that he was crippled by debts, and that he lived an unquiet and irregular life. The history of his marriage is no secret. At the time when he carried his cargo of sugar-plums to America, he married in the United States a young and handsome lady, who, at a subsequent period, figured to advantage in the saloons of Paris and of London under the name of Mrs. Paterson. To please the Emperor, he basely abandoned wife and child, and married a princess

of Wurtemberg. At Florence he extricated himself from his pecuniary embarrassments by dazzling with his royal title the eyes of a young and rich widow, the Marquise B——, and uniting his daughter, the Princess Mathilde, to M. de Demidoff, son of a Russian merchant of great wealth, but of whom it was predicted that he would not make a very good husband. These melancholy forebodings have been realized: the husband and wife are separated, and the Princess Mathilde is the subject of constant gossip at the present day at the new imperial court of Paris.

Jerome had also two sons by his second marriage. One, if the journals are to be believed, died mad, the other, after having made himself conspicuous at Paris during the last four years among the most violent republicans of the Mountain, is now an Imperial Prince, with a vast number of titles and decorations of a very unsocialist character. An absurd duel, constantly announced and never coming off, has made one of the sons of Jerome the laughing-stock of Italy.

The monotony of the life of the Count de St. Leu was disturbed, at the commencement of the year 1831, by the sudden appearance of his second son, Louis Napoleon. This unlooked-for arrival was quite an event in the society of Florence, and many stories got into circulation as explanatory of the circumstances which led this young man to quit his mother at Rome, and seek an asylum with his father, who had always manifested so little affection for him. He had hardly arrived when he began to take part in the preparations for insurrection which were going on in Central Italy, and devoted himself entirely to them. His elder brother followed in the same course, but with somewhat less eagerness: he did follow, however, and the Princess Charlotte, his sister-in-law, was a powerful auxiliary to him. At the same time, and from this very epoch — he was then but twenty-two years of age — he meditated the attempt of a *coup de main* on France. I will here repeat what I know respecting this project of a *coup de main*, which preceded the expeditions of Strasbourg and Boulogne.

I have just said that the young sons of the Count de St. Leu wished, unknown to their father, to connect themselves with the insurrectionary movements which were then preparing in Italy. Always resting upon the principle of imperial legitimacy, they looked upon the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of the Emperor, as being still King of Rome and the true King of Italy. They maintained, therefore, that the Italian revolution should be effected in the name of the Duke of Reichstadt, and that the Italians should rise to support the rights of the son of the Emperor Napoleon. They frequently talked to me about this project, which I endeavored to make them

give up by urging upon them the impossibility of exciting an insurrection in the name of the grandson of the Emperor of Austria, an insurrection which, in fact, could only be directed against the Austrians themselves. It was all in vain. Each day there were fresh conferences, fresh discussions; the object of which was to persuade the Italian liberal party that it ought to fall in with their views and take an active part in their proceedings.

These plottings could not be kept entirely from the knowledge of the police, and the Bonaparte family was closely watched. One evening I was in a box at the theatre *Della Pergola*, and found myself almost opposite the box in which the Count de St. Leu was seated with the present Emperor of the French. As soon as the latter saw me, he endeavored to make me understand by signs that he wished to speak to me. This telegraphing in the midst of some hundred of spectators, who had seen the signs which the Prince Louis Napoleon made to me, and who were watching us, appeared to me worse than imprudent, and I turned my back in order to make it appear that I had not noticed anything. In a few minutes a sort of aide-de-camp of the prince knocked at the box in which I was seated, and announced to me that the prince desired to see me immediately. In vain I objected that we were observed and watched, and that our interview in the green-room, as he desired it to be, would be witnessed by at least half a dozen agents of police. The aide-de-camp urged me so strongly, that I was obliged to comply, being quite unable to guess the cause of such extraordinary haste. The prince had hardly accosted me, when he placed a letter in my hands, which he had just received, and upon which he desired to have my opinion. This letter — it was very long — was addressed to him by an old colonel of the army of Napoleon, who seriously proposed to him to make a descent in Provence at the head of 1500 Corsican mountaineers, covered with goat-skins, and armed with guns, who should proclaim the Empire and name him regent until the Duke of Reichstadt could escape from Vienna. Although accustomed to the most extraordinary projects on the part of young Bonaparte, this appeared to me so utterly senseless, that I could not help saying that I saw only two hypotheses by which the letter he had just communicated to me could be explained, and that, in my opinion, either the Corsican Colonel was stark mad, or that he had been bribed to ruin the prince by drawing him into an enterprise which would only end in his being shot. I added, that he had but to recall to his mind the expedition of Murat, who also set out from Corsica to reconquer a throne, and who was shot almost as soon as he had disembarked on the coasts of Naples. To this

Louis Napoleon, without being at all disconcerted at the astonishment this project of a descent in France with 1500 Corsican peasants caused me, answered coolly, "My uncle did it with 600!" I retired, utterly confounded by the boldness of this young man, who from this time believed that he was destined to renew the miracles of the return from the Island of Elba, and who, after two fruitless attempts, has succeeded, though in a manner which perhaps did not enter into his calculations.

A few days after this event, Bologna and the Legations were in full insurrection, and the excitement which spread even into Tuscany, was felt in no slight degree in the Bonaparte family. One morning, as I left my house, my head full of the reports of what was taking place at our very gates, I saw the two sons of the Count de St. Leu in a travelling carriage. The eldest, who was seated at the side next to me, smiled, and gave me a most friendly salute. I guessed by the direction the carriage took that the two young gentlemen were about to transport themselves into the insurgent districts. My conjecture was well-founded. Uniting, from that time, this spirit of adventure with the taste for uniforms and travesties, to which he has subsequently addicted himself with so much success, Louis Napoleon, who had drawn his brother into the enterprise, and, in fact, directed everything, dressed up twenty peasants like Polish lancers, and went, with his brother, to offer his valiant maskers to the insurrectionary government of Bologna. But the unlucky efforts which they had made in favor of the Duke of Reichstadt had, as I foresaw, rendered the two brothers so extremely unpopular, that the government of Bologna was obliged to separate themselves publicly from these two auxiliaries, who, moreover, labored under the disadvantage of compromising, by their very name, the Italian cause in the eyes of the French government. The two young Bonapartes were, consequently, ordered to quit the insurgent country without delay. Their position was now very awkward, for they could not quit the insurgent districts without entering those of the Pope or of Tuscany, which were devoted to Austria, and where this escapade would in all probability be severely punished. They were endeavoring, therefore, to gain the mountains, when the elder brother died suddenly, some say from the measles; according to others — but, I believe, it is a calumnious report — in a more terrible and mysterious manner. Louis Napoleon, now left alone, entered France with his mother. Notwithstanding the law by which every member of the Bonaparte family was proscribed, he was received with kindness by Louis Philippe, who allowed him to go to Switzerland.

From Chambers' Repository.

A STORY OF TWO LIVES.

I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries. — *In Memoriam.*

I.

THE scene was a London fireside about the middle of December. A family group were assembled round the tea-table, in the dining-room of a convenient substantial house, in a pleasant and well-esteemed quarter; evidences of comfort and wealth were abundant, and perhaps a stranger would have observed that the apartment bore more the appearance of a commodious general sitting-room than of a mere *salle à manger*. Had he known also that there was a very elegant suite of drawing-rooms above, and a numerous and efficient corps of servants below stairs, he must have conjectured that there was some especial reason for the family spending the evening in the room where they had dined.

A girl of sixteen, just bursting out of childhood—with the bloom of her early womanhood rather to be guessed at than acknowledged—was presiding at the tea-table; her next sister, the junior by a year or two, was busily engaged on some wool-work, perhaps manufacturing slippers for papa; little Willy was cutting the leaves of his prize-book; and Mrs. Ireton was leaning back in her arm-chair, eying the party with quiet, maternal satisfaction, and every now and then dropping some pleasant words—like flowers thrown upon a stream—into the murmuring babble of their family talk. Opposite to her, in the fellow arm-chair, sat her beloved husband, with their youngest treasure—a golden-haired, blue-eyed darling of four years old—on his knee; but for the father was no longer the blessing of beholding the dear faces around him. Mr. Ireton was blind, and it was on account of his bereavement that the family so often occupied the room with which he thought himself the most familiar. As the child on his knee clasped its arms round his neck, played tricks with his cravat, and showered kisses on his cheeks with baby prattle, and restless, infantile glee, there was something pathetic in the manner in which the father passed his hands across the face of the child he had never seen! The gesture was all the more touching, because it was only loving, not sad.

Willy put down his new book, and handed Mr. Ireton his tea, with a gentle care not to have been looked for in a school-boy; while she of the embroidery-needle hastened to lift down baby, as the youngest was still called, from her father's knee. It was the delight of Mr. Ireton's children to watch and wait upon him; and they felt jealous every time a servant approached him. At this moment there

was a loud knock and a ring at the street-door.

"I wonder who it can be!" said Mrs. Ireton, after a moment's pause; "we are not expecting any one this evening, and it is a most unusual time for visitors."

Meanwhile the door was opened, and the quick hearing of the blind man instantly recognized well-known voices. He exclaimed: "Only Frances and Edward. I think they are inquiring if we are alone. How good of them to come round!"

The next moment, Mr. Ireton's married daughter, Mrs. Crawford, and her husband, entered the room. They were a noble-looking pair; he a handsome man of about thirty, with that best air of high-breeding which is alike removed from petty affectations or cold indifference of manner, and the principal charm of which will be found to consist in its perfect ease and naturalness: this manner, be it observed, rising readily enough whenever occasion requires, to generous enthusiasm, but never betraying self-consciousness about trifles—a manner almost always demanding the rare combination of circumstances which includes nobility of character, large and clear intellect, and a worldly position that keeps far away depressing cares and anxieties.

Mrs. Crawford, the wife of three months, and barely yet one-and-twenty, must be rather more elaborately described. Considerably taller than the medium height, her finely-moulded figure was erect and yet pliant; and some inner spring of thought or feeling gave such grace to her movements, that her slightest and most careless gestures impressed the beholder with an idea of beauty. Features far more lovely than those of the passionless Greek ideal, were Francis Crawford's, though of the character to invite comparison with it; and eyes of Oriental lustre, a pure yet warmly-tinted complexion, and abundant dark tresses of silky texture, completed the picture. But that her smile was marvellously sweet and tolerably frequent, one must have declared that haughtiness was the predominant expression of her beautiful countenance. And haughty, too, at times she was; intolerant of meanness or falsehood; impatient of control, save, when yielding and obeying, she was likewise able to respect and venerate. It was curious, that while her sisters were commonly called Bessy and Lotty, and the family in general were rich in nicknames, no one ever had thought of appropriating one to her, or even of degrading the majestic Frances to simple Fanny.

It is a pleasant sight to witness cordial family greetings; and though the married daughter resided in the next street, and meetings were almost daily, she stooped over the blind man's chair, kissed him fondly, saluted

her mother almost as warmly, and bent her cheek down to meet the pleased faces of her young brothers and sisters. Then she returned to her father's side, threw back her large shawl, which, as her shawls always did, fell in an artistic drape across her chair; and now she removed her bonnet, and lifting both hands for a moment to her hair, seemed with one touch to have shaped its plaits and braids to order. She formed at that instant a charming *tableau vivant*, but loving eyes were the only mirrors in which it was reflected.

"It is very kind of you, my dear, to come in to-night," said Mr. Ireton, pressing the hand which had laid itself in his.

"Dear papa," replied Frances in a low tone, "I have had quite an adventure, and we could not rest without telling you about it. But—it concerns," and here she hesitated a moment, "it concerns Uncle Pembroke. Perhaps I had better wait till Willy and baby are gone to bed!"

"As you like, my love," returned Mr. Ireton: "it struck eight some time ago. Ah! here comes nurse for the little one, and Willy will soon follow."

And while Willy is loitering out his last ten minutes, showing his Latin prize to his brother-in-law, and wishing many "good-nights," the reader shall be made acquainted with the broad outlines of family history which concerned Mr. Ireton and his brother Pembroke. They were the twin and youngest sons of a wealthy banker, who had maintained the highest repute during the first quarter of the present century. An elder brother had always been intended for the man of business to succeed in the banking-house; and the twins being amply provided for by the will of a maternal relative, had for some joyous years followed pretty nearly the bent of their inclinations. Their according tastes had led them to travel, and chiefly in the south of Europe; and there had been fostered and cultivated the intense love and appreciation of art which seemed with both of them to be a master-passion. For a little while bright indeed appeared their human destiny. Blessed with health, youth, and fortune, they seemed free to follow art for its own pure sake, to woo it in its loftiest and noblest moods, without regard to the "jingling of the guineas" or instant present fame. As if to crown their felicity, these almost inseparable brothers had attached themselves to two sisters, to whom they were on the eve of being united, when the fearful money-panic of 1825 shook the mercantile classes to their centre.

The banking-house of which old Mr. Ireton was the head, and which was like a prop to a score of others, fell, involving countless families in its ruin; and even the private fortunes of the twin-brothers, which had been invested in the bank, shared the general fate. The

elder brother, the man of business whose stern integrity had all gathered round one point of honor, bowed beneath the shock; his reason gave way, and in an hour of horror and madness, he destroyed himself. And when the absent pair, who had been recalled from Italy at the crisis of pecuniary ruin, arrived in London, they found their poor bereaved father in a yet deeper and darker agony than that for which they were prepared.

Now was applied the test to two characters which had hitherto seemed to obey the same laws and follow the same impulses. But a river that glides and sparkles in the sunshine, has often its two currents; and though it seems to flow so evenly among flowers and meadows, parts its waters when shoals and rocks are near. So alike in person were William and Pembroke Ireton, that dear friends mistook them for each other; so alike in tastes had they been, that books were common property between them; pictures, it is true, were sometimes called "mine" and "thine," but as the brothers never dwelt apart, this had little signified. Ordinary friends of the amateur artists knew not their respective drawings, though, to be sure, certain connoisseurs had lately announced that William had the truer and higher genius; and yet it was William who, after a few days of wrestling thought, abandoned the pursuit of art forever.

Not so Pembroke; he had borne the loss of fortune less nobly than his brother, for he had fretted, and fumed, and reproached over it. William had buried his regrets as in a grave, and only relaxed the iron firmness of his lip when comforting and counselling his venerable and heart-broken father. Quickly, too, he had addressed his betrothed, releasing her from her vow, if so it pleased her, and yet beseeching her still to love and trust him, and wait but a little space till he could decide how independence was to be won, that he might claim her. And when, "upon this hint," her true heart replied, loosening as it did so some folds of prudery, and she crept one day uninvited to his side, and there, with smiles and tears, re-registered her vows, he felt and knew that he had chosen well, and that the fulfilment of near duties commonly brings about our choicest blessings.

William Ireton abandoned once and forever all dreams of fame, and devoted himself to lead the Human Life—to toil diligently and cheerfully for those who depended upon him. He cheered the last days of his aged father; he married the woman he loved; he threw his talents, his energies, into business; reared the fallen fabric of mercantile honor, paid off old debts, and established a new firm of such noble repute, that its name is a synonym for upright dealing.

Pembroke, on the contrary, devoted himself

to Art — that jealous mistress who, now that he had determined to live by his pencil, he discovered could bear no rival near her throne; and so he broke off his engagement with the girl whose heart was wholly his; and when William remonstrated with him on the manner in which this was done, he quarrelled with his brother, as he who is in the wrong commonly does with his reprover. The breach widened. Pembroke once more went abroad, but failed to correspond with William, because it was said there was an inmate of his family before whom his name had better not be mentioned. But that inmate died — the broken-hearted girl, the wife's sister: her death was a lesson of faith, and full of beauty and pathos; and there was a sweet message of love and forgiveness to be written to the absent one, which was done very gently; and yet Pembroke Ireton took no heed. Years had rolled on. William was the affluent banker-merchant, secure, humanly speaking, from the ills of fortune, when his sight — which, from an attack of inflammation experienced under peculiar circumstances in early life, had long been failing — showed the most alarming symptoms. The terrible affliction of blindness fell on him; but he bowed to it, meekly calling it the only hard trial of his happy life; and now, indeed, he blessed the loving kindness which had given him so many dear ones to be eyes and hands for him.

Meanwhile, Pembroke Ireton, still estranged from his brother's family, had returned to England, and was established as a painter of singular, but very high repute. His pictures brought him large sums of money, but little was really known of the artist as a man, though many and curious were the stories of his eccentricity which circulated among the lovers of anecdote and gossip.

"Bessy and Lotty can keep a secret, I suppose!" Exclaimed Mrs. Crawford, as soon as Willy's last good-night was said, smiling and looking as she spoke interrogatively at the two girls.

"Sister, of course we can," replied the younger, answering for both, and seeming by her tone as if the dignity lately acquired by having officiated as bridesmaid was tarnished by a doubt being entertained of her discretion.

The frequent beautiful smile parted Mrs. Crawford's lips as she observed the manner; but addressing herself more particularly to her parents, she proceeded: "Uncle Pembroke has made our acquaintance without in the least suspecting the relationship. He wants my face for his model in a grand picture he is painting;" and then, as if a sudden consciousness came upon her, that she could not describe the circumstances she had to relate without some laudation of her own

person, a flush rose to her cheek, and turning to her husband, she added: "Edward, will you tell the story as briefly as you can?"

"It is a very simple affair," said Mr. Crawford. "Yesterday we were riding on horseback in the Park, when, happening to turn my head, I saw that my groom had stopped for a moment, and was in conversation with a gentleman. I fancied that something was wrong with the horse, and that the stranger had called his attention to it; and as the man galloped on after us the next instant, and, moreover, we met a couple of friends who joined us, the whole thing slipped my memory till this morning, when I received a letter from Mr. Pembroke Ireton. Shall I read it aloud?"

As "Pray do" was repeated on every side, he read as follows —

"SIR — Two years ago, I composed a sketch of a picture illustrative of Tennyson's poem, *The Princess*, but I have delayed the completion of my design from my inability to find a living realization of the poet's ideal. Feeling convinced that my true model, if discovered at all, would be found among my countrywomen, I last spring visited those places of public resort where beauty and intellect would be likely to congregate, with my search solely in view. One night, at the Opera, I beheld Mrs. Crawford, and from that hour she has been the only Ida in the world for me. She must have sat back in the box during the early part of the evening, for it was only towards the close that I beheld her; and though I made my way to the door as quickly as possible, intending to follow the carriage home, in the crowd and confusion of the occasion she was lost to me. Since then, I have made many inquiries; but, without a clue to her name or abode, how could they be other than fruitless? Latterly, I have stolen an hour from every day's short daylight, with the hope of finding her among the equestrians in our parks; and that I succeeded yesterday, and learned from your servant your name, proves how true was my instinct. Sir, I beseech you, condescend to permit and persuade Mrs. Crawford to sit for my picture. She is the realization of the Princess Ida; I cannot accept any other countenance for her; and if you deny me; I must work from that shifting, imperfect memory bequeathed to me by two transient glances. For the love of art, do not refuse me; and if to this entreaty I may add another, it is that you will accept from me the finest portrait of Mrs. Crawford that can be painted by

PEMBROKE IRETON."

"Edward, you will not refuse?" exclaimed Mr. Ireton with visible emotion. "Dear

Frances, of course you will sit for this picture? and I foretell that my lonely brother will at last be restored to our knowledge and affection.

"We have forestalled your wishes," said Mr. Crawford, "by appointing to-morrow to call on him. How well," he continued, "I remember that night at the Opera! Frances did sit behind my mother, who rebuked us more than once for chattering."

"Frances is a little like her namesake, my lost sister," said Mrs. Ireton, after a musing pause; "though the likeness is chiefly apparent when she speaks and smiles—the tones of her voice are like too. I wonder if Pembroke will trace these resemblances, and waken to the memories of his youth!"

II.

Pembroke Ireton was accustomed to receive certain connoisseurs of art, and wealthy patrons, which, by the way, he usually did with an air of indifference, that amounted to churlishness; but the visitors whom he was now momentarily expecting, aroused in his mind feelings of delight that were quite new to him. To have a true, perfect, living model for his grand picture, was the realization of one of his dearest hopes; for the man was to all appearance so merged in the Painter, that it seemed as if nothing connected with his merely human life could arouse his sensibilities in a degree to be compared with the influence of circumstances concerning his art.

It was a large, roomy house which Pembroke Ireton inhabited, just on the outskirts of the now fashionable part of London. Long ago, in the days of the two first Georges, it had been the scene of many a stately festivity; its wide hall had accommodated the sedan-chair, and its staircases been acquainted with hoops and trains; the spinet and harpsichord had resounded in its chambers, where courtly-powdered beaux, sword-girded and star-blazoned, had moved in solemn minuets, with patched and painted ladies. But all these things belonged to the "long ago" of a past century; the old house had survived many vicissitudes, and, now, for nearly twenty years, had been the abode of a bachelor artist. Not one really comfortable habitable apartment did it contain—for Pembroke Ireton, keeping himself apart from all social ties, scarcely knew or remembered the ways of the world; and his two servants, from their forced seclusion and simple routine of duties, had fallen into a sort of lethargic, indolent mode of life, that rendered them, in this busy age, hardly less eccentric than their master.

Every room was more or less crowded with pictures, casts, antiquities, draperies, or other adjuncts of the *atelier*, and into these sanctu-

aries brooms and brushes were very sparingly admitted. The light was actually obscured by the dirtiness of the windows; and I will not hazard a conjecture as to the number—had their census been taken—of the colony of spiders which brought up their families in peace and security in shady corners and unmolested nooks.

It was about noon—the high tide, indeed, of December daylight—and Pembroke Ireton was growing impatient, for he had arranged the windows, the chair of state, the easel, and made every preparation for his model, when suddenly a new thought possessed him, and he rang his bell sharply. His one woman-servant answered the summons. Hannah was a comely, portly, middle-aged dame when she first entered the artist's service, but time, and the strange life she had led, had changed her to the stooping, crone-like old woman. Hannah had never, in her brightest days, been overburdened with ideas, but she had two strong affections in her heart—one towards her eccentric master, and the other for her brother Timothy, whom, on the strength of his being ten years her junior, she still called a lad, and whom, soon after her own engagement, she recommended for her fellow-servant.

"Hannah, what am I to have for dinner to-day?" was the prosaic question the artist asked of his cook and housekeeper.

"A steak to-day, sir," she replied; "you had some chops yesterday; and to-morrow is the day for a roast-fowl."

"Ah, true, true; but I expect visitors—a sitter, to whom I should like to offer some refreshment."

"Cake and wine, sir—I can buy a beautiful cake at the pastry-cook!" suggested Hannah.

"Hang cake and wine! No, I mean something dainty, and yet substantial—fit to offer to the queen herself."

"Lor', sir, you quite frighten me! I have n't cooked a great dinner these twenty years."

"And I don't mean, I don't want a great dinner; only something very elegant, and very choice, to be ready about dusk—say, four o'clock. I will give you some money, and you must go the people who supply collations. I don't care what it costs. I cannot stay to talk to you. Didn't you hear a carriage? and there's a knock. Timothy is deaf, I think, not to open the door. And tell him to get the wine from the inner cellar—that tokay that Lord L—sent me—and hock and champagne, and the port that was laid down in '38. Mind, four o'clock; and sweep out the parlor a little if you can. Here, take the money;" and hurrying her out of the room as he put a bank-note into her hand, he added once more: "Never mind what it costs."

Possibly the last words were heard by the Crawfords as they ascended the stairs.

Surely there is no costume in the world more becoming to a woman of radiant, queen-like beauty, than a rich winter out-of-door attire. And as Frances Crawford appeared now in a robe of dark velvet, with an Indian Cashmere—whose size, though twice folded, was more than commonly ample—drawn gracefully round her; and furs of the rare, costly, peerless Russian sable, she looked, if far too lovely to have stepped—as the phrase is—out of a picture, yet notably worthy a painter's half-adoring study.

Pembroke Ireton's admiration and delight showed themselves in the flush of his sallow cheek, and in the cordial, grateful greeting he awarded to his guests. The occasion seemed so much less connected with the relations of social life than with the circumstances of his art, that he lost, in a great measure, the shyness which had for years been gradually incrusting itself round his manners; while his early good-breeding of course prevented the iteration of personal compliments to Frances, which, after all, would have appeared as inadequate as offensive, coming in the wake of the one great compliment he had paid her.

The great picture was to represent that scene where the Princess Ida rebukes the seeming "northern ladies," saying:

We did not think in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage current among men,

and where the disguised prince and his confederates, "conscious" of themselves, "perused the matting." At this first sitting, it was only a study of the face and figure the painter purposed; yet, long before they parted, the artist hoped in his own mind to paint many pictures of Ida, illustrating the great, wise poem of which she is the heroine, even to the point where

Her falsèr self slipt from her like a robe,

But while the painter seemed lost in the delight of his self-appointed task, his visitors were contemplating him with an interest he little suspected. Beneath the calm flow of an easy, chatty discourse, his unknown niece and her husband saw more than once into the depths of his nature. When Mrs. Crawford first spoke, there was a startled glance from Pembroke Ireton's eye; and after he had grown familiar with her voice, he more than once heaved a quiet sigh after she had been speaking. Again, when Mr. Crawford addressed his wife by her Christian name, there was an evidence—they having, as it were, the key to the cipher by which it was betrayed—that told of a memory not dead, but sleeping.

Very sociable grew the painter and his

guests, even at their first visit; and when the deepening winter twilight caused him to rest from his labors, and they all descended into the parlor, where, under Hannah's superintendence, the "collation" had been spread, a stranger looking on, would have considered the trio rather a party of old friends than mere acquaintances of a day. Even certain incongruities of the repast made mirth, and wore off formality; for Hannah, however much "on hospitable thoughts intent," had no knowledge of rule and custom to guide her; and though the viands were sufficiently good and abundant to afford an excellent meal, they were so strangely chosen, that it was easier for the host to make a laughing apology for his servant's selection, than pass it by unobserved. But the new friends did not part without the day for another sitting being appointed; and Mr. Ireton entreated that they would arrange to spend the evening with him afterwards, as he had certain curiosities of art he desired much to show them. As the Crawfords finally consented to this proposed plan, after only a faint, formal demurring at "such intrusion," they exchanged a glance which showed how mutually they rejoiced at the turn affairs had taken.

But the second sitting was more eventful than the first had been. Now, Frances was placed in the exact *pose* required for the great picture; and to complete the effect, a light drapery was thrown over her velvet robe, and fastened after the antique style on the shoulder. For this purpose, Pembroke Ireton selected from his stores a rare cameo, to which belonged a history. It was one of the undoubted works of Benvenuto Cellini, and had been nearly from his day in the possession of a noble French family, whose last descendant, fleeing from the guillotine in the Reign of Terror, had rescued it, with some other valuables, to prove his means of existence in exile. Pembroke Ireton purchased the brooch at great cost from the collector, who had received it from the noble exile's own hand; and this matchless head of Minerva—for such it represented—had, independently of the stamp of its own beauty, an authentic pedigree of its possessors. Perhaps to gratify the taste of some belle of the eighteenth century, it had been gorgeously set round with brilliants; but though these were included in the price which Pembroke Ireton cheerfully paid for the brooch, he had ruthlessly broken them away, leaving his treasure in its original chaste simplicity.

Very earnest and very honest were Mr. and Mrs. Crawford's expressions of admiration of this exquisite work, and they were discriminating expressions too, so that the painter felt that his guests understood what they praised; and his pale cheek flushed and his

eye sparkled with pleasure as this sympathy declared itself.

By this time the dusty cobweb-festooned parlor had been something more than "swept out." Pembroke Ireton had felt the incongruity of entertaining his beautiful guest in a lumber-room, and had taken care that needful renovations and preparations should be made; and, on this second occasion, it was with every appointment of elegance and comfort that the trio sat down to their repast. Now, a party of three, where two of the number are a really united married pair, while enjoying the ease and confidence of close companionship, are usually more animated and conversational even than a *tête à tête* pair. Thus, merely as a pleasant, social meeting, this second sitting was to be marked with white in the calendar; but after dinner, when the bright fire, and the soft lamplight, and the presence of his guests, threw a home-charm around Pembroke Ireton, to which he was little accustomed, his nature seemed to melt, and his voice modulated to a tone, as if to speak his long pent-up emotions were become a necessity to him.

"Not unless I tell you a heavy secret," he exclaimed, addressing Frances, "can you estimate my gladness at discovering you, or my gratitude for your compliance with my wishes."

"I feel it an honor," replied Mr. Crawford, "that Frances should be immortalized by so great a painter. Dear sir, never mention gratitude again!"

"But I must," continued Pembroke Ireton with visible emotion — "I must: even one year hence might have been too late. The great painter — what a mockery! in a little while to be the desolate, afflicted old man! My friends," he added with forced composure, "I am losing my sight — physicians own it to me: unless I give up painting, I shall be blind in two or three years."

"Then," exclaimed Frances in a thrilling tone of entreaty — "then, in pity to yourself, paint no more: cease from this hour. What is Art to sight?"

"Never!" replied the painter vehemently. "For Art, long years ago, I gave up more than life and sight, though in my young, hot enthusiasm, I knew not what I relinquished; and to the last, Art shall have me — it claims even the drops of my being."

"Pembroke Ireton has done enough for fame," said Mr. Crawford.

"Fame! Art has been my mistress; if she brought her handmaid, Fame, I could not help it. It is a noisy busybody, hindering as often as helping. But life is not long enough to do true service to Art. Surely I do not grudge a pair of eyes, that have been but treacherous servants since, five-and-twenty years ago, they were exposed for two nights and days to the glare of Alpine snows. You

wonder at this, my sweet young friend: it is the brain that paints, not the eye and the hand."

But Frances was overcome by a deeper emotion than wonder. That same perilous journey of early life which had laid the foundation of her father's affliction, had similarly affected the twin brother; and thus that apparently inseparable pair, whom yet strange circumstances had divided, seemed still to be mysteriously united by a common misfortune. "I am not wondering," she replied, trying to speak calmly; "I am only sorrowing, and thinking of a strange coincidence. My own dear father is blind — thus afflicted in consequence of a similar accident to yours — being lost in the snows of Switzerland when travelling in his youth in search of grand scenery."

"How strange!" mused the painter.

"You must know him," continued Frances in trembling tones: "you are formed to be — friends, companions to each other. Ah, you must know my father; he, too, loved Art most dearly."

"And now?" asked Pembroke Ireton.

"He is happy, though blind," returned the daughter, with a sort of cruel kindness towards her hearer — "happy, because our love, that seemed before too vast for increase, still grew as his sight waned; and the wealth of the heart outweighs the wealth of the senses. It seems to me a beautiful dispensation of Providence, that this heavy affliction has fallen where every surrounding circumstance lightens and alleviates it. Had my father been lonely and childless, how much more terrible would have been his lot!"

There was a minute's silence. With the morbid sensitiveness of a recluse, and the keen perception of one who, if only for the purposes of his art, had been accustomed to anatomize the passions; Pembroke Ireton shrank from a display that might have brought about "a scene." Stifled sobs made thick his breathing, and assuaging tears were rising to his eyes, but he controlled these evidences of emotion, and suddenly, and with a sort of set phrases, changed the discourse. "Your father must indeed be a happy man," he exclaimed with forced calmness, "despite his bereavement; yet had I known, dear madam, that my selfish outpourings would have led to this sorrowful subject, indeed I would have refrained."

"Nay," replied Frances, "not wholly sorrowful to me; and is not sympathy, warm sympathy, a consolation to you?"

"I am not sure — perhaps not. Do not think me ungrateful; but I will not speak of my own trouble again. A little more wine, Mrs. Crawford; pray, half a glass, and let me prepare an orange for you."

A resolute host can always give the tone to conversation, and whatever were Pembroke Ireton's faults, want of resolution was not one

of them. Thus he once more drew round the discourse to anecdotes of travel and art; a portfolio of curious engravings was brought forward, and shown to his appreciating guests; and the marvellous Cellini cameo was once more admired, and the effect of the *relievo* examined by lamplight. Frances was holding it; but after one or two attempts to return it into the artist's own hand, she laid it on the table. After a little while, the owner took it up; but he seemed awkward and confused, as if he knew not what to do with it. Presently he stammered out: "If Mrs. Crawford would do me the favor to accept this Minerva's head, as a slight memorial of these sittings, I should be more gratified than I can express."

"So valuable a gift!" exclaimed Frances. "Indeed, you do me too much honor, are too generous; how can I accept it?"

"I must appeal to you, Mr. Crawford," returned the painter, "to use your influence, and not to disappoint me. I know no one else worthy to wear such a gem."

"It is a magnificent gift," replied Mr. Crawford, "and it would be churlish indeed to refuse the acceptance of it. Yet you lay us under deep obligation."

"I am obliged," said Ireton, passing the cameo to Frances. "I can fancy it is sentient enough to know that it has only now found its true mistress."

"If I wear it though," said Frances, holding forth her hand, and grasping that of the artist very warmly, "it must be on a condition."

"Any that you please."

"Only, that you dine with us on Christmas-day, to meet dear papa;" and Frances smiled as only the Ida could.

"You are most kind; I shall be proud and happy. But, ah me!" continued the artist, "I had nearly forgotten: you must have the stones that belong to the brooch, in case you prefer the settings; I do not: perhaps you will like them, though, for a ring or a clasp, and they are utterly useless to me;" and while he was speaking, the artist pulled out the drawer of a cabinet, in which, among ends of string and sealing-wax, old coins, steel-pens, worn pencils, bits of India-rubber, and heaps of other heterogeneous refuse, there rolled about some twenty or thirty large diamonds of the finest water.

Frances Crawford was used to costly ornaments and elegant attire, and had diamonds of great price in her jewel-box at home; therefore, it was not acquisition of the gems now offered to her that touched her heart or affected her to tears. But she instinctively felt that, despite his early errors, this estranged uncle had a fine nature, for no nook or cranny of it enshrined a meanness. And it is surely one test of nobility, when a man approaches fifty, and having had the discretion

to win for himself independence, has yet never sacrificed his soul to the vice of the old and the successful—avarice! Such thoughts as these rushed through Frances Crawford's heart, and seemed well-nigh to deprive her of speech; all she could utter was, in a trembling voice, this strange rejoinder: "You *will* dine with us on Christmas-day, to meet papa!"

"O yes, of course, with pleasure," replied the artist; but the changes which passed across the beautiful face he had studied that day for hours could not be unobserved by him, and though without a suspicion of the truth, his curiosity was aroused, and he said smiling: "May I ask who your father is? Perhaps an old acquaintance, or some patron of art, whom I ought to know? I need hardly say, I asked no question of your groom save your name and address."

There was again a pause, the painter wondering what could have occurred to cause the agitation he perceived; yet, amid all, congratulating himself at having caught a new expression for his Ida. "Pardon me," he continued, "if I have given pain: if this is to be an acted charade, I can await the solution."

"We meant it so," said Frances; "but I find I cannot act out my part. Ah, you have promised, and you will not recant?"

"The name!" asked Ireton, still smiling, for the fancy possessed him that it was some rival painter whom he was to meet, and towards whom rumor had fabricated some story of jealousy or envy.

"William Ireton!" said Frances very softly, yet looking, though timidly, at her uncle as she spoke.

His eyes drooped beneath her gaze, and he sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands. The sobs that once before that evening had been stifled, refused again to be driven back, and the large tears dropped through his fingers. Even Edward Crawford's manly spirit was moved, but he felt himself powerless to act in the drama which was going forward. Frances, too, was weeping freely now, but not tears of sorrow. She approached her uncle, and moving his hands from his face, as she stooped over him, printed a gentle, loving kiss upon one of them. Her action broke the spell of coldness and restraint. Pembroke Ireton wound his arms round his young relative, drew her tight to his heart, and kissed her cheek with parental fondness. All he said was: "And you must be my child henceforth—always."

It was enough. Frances laughed amid her own April tears, and wiped away those of her uncle herself, parting the thin locks which had fallen over his forehead, as she might have done the rich tresses of a pet child. Oh, how these gestures of tenderness went to the heart of the lonely man, who had once

thought the intellect able to satisfy the mighty yearnings of humanity! Still holding Frances by his side, Pembroke Ireton stretched out his hand to her husband, saying, with a sort of cheerful happiness: "A trick; but I forgive you, for it has made me a new man. Only remember, she is mine as well as yours; you must let her be my daughter."

"But, Uncle Pembroke," replied Frances, and the words ran together as if they had been often coupled — "Uncle Pembroke, you will have to love Bessy and Lotty, and my tall brother Herbert, and Willy and Little Charles."

"Ah, but they can never be Idas!"

"Shall you wait till Christmas-day?" asked Frances in a whisper.

"No, the sooner we all meet the better."

"Why not to-night?" asked Edward Crawford.

"Why not, indeed! I am feverish — restless, until it is over."

Again the family group are seated round the blind merchant's fireside, only now the tall brother who is succeeding him in his business is of the party. Again the knock at the evening hour, so unusual a time for chance visitors; again the quick ears of the blind man recognize well-known voices, and he exclaims: "Frances and Edward — but they are not alone. If — if — it should be" —

And then the door opens, and in a few brief moments the brothers, separated for five-and-twenty years, are face to face.

At this instant, there was something curiously "regal" in the deportment of Frances Crawford. The artist's quick appreciation of her qualities had been true and deep; whenever it seemed to her worth while to lead or to govern, she did so with an authority that became her so much, and which she assumed so naturally, that no one ever thought of disputing it. Accordingly she passed her arm through that of the tall brother, and motioning to the younger children to follow, led them out of the room before they had time to question her will.

"Now, stay up stairs till you are wanted," she exclaimed with her beautiful smile; "and don't detain me with questions, for they cannot do without me a moment longer. Ah, Edward!" she continued, seeing her husband and her mother close by, "that is right; take dear mamma into the little drawing-room. I know," and this Frances whispered to her husband — "I know mamma is thinking of my namesake, and I give you the charge to melt her to forgiveness." Then retracing her steps, she gently opened the door of the dining-room

"It is Frances," said her father. "Come in."

"My Ida!" exclaimed the artist almost simultaneously with the other. "Yes, come to us."

The blind father was leaning one elbow on the chimney-piece — a favorite and familiar attitude with him — while the other hand rested on his brother's shoulder; for Pembroke had sunk into a chair that stood near. The light of a shaded lamp fell softly on the two countenances, showing them in full relief; and Frances was almost startled at the different expression which shone through features singularly alike in their outline. That placid expression, so often remarked in the blind, seemed ruffled, it is true; but rather as a clear stream is stirred by the summer breeze in the summer sunlight, and so shines the brighter, than by any harsher cause. He looked ten years the younger of the two.

There were lines of positive anguish on Pembroke Ireton's countenance, for if this meeting brought joy, it also awakened long-buried memories, that seemed to stalk abroad like disturbing ghosts. The happiness of the reconciliation itself taught him to measure the loss he had experienced during the estrangement of half his lifetime. He rose as Mrs. Crawford entered the room, and presently she stood between him and her father.

"Uncle Pembroke" threw his arm lightly round her waist, and the blind father, feeling her close presence, did the same; thus again their hands met, and most fitly as it seemed. Frances laughed merrily, but, releasing herself from this somewhat awkward embrace, kept firm hold of a hand of each.

"I see clearly," she exclaimed with mock gravity, "that there is no such thing as contentment in the world; and this, I suppose, because the prizes in life are more fairly divided than we would have them. Here is Uncle Pembroke, with a fame not second to that of any living painter; that is his prize. You, dear papa, have drawn from fortune's wheel a wife that dotes upon you, and a quantity of unruly children, that always have their own way, and only pay you back for their indulgences by a vast amount of love. Uncle Pembroke thinks your prize the more precious of the two, and, ridiculous as the idea is, we must humor it, I suppose."

"It is hardly kind to say that he is right," exclaimed the blind man with much feeling.

"But it is true," sighed the artist. "Princess! I hear but to obey."

"Of course. But if I consent to be 'your child,' and papa and Edward give me away to you, it is to be quite understood that the whole family shares in your artist-glory. Henceforth, we are all to walk inches taller, in fact, as if we wore high-heeled shoes — which our pride in you will constitute."

"I have felt pride in Pembroke's genius all my life," exclaimed Mr. Ireton, "and I am thus the richer of the two."

"But not the pride, open, joyous, and triumphantly we shall feel now. Half our acquaintances do not know of the relationship; and, by the way, I must now revise my visiting list," and Frances tossed back her head, as if she were rehearsing the part of a newly-made duchess.

Beneath her playful manner she had spoken truths, which brought a host of healing influences with them — truths, too, which bridged over all the rough places in the reconciliation.

It was said that Frances Crawford had never acquired a nick-name; but it is the case no longer, for her husband and her uncle at least commonly call her "Ida," and in their merriest moods, address her as "Your Highness." This is not to be wondered at, seeing that Pembroke Ireton has already painted three pictures of the "Princess," contriving, by the way, to introduce the heads of Lotty

and Bessy among his "violet-hooded doctors." This, however, is all that he has done for a long time, for the entreaties of affection have prevailed, and he spares his eyes as much as possible, and follows the instructions of his medical advisers, who give him more hope than he before entertained of preserving the blessing of sight. Once more the brothers are fondly united; and the past is not always a prohibited subject. Pembroke Ireton confesses his belief, that, with the fulcrum of domestic happiness, he should have achieved even greater things in Art than he has done; that, as the heart withers, the intellect contracts; and that no belief in a vocation is any real excuse for the omission of one near human duty: moreover, that the Human Life is the fountain of inspiration to poets and painters, and that to act poetry, is far nobler than to write or paint it. Long years of loneliness were the penalty of his former fatal mistake; but through his brother's family the artist at last experiences very many of the blessings of domestic life.

From the Critic.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S speeches are in course of republication, pure and simple, from Hansard's melancholy pages, and a reprint of the Iron Duke's parliamentary oratory is also under way. A likely enough biographico-historical monograph is a talked-of life of Queen Christina of Sweden, which might well in due time be followed by one of a very different female sovereign, Catherine of Russia. The judicial Grote is on the eve of an eleventh volume of his *History of Greece*; and a fourth volume of his *History of Greek Literature* is perhaps already due to the perseverance of Colonel Mure, of Caldwell, the representative of one of the oldest of Scottish families, and who the other day moved for and obtained still another select committee on the National Gallery. Dr. Layard has just published more *Discoveries in the Ruins of Ninereh*, and already, no doubt, has received a commission for another one; for the Dr., without vacating his seat for Aylesbury, is off again to the East to assist Lord Stratford de Redclyffe in soothing the dying moments of the Turkish Empire; and before he left for that pious work, did not the London corporation bestow on him the freedom of the city in a gold box? The Sacred East, if but tolerably handled, always commands attention from the English reading public, and Dr. Lepsius' Egyptian Letters are already at their second edition. But the East has its modern political interest as well as its ancient sacred one; and if a hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos are under the sway of England, why should not Mr. George Campbell, related to my lord the Chief Justice of that name, follow up his former book with an *India as it may be*? Even in our light literature, Hindostan is making itself felt: — Mr. Punch has

his Indian illustrations, and Lang, once of the *Mofussilite*, and noted in connection with Iotee Persaud, has begun a trashy Indian tale, *The Wetherbys, Father and Son*, appearing in *Fraser's Magazine*. From *Fraser*, also, Kingsley is reprinting his *Hypatia*, the worst of all his novels; for though he can copy and color, he cannot create, and if he wish to be effective, he must return to the men and to the scenery of contemporary England. A new fiction approaches — *Sir Frederick Derwent* — by the author of *Smugglers and Foresters*, and of *Fabian's Tower*, who needs only care and cultivation to rise considerably above his present element of the Minerva Press.

From the correspondence of Jeffrey and Moore, published in the memoirs of the latter, it would appear that five-and-thirty years ago the circulation of the *Edinburgh Review* was 13,000 per number; is it half as much now — now that the reading world has so vastly augmented in wealth and population? Our so-called "higher" periodical press is sinking to zero in matter, manner, and motive. The last number of the *Westminster* had actually in it articles from two Yankees, one of them on Daniel Webster, by a person who, instead of being thankful that he was printed at all, is complaining on the other side of the Atlantic that his precious lucubration was altered and abridged! Alison, the historian and chief political contributor to *Blackwood*, was made a baronet by the last administration, and Croker of the *Quarterly* has always been looked on as the staunchest of Tories. Yet each, in his several publication, smiles on the coalition-ministry! You want to "know the reason why?" Because Mr. Disraeli gibbeted Croker as *Mr. Rigby*, and laughed at Alison as *Mr. Wordy*. Alas! sarcasms, like the "curses" and "chickens" of the proverb, always at last "return home."

From Chambers' Journal.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

March, 1853.

THE sudden arrival of winter with a low temperature, has again verified the registrar-general's statement, that a fall of the thermometer to freezing-point never fails to raise by some hundreds the weekly return of mortality in the metropolis. The mean temperature of the second week in January was 45 degrees, and the deaths were 1001; in the second week in February it had sunk to 29 degrees, and the deaths numbered 1328 — a remarkable and seriously suggestive increase. "It appears," says the registrar, "that while persons of all ages have suffered, the severity of the weather has been most fatal to persons in advanced life. Well-heated apartments, warm clothing, and comfortable lodging at night, at all times necessary in this climate, are indispensable at this season to the aged, who find it difficult to support life when the temperature has fallen below a certain point." For the moment, the subject is exciting attention; and well it may, for it is too certain that we have habituated ourselves to neglect the precautions which winter always necessitates, even in our, of late, mild climate. Of all preservative agents, caloric is the most potent, and yet the fact is too commonly ignored. It will have to become one of the dogmas of public-health doctrine.

From all accounts, great exertions are being made to improve agricultural operations. A digging-machine has just been invented in Oxfordshire, which is said to do its work far more thoroughly than the plough, and far more in accordance with the needs of modern husbandry. And the Agricultural Society having offered a prize for a manure equal to guano, at a cost of 5*l.* a ton, Mr. Pusey has shown that the conditions are satisfied by nitrate of soda, and at a charge less than that specified. He says, in illustration, that forty-six acres of land, if cropped with barley, and dressed with seventeen hundred weights of nitrate, would yield an increase of eighty sacks beyond the quantity usually obtained. A cargo of this fertilizer was brought to England in 1820, but for want of a purchaser, was thrown overboard; a second importation took place in 1830; and from that date up to 1850, the quantity brought from Peru, where the supply is inexhaustible, was 239,860 tons; value, 5,000,000*l.* With the price reduced to 8*l.* a ton Mr. Pusey observes, "our farmers might obtain from their own farms the whole foreign supply of wheat, without labor, and with but a few months' outlay of capital. I do not mean to say, that no failures will yet occur before we obtain a complete mastery over this powerful substance; but I am confident that, as California has been explored in our day, so a vast

reservoir of nitrogen — the main desideratum for the worn-out fields of Europe — cannot long be left within a few miles of the sea, passed almost in sight by our steamers, yet still nearly inaccessible, at the foot of the Andes." A company to work the Peruvian nitrate might be formed, with much better hope of success than in prospecting for Australian nuggets.

Connected with this subject is a result of "unrestricted competition," which is regarded with some interest — the Levant is becoming our chief source of corn-supply. We had so long been accustomed to look to the United States and the shores of the Baltic for surplus grain, that few persons thought of the course of trade taking a new direction. In 1841, we imported 230,000 quarters from the Russian ports on the Black Sea, and the Turkish and other ports on the Mediterranean. In 1852, the quantity from the same places was 1,700,000 quarters; shipped chiefly at Galatz, Ibrail, and other Turkish marts, which serve as outlets for the superabundant produce of Hungary and the Danube provinces. Egypt, also, sent us last year 276,000 quarters. Nearly the whole of this trade is in the hands of Greek merchants established in England. It gives us an additional reason for preserving amicable relations with the east, and explains why the Turks do not wish to give up Kleik and Sutorina to Austria.

Another indication of social advancement is seen in the Excise returns just published; Paper, for instance — the quantity charged with duty in 1851, was 150,903,543*l.*; in 1852, it was 154,469,211*l.* There is a great increase, too, in the article of soap — from 205,199,321*l.* in 1851, to 224,059,700*l.* in 1852. What would it not be with the duty off! An improvement has lately been introduced in the manufacture of paper from straw; and at a mill near Dublin a kind is now made which is white, smooth, and suitable for writing-paper. Ireland is advancing also in another branch of industry — the manufacture of beet-root sugar. The produce of last year amounted to 142 bags, containing from three to four hundred weights each; these have just been sold; and it is now contemplated to start two other establishments, on which 40,000 tons of the root may be produced in a year. At present, 230 persons are employed in the manufacture; but if the project be carried out, this number will be largely increased, and a great addition made to Ireland's industrial resources. The Irish farmers might also turn their attention to the growing of chicory, with good assurance of a market, since government have rescinded their order concerning the adulteration of coffee, and now the retailers are left free to mix at their own discretion.

Captain Penny is trying to get up an

"Arctic Company" for the establishment of a whaling station in Northumberland Inlet, Davis' Strait; screw-steamers to be used to fish between Greenland and Nova Zembla; while the mineral deposits on the shores of the inlet, among which plumbago is said to be comprised, are to be worked as an additional source of profit. Supplementary arctic expeditions are again to be sent out; the *Rattlesnake* has sailed with supplies for the Behring-Strait parties; Lady Franklin is going to send the *Isabel* steamer, uselessly, it may be said, to the same region; and Captain Inglesfield is to go out to Beechey Island, at the entrance of Wellington Channel, in the *Phoenix* steamer, to inquire the news respecting Sir Edward Belcher. Dr. Rae will do what he can in another overland journey; and Lieutenant Kane, with his American explorers, will again join the search, resolved to find the pole if they can find nothing else. The prodigious cost of these expeditions makes one regret that more pains had not been taken to give them a systematic character and purpose; we should not then have had so many desultory and fruitless attempts as have been made since 1848 to discover the long-lost Franklin party.

Our Asiatic Society have had an interesting communication from Colonel Rawlinson, who writes that he has found a large number of Scythian inscriptions, which are allied to the Median dialects, and of an age prior to the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. Taking the term Scythic in its widest sense, he considers the Hamite nations — Cush, Misraim, Nimrud, and Canaan — to be Scythian, but partially intermixed in course of time with the Shemite races. This discovery is said to clear up difficulties which have long existed in the patriarchal genealogies, and in the traditions of Grecian history, and it will help to a better knowledge generally of the period in question. The colonel adds that he finds much in the Talmud to aid his researches, and he has been enabled to fix the geography of certain doubtful places; among these, it appears that Birs is the ancient Sepharvaim. Another illustration of Scripture was found by the Turks in a search at Nebbi Yunus — a bronze statue, with the name of Esharaddon, in the ancient character, on the breast.

Captain Allen is so desirous to convert the greater part of the Holy Land into a great sea by his project for a canal from the Red Sea, across the sandy tract at the head of the Gulf of Akabah, that he has offered to go out and survey the spot if properly supported. It is a scheme we may very safely leave to future generations. The exploration of Africa is more to our present purpose, but its accomplishment is not easy. News has just come to hand of the death of Dr. Overweg, whose valuable labors have been frequently mentioned

in the Journal. He was seized with fever at Kuka, and removed for change of air to a favorite woody spot about ten miles from Lake Tchad, where he died on the 20th September last. Fortunately, his companion, Dr. Barth, retains his health and energy, and being well provided with servants and animals, will pursue his travels; when last heard of, he was about to set out for Timbuctoo. The map of the discoveries already made embraces a vast interior region heretofore unknown. Dr. Vogel, another young German, is now on his way with stores and scientific instruments, and accompanied by two sappers and miners, to join Dr. Barth; and, if they do not fall victims to the climate, we may expect news of further explorations before many months are over.

A debate which our Civil Engineers have had about heated air as a motive-power, took, on the whole, an unfavorable view of the caloric question; they will, however, wait the result of further inquiry and experiment. In another quarter, we hear of attempts to render electromagnetism available as a locomotive power, and with greater assurance of success than any hitherto attempted. We shall see. A plan is being tried for converting the muddy deposit at the bottom of the Thames into a potent and inodorous manure, to which we may devoutly wish success, as it will remove a cause of pollution from our river and atmosphere, and save dishonest people the trouble of pounding red sandstone to sell as guano. Hollow glass-walls are coming more into use in gardens, and some attempts have been made at roofing with transparent tiles. In Prussia, green glass-tiles, a quarter-inch thick, have been introduced with entire success. An important subject has come before the Society of Arts — namely "On uniformity in weights, measures, and moneys;" it is one which must be daily talked about if it is ever to be adopted. That it ought to be, no one doubts who is able to form an opinion thereupon. Our "Department of Practical Art" is about to establish district schools of art and elementary drawing; and the Museum of Economic Geology is to be renamed College of Practical Science, and to cooperate with two other industrial institutions in Dublin, under control of the Board of Trade. This is a preliminary step to the grand central college at Kensington, into which it is ultimately to merge. Art and science are thus to be brought together; and as we have an inspector for the former, so are we to have one for the latter; and thus we may consider that the first step is taken in the scheme for giving the best effect to the art and science of the country at large. A new application of photography is talked about; it is to make light available for calico-printing. The time required for the process is said to be from two to twenty minutes, and it can be made use of for silk,

woollen, or flax, as well as cotton. The material, after being dried in the dark, is exposed to the light with a perforated screen of paper, by which the pattern is formed. Projectors are busy in many places upon the electric light, and some of them are ere long to succeed in producing it. It is one of those things which we must believe only on the soundest demonstration. And to conclude with a fact interesting to all who are interested in books; the Academy of Moral and Political Science of Paris have elected Mr. Macaulay one of their members, and the King of Prussia has made him a knight of his *Order of Merit*.

From the Economist.

GERMAN COMMERCE.

THE new commercial treaty between Austria and Prussia is to come into force on the 1st of January, 1854, for the term of twelve years; but, immediately after its commencement, commissioners are to be appointed, who shall inquire into the possibility of increasing the facilities of intercourse by the further reduction or total repeal of duties, the object being to prepare the way for a perfect unity of customs even previous to the expiration of the present treaty.

The right of becoming parties to this treaty is reserved by Prussia for all the German States that may be members of the Zollverein on January 1, 1854, or subsequently may become so. On the side of Austria the same right is reserved for her Italian territories.

On the 23d instant Hanover published her new tariff, which is to come into force from the 1st of March, preparatory to the incorporation of the Hanoverian *Steuerverein* and the Prussian Zollverein on the 1st of January, 1854. By the same edict Hamburg has ceased to be a free harbor.

Seldom has so comprehensive a treaty been concluded between any two powers as this between Austria and Prussia, not only affecting import, export, and transit duties, but also internal and coast navigation, railroad traffic, *douane* at the frontiers, and reciprocal protection to the subjects of both crowns at the hands of the consuls of either power; even a common coinage and identical weights and measures belong now to the number of possibly attainable acquisitions. It is the first real step towards German unity, or anything approaching to hearty and sincere coöperation, since the dark and melancholy days of Napoleon's tyranny.

After the lapse of this year the whole centre of the continent of Europe will be united in one *solidarite* of commercial and fiscal regulations, if not of interests; from the plains of Lombardy on the south to the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea, with the

solitary exception of Mecklenburg, there will be practically one Customs Union.

There is now no difficulty in the way of reopening the conferences for the renewal of the Zollverein with the accession of the *Steuerverein*; and it is easy to foresee that the States of the Darmstadt coalition will this time offer no unnecessary obstacles to their own readmission. By the agreement of Austria on the south with Prussia on the north, their own flank is turned, they are outmanœuvred, and their adhesion becomes a matter of almost geographical necessity.

PRINCIPLES AND EFFECTS NOT PATENTABLE.

—The Supreme Court of the United States at its late session decided that principles, or a new power, or new results, cannot be patented, but only the processes by which the new result is obtained. Judge McLean, in announcing the opinion of a majority of the Court, said:—

The word principle is used by elementary writers on patent subjects, and sometimes in adjudications of courts, with such a want of precision in its application as to mislead. It is admitted that a principle is not patentable. A principle in the abstract is a fundamental truth, an original cause, a motive; these cannot be patented, as no one can claim in either of them an exclusive right. Nor can an exclusive right exist to a new power, should one be discovered in addition to those already known. Through the agency of machinery a new steam power may be said to have been generated, but no one can appropriate this power exclusively to himself under the patent laws. The same may be said of electricity, and of any other power in nature, which is alike open to all, and may be applied to useful purposes by the use of machinery.

In all such cases the processes used to extract, modify, and concentrate natural agencies constitute the invention. The elements of the power exist; the invention is not in discovering them, but in applying them to the useful objects. Whether the machinery used be novel, or consist of a new combination of parts known, the right of the inventor is secured against all who use the same mechanical power, or one that shall be substantially the same. A patent is not good for an effect or the result of a certain process, as that would prohibit all other persons from making the same thing by any means whatever. This, by creating monopolies, would discourage arts and manufactures against the avowed policy of the patent laws.

A new property, discovered in matter, when practically applied in the construction of a useful article of commerce or manufacture, is patentable, but the process through which the new property is developed and applied must be stated with such precision as to enable an ordinary mechanic to construct and apply the necessary process. This is required by the patent laws of England and of the United States, in order that when the patent shall run out the public may know how to profit by the invention.

From the Spectator.

KENNEDY'S SECOND VOYAGE OF THE PRINCE ALBERT.*

THE principal feature of this volume is a winter beyond the Arctic circle, and a foot journey of some eleven hundred miles over land and frozen seas in the spring, which in that region is equivalent to winter. The expeditions in search of Franklin, fitted out by government, have been directed to explore the seas and islands to the westward or the lands and channels to the northward of Barrow's Strait. It appears to have been considered by Lady Franklin and her friends, that the land on the south side of the Strait might perchance furnish some traces of Sir John and his hardy band, and that it ought to be thoroughly explored. The first expedition undertaken through her personal exertions and influence had that end in view, but did not succeed, apparently from some dissatisfaction in the crew.† With affectionate pertinacity, Lady Franklin was not discouraged by the Prince Albert's return, but resolved to despatch that little fairy yacht of ninety tons a second time. Mr. Kennedy, who appears to have had experience of northern regions in Canada and the Hudson's Bay Territory, was appointed to the command; and M. Bellot, a young French naval officer, joined the expedition as volunteer, and acted as lieutenant.

Not much of interest, beyond that of a common northern voyage, occurred till their arrival in Prince Regent's Inlet, where they wintered in Batty's Bay. The vessel was too small and the crew too few in number to admit of the varied amusements and literary undertakings which serve to employ the time in the larger expeditions. Their only diversion was an organ, the gift of Prince Albert; but they were so fully occupied in preparing for their overland excursion and forming depots along their proposed route, that time can scarcely be said to have hung heavy on their hands. On the 25th of February they started from head-quarters; but such were the obstacles from the weather, especially snow-storms, that they did not arrive at Fury Beach till the 5th of March, having been detained for a whole week in an encampment of snow-houses. It was the latter end of March before they were able to take their grand departure, and they did not return to the ship till the 30th of May. During their peregrinations they had explored three sides of North Somerset, and a large portion of the block of lands beyond it, whose coast Captain Ommaney had

discovered and named Prince of Wales Land. The journey extended over two degrees of latitude and ten of longitude — 72°, 74° north latitude, 90° to 100° west longitude.

Mr. Kennedy's residence in America has given to his style somewhat of the forced vivacity which distinguishes the penman of the New World. Yet his narrative really makes the hardships and merit of the adventurous journey appear less than they must have been. In Europe, a man who should undertake to walk a thousand miles in two months, in the fine weather, would look upon it as a feat. In this Arctic journey, six men and five dogs dragged or carried amongst them about two thousand pounds' weight (which, however, continually diminished by consumption), slept in snow-houses, encamping for five or six nights upon frozen seas, almost dependent upon their own stores for their means of subsistence, and went without fire when they halted for a day to recruit. Yet it is only when something extraordinary happens that we hear of any difficulty — such as snow-storms, snow-blindness, frost-bites, or scurvy — and then as a fact, not as a complaint; while a misadventure becomes a matter of mirth.

The gale of Saturday (28th February) continuing during three days, we were of necessity compelled to remain in camp. During a short interval on the 2d of March, the weather appearing to get more moderate, we were enabled to return for what cargo had been left behind during our former trip. It was taken onward as far as we dared, and we returned to the camp against a wind so keen that no face escaped being frost-bitten — the strong wind in this instance being the cause, rather than the degree of temperature, for this was comparatively moderate. On the morning of the 8d, a lull of an hour or so enticed us to bundle up and lash our sleigh. No sooner had we done this and proceeded a short distance than the gale came on with redoubled fury; in consequence of which we had to hasten back to our snow retreat, and were glad enough to have been still so near a shelter when caught by it, as we had much difficulty in keeping on our feet from the violence of the whirling eddies, that came sweeping along an exposed headland near us. Such was the force of the wind, that column after column of whirling spray was raised by it out of a continuous lane of water, more than a mile broad, which the present gale had opened out along the coast, at the distance of only a few yards from our present encampment. As these successive columns were lifted out of the water, they were borne onward with a speed scarcely less rapid than the "wings of the wind" itself. Whilst detained here we narrowly escaped being buried by an infant avalanche. A hardened mass of snow of several tons in weight having been disengaged from the summit of the cliff above us by the sweeping winds, came rolling down with a noise that told fearfully of its approach. In its descent

* A Short Narrative of the Second Voyage of the Prince Albert in Search of Sir John Franklin. By William Kennedy, Commanding the Expedition. Published by Dalton.

† *Spectator*, 1851. Snow's "Voyage of the Prince Albert."

it carried along with it several fragments of rock that lay in its path ; and at length, being able to advance no farther, lodged itself within a few yards of our present dwelling, after ploughing up a bed for itself in the hard-packed snow before it, and doing us no other harm than scattering a few harmless masses of snow about the base of our encampment ; which brought forth the words from one of our party, " Come, boys, let us run," to the no small merriment of the rest.

This is a picture of rest on an Arctic tramp.

Wednesday, 18th [April].—Still snowing, and the weather very thick ; which, added to our snow-blindness, compelled us to camp at two P. M., after making a very inconsiderable distance from our last encampment.

14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th.—After several abortive attempts to make head against the storm, found ourselves compelled to remain where we were. Although the loss of so much valuable time was a subject of much regret to us all, the relief from exposure to the glare of the snow was of great benefit to those affected with snow-blindness.

During this detention, and, indeed, on all other occasions of a similar nature throughout the journey, we restricted ourselves to one meal a day, and, to save fuel, ate our biscuit or pemmican with snow or ice instead of water ; and by this means were enabled to make twenty-five days' provision and fuel last thirty-five. The luxury of a cup of hot tea—and it was a luxury which we would not have exchanged for the wealth of Ophir—was reserved for our marching-days. The flame of a gill and a half of spirits of wine was sufficient to boil a pint of tea for each of our party ; and this quantity was duly measured out with the most scrupulous exactitude every morning and evening for breakfast and tea, excepting of course the banian days of our detention.

The thermometer at noon indicated $+22$; a temperature which, to our sensations, was absolutely oppressive. One of our dogs, through over-exertion combined with the unusual heat, fainted in his traces, and lay gasping for breath for a quarter of an hour, but after recovering went on as merrily as ever. These faithful creatures were perfect treasures to us throughout the journey. They were all suffering like ourselves from snow-blindness, but did not in the least relax their exertions on this account. The Esquimaux dog is, in fact, the camel of these Northern deserts ; the faithful attendant of man, and the sharer of his labors and privations.

The travellers were greatly assisted by the depots of provisions left by former expeditions at Cape Walker and along the coast of Regent's Inlet, especially the early one of Sir James Ross. The articles were in capital condition—better, in fact, than the later provisions. This Mr. Kennedy attributes to the cases ; we should rather ascribe it to the contents—"cheap and nasty" was not a principle of general action thirty years ago.

We had helped ourselves very liberally from

the old stores of the Fury (at Fury Beach), which we found not only in the best preservation, but much superior in quality, after thirty years of exposure to the weather, to some of our own stores, and those supplied to the other Arctic expeditions. This high state of preservation, I cannot help attributing in some measure to the strength and thickness of the tins, in which the preserved meats, vegetables, and soups had been placed. The flour had all caked in solid lumps, which had to be reground and passed through a sieve before it was fit for the cook's hands. In other respects it was fresh and sweet as ever, and supplied us with a stock of excellent biscuit.

From the Examiner, 19th March.

SELF-CRIMINATION.

We had not the opportunity last week of noticing Lord Brougham's able argument for the abolition of the absurd rule of evidence, protecting a witness against self-crimination. No doubt there was a time when this law served a high purpose, more than atoning for its inconveniences in other respects. It was a bar to torture, when fears might have been entertained of its revival, or of resort to it upon extraordinary occasion. The application of the question was rendered impossible by the maxim, *Nemo se ipsum tenetur inculpate*.

But that use, however excellent in its time, has long passed away, and the rule has survived its only virtue. Latterly it has been defended on the plea of its humanity to the offender, for whom a law is demanded by lawyers, like the law, in sporting phrase, accorded to game or to the fox, which is not to be put to death except by the hounds, after a chase conducted according to certain rules. Detecting a culprit out of his own mouth has been regarded by lawyers as knocking a fox on the head is looked upon by squires, or as shooting a pheasant sitting, or a hare in its form, is to a sportsman. Law is claimed for these creatures as for culprits, who must not be made to criminate themselves. The absurdity of this rule was thus ably exposed by Lord Brougham :

When a witness was produced in court, for what purpose was he produced ? For the purpose of investigating the truth in the trial of the issue between the parties, or in the trial of the guilt or innocence of the parties. It was for the sake of truth to further the ends of justice, and to obtain from his testimony a knowledge of the truth, that the witness was called. Well, then, how did the objection to his giving this evidence arise ? A question was put to him. It was believed to be relevant to the matter in issue. If not, it was objectionable, as being totally irrelevant ; and then no question could arise as to the protection of the witness. But, admitting the question to be relevant, admitting it to be important, admitting the answer to the question, whether given affirmatively or negatively, ma-

terial to enlighten the court—admitting that the truth was to be got at by the answer given to that question, he had a right to go further, and to assume that the truth could not be got at without an answer being given to that question. But the law said the witness was exempted from answering, because he said that the answer he might give might, peradventure, criminate himself. Assuming all the difficulties, anomalies, and uncertainties of the law—admitting for the present that the answer was right, “I will not answer that question because it is a question which may tend to criminate myself,”—he (Lord Brougham) would remind their lordships that the court was not to be satisfied that the question would criminate the witness. If the witness thought it would criminate him, that was enough; nay, if he said so, it was enough. The interest of the parties to the cause was put entirely out of view. They could not have their cause tried because a man on whom, by his own showing, suspicion rested, chose to say he would not give evidence. A man might be tried—his property, his liberty, his life, might be in jeopardy—that which many men valued more than life, his reputation, might be at stake; a witness might be put into the box to swear away his estates, his liberty, his life, his character, and might have committed the most atrocious offences, yet that man so to be tried for the sake of his property, his liberty, his life, his character, was not suffered by the law, by the humanity and evenhanded justice of the law, to ask a question to ascertain whether the witness were a miscreant, utterly incredible, or were a person perfectly honest, honorable, trustworthy, and worthy of belief. And why? To protect the witness? No; it was said, no. The witness was prevented from giving evidence, because people would not give evidence if they were to expose themselves to the risk of being detected and discovered. The evidence of a man who had committed an offence might be very valuable in a cause in other respects where he had no interest; it might be very fit to examine him for the ends of justice, but, at all events, if he were ever so untrustworthy—and the more so the better for the argument—the stronger the reason for excluding that cross-examination tendency and inevitable effect of which must be to destroy his evidence. The law abhorred the trial of collateral issues, but there was a worse thing than trying a collateral issue, and that was deciding without the issue being tried.

We must confess that we are not satisfied with Lord Cranworth's objection to Lord Brougham's proposal to abolish this preposterous rule of evidence.

He entirely concurred in the feeling which had prompted his noble and learned friend to endeavor to devise some mode of getting out of that difficulty; for, in common, he was sure, with all who had been in the habit of attending courts of justice, or of taking part in the proceedings in such courts, he (the lord chancellor) had continually been shocked by the certainty that injustice was done, and truth was excluded, be-

cause a witness said, “I cannot answer that question, for it will tend to criminate me.” He felt bound to say, however, that until they were prepared to alter the law a great deal more, and to say that it should be part of their system to interrogate prisoners upon charges, he did not think the clause proposed by his noble and learned friend could by possibility become the law of the land. If it was the law that a person charged with picking a pocket had a right to say, “You are not to ask me such questions; I will answer nothing; prove the charge if you can;” would it not be a strange anomaly if they evaded that law by calling the accused person as a witness in some other proceeding? He (the lord chancellor) was perfectly ready to concur with his noble and learned friend in any reasonable inquiry as to whether the law ought to be altered—whether the rule of law, “*Nemo tenetur seipsum inculpare*,” was or was not a correct principle; but he thought it would be impossible to consent to a clause enabling them to call upon a person to answer, as a witness, questions which, if a direct charge were made against him, he could not be called upon to answer.

Now, we cannot recognize the good sense of continuing this bad rule in the five cases out of six, of witnesses, because in the sixth case of a prisoner on trial, it would seem anomalous that the interrogation allowed in the other instances should not be permissible. It would surely be desirable to get rid of a rule adverse to the ends of justice in the examination of witnesses, though it may not be practicable to abolish it in the smaller class of cases of persons in the dock. But, after all, it is odd enough that the law which so sticksles for defending criminals against question as to their offence, yet commences its proceedings by asking them whether they are guilty, or not guilty; but of course with full license of mendacity in their reply. And, according to the old law, the prisoner was liable to severe pains if he refused to plead; so that the alternative of the law was either that he should criminate himself to the fullest extent, or resort to a lie in order that the proceedings for the discovery of the truth might have their course. An auspicious commencement, truly, for such an end! Further, Lord Cranworth remarked:—

Although he (the lord chancellor) felt, with his noble and learned friend, that this was a matter which ought to be looked into, and although he regretted the discreditable scenes which were sometimes witnessed in courts of justice, he regarded with very considerable apprehension any system which would create a sort of rival dexterity among different judges as to examining a prisoner, and entrapping him into some admission that would implicate him. This was a mode of proceeding which every one who had attended foreign courts of justice must frequently have observed; but he thought it was a system more unpleasant to witness than the occasional escape from justice of persons accused under our laws.

This seems to us to be arguing from the abuse against the use. The judicial office abroad is not of the dignity it is of in this country. And a corresponding difference of conduct and demeanor is found in the functionaries, especially in France, where the majority of judgeships rank far below the police magistracy of this country. But even with our neighbors, in the higher judicial stations, the scenes to which Lord Cranworth alludes are rare and exceptional; and, objectionable as they are, we cannot agree with the chancellor that the escape of guilt is preferable to exhibitions of judicial indecorum. And it is really not to the law, but to national temperament, that is to be referred the unseemly exhibitions in the interrogation of criminals in France; for the same cause that gives to discussions between our mercurial neighbors the appearance of a quarrel, accounts for the vehemence and passion of the bench, in extorting the self-betrayal of prisoners. It is not English law that would make the generality of French judges staid and demure, nor would French law make our bench eager, warm, and fiercely disputatious with the prisoner.

M. DE BUCH.

THE following is a translation of an affecting letter from the veteran Baron Alexander Humboldt to Sir Roderick Murchison—the original of which has been kindly communicated by Sir Roderick to us. It conveys intelligence which will be heard with great regret in the scientific world of England.

Berlin, March 4, 1853.

That I should be destined—I, an old man of eighty-three—to announce to you, dear Sir Roderick, the saddest news that I could have to convey;—to you for whom M. De Buch professed a friendship so tender—and to the many admirers of his genius, his vast labors, and his noble character! Leopold De Buch was taken from us this morning by typhoid fever—so violent in its attack that two days only of danger warned us. He was at my house so lately as the 26th [ult.], despite the snow and the distance between us—talking geology with the most lively interest. That evening he went into society; and on Sunday and Monday (the 27th and 28th) he complained of a feverish attack, which he believed to be caused by a large chilblain swelling from which he had suffered for years. The inflammation required the application of leeches—but the pain and the fever increased. He was speechless for thirty-eight hours. . . . He died surrounded by his friends—most of whom knew nothing of his danger till Wednesday evening, the 2nd of March.

He and I were united by a friendship of sixty-three years; a friendship which never knew interruption. I found him, in 1791, in Werner's house in Freiberg, when I entered the School of

Mines. We were together in Italy, in Switzerland, in France—four months in Saltzberg. M. De Buch was not only one of the great illustrations of his age—he was a man of noble soul. His mind left a track of light wherever it passed. Always in contact with Nature herself—he could boast of having extended the limits of geological science. I grieve for him profoundly—without him I feel desolate. I consulted him as a master; and his affection (like that of Gay Lussac and that of Arago, who were also his friends) sustained me in my labors. He was four years my junior—and nothing forewarned me of this misfortune. It is not at the distance of a few hours only from such a loss, that I can say more respecting it. Pity me—and accept the homage of my profound respect and affectionate devotion.

AL. HUMBOLDT.

And my poor countryman Overweg, in Africa!—What a blessing to learn one day by means of the astronomer Vogel the magnetic condition of the interior of a vast continent!"

Rural Essays. By A. J. Downing. G. P. Putnam. New York.

This beautifully-printed volume comprises, with one or two exceptions, all Mr. Downing's editorial papers in the *Horticulturist*, and is as important a contribution to the literature of rural taste as any of his previous works. After the completion of his "Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening," his "Cottage Residences," and his "Fruit and Fruit Trees of North America," which have done so much to impart a new charm to country life, and to beautify the face of the land, Downing devoted himself more to the details of rural reform. In the monthly numbers of his journal he gave his many readers hints on green-houses and flower-gardens, the drapery of cottages, lawns, vineyards, hedges and ornamental trees, country churches and country school-houses—public parks and cemeteries, and all other matters in which his cultivated taste detected the want of improvement. We consider these papers models in their way. Downing never dwells long enough upon any topic to exhaust or to fatigue the reader. He made his suggestions as they occurred to him in his rambles. His object was to point out how a countryman should do justice to the land on which he lived, and make himself a home in conformity with the character of the landscape which surrounded him.

We think this publication as opportune as it is valuable. The readers of the *Horticulturist*, familiar with these papers, will be pleased to have them in this shape, and thousands of others, attracted by Downing's reputation and his melancholy fate, will read them, and, we hope, attempt to carry out the excellent advice they contain.

This collection is edited by Mr. George William Curtis, who has added a pleasing memoir of Mr. Downing. Miss Bremer's letter to Mr. Downing's friends, also printed in this volume, is a warm tribute to his character.—*N. Y. E. Post.*

From Chambers' Journal.

A FEW STATISTICS OF AMERICAN
SLAVERY.

WHILE American novelists have been drawing paper pictures of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Aunt Phillis' Cabin," and innumerable other competitive cabins of this character, the planters of the south have been visited with a sort of philanthropic mania for erecting "improved dwellings" for their negroes, and introducing "scientific culture" into their cotton-fields. They have been holding conventions to promote industrial progress, collecting statistics, supporting commercial journals, and contributing personal experience, in the shape of essays and letters, a vast mass of which had been recently published in an encyclopedic work on the *Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States*.* We have read these papers with much interest, for though they are animated with an intense southern spirit, they are full of valuable information, much of which cannot elsewhere be met with. They have the advantage, too, of not having been written for any other purpose than the mutual benefit and instruction of the planters themselves, and are, therefore, more unreserved and more worthy of confidence than if they had been originally intended for permanent publication in a form which would bring them before European readers. The contributors are planters, lawyers and physicians, each illustrating his own department of the subject.

The medical reports are occupied with the diseases and physical peculiarities of the negroes; but of these only a few points may engage our attention.

One of the most formidable ailments among negroes, more fatal than any other, is congestion of the lungs. Except when the body is warmed by exercise, the negro's lungs are very sensitive to the impressions of cold air. When not working, they are eager to crowd around a fire, even in comparatively warm weather, and seem to take a positive pleasure in breathing heated air and warm smoke. If they sleep beside a fire, they turn their heads to it.

Consumption is a common disease, and presents peculiar features. Its seat is not in the lungs, stomach, liver, or any organ of the body, but in the mind; and its cause is stated to be cruelty on the part of the master, and superstition or dissatisfaction on the part of the negro. On almost every large plantation, one or more negroes are to be found who are ambitious to be considered in the character of conjurers, in order to gain influence,

and to make the others fear and obey them. It is said that their influence over their fellow-servants would not be credited by persons unacquainted with the superstitious mind of the negro. Intelligent negroes believe in conjuration, though they are ashamed to acknowledge it. The effect of such a superstition—a firm belief that he is poisoned or conjured—upon the patient's mind, already in a morbid state, and his health affected from hard usage, overtasking, or exposure, want of wholesome food, good clothing, comfortable lodging, with the distressing idea that he is an object of dislike both to his master and his fellow-slaves, and has no one to befriend him, tends directly to generate that erythema of mind which is the essential cause of negro consumption. This complaint often causes a depraved appetite for earth, chalk, lime, and such indigestible substances—natural instinct leading the patient to absorbents to correct the state of the stomach.

Contrary to the received opinion, a northern climate, though not so favorable to the physical health, is the most favorable to the intellectual development of the negroes; those of Missouri, Kentucky, and the colder parts of Virginia and Maryland, having much more mental energy, being more bold and ungovernable than in the southern lowlands; a dense atmosphere causing a better ventilation of their blood. A northern climate remedies, to a considerable degree, their naturally indolent disposition; but they are more healthy and long-lived in a tropical climate, provided they can be induced to labor. So sensitive are they to cold, and so little are they affected by that fell destroyer of the white race, malaria, which kills more than war and famine, that they suffer, in the southern states, more from diseases of winter than those of summer. "They are," says Dr. Nott, of Mobile, "exempt from the violent congestive fevers of our interior districts, and other violent forms of marsh fever; and so exempt are they from yellow fever, that I am now attending my first case of this disease in a full-blooded negro. In fact, it would seem that negro blood is an antidote against yellow fever, for the smallest admixture of it with the white will protect against this disease, even though the subject come from a healthy northern latitude in the midst of an epidemic."

Physiologically, negroes resemble children, in whom the nervous system predominates, and whose temperament is lymphatic. Good-nature is decidedly a prevalent characteristic of the negro race, but it is associated with irritability; and, considering their treatment, this last peculiarity can excite no surprise. One of the greatest mysteries to those unacquainted with the negro character, is the facility with which 200 or 300 able-bodied negroes are held in subjection by one white man,

* *The Industrial Resources, &c., of the Southern and Western States.* By J. D. B. De Bow, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Louisiana. 3 vols. 1852.

who sleeps in perfect security among them, with doors and windows open. Another mystery is the undoubted fact of the love they bear to a kind master. It is not arbitrary authority over them that they dread, but cruelty, and the petty tyranny and imposition of one another. All this is accounted for by their physiological constitution. The slaveholder, of course, makes this an argument for slavery. But if, in these respects, his negroes are like his children, what should he do with the latter? The facts are undoubted, but they might suggest a very different course of treatment for the negroes.

The vital statistics of slavery are not sufficiently copious and accurate to furnish data for very sweeping conclusions. But increased attention has been directed to the subject, in consequence of *the introduction of life insurance in connection with the slaves*. This would be a powerful prop to the system, and a source of increased cruelty to its victims. And herein is the great obstacle to its success. When a company insures the life of a free man, it has the best of all guarantees against foul play — namely, the innate love of life of the insured party. But the master's self-interest is the sole law in the treatment of negroes; and as soon as a slave became unsound, and worth less than the amount insured, what would be the result? The tender mercies of his master would be very small; and it is a singular fact that the negroes who will nurse their master with untiring devotion and kindness, night and day, are utterly regardless of each other's wants in sickness.

The future statistics of negro life-insurance will be very important. Insurance companies will know what they are about; and if they refuse to insure negroes, it will be in vain for the planters to say, that the charge of cruelty brought against them is false; while, on the other hand, if the insurance system become general, the south must be credited with more humanity than is commonly attributed to it. Statistics sometimes tell curious tales.

The report of the *Prison Discipline Association* for 1845 throws some light on the morals, as well as the longevity, of negroes in the north. After giving the bills of mortality for the black and white population in the city and penitentiary of Philadelphia, the report says: "Out of 1000 of each color residing in the city, 196 blacks die for every 100 whites; and for every 1000 of each color in the penitentiary, the astonishing number of 316 blacks to every 100 whites. Returns from the Philadelphia County Prison, for the last ten years, show that out of 101 deaths in that establishment, 54 died of consumption. Of these, 40 were colored, and 14 white."

In 1845, Mathew L. Bevan, president of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania,

says: "The increase of deaths comes from blacks. This increase of mortality is found in the fact, that those colored inmates from the county of Philadelphia are so constitutionally diseased, as under any and all circumstances to be short-lived, from their character and habits. They die of constitutional and chronic disorders, which are general among their order, owing to the privations they undergo, and the want of proper attention in infancy, and their peculiar mode of living." Mr. Bevan concludes: "Indulging in the use of ardent spirits, subjected to a prejudice, which bids defiance to any successful attempt to improve their physical or moral condition, from youth to manhood, sowing the seeds of disease in their constitutions, and at last becoming inmates of prisons."

The southern planters, of course, point to these facts with exultation, and contrast their own treatment of the blacks with great advantage. It would indeed appear from several papers in these volumes (*De Bow*), and it is not an unlikely thing to occur as an epochal phenomenon, that a scientific spirit is gaining ground among the slave-owners, which extends not merely to improved cotton culture, but also to improved negro management. Some of the contributions of this character are both interesting and amusing. The suggestions about "improved dwellings," "sanitary regulations," and "water supply," not to mention provisions of a more spiritual character, would do credit to Lord Shaftesbury, or Prince Albert himself. Evidently, these planters consider themselves no mean philanthropists.

One "very sensible and practical writer" gives a description of his plantation, which would tempt any man to become a slave for the pleasure of living on it. His "quarter" has been selected on scientific principles, "well protected by the shade of forest-trees, sufficiently thinned out to admit a free circulation of air, so situated as to be free from the impurities of stagnant water;" and on this he has erected "comfortable houses, made of hewn post oak, covered with cypress, 10 by 18, with close plank floors and good chimneys, and elevated two feet from the ground. The ground under and around the houses is swept every month, and the houses, both inside and out, whitewashed twice a year." Then there are "good cisterns, providing an ample supply of pure water," and "ample clothing" for their beds, with a henhouse for each, so that he may have "his chickens and eggs for his evening and morning meals to suit himself," besides gardens for every family, in which "they raise such vegetables and fruits as they take a fancy to." The beauty of this description would be lost, were it regarded as drawn for European readers. It

was written for a local magazine as a *bona fide* essay on the scientific management of negroes. This gentleman's treatment of his negroes is as precise as if he were conducting an hospital or superintending a nursery. "Their dinners are cooked for them, and carried to the field, always with vegetables, according to the season. There are two hours, set apart at mid-day for resting, eating, and sleeping, *if they desire it* [always consulting their wishes], and they retire to one of the weather-sheds or the grove to pass this time, not being permitted to remain in the hot sun while at rest." A species of Harmony Hall has been erected for the children, "where all are taken at daylight, and placed under the charge of a careful and experienced woman." Moreover, continues our philanthropic planter, "I have a large and comfortable hospital provided for my negroes when they are sick; to this is attached a nurse's room; and when a negro complains of being too unwell to work, he is at once sent to the hospital."

Nor are either lighter or weightier matters overlooked. Besides passing a "liquor-law" for his plantation, which secures sobriety, "I must not omit to mention," he says, "that I have a good fiddler, and keep him well supplied with catgut; and I make it his duty to play for the negroes every Saturday night until twelve o'clock. They are exceedingly punctual in their attendance at the ball, while Charley's fiddle is always accompanied with Herod on the triangle, and Sam to 'pat!'"

Better still: "I also employ a good preacher, who regularly preaches to them on the Sabbath-day, and it is made the duty of every one to come up clean and decent to the place of worship. As Father Garritt regularly calls on Brother Abram to close the exercises, he gives out and sings his hymn with much unction, and always cocks his eye at Charley the fiddler, as much as to say 'Old fellow, you had your time last night; now it is mine.'"

Neither the preaching nor the prayers have much effect on their morality, for the writer admits that they are very licentious. He attempted to improve them "for many years by preaching virtue and decency, encouraging marriages, and by punishing, with some severity, departures from marital obligations; but it was all in vain."

Another contributor to the science of "negro management," says: "In no case should two families be allowed to occupy the same house. The crowding a number into one house is unhealthy. It breeds contention; is destructive of delicacy of feeling; and it promotes immorality between the sexes. In addition to their dwellings, where there are a number of negroes, they should be provided

with a suitable number of properly located water-closets," which, in addition to other ends, may "serve the much more important purpose of cultivating feelings of delicacy."

The pro-slavery romancers, who have been paying back Mrs. Stowe in her own coin, will here find ample corroboration of their pleasant and pathetic pictures of negro-life.

There is another point to which we must advert before closing this paper. It appears that the slave population of America has been doubled within the last thirty years. In 1860, the slaves will number four millions; at the end of the next thirty years, they will number six millions and a half; and at the commencement of the next century, they will not fall far short of thirteen millions. The question presents itself—what is to be done with this rapidly increasing population? The south says to the north, "Let us enlarge our slave territory." The north refuses; whereupon the south retaliates by a threat to employ slave-labor in the manufacture of such articles as are now made almost exclusively in the northern states. At present, it is said that free-labor is cheaper than slave-labor for manufacturing purposes; but it will be different as the latter is multiplied. The subject is seriously discussed by the planters. Already there are factories in South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia, where negro-labor has been successfully employed. In 1850, there were ninety-three factories in these states. It has been ascertained that the negroes are quite equal to the work, and that it suits their habits. Some writers also contend that they are ready now to compete with the north, and with all the world, as regards the quality and price of what they can manufacture; and that time alone is wanted to render the south the greatest seat of manufactures in the world.

We give these statistics, because we believe they exhibit the subject in new aspects, and indicate that new elements are about to be introduced into the slave problem. Southern labor will press upon the north; and to perplex the problem still further, northern labor threatens to press upon the south, as will appear from the following extract from *Cist's Cincinnati* in 1851:—"The time consumed in seeding, tending, and harvesting the cereal crops, embraces about one half the year: if not in idleness, then, during the remainder of it, the laborer has to seek other employments than on the land. The grain crop is sown and gathered during the months of April, May, June, July, August, September, and part of October; this includes corn. The cotton crop is seeded in the spring, and gathered during the late fall and winter

* Quoted in Froedley's *Treatise on Business*, p. 20 (1852).

months. Now, let the great reduction take place which I predict in the cost of locomotion; let the passage between this city and Charleston come down, as I predict it will, to five dollars, and to intermediate points in the same proportion; and let the time consumed in the trip be within my estimate—say, thirty-six hours to Charleston—who will gather the cotton crop? What becomes of slavery and slave-labor when these northern hordes shall descend upon the fair fields of the sunny south? No conflicts, no interference with southern institutions need be apprehended; the unemployed northern laborer will simply underwork the slave during the winter months, and, when the crop is gathered, return to his home. It is known that the labor required to gather the cotton crop, as compared with that to plant and tend it, is as about four to one—that is, one man can plant and tend as much as four can gather.”

It would appear, then, that the “peculiar institutions” of the south will not remain unaffected by the general progress of the world. And from another quarter a blow is threatened, which will set Jonathan to calculate again whether his slaves will be any profit to him. We allude to cotton cultivation in Australia, not to speak of India. In the course of last summer, Dr. Lang, of Sydney, addressed a series of letters to the *Daily News*, in which he presented a very plausible “demonstration,” as he calls it, of his conviction, “that cotton of the finest quality for the home-market can be grown by means of British free-labor to any conceivable extent on the coast of Australia; that the growth of that article, of indispensable necessity for the manufactures of this country, will prove a highly remunerative employment for tens of thousands of the industrious and virtuous working-classes of this country, provided they can only be carried out and settled in sufficient numbers along our coast, of which the climate cannot be surpassed by that of any other country on earth; that there is no difficulty whatever in the way of our competing, and competing successfully and triumphantly, in this department of transmarine industry, with the slaveholders of the United States; and that there is a moral certainty of our being enabled, in a very few years hence, and in the fair and honorable way of free-trade and open competition, to give its death-blow to slavery in America.”

A SECOND SOLOMON.—A certain Mahomedan woman, of respectable family, resided at Peshawur at the time that General Avitabelli was governor of the place. This woman had a son and daughter. Both married, and the daughter and daughter-in-law gave birth, at the same time, to two children, one a boy, the other a girl. This circumstance gave a great deal of occupation to the mothers of the sick

ladies. They were now become grandmothers, and many visits were exchanged in consequence of the important events that had occurred in their families. Some time had passed over, the young mothers were again in perfect health, when a serious dispute arose between them. The daughter's child was a girl, that of the daughter-in-law a boy. The former maintained that the boy was hers, and had been taken from her, and given to her sister-in-law. The woman accused of having stolen the boy denied the charge, and she was supported in her declaration by her husband's mother. The strife became serious, and the contending parties brought the affair before the judge. This magistrate, who was no Solomon, not being able to elicit the truth, dismissed the complainants. The latter were not satisfied, and appealed to the high court, in which General Avitabelli presided. The case was brought before him as he sat in the divan. Public curiosity was strained to the highest pitch, and each eagerly asked his neighbor: “How will the judge decide?” The statements on both sides having been gone through, General Avitabelli ordered two goats to be brought, one having a male, the other a female kid. This being done, he sent for two sheep that had each a lamb, one a male, the other a female. In like manner, he commanded two cows to be brought, of which one had a male, the other a female calf. These different quadrupeds being introduced, he ordered that the goats, the sheep, and the cows should be milked, and the milk of each animal placed in a separate vessel, which should be marked. “Now,” said the General, “let this milk be examined, and it will be found that that which belongs to the animals which have male young is stronger than the milk which has been taken from the others.” Upon inspection, this was found to be correct. “Now,” said the judge, “bring me some milk from the mothers of the children.” The milk was brought, and General Avitabelli declared that the milk of the daughter was stronger than that of the daughter-in-law, and that, consequently, she must be the mother of the boy. — *Schonberg's Travels in India.*

SPRING is coming! Hear the drumming of the pheasant, all so pleasant, 'mid the budding of the trees, and the singing of the bees in the distant, quiet wildwood, where the wonted steps of childhood seek, in summer's sultry hours, cooling shades beneath the bowers formed in arches wild and grand by the God of nature's hand; where the tiny and the sturdy (if my muse be not too wordy) both unite in one acclaim, singing on in nature's name, and fulfilling each their mission, live, but only in tradition. Spring is coming—coming, coming. On every side, scattering wide, see the farmer cast the grain: for he knows, as he throws the seed upon the ground so well prepared around, that, with sunshine and with rain, the harvest will appear as in each former year.

From Tait's Magazine.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS MADE.

You wish me to tell you how, after my escape from the horrors and perils of the French Revolution of 1789, I managed to retrieve my fortunes, and place myself once more in an independent position. Well, I will tell you the story as circumstantially as, at the present distance of time, I am able to recollect it.

Having escaped with little more than a whole skin from France at the death of Robespierre, and returned to England, I was compelled to seek employment in any occupation suited to my qualifications. A knowledge of the French and German tongues, accomplishments at that time of day not so common as they are now, simply perhaps because they were not so much wanted, procured me a respectable post in a mercantile house of some standing, for whom I did the double duty of cashier and corresponding clerk. I was hardly more than twenty at the commencement of my engagement in the spring of 1795, and I remained thus occupied for eleven years, occasionally travelling abroad for a month or two in the summer, in the execution of confidential commissions intrusted to me by my principals. I was still a young man when, in the year 1806, news arrived in England of the capture of Buenos Ayres by Sir Home Popham, who, without any authority from the British government (having settled the business of the Dutch bottoms under Jansens, and cabbaged the Cape of Good Hope to serve for a Tom Tiddler's ground for unfledged governors to play the fool with), had started across the Atlantic, picking up reinforcements by the way at St. Helena, and, dashing at the Spanish capital, had carried it by a *coup de main*.

If I were to talk for a month of nothing else, I should hardly succeed in giving you an adequate notion of the effect which the arrival of this news had upon the commercial world in England. Whether it be that there is anything talismanic in the two syllables "South Seas," I don't pretend to guess; but the fact once established that Buenos Ayres was ours, produced an infatuation comparable to nothing else of the kind which I can recall to mind. It was like a revival of the Mississippi scheme of Law, and had its effects not been confined to a certain class of the community, in all probability it would have resulted as ruinously. Merchants went mad upon the subject of the South Seas. Manufacturers were forced to work by relays day and night; and enormous consignments of anything and everything which could be produced by labor were dispatched headlong without prudence or premeditation for the mouth of the Plate. It is a fact consistent with my own knowledge, that among other

things for which no reasonable being could have expected a demand, cargoes of winter clothing which would have been a godsend to an Esquimaux, and consignments of Sheffield skates, were hurried off to a tropical climate with the view of realizing a tremendous profit by their disposal. Infatuation was the order of the day. Everybody who had the means determined on a venture, and every vessel that could be caught up, whatever her sailing qualifications or condition as to seaworthiness, was chartered and freighted with commodities of all descriptions for the South American market.

I cannot boast of having been myself free from the prevailing mania, and I invested a small sum of money in the purchase of weapons, which I thought would be at least as likely as skates or snow-boots to yield a profitable return. The house which I served held aloof from these speculations for a season; but they were bitten at last, and then set about making up for lost time with a vigor very different from their usually cautious and methodical mode of doing business. One morning I was surprised, while dressing, by a citation from the principal of the firm, to wait upon him at his breakfast table. During the meal he abruptly put the question to me, "Are you disposed to go on board the *Lance* as supercargo and agent, and to sail at once?" Though not very much surprised at the question, I was rather staggered at the suddenness of the requisition. I did not, however, object, but begged for a day or two to prepare my outfit. A few hours was all that could be allowed. My employers knew my penchant for travelling, and had rightly calculated that I should be at their command at any moment. I was no sailor, and knew but little of the necessities required on ship-board, but I made the best use of the little time allowed me — had all my luggage packed snug in the course of the afternoon, and that same night started in the mail for Liverpool, where the vessel lay, waiting only the arrival of the supercargo to proceed on her voyage. The *Lance* was nearly a new vessel of 500 tons burden, belonging to our house; and this would be but her third voyage. She was freighted with Manchester and woollen goods, and, besides a crew of eighteen or twenty hands, had a dozen passengers on board, most of them carrying small ventures of their own. I had been furnished with a sealed packet of instructions, and duplicates of the invoices, and these I took occasion to con over during my journey to the coast. I found myself charged with the entire responsibility of the cargo, and invested with a discretionary power as to its disposal; and from a copy of the directions forwarded to the captain of the vessel, which was enclosed, I saw that he was bound to navigate the ship to any part of the

American coast that I might think proper to direct.

Upon arriving at Liverpool and making inquiries, I learned that the *Lance* had worked out of the docks, and was lying a few furlongs down the river, waiting for sailing orders. A few hours afterwards I climbed her black side, laid my credentials before the captain, who, the moment his eye had caught the signature of the firm, gave the word for weighing anchor, and then, with a tolerably fair wind, we dropped down the Mersey into St. George's Channel.

I have said I was no sailor. Two or three passages across the straits of Dover constituted the whole of my previous maritime experiences; and you need not be surprised that when a fresh breeze sprung up, as we entered the open sea, I was thrown upon my back in my berth, where I had to undergo the usual seasoning which reconciles land-lubbers to the brine. The Bay of Biscay is a very ugly cradle for a qualmish patient; and the consequence to me was, that more than a week had elapsed before I was in a condition to show my face on deck, where I could hear, as I lay groaning in my berth, that there was no lack of merriment on board. One fine morning, however, when the sun was shining brilliantly, and the breeze had moderated a little, I managed to dress and get on deck. The sudden change of air and scene, the magnificent and, to me, novel spectacle around, and the warm welcome I received from my fellow-passengers, banished my sickness at once. For a week I had eaten next to nothing, and had loathed the sight and even the bare mention of food; but I had not been two hours on deck, before a ravenous appetite drove me to the captain's cabin, where cold fowl and ham vanished down my throat, until I was ashamed of the exhibition I was making of myself, and desisted from modesty rather than satisfaction.

I now began to look around me, and found reason to congratulate myself upon my situation. We had an able and orderly crew, a captain who was a man of very few words, but who knew his business, and a dozen passengers besides myself, nearly all of whom were young fellows of my own age, full of enjoyment and confident in the future, which no one of them doubted would crown their expectations with success. We had a two months' voyage before us yet, and we were all of one mind as to the necessity of passing the time as agreeably as possible. Drafts, chess, backgammon, and rubbers of whist, alternated with music, dramatic reading and recitations, served to pass away the long evenings; and bobbing for sharks, firing at sea-birds or floating bottles thrown overboard, athletic games on deck, or racing among the rigging, found us amusement and appetite

during the day. There were some smart wits on board, and some of these originated another species of amusement, which gave rise to no small amount of mirth. This was the publication of a series of clever pasquinades, which were found every morning placarded on the mainmast, whither we were accustomed to flock as soon as we turned out, to criticize and interpret them according to our fancy, amid roars of laughter. It happened, and it is only one of the characteristics of such a mania, that several of our party, in their eagerness to secure means of transport for themselves and their goods, had neglected all attention to their outfit, and had come on board the *Lance* with no better provision for a long voyage than a traveller by rail now puts into his carpet-bag, on starting for a journey of a few days. Among the rest was a light-hearted Irishman, quite a gentleman in manners, who had actually come on board with but two shirts for his whole stock. The consequence was, as borrowing was out of the question, that in a very short time he was literally reduced to the wash-tub; and, there being no female on board, was compelled twice a week to officiate as his own laundress. His exploits in this way were the theme of a good many of the anonymous productions which every morning appeared on the main-mast. A part of one of them, I recollect, ran thus:

To all good people be it known,
Who sail to Buenos Ayres,
That our poor comrade, Bob Malone,
As mad as a March hare is.

For twice a week he takes a spell
At washing his old shirt, sirs:
And though he's proud of washing well,
It's never free from dirt, sirs.

Which latter assertion, at least, was perfectly true, Bob's linen presenting anything but a Beau Brummel appearance, though he did the best he could with it. He was a fellow of infinite good temper, and not only bore all such references to his *ménage* with good humor, but actually took part in them himself. He seemed to consider that he should be robbing us of our entertainment and acting unfairly, if he got over his bi-weekly ceremony in any out-of-the-way hole or corner of the vessel; and, therefore, he regularly brought his tub upon deck, and went through the business with the utmost deliberation, in view of all on board. His chief persecutor was a young fellow of the name of Osborn, who had formerly managed a plantation in St. Vincents, and who was intending to settle again in the West Indies as soon as he should have realized the profit of his venture, from the proceeds of which he had resolved to purchase land and negroes on his own account. The rest of our adventurers were mostly clerks or managers from London

houses; and all were sanguine as to the results of their speculations — each man imagining that he had outwitted his compeers by the superiority of the investment upon which he had ventured his capital.

I need not dwell upon the events of the voyage, which, though it did always remain as one of the pleasantest recollections in my own mind, presents no remarkable features. We did not forget the customary ceremonies on passing the line, when Malone had his revenge upon some of us, from the superiority of his genius in the concoction of practical jokes. The voyage was fortunate as it was agreeable. We had neither death nor sickness to deplore; which latter was a great mercy, as the captain was the only doctor on board, and his whole stock of medicine was contained in a square chest not bigger than a hat-box. With all our merriment, however, and we were in the humor to laugh at everything, we were none of us sorry when the voyage drew to a close, and a man was sent to the mast-head to look out for land. This was on the second of November. The coast was not sighted by sun-down, but we slackened sail during the night, and the next morning saw us within a few miles of the British fleet, lying off the mouth of the River Plate. While at breakfast, we were boarded by a man-of-war's boat, which brought us news that suddenly dashed all our hopes to the ground, and spread the gloom of disappointment and prospective ruin upon every countenance.

We then learned for the first time that the city of Buenos Ayres, which we had calculated upon finding in the possession of the British, had been retaken by the Spaniards — that the whole of the British forces, amounting in all to little more than 1500 in number, had been either cut to pieces, or made prisoners — and that Sir Home Popham, who had with difficulty escaped from the slaughter, and got on board the fleet, was then blockading the town, and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, with the intent of recovering his lost prize. This reverse was owing to the strategy of a French officer in the Spanish service, who, taking advantage of a dense fog, had crossed the estuary from Monte Video with a force of 1000 regular troops, and, by thus imparting vigor and coöperation to an insurrection within the city, had overwhelmed the English force, and dictated terms of surrender, which, however ignominious, they were in no condition to refuse.

Here was a miserable consummation to the sanguine expectations of our jovial party! I shall never forget the spectacle of long faces that arose from that cabin breakfast-table, nor the contrast they offered to the hilarious looks with which, half an hour before, we had sat down to it. A gloomy silence, now and then broken by the abrupt and passionate

ejaculation of an oath, followed the departure of the man-of-war's boat, which carried off a couple of our best seamen. In the course of the day, however, we recovered some portion of our lost spirits, and nothing contributed more towards this — perhaps I ought to be ashamed to say it — than the arrival of three other vessels bound on the same errand as ourselves, whom we saw consecutively boarded by the same boat, and subjected to the same *experimentum crucis*. Companionship in misfortune doubtless lessens its severity; and we began to take a spiteful sort of pleasure in counting the multitude of victims to the same calamity which had ruined ourselves. These soon became so numerous as to convince us that even had the chances of war not shut up our market, the fury of competition arising from the abnormal glut of merchandise of all descriptions must have been nearly as fatal to our prospects. The weather was comparatively mild, and this was so far fortunate as it facilitated the means of intercommunication. We had arrived after the hurricane season, which had prevented the embarkation of our troops, and occasioned their surrender to the Spaniards. Meetings were held daily on board one or other of the vessels continually arriving, to deliberate as to the best mode of procedure in the awkward circumstances in which we stood. I cannot say that much satisfaction resulted from these councils. We came to a determination, however, to seek advice from the commander-in-chief, and sent a deputation to him for that purpose; a proceeding, by the way, for which I did not myself vote, not having any faith in it. The deputation returned from Maldonado, whither they had gone to seek the general, very considerably chap-fallen; they had not been honored with an interview, but were sent back with a rather contemptuous message, verbally delivered through a subordinate, to the effect that, as the traders had come out to please themselves, they were at perfect liberty to go back if they did n't like it — he did n't send for them, and was n't going to provide for them. Sir Home, in fact, was not in a very complaisant mood. The late failure of his attack on Monte Video, added to his summary disgrace at the capital, had spoiled his temper, which the sight of his troops cooped up in a beggarly town, all but destitute of conveniences, was not calculated to improve. He was recalled not long after, and took his passage home, where he had to face a court-martial, by whom he was severely reprimanded for his unauthorized precipitation in the whole affair.

Finding that all chance of coming to a trade with the Spaniards was hopeless, many of the vessels, after a short stay, sailed away to seek a market in other ports. My instructions, though loading me with more responsibility

than I should have sought, hardly allowed of my following their example; and I wrote to my principals, stating the circumstances of the case, and demanding further directions. Before my letters could have arrived in London, I had received advices from my employers, from which I learned that they were in possession of the history of events; and from which also, as they directed me to hold on, and bide my time for a market, I judged that they must be privy to a determination on the part of the government to avenge the disgrace of the British armies by the final reduction of Buenos Ayres. Though I did not much relish the prospect before me, still, as several of my companions, with whom I shared my intelligence and conjectures, resolved to remain on board, and participate in our fortune, we contrived to pass the time tolerably enough. An acquaintance which I had formed on shore on one of my visits, led to a familiarity with a lieutenant in the navy, a relative of one of our firm, with whom I and my companions sometimes spent whole days on board his frigate; and as the welcome we received was reciprocated on our part on board the *Lance*, we managed to pass away the time without suffering much from ennui.

At the end of January, Sir Samuel Auchmuty, who, after the recall of Sir Home, had arrived with a pretty strong reinforcement at Maldonado, finding no accommodation for his men in that place, commenced the storming of Monte Video. This affair, which is generally considered as a very brilliant one, I had the pleasure, if it is a pleasure, of witnessing. The cannonading endured for a whole week before the breach was effected, and would have endured perhaps for a week longer had there been powder enough to carry it on; but all that being at length well-nigh shot away, an assault was ordered, which took place an hour before dawn on the second of February. What induced our fellows to go groping in the dark in search of a breach which was barely visible in the day-light, I don't know; but to it they went pell-mell, and five hundred of them were shot down before they knew where they were going. It was not till dawn broke, and they could see their way, that they discovered the breach, through which they poured like a cataract, carrying everything before them. They suffered a heavy loss, but it was said they slew a thousand of the enemy and took double that number of prisoners. The happiest result, however, was the capture of the place itself, which was well fortified, and yielded that accommodation to the British which they so much wanted. It was taken in the very nick of time, a large force of the enemy being on the way to raise the siege.

The success of this exploit had a prodigious

effect on our spirits. We now began to look upon the possession of the whole country as an event not much longer to be deferred, and our hopes brightened accordingly. All was life and gayety as well on board as on shore, and entertainments were reciprocated with a jovial hospitality that became quite contagious. As spring drew on we began to look out for the arrival of General Craufurd, who, with reinforcements of four or five thousand men, we knew was making for the River Plate. Still, month after month rolled away, and there was no sight of the wished-for transports. In May General Whitelock arrived at Monte Video, and took the command, and then came a change in our way of life. There was an end at once to our parties, visitings, and jollifications; grim-visaged war again showed his wrinkled front, and every device that could be thought of was resorted to in order to increase the numbers and efficiency of the host which was to chew up Buenos Ayres at a mouthful, and make us masters of the country.

One morning, I received from London a packet, enclosing final instructions as to the disposal of the cargo of the *Lance*. The firm, tired at length of waiting the uncertain issue of the war, directed me to dispose of the lading at any sacrifice, naming a minimum sum at which I might, if it suited my views, become the owner of the whole myself, and desiring me to return with a cargo of sugar as soon as conveniently practicable. From observations I had been by this time able to make, I knew well enough the actual value of the goods on the spot where they were, and I saw at once that a liberal profit must be made by selling them, even taking all disadvantages into account. I did not, therefore, hesitate a moment, but sat down at once and wrote off, accepting the proposal, and enclosing my note of hand for the sum named. I had hardly time to congratulate myself upon this stroke of business, and had barely laid the foundation of a magnificent castle in the air, when, taking my morning's walk upon the deck, I saw a tall fellow, uncommonly like a drill-sergeant, clamber on board over the side of the vessel, followed by a file of soldiers, who ranged themselves in order, barring my passage down to the cabin. I walked up to the intruder, and, with a polite bow, requested to know the purport of his visit. Without condescending to notice me even with a look, he bawled for the captain of the *Lance*, and being informed that he was below, sent one of the seamen with a peremptory message for his immediate appearance. The captain, who did not choose to be at anybody's command on board his own vessel, took no notice of the request, beyond threatening the messenger with a round dozen if he dared to bring him such another. The

officer, finding the captain was in no hurry to oblige him, sent another message still more insolent. Of this the sailor refused to be the bearer, and told him he had better carry it himself. The fellow, thereupon, dashed down below, and then we heard him and the captain in loud altercation for some minutes. When at length both, flushed with wrath, came upon deck, the bully condescended to explain his business, which was, to inspect the list of passengers and crew, with a view to the enrolment of *volunteers* in a new brigade which was forming, and towards which it was expected that the *Lance*, like all other vessels in the offing, should furnish a quota. I thought this was an odd way of collecting volunteers, and it is likely that I expressed as much in my countenance, for the fellow returned the look I gave him with a sneering kind of grin which promised anything but a pleasant termination to his morning call. When the list of the crew was read over, the men answering to their names, with the exception of course of the two who had been pressed on our arrival. The captain refused to read the list of passengers, and gave it to the officer, who proceeded to call over the names himself. There were six of them still remaining on board, as many having departed to pursue their fortune elsewhere; but though the brute bawled the whole dozen names twice over, not a voice was heard in acknowledgment of any one of them. Finding at length that we were not to be brow-beaten, he condescended to adopt a more considerate tone, and informed us that, as British subjects, we should be expected to coöperate with his majesty's forces in the projected attack upon the Spaniards, adding that we were at liberty to do so as volunteers, or we might enlist, receiving the usual bounty, into either of the regiments of the line.

"And just for the sake of variety, now," said Malone, adjusting the frill of his shirt, so as to conceal its ragged edges, "suppose that a gentleman, having no very violent predilection for his majesty's service, should decline to do either?"

"Then, by —," growled the ruffian, "he'd be likely to find himself in limbo before twenty-four hours were over, and strung up for a traitor by the end of the week."

"We will take time to consider of this honorable proposition on the part of his majesty," I said, "and in the mean time perhaps you will do us the favor of prosecuting your canvass elsewhere."

"Consider as much as you please," was the reply, "but you will go ashore this evening when the boats bring in the recruits. Of course you can choose whether you will go as volunteers or prisoners — that's none of my business."

With that this amiable specimen of military humanity signalled his myrmidons over the side, and relieved us of his presence. When he was gone the disagreeable singularity of our situation affected us rather less seriously than I should have anticipated. Malone was disposed to look upon the thing as rather a pleasant incident — and relished the notion of a "taste of fighting," as a kind of vivacious novelty, not at all to be objected to in itself; Osborn too would willingly have seen a little service by way of adding to his experiences of life; and the remainder of our companions, though by no means combatively inclined, evidently entertained less objection to bearing arms against the Spaniards than to the scurvy manner in which the proposition had been announced to us. For my own part, I confess that I always had a decided disrelish for fighting, under any circumstances, and I never felt less inclined to it than now, that I had just completed a commercial contract, from which there was good reason to expect a fortunate issue. Had we been in a condition to sail I would not have hesitated to heave anchor and away, but, from many causes, that was not to be thought of; at a later hour in the day, too, we saw that it could not have been done, for a Bristol vessel, which, having received the same civilities, hoisted all sail and bore out to sea, was suddenly brought up with a shot across her bows from the frigate, and peremptorily signalled to return to her former station.

We passed the day in a state of rather uncomfortable excitement, *considering* the matter, as the insolent bully who had broached it to us recommended, in all its bearings. We were utterly in the dark as to the intentions of the general, and our deliberations served to increase our perplexity. Dinner was scarcely over, when a man-of-war's long boat came alongside, freighted with a cargo of very moody-looking "volunteers," to the number of near thirty, some of whom, it was plain, from the effects of violence upon their persons, had been dragged *vi et armis* to take an unwilling share in the coming campaign. Our vessel was boarded by the brute of the morning, accompanied by an elderly man, of apparently the same gride. As we all, demurring to their authority, declined to notice the summons citing us to appear on deck, the two came down to the cabin, and he who was a stranger to us informed us that the boat was alongside waiting for us, and begged us to lose no time in getting on board. We expostulated, denied his authority, and threatened to complain to his superiors. He assured us, with some show of civility, that his authority was unquestionable, and trusted at the same time that our patriotic feeling would render it unnecessary to use force in putting it into execution, as he regretted to say he had un-

fortunately been compelled to do already in other cases. As to any complaints we might have to make, he assured us they would be considered fairly, and if well-founded secure us redress. Meanwhile he must perform his duty, which was to carry us on shore, and consign us to quarters prepared for us at Monte Video. It was in vain that we protested solemnly against the despotism which jeopardized our lives against our inclination; we might as well have preached to a wind-mill. The smooth-tongued slave had but one idea, and that was his duty, which he adhered to in spite of every consideration we could urge. The upshot of the dispute was, that, protesting loudly against the tyranny practised upon us, we descended unwillingly into the boat to escape the degradation of being dragged or tumbled head-foremost into it, as would have been the case had we offered resistance. The boat called upon two other vessels lying at anchor, and with still less ceremony stole "volunteers" for this new company. By this time she was pretty deeply laden, and steered for the shore, landing at Monte Video about nine o'clock.

That night, for the first time in my life, I slept in a barrack amidst every discomfort to which a peaceful man can be subjected. The next morning, the so-called volunteers were all mustered to the number of near a hundred, and subjected to a mitigated kind of drill. As for preferring complaints, or bringing the question of our forcible enlistment before any tribunal, the bare mention of such a thing met with a roar of laughter. Our infamous capture was looked upon as a capital joke, the piquancy of which was the further heightened by our manifestations of resentment. In the course of a few days all thought of obtaining redress, which would of necessity have involved our discharge, was given up, and we began to feel by degrees reconciled to our new position. It is but fair to say that we were treated with some show of consideration. The drill was light and easy — our blunders and awkwardness led to no other punishment than ridicule, in which we ourselves joined. We had no irksome duties to perform, or even rations to cook, taking our meals at a kind of ordinary prepared for us. It is true we wore the common uniform (there is mine, hanging, with my musket, behind my study door*), and none of us, that I am aware, held any other rank, even nominal, than that of a private soldier; but we had plenty of leisure upon our hands, and soon, becoming habitu-

ated to the change, recovered our mirth and spirits. By the end of fortnight we had learned enough of the military art to qualify us to be shot at, and were drafted off into different companies, some compliance being shown to our wishes in this particular by allowing the parties from different vessels still to remain together.

At the end of the month came news that General Craufurd had arrived; and the next day he landed, having brought a reinforcement of between four and five thousand men. His arrival was the signal for immediate action. The season was already too far advanced for our comfort, and sickness had begun to threaten a diminution of our strength. All was now bustle and activity; the shore presented a scene of perpetual hurry-scurry and clamor; the boats of every vessel on the coast were pressed into the service, and the sea was alive night and day with the turmoil of warlike preparation. In the midst of all this, we of the awkward squad were again assembled *en masse*, and exercised on the ramparts in firing blank cartridge and accustoming ourselves to the smell of gunpowder. I suppose I must have imbibed some of the contagion of war, for I positively enjoyed the sport, and looked forward to the assault upon the capital, which we all knew was now near and inevitable, with something like a relish. A doubt as to the final success of the British arms never crossed our minds, especially since the arrival of Craufurd, who doubled our force.

Early in June our expedition, which consisted, in all, of something short of ten thousand men, set forth. I shall not trouble you with the plagues we endured through close quarters and wretched food, or the miseries of the forced and weary marches beneath a June sun. We met but little opposition from the enemy except once, on the occasion of fording a river, where a good many of our fellows were shot down in the water; and the whole army, having suffered no great loss, came to a halt almost within shot of Buenos Ayres, whose inhabitants had not been idle, and, as we found ere long to our cost, were but too well prepared for our reception. As the city was without walls, it seemed that all we had to do was to walk in and take possession. The fifth of July was appointed for this ceremony, which most of us expected would prove a very harmless one, it being generally imagined that the sight of our imposing force would be sufficient to ensure the submission

* The writer of this narrative details it as he heard it from the lips of the chief actor in it several years ago. He has not intentionally fictionalized any of the incidents; though, from ignorance as well of naval as of military life, he may have fallen into some unimportant errors. The principal facts related are substantially true. The uni-

form and musket mentioned in the text, hung in the situation described for many years. The writer has often handled them; and it was their singular apparition in the private apartment of a gentleman of good fortune and fine accomplishments which aroused the curiosity that was gratified by the recital of the present story.

of the Spaniards. All the accounts which I have seen of this inglorious invasion dwell upon one particular fact, to which there is no doubt that the failure of the attack is to be attributed, but which the narrators, from Alison downwards, have all contrived to misrepresent. The soldiers, say the historians, were forbidden to load their pieces. So far as my experience goes, this was not the case: the pieces of the regiment into which I had the misfortune to be thrust, at least, were all loaded, as I believe were those of the other regiments; but just as we were ready to start, the corporals were ordered round to collect the flints from each man's gun; this was done, and we were thus without the means of returning the enemy's fire. Had our pieces been merely unloaded, the fact would have signified comparatively little. We were all well supplied with ammunition, and could have charged our pieces in a few seconds. As it was, no sooner had we entered the main street than we beheld the flat roofs and the open windows of the houses bristling with fire-arms by the thousand; the roofs were not high, and the fellows presented a fair mark, but while they poured out a continued stream of fire and shot upon us, we were prevented from returning a single bullet. They were not slow in perceiving that it was out of our power to reciprocate their compliments, which made them all the more liberal of their shot, and less cautious in the bestowal of it. Besides the bullets, which fell like rain, every now and then came a hand-grenade, from an open window, which, in bursting, killed or crippled a dozen of us; while over the heads of the musketeers on the roofs came flying a shower of heavy stones, from which, though we saw them coming, there was not room to escape. A more horrible scene it is impossible for the imagination to conceive. Pushed forward by the masses from behind, on we staggered, stumbling over corpses, or floundering among the wrecks of barricades, which those in advance had been compelled to overthrow. I saw my companions dropping around me as the bullets whistled constantly past my face, and expected every moment to find myself mortally wounded and trodden under foot by my surviving comrades. If I could have been allowed but one fair shot, and could have put it into the heart of the cowardly villain who had sent us there to be murdered like sheep for the sake of Spanish gold, I felt then that I could have died satisfied. Of my fellow-passengers in the *Lance*, two perished before my eyes. Poor Malone, who was boiling with rage at being converted into a mere target, got a shot in the temples as he was imprecating curses on the scoundrel Whitelock, and fell dead in my arms. So fearful was the confusion resulting from the terrible havoc, that we scarcely advanced at

the rate of a quarter of a mile an hour. For three horrible hours this infernal and unresisted slaughter continued; and when we arrived, at last, in the great open square near the water, we had left above five hundred of our brave fellows dead in the street; had four times that number wounded upon our hands, and had lost between two and three thousand prisoners, who, for want of the means of resistance, had surrendered to the enemy. You may imagine what a night I passed — without food, without the shelter of a roof, and suffering from a deep abrasion caused by an enormous stone which smote me on the hip.

This was the beginning and the ending of my actual warfare. After all, I was not fated to commit murder, having never fired a single shot against the enemy. The next day I was unable to walk without assistance. Osborn, who had stuck close to me during the whole campaign, got a surgeon to look at my wound and to dress it; and in the evening brought me news that the war was terminated — that General Whiteliver had swapped Monte Video; Maldonado, and everything else we had on the coast, for the prisoners he had lost the day before, and was under an obligation to get back to England as fast as possible, to enjoy the laurels he had won. The same night the volunteers were informed that his majesty had no further claim upon their services, and that those who chose might embark in a schooner bound for Monte Video, from whence they might repair at once to their own vessels. Our party, now reduced to four, lost no time in getting on board, and after a voyage of three days, during which I gradually got the better of my ugly bruise, I was again on board the *Lance*, not enriched with the spoils of war, but something comforted with the conviction that the bloody game was finally played out in that quarter. The excitement I had undergone, however, had an unfavorable effect upon my constitution, and threw me into a low fever, in which I lay for several days, suffering no pain, but such an excessive degree of languor and feebleness as made me at times doubtful of the result. When I recovered, the British had withdrawn from the coast. The Spaniards, pleased with their prowess and its result, were in excellent humor, and as much disposed to trade as I could have wished them to be. I found no difficulty in disposing of my cargo as soon as I was able to attend to business; and having sold the whole at a profit of nearly ninety per cent., sailed for the West Indies on the first of August.

After our long stay at the mouth of the Plate we were all glad to get away, and enjoyed our run northward. We were bound for Trinidad, but touching at Guiana for fruit and water, I happened to hear of a small island estate which was in the market, and,

together with its standing crop and working gangs of slaves, was to be sold for a consideration which appeared to me to be astonishingly low. I showed the printed announcement to Osborn, who recommended me to inspect it, at least, before leaving the neighborhood. The island, which, though it is not to be found in the map, is not a hundred miles from Paramaribo, not being far from our locality, I resolved upon paying it a visit. The upshot was that, following Osborn's advice, I purchased it, stock and crop, and slaves and all, as it stood. Finer specimens of the human being than the slaves I thus purchased I never beheld. It was impossible to see them at their work, neither sex having more than a square foot of clothing about their persons, without being struck with admiration. The forms of some of them, the females especially, were perfect, and would have furnished admirable models for the sculptor. The estate, though not large, was in tolerable condition, and the canes ready to cut, which latter circumstance was my chief inducement to purchase. Osborn, whose experience as a planter qualified him for the task, undertook to realize the sugar with the utmost possible celerity, and no sooner was the bargain concluded than he set about the work. Perhaps you are blaming me in your heart for becoming a slaveholder; but if so, it is because you are reasoning from present data to past events. This, you must recollect, was more than forty years ago, when the iniquity of slaveholding had hardly entered the imagination of the commercial man, and when the slave-trade itself had not yet been abolished by our government.

I treated my slaves well while I had them; at any rate, I made them merry enough. By the allowance of some liberal indulgences, and not by the whip, they were urged to an extraordinary activity. We kept going night and day. The canes were cut, and the sugar and molasses manufactured from them with a rapidity which has been rarely equalled. As fast as the harvest was realized it was packed in casks and stowed on board, and the whole crop, which completed the lading of the vessel, being safe under hatches by the third week of November, we made all haste to get away before the stormy weather should catch us lingering on the coast. I made an arrangement with Osborn to remain and manage the estate for me, giving him an interest in the annual profits. He desired nothing better, and conducted the business so well, that at the end of five years, during which he transmitted me twelve per cent. upon the capital I had invested, he was in a condition to purchase it himself, according to the terms of our contract, at the price which I had paid for it.

On leaving the coast of Guiana we crowded

all sail for the north, with the view of getting clear of the hurricane latitudes as speedily as possible. The *Lance* was heavily laden, but being a stout vessel and a fast sailer, and having, moreover, a crew by this time well accustomed to handle her, I had little apprehension on account of storms. Still it was with very different feelings from those with which I had embarked at Liverpool, that I now turned my face towards England. The events of the last twelve months had completely altered my position and social standing. I had left home a dependant upon the good opinion of others: I was returning to it as the possessor of a substantial fortune, and could look forward to a life of ease and enjoyment upon regaining my native country. While busy in the speculations which had led to this fortunate result, I had not had time to indulge in the reveries to which success gives birth; and even after all was prosperously concluded, and I was bounding homewards with my wealth, it was some time before I awoke to the full consciousness of my good fortune. A storm which we encountered suddenly off Guadaloupe, and which split the mainsail and sent some of our spars rattling about our ears, first brought me to the true sense of the increased value of my life. I began to grow daily and hourly more anxious about the issue of our voyage, with respect to which I could but imagine that I was far more interested than any other person on board. We carried seven passengers, three of them military men returning invalided to Europe, and the others men of business who had been dabbling with more or less success in the late speculations. My anxiety and restlessness induced me, when in the latitude of Antigua, to keep a reckoning of my own, with the assistance of one of the passengers, a man of some nautical experience. To this I was the more impelled by the unaccountable conduct of the captain, who, for some cause or other, rarely showed himself on deck after we had been a few days at sea, leaving the vessel almost entirely in charge of the mate. It was not until a fortnight had elapsed that I made the awkward discovery that the blockhead had been smitten with the charms of one of the sable *Dulcineas* belonging to my estate, and having fitted up a small store-room for her accommodation, had contrived to smuggle her on board, where she formed an object of sufficient attraction to wean him altogether from his duty. As you may imagine, this unwelcome discovery by no means abated my anxiety. I communicated the affair in confidence to my nautical friend; but he advised me to take no notice of it at present—but I observed that he revised the reckoning we had kept, paid more attention to it afterwards, and by acts of courtesy towards the mate, who was a pains-taking fel-

low and a capital seaman, secured his favor. The absence of the captain, however, operated unfavorably upon the crew. We had a great deal of new rum on board, and it was soon but too evident that the men had found some method of helping themselves to it.

One day when half the crew were more than half drunk, and quarrelsomely frolicsome, and brawling and fooling instead of attending to their duty — a stiff breeze blowing, and the prospect of a gale — I called a council of the passengers, and having stated the case as it stood, requested their advice. All that could be done was to send for the captain, and represent the matter to him. He came, half-intoxicated, and to our remonstrances returned no other reply than that we were a set of fools for meddling with other people's business — that he knew his duty, and should navigate his vessel in his own way. When he was gone we determined at any rate upon stopping the supply of rum, and this, aided by a hint from the mate, we succeeded in doing, having, after a diligent search, discovered the source from which the men supplied themselves. Things went on a little better after this for some time, though the captain having shut himself up with his inamorata, hardly showed his face for days together. We were still sailing nearly north, after a voyage of a month; but the captain, when applied to, would not alter the ship's course, and stormed and raved like a madman when either the mate or the passengers interfered. On we went day after day further north, with a drunken captain and an undisciplined crew. I had the horrors. It was plain that unless we resorted to some desperate measure, we should be carried bump ashore, or wrecked on some sand or reef in one of the dark nights which were now near sixteen hours long. I never slept for an hour together day or night. The weather was dismal with frost and fog, and the most horrible prospect was before us. At length the mate came to me with a long face, and expressed his conviction that unless we altered our course we should be on the bank of Newfoundland in twenty-four hours at the latest. I immediately broke this news to the passengers, who were but too well prepared for it. There was no time to be lost. They requested me as agent for the owners, to arrest the captain, and give the command to the mate. I

required first a requisition from them to that effect, signed by them all. It was prepared and completed in a few minutes; then arming ourselves with pistols and cutlasses, we dragged the drunken captain forth from his den, bound him hand and foot, locked him up in spite of his oaths and resistance, and putting the ship about, steered for home with a tolerably fair wind. The men at first made a demonstration in favor of the captain, but the resolute front we showed them, and the fact, which they know well enough, that I was owner of the cargo, prevented their having recourse to violence. I promised the mate my interest with the firm to secure him in the command he thus assumed, if he brought the vessel safely into port. He played the captain admirably, and soon by a little wholesome severity restored the discipline we had lost. The *Lance* behaved famously in the wintry gales of the Atlantic. We made the Channel the second week in January, worked up to the Downs, where we lay for ten days, and where, at his own request, I put the captain ashore — and arrived at the West India Docks before the end of the month.

My employers, though they had no great reason to be satisfied with the expedition, which had proved a sorry speculation for them, congratulated me upon my good fortune, expressing unfeigned pleasure at my return. They confirmed my appointment of the mate, who subsequently made many prosperous voyages in the *Lance*. As for the captain, he brought an action against me, which, so far from doing him any good, only ruined his character by publishing the circumstances of his disgrace. I gave the negro wench a trifle to clothe her decently, and procured her a place in a gentleman's family in London, where she turned out a capital cook, and lived comfortably. Now you have the history of my South Sea speculation, which, though it led me through the horrors of war and tempest, made me independent of the world. All the reward I ever got for my valor under Whitelock, was that dusty old uniform which has so often excited your curiosity — and that musket which has never been fired since the inglorious 5th of July, 1807, to this hour. You see there is no flint in the lock — but if you thrust in the ramrod you will find the charge is still in the barrel.

HOW TO WRITE A SWEET POEM.

BY LUCY SOPHARTH.

READ all sweet novels — o'er them shed sweet tears —

Make love to a sweet maid of tender years;
Pronounce all babies sweet, and like papa;
When a lamb bleats, say 't is the sweetest baa;
Admire all patch-work quilts with patterns sweet,
And never smoke, nor cheese nor onions eat;

Buy such sweet bonnets for your sisters, and
The sweetest trinkets you can find at hand;
Say sweet things to the ladies — sweetly smile,
And like a sweet brigand look all the while;
In sweet walks by sweet moonlight take delight,
And such sweet poems as you 'll sweetly write,
Whose sweet expressions making sweet one sigh,
Will bring from sweet young girls the sweet "Oh,
my!" *Nat. Era.*

From the N. Y. Observer.

MISS M'INTOSH'S LETTER.

WE have devoted several columns of our paper this week to a letter by Miss M'Intosh on the Address of the Women of England to their Sisters of America in relation to Slavery. Miss M. is the well-known author of numerous literary works, which have been extensively read with high approbation both in England and America. She is a native of Georgia, and although her home is now in New York, she resided for more than thirty years at the South, and is intimately acquainted in the families of many of the most wealthy and respectable slaveholders in that section of the Union.

Miss M'Intosh is a descendant of the Scottish Highlanders, who came over from Great Britain, with General Oglethorpe, more than 120 years ago, to found the colony of Georgia. They founded it, as our readers well know, on the anti-slavery principle. General Oglethorpe, with the Highlanders and German Protestants, who constituted the majority of the first settlers, were firmly and unanimously opposed, both on political and religious grounds, to the introduction of slaves into the colony. If their plan had been accomplished, slavery in this country would have been limited by Mason and Dixon's line on the north, and the Savannah river on the south; and more than half the territory now cultivated by slaves in the United States would have been from the beginning "free soil." Indeed, the whole would now be "free soil;" for, without cotton-growing and sugar-growing States as markets for their slaves, slavery would long ere this have died a natural death in Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky.

What prevented the accomplishment of this noble Anti-Slavery project of the first settlers of Georgia? English slave-traders, who cared only for their own pecuniary gain, operating partly by direct influence on the government at home, and partly through their indolent countrymen in the colony, the London paupers settled near Savannah, succeeded in procuring the abolition of all anti-slavery restrictions, and these merchants then filled the markets of Georgia with miserable heathen from Africa, the victims of their avarice and cruelty. The Highlanders and Germans persisted to the last in their opposition to this great wickedness, but in vain. The negroes were admitted, and, when once admitted, the planters were compelled to employ them, for they could get no other laborers.

The descendants of these Highlanders and Germans are now wealthy slaveholders, scattered over all the country between the Savannah river and the farthest limits of Arkansas

and Texas. They inherit the religious principles of their fathers. They have the Bible and love to read it. They go to that blessed book, and not to Northern men or Englishmen, to Northern ladies or English ladies, to learn their duties to their slaves. They do not find in any part of that book the doctrine of the immediate abolitionists. They find there that the slave is a man and a brother; that God made him; that God loves him; that Christ died for him; and that God will not bless, and Christ will not love, the master who does not love his slave, or the slave who does not love and obey his master. With this simple teaching, and withdrawing themselves, as the Apostle directs, from those who teach otherwise, they have been laboring quietly and unostentatiously, amidst all the discouragements caused by the curse of slavery on one side, and the agitations of abolitionists on the other, to establish schools and churches, and to fit the negro for the enjoyment of all the happiness of which he is capable here and hereafter; and with such success, that they and their co-laborers count, as one of the fruits of their toil, more than 300,000 negro members of evangelical churches—a greater number, as has been frequently stated, than the aggregate number in all the churches under Protestant missionaries in all the countries of the heathen world.

Miss M'Intosh is the fit representative of that numerous band of self-appointed missionaries under whose labors so many of these poor negroes have become joyful disciples of Jesus Christ. She is the great-grand-daughter of John Moore M'Intosh, who was the leader of the Highlanders when they protested in 1738 against the introduction of slavery into Georgia; and she is a cousin of Mrs. Wilson, the wife of the Rev. John L. Wilson, to whom we referred in our paper of the 31st ult., as having emancipated her slaves, and accompanied them with her husband from South Carolina to Africa, to preach the Gospel to the natives of that dark land. Did the ladies at Stafford House know that such women are produced in the midst of American slavery? Did they know that there is not in any country on the earth, among the higher classes, a body of Christians more distinguished for generous self-sacrifice, and for all the noble graces of the Christian character, than the truly Christian slave-holders, of the Southern States in America? When they learn this, those ladies will surely feel how unbecoming it was in them to issue with so much parade, an address, which assumes that it is necessary for English women to teach the American people, and especially our Southern people, the first principles of their duty to God and man.

LETTER ON THE ADDRESS OF THE
WOMEN OF ENGLANDTO THEIR SISTERS OF AMERICA IN RELATION TO
SLAVERY.

BY MISS M. J. M'INTOSH.

To the Editor of the New York Observer :

SIR :—I read a few weeks since in your valuable paper, with some pain, an article commenting on a letter from the Earl of Shaftesbury to the Editor of the London Times, in which you seemed to give an unqualified approval* to the answers addressed by some of our countrywomen to the Duchess of Sutherland, and the other ladies of England, who had appealed to their Christian sympathies in behalf of the slave. I cannot better evince my confidence in your Christian magnanimity than in venturing to ask permission to avail myself of the prestige of your paper in presenting views differing somewhat, it may be, from your own. Mistaken and injudicious as I consider the action of these ladies of England, in urging on the women of America responsibilities which it would have been fatuity in them to overlook, and duties which it would have been heathenism in them to neglect, no less mistaken and injudicious seems to me the manner in which that appeal has been answered. These answers have proceeded, I believe, from northern women only, who might well have held themselves untouched by this controversy. They could have been dictated by no selfish motive, therefore, but solely by generous sympathy for their southern sisters—a motive which claims more than indulgence—admiration and respect. In their own cause, sir, I doubt not these ladies would themselves have thought as I do, that if a reply was made at all, it would be more consistent with the dignity of Christian gentlewomen to make it in the spirit of that charity which “hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things,” than, in the proud vindictiveness of wounded self-love, to give back railing for railing.

I have said that the action of the ladies of England was mistaken ; yet it was a mistake which we can readily forgive, I think, when we recollect the influence under which it was made. Genius, which might well have been satisfied with the triumphs it was capable of achieving in a legitimate field, had stooped to pander to the passions of the multitude, by

* If Miss M. will refer again to our article, she will perceive that we could not have given “an unqualified approval” to those answers, for we made no allusion to any of the answers except one, and with respect to that one, we expressly said that “not having seen it we know not whether it merits the animadversions bestowed upon it by his lordship.”—*Ed. Observer.*

clothing fiction in the garb of truth, and teaching her to utter her aspersions in the accents of this daughter of the skies. Had the power which thus maligned us been the product of a foreign soil, it might have been mistrusted ; but how could honorable women believe that a woman would, without provocation, blacken with infamy the land of her birth, unless the dearer interests of truth had forced her to the painful task ! And can we wonder that if these aspersions were believed, all prudential considerations should have been forgotten ! Ought we not rather to admire the forbearance of these ladies of England, supposing such belief to have been theirs, in that there escaped them not the indignant utterance of horror and disgust, but the gentle appeal of Christian charity ! For my own part, I feel and acknowledge my obligation to them, for the liberality which could still believe us not wholly dead to human sympathies, which could still hope to rouse us to the exercise of humanity. Urged by this obligation, and desiring to relieve them from the pain which every Christian heart must feel in entertaining condemnatory opinions of those holding like precious faith with themselves, I would say, “Believe not that the old English nature has lost any of its noble attributes in the air of America. Here, as with you, it still hates oppression and sickens at cruelty. Woman, here, has not forgotten her office of comforter.” I would say to them, “We accept your sympathy, noble sisters, and offer you our own under those heavy responsibilities which you too have to bear. With such responsibilities, well may you bless God that you are exempted from that burden which your fathers laid upon us. And yet,” I would add, “count it not heavier than it is ; think of it not with the vague terror with which we strive in vain to grasp the proportions and struggle with the power of an oppressive nightmare ; but look at it rather with the sharpened faculties, and the fuller consciousness, and the quieter self-possession with which danger ever endows a magnanimous spirit.” Looking at it thus, you will see a race of people brought hither, not, as romance would teach, from the enjoyment of the dear ties of home, from a life of freedom and of simple pleasures ; but from a condition the lowest to which humanity could sink—nay, distinguished from that of the brutes, only as the semblance of the human form excited a deeper disgust, by its suggestion of contrast. This people you would see now wearing in their features more of the aspect of humanity, and exhibiting in their habits far more of the decencies of life. You would see them dwelling in homes, poor indeed, but not wholly comfortless, surrounded often by families whom they love, and with whom they live and die. Yet more, you

would find that the moral sentiment has been awakened in their souls, that they feel themselves accountable to the Great Father of all, and that they whose fathers trembled at the Fetish and adored the Devil, now bow at the name of Christ, and adore the Lord of heaven and earth with a simplicity, and an earnestness of faith, which no philosophy can teach.

We claim not that we or our fathers have done for them all that we ought—we acknowledge that more, far more might and should have been done; but this is something not wholly without value, and this, God in His providence hath wrought for them—and this and more—more which a few favored ones have gained—they are now bearing back to throw a little light on their native Africa, still sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death.

But you reproach us, sisters—gently, very gently, I acknowledge—still you reproach us that they cannot read for themselves the word of life—nay, that we submit to laws which have forbidden us to give them this inestimable power—and we cannot deny it; but let us look well at this too, and perchance it may appear less black a wrong in us than at first it seems.

Many years ago a faint light appeared in the dark sky which had hitherto overshadowed this devoted race—a light which we hoped would prove the dawn of a quick-rising and brilliant day. An influence silent, irresistible, coming like the wind of heaven we knew not whence, stirred many hearts and awakened many noble minds at the south to the great work of the south, the work which it has yet to do—the instruction and fuller evangelization of those whom God has committed to their keeping. Suddenly, plantation schools were established for children and adults, and plantation chapels erected where instruction should be given better adapted to their untutored minds than the church services on which they had been accustomed to depend. You, noble ladies, who know how slowly the wisest reforms win general consent even in enlightened England, will readily understand how much difficulty the pioneers in this noble work had to encounter; but they went on undismayed, and God seemed to be with them. He was with them, for the good seed then sown has never been wholly uprooted;—but, alas! the enemy was active too, and sowed tares with the wheat.

While slowly, but surely, the strongest prejudices were giving way before the quiet but steady onset of truth, at the south—in the northern part of our land there arose an association of men, to whom I will allude no farther than to say that, by publishing works of the most inflammatory character, addressing the planters of the south with the bitterest denunciation, and calling on their slaves to

free themselves from their tyranny, even though they should do it by the infliction of horrors on which I will not dwell; and by sending these publications to those by whom they supposed their contents would be communicated to the slaves, they deeply injured the cause they sought to serve. The pamphlets were sent to free blacks in the city of Savannah, preachers of the gospel of peace. Deeply shocked themselves at their contents, they placed them in the hands of the city council, by which they were forwarded to the state legislature then holding its annual session. The result was the law forbidding, on penalty of a heavy fine and imprisonment, that the blacks be taught to read or write—an unwise law as we believe, but scarcely unnatural under these circumstances.

The true friends of the slave were grieved but not despairing, cast down but not destroyed. The law, which they felt themselves bound to obey, made the task of enlightening the darkened minds around them far more difficult, but still by no means impracticable. To teach the slaves to read, and place Bibles in their hands would have been an easy thing compared with becoming themselves the media through which all acquaintance with that sacred word must be obtained. But they shrank not from this difficult task. “Men of thought, and men of action,” women of cultivation and refinement, who were fitted to enjoy and to adorn society, re-modelled their plans of life, feeling that whatever else was neglected, this must be done. From the schools, which were still continued, some of the books that had been in use vanished, but the Bible remained, and so interesting did the *viva voce* lessons become that we doubt whether many of the pupils were conscious of the change in the mode of teaching. This change was not the greatest evil resulting from the apprehension in which the law had originated. The influence which the friends of the slave were acquiring over public sentiment, the waking up of dormant consciences under the silent rebuke of their example, was checked. People cried, “See the effect of innovation!” and returned contentedly to their long sleep.

I may not hope, in the short space of such an article as this, to convey any just idea of the persevering efforts for the advancement of the slave made by this devoted band of Christian men and women at the south. They have borne obloquy and contempt from men because they would not set all human law at defiance, or yield the judgments formed on the sure basis of experience to the wild schemes of the theorist. For this obloquy and contempt, as far as it regarded themselves only, they have cared little. It was a light thing to them to be judged of man’s judgment. On the panoply of the Christian hero, the shafts

of ridicule, and the heavier blows of hate fall alike harmless. But that which was of little importance to them personally, has been felt as a grievous ill for its influence on the cause to which they had devoted themselves. Every unjust accusation, every bitter and insulting word uttered against the south, in England, or in the Northern United States, has tended to harden the hearts they were seeking to soften, and to add to the prejudices which present an insuperable barrier to the attainment of their heart's desire and prayer — the elevation and gradual emancipation of the slave.

Think not that I have exaggerated the interest or the action of the south on this subject. I have, indeed, not told you the half. Were it not my design to confine myself strictly to the subjects of your letter, I could prove to you by well-authenticated statistics that the south, in proportion to its wealth and population, has given more, and done more for the cause of African emancipation than England and the Northern United States combined. And against the examples of individual debasement and cruelty, so industriously sought out by our enemies, I might set examples of such self-devotion as would compel the admiration of the world, and cast your own noble Wilberforce and Clarkson into the shade. I could show you delicately-nurtured and accomplished women and men of education, who have not only liberated their slaves, and sent them at their own expense to Africa, but, having thus given to the good cause all they had, have added to that gift themselves — having accompanied their people, shared their dangers, and labored now for nearly thirty years, as African missionaries.

But I turn to another and not less interesting subject, against which you have expressed yourself with faithful, and I am ready to believe not unchristian rebuke — the relation of marriage among the slaves, and the little regard which their family ties obtain among those who are the rulers of their earthly destinies. For the slight consideration which the slaves themselves attach to the sacred relation of marriage, I can only say that they are in this little, if any, worse than the ignorant in even your own favored land. To multiply proof of this from your own police reports would be easy, if it were not uselessly occupying both your time and mine. One instance is placed before me even as I write, to which I refer, not because of its greater appositeness to my purpose, but simply because it is at hand. I derive it from a well-known American Magazine — *Littell's Living Age* — into which it was copied from an English paper — the *Stamford Mercury*. It purports to be a report of a trial, occurring before magistrates in Birmingham, of a man for an assault upon his wife. The miserable woman

testifies that her husband does not live with her, having "*leased*" himself to another woman — I use the language of the report. Further investigation ensues and a lease, of this, I trust, *singular* character, is actually introduced into court and sworn to as having been drawn up by a lawyer whose name is given, and who, it is asserted received for it a fee of 1*l.* 15*s.*

But surely it needs neither repeated examples nor elaborate argument to prove that even in a far more refined condition than that of the plantation slave, the influence of Christian principle is needed to make marriage what God intended it should be.

But you accuse us — woe to us if you accuse us justly! — of having fostered this disregard in the slave by showing little respect ourselves to his family ties. We have been represented to the world as tearing without remorse the wife from the husband, the mother from the child. This has been so often asserted — it has gone forth to the world endorsed by names so fair and so generally reliable — that we can scarcely hope to be believed when we affirm that such cruelty would be met by as fierce an indignation, as unmitigated an abhorrence, in the Southern United States as in any part of the world; that the scenes depicted in the well-woven fiction, which has not only aroused the sympathy and excited the compassion of thousands, but has given impulse to a course of action that threatens to excite national resentment, sunder national amity, and thus, it may be, to change the political aspects of the world, if they have ever occurred, are but the few and rare exceptions in the history of slavery here — proofs of individual, not of national guilt.

As I think of the unheeding ears and the unbelieving hearts I am addressing, I am ready to throw aside my pen, and to sit down, as most of my countrymen and countrywomen seem disposed to do, in sullen or haughty quietude. But this is not the spirit of the Christian, not the spirit in which I commenced this reply; and, difficult as it is, I will with God's help speak the truth, and speak it in love, even though conscious that I speak it to those who are not likely to credit my assertions.

First, then, after an acquaintance of more than thirty years with slavery as it exists in Georgia and South Carolina, I can solemnly aver that I never saw that monster — a slave-trader — never heard him named but with abhorrence, and do not believe that any southern gentleman could be driven by necessity or tempted by gain to have dealings with one in his own person.

Next, I aver that slaves are not regarded as mere articles of merchandise, valued only at the number of dollars and cents they may bring. Sympathy, kindness is felt for them,

and as a general thing, their owners will resist any temptation and submit to much privation before they will permit them to pass into other hands; and when this becomes a necessity, it is not to the slave-trader they resort. A good slave — by which I mean one who bears a good moral character — will readily find a purchaser less to be dreaded, and with a purchaser chosen by the slave himself, the master will generally deal on more accommodating terms than with any other. So decided is public sentiment at the south on this subject, that I do honestly believe even a cruel nature would be held in check by it, and that no man could there remain the associate of gentlemen who was known to have sold a slave of good character to a slave-trader. Slaves of incorrigibly bad character, who, if they were free Englishmen, would probably find their way to Norfolk Island, are sent instead to the auction stand, and sold to the highest bidder, be he slave-trader or not. There are occasions indeed when, under the strong hand of the law, whole plantations are disposed of at once, yet even then family ties are respected, and he who would purchase a strong man or skilful artisan must often consent to take with him a feeble wife and helpless children.

I am reminded that I am opposed, in the statements I have here made, not only by the power of genius and the sensibilities it has aroused, but that, even while I write, a volume is on its way across the Atlantic which will give to the impressions thus created, "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ." To this, I can only answer, that I have spoken truth, and that truth will abide, let falsehood oppose it as she may.

That over an area of hundreds of thousands of square miles occupied by millions of inhabitants, through the duration of more than a century, instances have occurred of oppressive and cruel abuse of a power limited only by public sentiment and the laws of God as interpreted by His voice within the soul of man, will surprise no one. To suppose that there had not been such instances of abuse, would be to suppose human nature in America had attained an exaltation undreamed of in any other land. But what shall we say of the fairness of that mind which could make these instances, that are but the exceptions, the rule. As truthful would it be to represent the earth as one vast desert, with here and there a green spot to break its desolation — as truthful to represent life in the city where I now write as passing under one dark reign of terror, hate and murder stalking through her streets unchecked, because the police reports of the last week have conveyed to us direful details of fatal brawls and assassination — as truthful would it be to say that the mothers of

England are a race of heartless savages because on some, even in that glorious land, life has pressed so heavily — has so crushed out heart and hope — so darkened reason and deadened sensibility, that they have taken the lives of their own children to avoid the cost of their nurture, or to gain the small sum allowed for their funeral expenses.

Sisters! the world — the whole world — England and America, as well as India and Africa, are full of the habitations of cruelty. God has gifted us with capacities of sympathy, by whose gracious influence we may inspire the colder reason and move the stronger arm of man in the cause of the world's redemption from sin and sorrow — the world's restoration to more than Eden's joys. But, if we would have our champions successful, the weapons with which we arm them must be wrought by Truth and pointed by Love.

Sisters of England! let us close our ears to every voice which would introduce hatred and unholy rivalry into our hearts. We have "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and father of all, who is above all and through all, and in us all," whether we dwell in the simple homes of republican America or in the baronial halls of England. Let us each, in our own land and our own sphere, labor to teach the ignorant, to comfort the sorrowing, to reclaim the vicious — in whatever condition we find them. Leaving to man — proclaimed, at the first, by Heaven, lord of this lower world — the fashioning of the external forms of social and political life — let it be our unobtrusive, but not less important task to imbue those forms with the spirit of peace and love and joy in the Holy Ghost. Once instinct with this blessed Spirit, all forms shall expand into grace and beauty and that glorious freedom "wherewith Christ maketh free."

Such, in spirit, Rev. Sir, would I have had the reply of American Women to those noble Ladies of England who appealed to them with earnest and, as I truly believe, *conscientious*, though, as I also believe, *mistaken* conviction of duty. Such a reply, since other and abler voices are silent, I would even now, with your permission, make to them, through your widely read and much valued paper; with the hope that it may suggest, at least in my own land, more kindly and Christian thoughts than have lately prevailed on this subject.

Should I send this paper to you anonymously; I fear that it may fail to secure your attention, or, should it do so, that the public may suppose the writer unwilling to endorse her own assertions. I therefore subscribe myself, Rev. Sir,

Yours, very respectfully,
M. I. McINTOSH.

From the Examiner.

Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore. Third and Fourth Volumes. Longman and Co.

Six years of the *Journal*, 1819-1825, from the fortieth to the forty-sixth of Moore's life, are comprised in these volumes. What we have to say of the varying light they throw on the career and the character of the poet, we reserve for another occasion. Some specimens of the entertaining gossip which forms the bulk of their contents we at once present to the reader.

Lord John to-day mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "That generally towards the age of forty women get tired of being virtuous and men of being honest."

Look ice with Lord John at Rucchesi's afterwards. Voltaire listening to an author, who was reading to him his comedy, and said, *Ici le Chevalier rit*, exclaimed, *Il est bien heureux !*

Met at the post-office an old acquaintance, O'Hagarty, who was an emigrant in Dublin, and taught the harp. I remember Stevenson saying (when O'Hagarty declared he had no other resource but this, or else staying in France to be guillotined), "Egad, it was *head* or *harp* with you ;" a phrase used in tossing up a halfpenny in Dublin.

De Souza's story of the violent patriot declaiming against tyranny, and saying that the people ought to rise with one voice and cry out *Vive la Liberté!* at the same time whispering the last word himself; as if he feared the very walls would hear him.

Bushe told of B., the Bishop of (I forget what), saying after his fourth bottle (striking his head in a fit of maudlin piety), "I have been a great sinner; but I love my Redeemer." This bishop is one of the opposers of the Catholic claims; so is F——! Godly ecclesiastics! pity *their* church should be in danger!

A good thing in a letter I have had from Teggart, that the queen has said she never committed adultery but once, and that was with Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband.

It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business."

Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious and speech-like pomposity of his conversation), that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord —, he said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character; so remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnably well worth his while."

Lord John mentioned an old physician (I be-

lieve) of the old Marquis of Lansdown, called Ingerhouz, who when he was told that old Frederick of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On what authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *vill* say he was de greatest tyrant dat ever existed."

Sheridan (Charles) told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*." He mentioned too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said certainly "Latin, Greek, and Algebra." "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebricians, to be sure," said Sheridan.

Kenny told a story of one Jim Welsh, who said, "Rot me, if I don't take a trip to France; and rot me, if I don't begin immediately to learn the language." He got a grammar, dictionary, and master; and after three months' study thought himself qualified to undertake the journey. Just before he set out Duruset came up to him one day, and said, *Eh bien, Mons. Welsh, comment vous portez-vous?* Jim stared, looked bothered, turned his eyes to the right and left, and at last exclaimed, "Now rot me, if I han't forgot what that is."

Talking with Luttrell of religion before dinner, he mentioned somebody having said, upon being asked what religion he was, "Me? I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And what is that?" "Oh! sensible men never tell."

Wellesley mentioned an anecdote to show the insincerity of George III. that in giving the ribbon to Lord Wellesley (after having done all he could, as Lord W. well knew, to avoid giving it to him), he said, "I recollect, my lord, having thought, when I saw you as a boy at Eton, that I should one day have to bestow this distinction upon you." Lord R. told a good thing about Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present king when the news of Bonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, "I have the pleasure to tell your majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is she, by Gad?" said the king.

Lord Holland told before dinner, (*à propos* of something), of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon some one saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," answered, "Oh, I never looked at the cuts!"

Lord John told us that Bobus Smith one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, T. said, *C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas bien.*

Smith mentioned a conundrum upon Falstaff; "My first is a dropper, my second a propper, and my third a whapper."

Lord L. mentioned the conclusion of a letter

from a Dutch commercial house as follows:—"Sugars are falling more and more every day; not so the respect and esteem with which we are, &c., &c."

In talking of ghost stories, Lord L. told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall, pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether she did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, *Si j'y crois? oui et même je le suis*; and instantly vanished.

Rossini did not come till near three. Brought with him Placchi, Curioni, and Cocchi; Mercer came afterwards; and we joined in the choruses of the "Semiramida." Rossini, a fat, natural, jolly-looking person, with a sort of vague archness in his eye, but nothing further. His mastery over the pianoforte is miraculous.

At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors janua' vita*; upon which Lord Ellenborough said, "Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong?"

Mentioned that on some one saying to Peel, about Lawrence's picture of Croker, "You can see the very quiver of his lips;" "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, "He meant *Arrah* coming out of it."

From the Spectator, 16th April.

POSTHUMOUS SUPREMACY OF ROME.

ROME at present enjoys the most of such living existence as remains to her, not on the Seven Hills, but under the immediate shade of the French and Austrian emperors; and where she is protected, there she makes her influence felt as an indignity and a danger. Through a section of the French clergy, the Pope has effected a considerable stride in establishing absolute spiritual authority in France. His pioneers prepared the way. One of those semi-clerical personages unknown to the Protestant Church of England, an Abbé, named Gaume, raised a controversy on the subject of education; he endeavored to discontinue the use of the classic Greek and Roman writers in public schools, and to substitute the Fathers, contending that the classics are profane and indecent, the fathers trustworthy as authorities on subjects of antiquity. This was a direct attempt to bring up the youth of France in an absolute spiritual slavery unknown to the middle ages; since those times were too rough for the people to be grasped so completely as they might be now that they are tamed. The Abbé Gaume was supported by the *Univers*, an

Ultramontane journal of Paris, which set itself up as the censor of the moderate party in the Church. The Archbishop of Paris forbade the reading of the journal to his clergy and their flocks; the editor, M. Veuillot, appealed to the Pope; the Pope with all the indirectness of circumlocution insinuates a rebuke at the archbishop; and the prelate retracts. The letter of the pontiff lauds the protecting care of his "dear son in Jesus, Napoleon Emperor of the French;" recommends "the excellent works of the Holy Fathers, and of the most celebrated heathen writers *after* they have been carefully expurgated;" and inculcates as the paramount duty "fidelity to the Holy See, and most perfect obedience to all that it teaches, establishes, and decrees." Here we see the true object nakedly exposed. Attacks on the mythology of the Pagans have often come from the Roman Catholic clergy—attacks which sometimes covered a taste to luxuriate in that fanciful region; and many "persuasions" besides the Romanist might hesitate to instruct youth through the epistles of Horace or the satires of Catullus, however polished; but the object here is positive, not negative—to make the Fathers the standard of literature, the guard against advancing science, the patterns of ecclesiastical absolutism.

The Pope expects to be more absolute in France than he can be in Italy, or even in Rome. It is true that he holds down his subjects, forbidding to them almost every act of the life of a free people; but he does not do so by his spiritual authority over their own will; it is the bayonets of France that uphold him over his people on the West Italian shore, those of Austria on the Eastern shore. He has officially declared to the Austrian minister, that if he were left by the foreign troops in Rome, he could not sustain himself a day against the hatred and revolt of his subjects. There cannot then be amongst *them* much belief in his infallibility. And it is well known that throughout Italy the educated classes, who do not make a trading profession of subserviency to powers that be, are rapidly becoming more and more independent of Rome. But Austria uses the Romish priesthood to teach the Lombard catechism, which tells the young Italian that he holds his property from the emperor, to whom he owes obedience like that rendered to God. Austria, therefore, who can be Ghibeline when it suits her, is Guelph in Lombardy, Guelph in her assaults on Sardinia. Louis Napoleon also has used the clergy of Rome to get up those theatrical displays which have done so much to throw over his ill-gotten power the gloss of a spurious authenticity. He may use them still to teach obedience to

himself, and also to the Pope, if it must be so. For the holy father knows his power abroad, and makes terms now, with a will of his own. If Louis Napoleon supports him with bayonets, he reciprocates the support with misalls; if France holds down the body of Rome, Rome holds down the mind of France; and Pius the Ninth, accounting himself acquitted, declines to throw into the bargain the coronation that Louis Napoleon asks at his hands.

For us in this country, who are even now struggling with the last remains of the difficulty to secure civil instruction independently of ecclesiastical control, the view of the opposite extremity of the struggle is useful. On the Continent, Popery is gaining ground exactly as Absolutism advances; Protestantism in like manner yields by whole states — Hungary fallen, Belgium tottering, France herself no longer neutral. It would, however, be greatly to misconstrue this spectacle if we were to derive from it no more than the impulse to engage in an anti-Popery agitation. If you seek to meet Popery doctrinally and spiritually, you can only do so by rivalling its own despotic measures — by forbidding it to preach or to think after its own fashion and dictating another; by destroying, in short, that very freedom of the atmosphere in which genuine Popery cannot survive. In thorough freedom Popery becomes absolutely harmless — like a mephitic gas in a high wind. In the United States, Popery cannot maintain even the nominal statistics of its hereditary population. In no tabulated statement of the religious denominations in the American Union shall you find any numbers equivalent to the indubitable heirs in blood of the Catholic immigrants. The priests of Ireland well know that fact, and hence their dread of emigration. Their flocks might become wealthier across the Atlantic, but Peter's pence are not a staple of American produce. But how is it that this tremendous spiritual engine becomes powerless on the other side of the sea? — Because in the great republic there is absolute freedom for *all* sects, and possession of temporal authority for none. It is that privation of temporal power which leaves the ecclesiastic without power to coerce. This is felt even in Italy, where Sardinia has been endeavoring to establish a gradual Protestantism by withdrawing civil authority from ecclesiastics; but, wanting Protestant support, Sardinia has yielded under the threats by which Austria backed the Pope. If civil power be left in ecclesiastical hands, it will still be an object towards which Rome would work by systematic encroachments. She has almost regained in France what she is trying to regain in England; her chances of success being exactly in proportion to the restricted state of opinion and education.

From Household Words.

JANE MARKLAND.

A TALE.

It needs not beauty to adorn the face,
Nor flexible limbs to give the motions grace.
As from the shapeless block Apollo broke
And glowed with lovelier life at every stroke,
So glows with freshening charms the homeliest maid,

When warm affection plies the sculptor's trade.

When young Jane Markland came to teach our school

The village children loved her gentle rule;
So mild the mistress learning won the child,
And hardest words grew easy when she smiled.
But not all smiles; the teacher knew to frown
And keep disorder by a whisper down;
Heavy her brows when idlers mocked her reign,
And, half by chance, her hand would touch the cane;
So ermined judges thrill the crowd with awe
By useless mace, and sword they never draw.

Our curate — white his hair and warm his heart,
By merit fitted for a loftier part,
But pleased and happy 'mid the flock he tends,
Unmarked by bishops — rich in humbler friends,
Our curate ne'er grew tired of lauding Jane,
And soared at once to Ciceronian strain:
"Since first," he says, "to teach our school she came

I scarce believe the village is the same;
A neatness now pervades our cottage rooms;
Our cottage walls are sweet with summer blooms;
I find a book on every table spread,
Where morn and eve the word of God is read;
Neat prints — the fruit of gathered pence — bestow

Refinement never dreamt of long ago;
The school-boys sweep the road before the door,
The weather's self seems better than of yore;
And then, in all she does she's so sincere,
'T is pity she's so very plain, my dear."

Yes; Jane was plain; in truth, I've often heard
A stranger paint her by a harsher word.
For coarse she was in feature, dull her eyes,
Her gait ungainly and enlarged her size;
Yet ne'er came child of Eve bereft of all
The charms, Eve's only dowry since the fall;
Some link remains by which the bond we trace
Between the loveliest and the plainest face.
Some one expression that, with instant thrill,
Tells us the ugliest is a woman still;
White teeth had Jane, and lips that well express
Each thought, fear, feeling of her gentle breast.

One night, when winds that had been loud all day

Beneath the troubled moonlight died away,
And left the trees unmoved, while overhead
Large jagged clouds o'er all the blue were spread;
Swiftly across the sky their squadrons passed
As if for safety flying from the blast;
You seemed to hear the tempest as it swept
Though sound was none, and calm the village slept.

To Jane's low casement came a stealthy tread :
A voice was heard. "Are you still up?" it
said.

Jane laid the iron down. "Who's here so late?
What, Widow Snow! Come in."

"I may not wait —
The moon is hid; a piping gust I hear
That shows too well a storm is drawing near;
The boats are all returned, save only one,
And that — oh, Jane! I tremble for my son;
Heedless and bold he is, nor used to guide
The boat in darkness to our jetty's side."
Jane heard the widow and no word she spoke;
But struck the lanthorn's light and pinned her
cloak;

"'T is a wild night; I hear the sea," she said,
And swiftly to the shore the way she led.

A dreadful scene! With unresisted sway
Wave rushed on wave, as howling for their prey,
And dashing from their heads the blinding spray,
High o'er the pier they swept as if in pride,
And fell in thunder on the leeward side;
Then, as in wrath, they struck the rocks, and
tore

Deep furrows in the sand and shook the shore.
"Can you see nothing, Jane?" the widow cried.
"There is no boat in motion far or wide;
There's nothing to be seen but the tall crest
Of the land breakers; blackness hides the rest.
Stop! there was something dark, a moment seen,
Now sunk in the deep trough, the seas between;
Again! it is a boat! Heaven help the crew!
Through all this coil I heard a wild halloo.
Go, dearest widow! to the bay below.

Hold forth the lanthorn, it their course will
show;
If they hold on there may be safety yet.
See — see — they come — oh God! the boat's
upset."

Loud screamed the widow and the lanthorn
shook;

With steadier fingers Jane the burden took;
And raised it high in air its light to show,
And, anxious hoping, waved it to and fro.
On a long shoreward swell that rushed in might
From the black, weltering distance into light
An upturned keel she sees; with hideous roar
The wave repulsed ejects it on the shore:
And on the fragments, drenched, insensate, cold,
Two human forms still keep their deadly hold.
The lanthorn's light their features gave to view,
But Hope expired to mark their pallid hue.
Prone lay the widow on that fatal sand,
Her dead hand closed upon her son's dead hand.

Within a garden from our street withdrawn,
With twenty feet in front by way of lawn,
Our Doctor's house — three-storied, roofed with
slate —

Retired, yet public, keeps manorial state,
A gabled stable helps its airs of pride,
The surgery window decks the other side.
Thither hied Jane; in language clear though
fast

Summoned his aid, and shoreward quickly
passed;

Knocked at some doors, her tale of grief displayed,
And half the village rose to give her aid.

John Dire, the roughest, kindest man alive,
Was sixty years, and owned to forty-five;
A navy surgeon, thirty years afloat,
The anchor button still adorned his coat;
M. D. his rank, but little squared his rules
With tedious lessons learned in musty schools;
Sharp and decisive was his word; his hand
Had knife, pill, bolus ever at command;
His language rough, adorned with words so
queer

That even our curate sometimes smiled to hear;
Storm-beat his cheeks, as if his days had past
Howling defiance to the northern blast,
Yet warm his feelings, though his words uncouth,
Unchilled by age and generous as in youth.

Meantime the crowd had gathered on the strand,
And round the three the mourning neighbors
stand.

"Is there no hope?" said Jane, and felt the skin
Of the drowned youth. "Yes! yet there's
warmth within.

Fly for a blanket; still my parlor fire
Burns clear and bright; but here comes Doctor
Dire."

Back drew the crowd. With careful hand he
pressed

The boatman's wrist, and felt within his breast;
Jane drew the widow off, who slowly woke,
And while the leech was silent, no one spoke.
To see the other sufferer next he went,
And uttered various grunts that spoke content.
"Bill Bosford has no watery death to dread,
Give him some grog and put the dog to bed.
Unslung the main-sail of that boat; with care
Lay Snow within —" and then, with threatening
air,

He bade the crowd go — but I can't say where.
Jane hurried homeward, stirred the fire, and
spread

Before its blaze her choicest feather bed.
When footsteps sounded at her garden gate
She opened the door, and in was borne the weight.
Oh! strange the ease that use and skill supply!
'Neath Dire's quick hand all difficulties fly;
Soon on the cheek a languid color glows,
Slow beats the pulse; the eyelids half unclosed;
With many a muttered oath — which Heaven
forgive! —

The doctor swears at last the boy will live,
Puts to his lips a flask; and, with a strain,
Snow lifts his eyes and gazes first on Jane.
"Let the dog lie," says Dire; "here let him
lie;

If you disturb the scoundrel's rest he'll die."
Then sat he down, and to the listening few
Who close and closer round his arm-chair drew,
Told he such tales, as filled them with affright,
Of all his doings after Algier's fight;
The bones he sawed, the wounds he stanch'd,
the gore

That filled the cockpit-boards a foot or more;
Such were the sights on board the *Bossentore*.*

* This is supposed to be the medical pronunciation of the "*Bucentaur*."

Then changed the theme ; and next the surgeon
told
Of ten feet water settling in the hold ;
The store-room swamped, while water-logged they
lay,
And starving watched the sunset day by day,
Till on the fourth, just when the lots they threw
That doomed the doctor's self to feed the crew,
A sail drew near, that food and safety bore.
They watched the ship, that soon lurched wholly
o'er ;
Such the sad ending of the Bossentore !
Delighted listeners looked on him with dread,
As if whole histories in his face they read —
So rough, so weather-beat, so gnarled and old,
More wild and awful than the tales he told.
Snow lay asleep ; above his breath he bends,
Then turns — with words uncourteous — to his
friends,
Bids them go home ; but speaks with honor due
To watchful Jane, and tells her what to do.
Then, muttering many curses, for display
Goes homeward, shivering timbers all the way.
His are no curses ; even our priest declares
They're but a topsy-turvy kind of prayers ;
A sort of enmity that fires no lead,
But volleys on its starving foes — with bread.

Jane and the widow watched the youth's repose,
And helped him home when earliest morn arose.
His was the farm that close and sheltered lay
'Neath the tall Downs that guard our tiny bay ;
A rock-strewn farm, with many a deep ravine,
Where babbling runlets run their course unseen,
Till 'tween split rocks they sparkle into day,
Or roar in jets and noiseless glide away,
Humble the home where Widow Snow abode,
But picturesque and lovely from the road ;
For climbing creeper hid the mouldering wall,
And clustered roses made amends for all ;
A leasehold farm, with such a term to run,
It might outlast, she said, her grandson's son.
By favorite names each little field was known,
And save in name the fields were all her own ;
And scarce more pride can fill an emperor's
breast,

When countless armies march at his behest,
Than filled poor Widow Snow when she surveyed
Her twelve fat cows beneath the elm-trees' shade,
But pride — unblest with riches — is a snare ;
And many a grief had Widow Snow to bear.
A farmer she ; a pew at church her own ;
Yet ne'er aspired to silk or satin gown,
While tradesmen's wives, even nursemaids out
of place,

Rustled in silk and veiled themselves in lace.
But pride had heavier falls ; for, as he grew,
The hopes she cherished in her son were few.
Loving to her he was ; but idle, wild —
He tired of home, and revelled while she toiled ;
He scorned the land that filled her heart with
pride,

But cast his net ; the tireless ore he pried,
Mixed with the common crew, half-shared a boat,
And ne'er was happy saving when afloat.

A change came o'er his life since that dread hour
When harsh experience showed the tempest's
power.

No more he sought his comrades on the shore,
Nor scorned the home that had been dull before.
When Jane walked up at evenings there was he,
Kind host, to hand her countless cups of tea,
To press the muffin while it yet was warm,
And all the rural dainties of the farm ;
Nor this alone, but books he tried to read ;
If dark the sense Jane helped him at his need.
A slate he bought, and toiled with many a fret,
Through sums, and weights, and measures dry
and wet.

The maid still aided when a puzzler came,
And joy at her assistance drowned the shame.
Once said his mother, "What a girl is Jane !
How good her heart ! Alas, that she's so plain !"
John oped his eyes as if he scarcely heard
Or strove to attain the meaning of the word.
"Plain ?" he exclaimed ; "I know not what you
mean,

A smile like hers no mortal man has seen."
"Have you e'er told her so ?" the mother said.
"What right have I, stained name and empty
head,

To speak to such a scholar as Miss Jane ?"
The son replied. "Indeed, I'm not so vain."

That night Jane sought the farm when school
was done ;

The mother archly smiled, and blushed the son.
When first they saw her at the Whitefield stile,
Said Widow Snow, "Just tell her of her smile."
But silent sat the youth the evening through,
And never hours before so swiftly flew.

When Jane rose up to take her homeward way,
"John," said the mother, "has a word to say ;
He'll see you through the yard and past the stile ;
He wants to tell you, Jane, about your smile."
No smile had Jane ; so well her face she knew,
How many its defects, its charms how few,
She felt offence ; her voice grew sharp and clear :
"I did not fancy John was so severe."

Quickly she went ; abashed the young man stood,
And could not have o'erta'en her if he would.

A week passed on ; John Snow was nowhere
found,
They searched the village, tried each nook of
ground.

A herd had seen him take the upland track,
With stick in hand and bundle on his back ;
But none had heard him tell his journey's end,
Nor on what day his coming to attend.
Poor Widow Snow was all o'ercome with grief,
But Jane came up once more and brought re-
lief ;

Whispered her hopes that he would soon return :
"The post will bring a letter — cease to mourn ;
Perhaps our curate knows — I'll go inquire —
Perhaps he told his plans to Doctor Dire.
I'll ask him, too ; rest happy." So she went,
And left the widow wretched but content.

Our curate and the doctor — generous twain —
Walked up to aid the comfortings of Jane.

"An idle freak," our mild-eyed curate cried ;
"He staid away three days last Whitsuntide."
"He's a changed man since then," said Widow
Snow,
"And hates the Whitsun ales and all their show."

"I think — Heaven bless him !" thus the leech began,
 "He's caught at last some little spark of man.
 No molly-oddle now with bulls and cows,
 And such live lumber pressing down his bows,
 But" — here his eyes were mentioned — "he's
 now bore
 An A. B. seaman in a ship of war ;
 Some fighting dragon like the Bossentore.
 God save the Queen ! if *that* would get him
 free" —
 He cracked his hand — "he'd not get *that* from
 me."

Small comfort this ; but, when some days went
 by,
 A broken slate the widow chanced to spy,
 And on the fragment this short line appears,
 "Tell Jane she's not to marry for three years."
 Harsh pangs on this through Jane a minute
 passed,
 "The man !" she said, "he mocks me to the
 last !"
 But, in long nights of talk with Widow Snow,
 And tears that did not fail at times to flow,
 She learned what thoughts his bashfulness con-
 fined ;
 And strange, sweet fancies filled her wondering
 mind ;
 Content and pleasure gave each action grace,
 And fixed their own calm beauty in her face.
 So sunshine, when it warms neglected ground,
 Calls flower-seeds forth and scatters perfume
 round.

One wintry night, when scarce two years were
 gone,
 The two sad mourners sat and talked of John.
 The glimmering fire sent forth a cheery light,
 And — all without a cause — their hopes grew
 bright.
 "I feel as if some happiness were near,"
 The widow said, and wiped the unconscious tear.
 Jane smiled to hear. But sudden, from the sea,
 A gun was heard. "What can the signal be ?"
 They looked across the bay — but nothing saw.
 A flash again ! far off — and then, with awe,
 They watched the coming sound, they heard its
 roar —
 And lights grew frequent on the startled shore.
 A third report came booming o'er the tide :
 "They want a boat," the saddened mother
 sighed ;
 "If John were here !" dear memories awoke,
 One thought possessing both, though neither
 spoke.

A heavy footstep sounded at the door,
 The handle turned, and who stood on the floor ?
 Toil-worn he seemed, like common sailor drest,
 Blue jacket, shining hat, and hairy vest ;
 Across his neck two wooden boxes hung,
 These at his feet with heavy sound he flung.
 "You do not know me, mother ?" — Yes, the tone
 Of the loved voice revealed him all her own ;
 And in his arms she lay ! — but still his eye
 Was fixed on Jane who sat in silence by.
 She helped the widow on a chair to place,
 And both sat gazing in the stranger's face.

He went to Jane, he took her willing hand ;
 "For you," he said, "my life's great change I
 planned,
 Crossed the wide seas — a man before the mast —
 And, armed and eager, to the gold world past.
 There week by week I added to my store,
 Heaped grains on grains till I required no more,
 And here I'm landed on my native shore."
 Then with a kick he showed the boxes' weight —
 "Five hundred ounces is my golden freight,
 Enough," he cried, "to crown my best design.
 Oh, Jane ! oh, mother ! what a bliss is mine !"

What wonders quickly on the farm we see !
 Three hundred pounds turned leasehold into fee —
 Some wise repairs made every fence complete ;
 The cottage walls grew clean, the chambers neat.
 And when our doctor gave the bride away —
 Rough were his words that hailed the wedding-
 day —
 Our curate, Jane's meek virtues pondering o'er,
 Quite changed his taste and thought her plain no
 more.
 "A maid so good must make a charming wife,
 A very pretty girl, too, on my life !"

I WAIT FOR THEE !

THE hearth is swept — the fire is bright,
 The kettle sings for tea ;
 The cloth is spread — the lamp is light,
 And white cakes smoke in napkins white,
 And now I wait for thee.

Come, come, love, home, thy task is done ;
 The clock ticks list'ningly ;
 The blinds are shut, the curtain down,
 The warm chair to the fireside drawn,
 The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come ; his deep, fond eye
 Looks round him wistfully,
 And when the whispering winds go by,
 As if thy welcome step were nigh,
 He crows exultingly.

In vain — he finds the welcome vain,
 And turns his glance on mine,
 So earnestly, that yet again
 His form unto my heart I strain,
 That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done — we miss thee here,
 Where'er thy footsteps roam,
 No heart will spend such kindly cheer,
 No beating heart, no listening ear,
 Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk fast
 That well-known step doth come ;
 The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,
 The babe is wild with joy at last —
 A thousand welcomes home !

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From Punch.

RAP-RASCALISM.

"THE WITCH OF ENDOR SUPERSEDED EVERY EVENING" will probably very soon be the heading of the newspaper advertisements put forth by the "Spiritual Rappers." The following cool announcement of regular necromancy—or imposture—appeared last week:

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS from departed friends, which so much gratify serious and enlightened minds, are exemplified daily from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 6 o'clock, by the American Medium, Mrs. R., at, &c., &c.

There does, to be sure, seem to be something peculiarly shocking in practising on feelings relative to departed friends; but as the "serious and enlightened minds" that are so much gratified by such sordid imposition are brainless dupes, their sensibilities are the least likely to be outraged by the heartless hoax.

The Americans appear to have such a passion for territory, that, having licked all Nature, as they conceive, they now want to annex the spiritual world also. In this scheme of aggrandizement, however, they have competitors; for, consulting English prejudices rather than English grammar, a wizard has issued the notification subjoined:—

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—MR. HARDINGE and ENGLISH MEDIUM will give Spiritual Séances every evening, for the purpose of deline-

ating the truth and use of these wonderful communications. Most interesting, instructive, and useful impressions are written out by the Medium while subjected to the influence of Spirits.

Whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, or hollands?

Those who wish to see a female under the influence of spirits have a peculiar taste; but if they must indulge it, they had better perambulate the neighborhood of Seven Dials on a Saturday night, than go and pay their money to see that which, if worth seeing, is worth no more, and may be seen *gratis* in any disreputable part of town.

There is reason to believe that those who consult the Spirit Rappers do not, for the most part, do so in the hope of detecting the trick, but with "serious" if not "enlightened minds," impressed with a belief in their professions. For the gratification of minds thus serious and enlightened, we may expect, as above hinted, to have, in a little time, performances and exhibitions of real sorcery and genuine witchcraft openly advertised amongst the public amusements; and perhaps a theatre will be established whereat an actual *Zemiel* will come on in *Der Freischütz*; apparitions of authentic fiends will ascend in *Macbeth*, and Dr. Faustus will positively raise the devil.

SUPERNATURAL AMUSEMENT.—*Spirit-Rapping is Performed Nightly at the Pig-and-Whistle Harmonic Meeting, after each of the Songs and Glees, by Persons under the Influence of Spirits!!*

SPIRIT-RAPPING. — Gents knocking at the different doors as they go home late at night.

A GENUINE STOCK. — We have all of us heard of a "Son of a Gun," but the "Son of a Pistol" must be a new branch of the family tree from which the stocks of fire-arms are descended; and yet, tracing the pedigree of one of Colt's revolvers, it stands (and, if need be, fires) to reason that a genuine Colt must be the son of a horse-pistol.

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO. — To pass a bonnet-shop without stopping — to see a baby without kissing it — and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard?"

WHAT THE AUSTRIANS DO WITH BIRDS

WHICH CAN SING AND WON'T SING.

Ye learned *dilettanti*, who, in the Opera pit, On *contralti* and *soprani* in awful judgment sit; Who tell us if a *basso*, *contra basso*, or *tenore* May lawfully excite our wrath, or simply a *furor*;

If you would keep your green-rooms free from petty feuds and jars, And, as Medea used, control your contumacious stars,

I rede you, watch the Austrians well, and imitate the plan They have tried with La Signora Alaïmo at Milan.

We had the lady here, and thought she could n't sing at all;

You told us that her "register" was poor, her "compass" small;

That her "organ" in its "lower notes" was hoarse, and cracked, and weak;

And in its "upper," thin and flat — in short, all but a squeak:

And that, in Verdi's stunning airs compelled to scream and shout,

Its "middle notes" for many a day had all been quite worn out;

But though you wrote these cruel things, yet on each Opera night,

You bore her song in silence with what fortitude you might.

But your true Italian critic, when a singer breaks a rule,

Or can't "sustain the D in alt," is not so calm and cool;

He thinks each slight offence against the laws of tune and time

Far worse than Austrian tyranny, and treats it as a crime:

And as he cannot write each day some withering critique,

He vents his spleen in many a groan, and shrug, and stamp, and shriek,

And howls the offending singer down, with a scal and energy, Which, rightly used, might long 'ere this have set his country free.

So that when within La Scala's walls this hapless lady came, The first few feeble notes she breathed stirred up a fearful flame:

"*Ah, scelerata!*" shrieked the Pit. "*Ah, traditrice!*" cried

The Boxes, as her piteous gaze she turned from side to side;

"*Civetta sventurata!*" "*Pavonessa maladetta!*"

Were the mildest of the civil terms with which her audience met her,

Till wearied out, and choked with tears of shame, and fear, and rage,

The poor Signora turned at last, and bolted from the stage.

Perhaps, you think, her exit brought her troubles to a close:

Not so! The Austrian rulers put the finish to her woes;

For, knowing that the people *must* have something to abuse,

A singer so unpopular exactly met their views; They hoped, that in the general zeal *her* errors to condemn,

The Milanese would for a time, perchance, lose sight of *them*;

So, saying that her contract had deprived her of the right

To quit the stage, they lodged her in the guard-house for the night.

Next day before the Governor their prisoner they set,

(Just as, in *La Gazza Ladra*, the soldiers place *Annette*),

And that functionary orders, to her infinite surprise,

That in La Scala's playbill she shall first apologize:

(So that really *there* as well as *here*, the playbill, day by day,

Must be growing more dramatic and amusing than the play)

And then upon its boards once more confront the hostile pit,

And take the censure critics think for her offences fit.

Oh, Italy! the fairest and the saddest nook of earth!

Thy lot, though oft we grieve for it, must often move our mirth;

And surely it is passing strange that, in a land so long

The chosen nursery and home of music and of song,

A singer quite unqualified to please the public ear

Should night by night upon the stage be driven to appear,

And that her audience, though it tries with sneer, and jeer, and scoff,

To mark its hatred of her song, can never hiss her off.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *Life of R. Walker, Perpetual Curate of Seathwaite.* By the Rev. R. PARKINSON, B. D., Principal of St. Bees College. London: 1843.
2. *Reports of the Commissioners on Education in Wales.* London: 1847.
3. *Wales.* By Sir THOMAS PHILLIPS. London: 1849.
4. *Report of the Society for providing additional Clergymen in the Diocese of Llandaff.* London: 1852.

IN the liveliest and most graphic of all histories, there are few passages more lively or more graphic than that in which our great historian sketches the condition of the clergy between the Restoration and the Revolution. Nor is there any other portion of his work which has subjected Mr. Macaulay to more angry criticism. He has been accused of exaggeration and of caricature; of mistaking the exceptions for the rule; of making satirical lampoons the basis of historical statements; and even of intentionally misrepresenting the evidence which he cites, out of a desire to degrade the clerical order. His assailants, before they disputed the accuracy of his picture, and even denied the possibility of such a state of things as that which he portrays, would have done more wisely if they had examined, not only the records of the past, but the facts of the present. Instead of forming their conclusions from what they saw around them in the wealthier districts of southern or central England, they should have made acquaintance with the mountain solitudes of Wales, or the wild moorlands of Cumberland. There they would have found even yet existing not a few specimens of a clergy whose circumstances and position a few years ago might be accurately represented in the very words of that celebrated description to which we have referred.

"The Anglican priesthood," says Mr. Macaulay, "was divided into two sections, which, in acquirements, in manners, and in social position, differed widely from each other. One section, trained for cities and courts, comprised men familiar with all ancient and modern learning... men of address, politeness, and knowledge of the world; men with whom Halifax loved to discuss the interests of empires, and from whom Dryden was not ashamed to own that he had learned to write. The other section... was dispersed over the country, and consisted chiefly of persons not at all wealthier, and not much more refined,

than small farmers or upper servants.... The clergy [in these rural districts] were regarded as a plebeian class. A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson.... Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably.... It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough, and his girls went out to service." We have only to change the verbs in this passage from the past tense into the present, and it will be a faithful representation, not of the Anglican priesthood in the last half of the seventeenth century, but of the Cambrian and Cumbrian clergy during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and of no inconsiderable number at the present time.

A description, then, of the habits and manners, the education and social position, of these mountain clergy is not uninteresting to the historian. Yet, if that description could serve no other end than to gratify historical curiosity, we should never have undertaken it; for it is far more painful than it is curious, to witness any case of failure in one of the greatest and most beneficent of our national institutions — the Parochial System of the Church; and we cannot investigate the condition of our mountain districts without perceiving that such a failure has, at least partially, occurred. Under these circumstances, no mere curiosity would lead us to probe the wounds of the Church. If, indeed, the evils which we lament were incurable, we should veil them from the light in reverential silence. Nay, if we saw no sign of amendment, we might abstain, in hopeless discouragement, from suggesting remedies where there was no wish for cure. But the case is far otherwise. Many of the worst abuses are already rooted out; others are much abated. A description which would, fifty years ago, have suited almost the whole of Wales, and many counties in the north of England, must now be limited to the most impoverished districts of the former, and the wildest regions of the latter. The realms of clerical neglect are shrinking before the advance of civilization and the efforts of conscientious men. Yet this improvement may be rendered more rapid, and these reformers may be aided, by coöperation from without. Such

coöperation can only be expected from an enlightened public opinion; and public opinion requires a fuller knowledge of the facts for its enlightenment. It is in the hope of contributing to this knowledge that we enter upon the subject.

We have said that Mr. Macaulay's account of the Rural Clergy of the reign of Charles II. would apply almost verbatim to the Mountain Clergy of the present century. We may add that this condition of things originates in the same cause which he assigns for it; namely, the inadequacy of the parochial endowments. But here we must guard against misconception. Let it not for a moment be supposed that we consider poverty a degradation to the preacher of the Gospel. God forbid that wealth should be necessary to the ministry of a religion which made the poor of this world rich in faith—a religion whose apostles were Galilean fishermen. A clergy may be very ill-endowed, and yet, by a judicious system of organization and discipline, and by a proper provision for its education, it may command not only the love of the poor, but the respect of the rich. The efficiency of the Scotch establishment during the last century and a half is a decisive proof of this. But if we have a clergy taken from the poorer classes of society, and left in indigence, without education, without superintendence, without organization, and without discipline, then it will inevitably become despised and despicable. Not that a priesthood of vulgar paupers is in reality more contemptible than a hierarchy of well-bred Sybarites; for, in the sight of God, Leo X. was perhaps more despicable than Tetzels; but that the cultivated Epicurean will be able to veil his faults under a more decent disguise. The careless and undevout members of an uneducated peasant clergy will retain the low tastes and coarse vices of the class from which they sprang; and the zealous (who at the best must be a minority) will disgust their more intelligent parishioners by an illiterate fanaticism. These may be followed by the ignorant, but will be ridiculed by the educated; those will be deservedly despised by rich and poor alike. When men, who are appointed by the State to be the religious guides and examples of the people, thus forfeit both the respect of the wise and the esteem of the good, the object of their mission is defeated.

But, before we proceed, we ought to notice the objection which will be made to our views

by some good men, whose disgust has been excited by the Mammon-worship too often seen in a rich establishment, and who fancy that they might get rid of worldly clergymen if they could get rid of wealthy endowments. Those who imagine this forget that poverty does not secure zeal, and that fasting must be voluntary to foster self-denial. Poor benefices are as great a temptation to the peasant as rich bishoprics to the peer. Secular motives are not excluded by small emoluments, but only brought to bear upon a lower class. If we could expect that the ministers of the Gospel would be all, or most of them, men of apostolic life and apostolic wisdom, their apostolic poverty would relieve them from many trammels; and their lowly origin, while it enabled them better to sympathize with the humblest, would command the reverence of every rank; for no real vulgarity can exist in him who is the devoted servant of God. Lancashire, amongst all her worthies, boasts none worthier than the poor and ignorant Walker of Seathwaite. But such men are necessarily exceptional. In regulating a great national institution, we must consider the effect of circumstances, not upon apostolic individuals, but upon the multitude; we must deal with men as they are, not as they ought to be. If no man were to be admitted to the ministry who had not the spirit of a Paul or a Bernard, a Xavier or a Wesley, we must give up established churches and parochial systems altogether. No human regulations can raise the general mass of any great profession above the weaknesses of ordinary humanity; but a wise machinery may, nevertheless, create a body of parochial ministers, who, though falling below the ideal standard, may confer a thousand blessings on the nation.

We repeat, then, that poverty, though in a Church perfectly organized and provided with all requisite machinery, it would not necessarily degrade the clergy, yet has been, under our existing system, an actual cause of their degradation. In mountain countries, the produce of the land, and consequently the value of the tithe, must always be smaller than in more fertile districts. But this necessary poverty has, both in England and Wales, been much increased by spoliation. In the middle ages the tithes of many parishes were alienated to monastic bodies; and when the monasteries were suppressed, the tithes, instead of reverting, as they should have done, to the

parochial clergy, were granted by the Crown to other parties. It is strange, that the Church was most robbed in the very localities where it was originally poorest. The tithes thus alienated from the parochial clergy amount in the diocese of Bangor to a third of the whole; in St. Asaph and Llandaff to half; and in St. David's (which has been most despoiled), to four sevenths of the whole. In the diocese of Carlisle,* four parishes out of five (199 out of 249) have been stripped of more than half their tithes, and 154 stripped of the whole. In Durham, 147 parishes out of 260 have been entirely deprived of tithes.† In Wales there are 282 benefices in which the clergyman's annual income is below 100*l.*, and 527 benefices in which it is below 150*l.* In the diocese of St. David's, the number of livings below 150*l.* is 290 out of 419, or about three in every four; and 167 of these are below 100*l.* In Durham, 62 livings out of 260 are below 150*l.* In Carlisle, which is the poorest of all, out of 249 livings 151 are below 150*l.*, and 95 (nearly half) are below 100*l.*

But the actual poverty of the clergy in these districts has been even greater than that which the above statistics would lead us to suppose. For, till very recently, it was the practice to accumulate the richer benefices in a few favored hands, and to leave only the refuse for distribution among the mass of the clergy. The bishops of half a century ago seem to have been absolutely without a conscience in the disposal of their preferment. Their best livings and stalls were usually bestowed in leases upon their sons or nephews; and when these were satisfied, the benefices next in value were similarly strung together in favor of some Episcopal chaplain or college friend. Sir T. Phillips gives the following examples of such abuses, selected from the First Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, which was published twenty years ago. At that time, a single ecclesiastic held the following preferment; in the diocese of St. David's three rectories, including five parishes; in the diocese of Gloster one rectory, including three parishes; in the diocese of Bristol one prebendal stall. Another individual held two rectories in St. David's, a prebend of St. David's, two perpetual curacies in St. David's, an archdeaconry in St. David's, and a prebend of Brecon. Another held a rectory in Bangor, a perpetual curacy in Winchester, and two vicarages in St. David's. Another held a stall in St. David's, the chancellorship of St. Paul's in London, a rectory in Durham, and a perpetual curacy

in Durham. Another held a stall in St. David's, a rectory in Salisbury, a stall at Wells, and a rectory in Winchester. Another held a rectory in St. Asaph's, a rectory in Durham, a second rectory in St. Asaph's, a vicarage in Durham, and a stall at Norwich, and his income from these five preferments amounted to 4000*l.* a year.*

We ought not, however, to mention these abuses without stating that they belong to the past, and are rendered impossible for the future, not only by the higher sense of duty which animates the dispensers of ecclesiastical patronage, but also by an Act of Parliament against pluralities, which was passed in the present reign, with the unanimous concurrence of the Episcopal bench. Nevertheless, the consequences of these past transgressions still exist; the law must respect vested interests; and the pluralists created by a less conscientious age will cumber the ground for a few years longer.†

These pluralities probably reduced the average income of the Welsh clergy in the poorer countries, twenty years ago, to below 100*l.* a year. In the English mountains, as we have seen, it is still not much higher than this. Now it is plain that no parent whose means enable him to give his son a liberal education, will educate him for a profession in which his probable income would be (at the best) under 200*l.* a year. The cost of an English University education, including school as well as college, ranges between 1000*l.* and 3000*l.*; 1500*l.* may be considered a moderate estimate. But a parent would clearly be making a bad investment for his son, if he sank 1500*l.* for him in a way which only produced a life income of 150*l.*, charged with the condition of performing certain professional duties. In fact, he might purchase a life annuity charged with no conditions at all, on better terms.‡

* For other gross cases, see Phillips, p. 214-217. Canon Williams of St. Asaph, in a visitation sermon recently published, gives the following account of the former state of things in that diocese. "The best preferments were notoriously given with reference to some political or family influence. Even within my own recollection of many parts of this diocese, clerical non-residence appeared to be the rule, and residence the comparatively rare exception. The spiritual care of the parishioners was entrusted to curates, engaged at stipends disgracefully low. Even in their case, residence was not invariably enforced, and they often travelled several miles to perform their Sunday duty. On week days the intercourse between the pastor and his flock was in great measure suspended. . . . Nor was it always considered necessary to preach even a single sermon on Sundays."

† Out of 56 parishes, in the North of Pembrokeshire, 33 were still without a resident clergyman in 1847. See Educ. Com. Rep. i. p. 24.

‡ It is no answer to this to say, that English gentlemen of the highest education are daily or-

* We include in the diocese of Carlisle the portions of Lancashire and Westmoreland prospectively transferred to it by Act of Parliament.

† In Durham, however, many of these perpetual curacies are sufficiently endowed from other sources, though they have lost their tithes.

Hence it follows, that the parochial clergy of districts so ill endowed as those we have described, must be mainly drawn from classes below the gentry. And, in point of fact, we find that they are, with few exceptions, the sons of farmers or small tradesmen, who do not differ in habits or education from their parents, brothers, and cousins.

But it must be remembered, that amongst this rustic hierarchy are to be found, scattered here and there, some clergymen of rank and fortune, some of professional eminence, some of European reputation. So groundless is that cavil which accuses Mr. Macaulay of inconsistency in representing two orders of men so widely different from each other as existing side by side in the same profession. The very difference which he describes may be still seen in the regions of which we write. Thus, while the diocese of Carlisle was adorned by the science and piety of Dean Milner, and the acute logic of Archdeacon Paley, the mass of the inferior clergy were, in manners and acquirements, scarcely raised above the Cumbrian peasantry; and even now, within sight of those cathedrals which we associate with the names of Copleston and Thirlwall, indigenous pastors are to be found who cannot speak English grammatically, and who frequent the rural tavern in company with the neighboring farmers.

It is this latter class of clergy which forms our present subject. Their numbers may be roughly estimated at between 700 and 800 in Wales*, and about 200 in the north of England to curacies of less value than this; because their curacies are only the first step in their professional life, just as an ensigncy is the first step in a military career.

* We have ascertained that out of 100 clergymen in the diocese of Bangor, taken at random, in November, 1852, there were — sons of clergymen, 29; sons of other gentlemen, 30; sons of farmers or tradesmen, 41. That is, two fifths are the sons of farmers or tradesmen. We believe the proportion in St. Asaph is about the same. Now in 1852 there were (including curates) in the diocese of Bangor 169 clergy, and in the diocese of St. Asaph 221 clergy. Hence, two fifths of these, or about 150 of the North Welsh clergy, are the sons of the lower classes. But, probably, a third of this number have received an Oxonian education, as servants of Jesus College (a circumstance which does not exist in South Wales). Hence we may deduct 50 from the class, as being better educated than the rest, and reckon the peasant clergy in North Wales as 100. In South Wales the livings below 150*l.*, and the curacies, are almost invariably held by this class; and many of the livings of higher value also. So that if we reckon *all* the curacies, and *all* the holders of livings below 150*l.*, as belonging to the peasant clergy, we shall still understate their number. Now in Llandaff diocese this will make their number 219, and in St. David's 402. So that we shall have 621 in South Wales, and in the whole of Wales their number will amount to 721.

land.* The features which we have to notice are strikingly similar in both localities; but we shall speak first and chiefly of that which, from its size and quasi-national peculiarities, is of most importance — the Principality of Wales.

A friend of ours was consulted, not long since, by a shop-keeper in a Welsh provincial town, concerning the prospects of his second son. "I am thinking, sir," said he, "of sending him into the Church. His brother is a clever lad, and takes well to the business, but I can't make anything of this one. I thought to set him up in trade, but he has n't the head for it. But I fancy, sir, he might soon learn enough to be ordained." But notwithstanding some recruits of this kind from the commercial interest, the chief supply of clergy is derived from the farming class; probably because the shopkeepers, by pushing their children in trade, can give them a better provision than the Church would offer. The general character of the small farmers among the Welsh mountains has been indicated in the Reports of the Educational Commissioners. They are there described as ignorant and addicted to intemperance; and their households are said not unfrequently to exhibit scenes of the coarsest immorality.† In such a home the future pastor may receive the moral training of his childhood, and imbibe his earliest views of life; those views which abide by us to our latest hour. In very many cases his father is a dissenter; but that does not prevent him from bringing up one of his sons to be a clergyman — for it is his duty to provide for his family — and a mountain living, though but a poor maintenance, may be rather better than a mountain farm.

Let us suppose, then, that thirty years ago, David Jenkins, a small farmer in Brecknockshire, resolved to bring up his son Evan for the Church; and let us attempt to follow the lad through his subsequent course, educational and ministerial, till he obtained a benefice. Young Evan acquired the art of reading at the Sunday school attached to the nearest meeting-house. In due time he learnt what was called English (which, however, he was

* We have 151 livings in Carlisle below 150*l.*, most of which are not above 70*l.* or 80*l.*; adding to these 30 curates, we have 181. In the adjacent hills of Durham and Ripon dioceses there may be about 60 more of the same class. So that in all they may amount to 260. In other parts of England, livings of 120*l.* a year would be held by gentlemen of private fortune, who take such small preferment from a love for the work; but this is seldom the case in the Northern hills. We may, however, suppose some slight deduction from the above 260, on this score.

† See Ed. Com. Rep. i. p. 21, and Rep. iii. p. 61, and p. 334.

never taught to translate into his vernacular tongue*) at some day school in the neighborhood. At length the time arrived when he must be sent to a grammar school. Such schools were scattered over the wildest portions of the Principality, by the benevolence of former ages; and though they have suffered much from the negligence of trustees, and have many of them sunk into a state of shameful inefficiency, still they continue in most cases to exist. In those days the College of Lampeter was not in existence, and these grammar schools formed the chief places of education for the clergy, some of them being specially licensed for that purpose. The pupils of these, when they had completed the prescribed course, were by a singular misnomer called *literate*s. In such a seminary Evan learnt to talk broken English, and perhaps to construe Cæsar. There too he gained the power of stumbling through a chapter of his Greek Testament, and was crammed with such a store of theology as satisfied the easy requirements of a Welsh examining chaplain. He was now qualified to enter holy orders. But one indispensable condition must first be satisfied; he must obtain a *title*; that is, he must be nominated to a curacy by some incumbent. In the days of which we speak, the demand for such titles exceeded the supply. And in order to obtain this passport to their profession, the young candidates for ordination were willing to undertake curacies for the smallest possible salary. But here the law interposed; for it enacts that no curate shall receive less than a certain stipend, fixed according to the population and value of the benefice; and lest any evasion should be practised, both incumbent and curate are required to make and sign a solemn declaration to the bishop, that the former intends *bonâ fide* to pay, and the latter to receive, the whole amount of salary specified. We grieve to say that this declaration, when made by Welsh curates and incumbents, was too often deliberately false. We have heard of instances in which the curate agreed to serve for a salary of 5l., while he solemnly affirmed in his declaration that he intended *bonâ fide* to receive 50l. Nay, such was the state of morality amongst this class of clergy, that these frauds were unblushingly avowed, and treated as matters of course. We will hope, however, that Evan Jenkins escaped this snare, and obtained holy orders without resorting to fraudulent pretences. He was engaged (we may suppose) at the lowest legal salary by one of the non-resident pluralists whom we have before mentioned, to feed the few poor sheep who were left by their shepherd in the wilderness. In this employment the follow-

ing years of his life were spent. Being a young and healthy man, he contrived in a short time to combine the charge of two neighboring parishes with his own. Thus he had every Sunday to serve three churches, each divided from the others by a distance of seven or eight miles, over mountain roads. By the aid of an active pony, a rapid elocution, and sermons reduced to the minimum of length, he contrived to get through his Sunday work with great credit; for two services in a country church were then unheard of. On the week days he was not much troubled with clerical duties, for the population were dissenters, and did not require his visits. Thus he had leisure for fishing and coursing, by which he added an occasional dish of broiled trout or jugged hare* to his simple fare. Meanwhile he was earning, by his plurality of curacies, a collective income of 70l. or 80l. a-year, much more easily than his brother, who now cultivated the paternal farm. On the strength of this wealth, he married the daughter of a farmer in his parish. His bride's sister was lady's maid in the house of a neighboring baronet; and he thought that this connection might gain him powerful patronage, and help him to preferment. If his calculations proved correct, and fortune favored him, he perhaps obtained, by this influential intercession, a benefice of 140l. per annum, just as the olive-branches were beginning to grow so thickly round his table as to throw rather a gloomy shadow over the frugal board.

The manner in which livings were obtained in those times is illustrated by the following narrative of a case which actually occurred in the diocese of St. David's during the last generation. We give the story (with the exception, of course, of the names) as it was told by the son of its hero. The Rev. David Jones was a curate in Cardiganshire, and had long watched the failing health of his neighbor, the Vicar of Dim Sæsoneg. At length he received the news of his friend's decease, of which he had secured the earliest intelligence. No time was to be lost. His pony was instantly saddled, and off he rode by the shortest cut over the mountains to Abergwili, the residence of the bishop. The distance was fifty miles, half bog, half torrent; but hope lent wings to David, and soon he was in sight of the palace chimneys. Suddenly a cold pang shoots through his heart! He has forgotten his credentials! He had obtained, only a week before, a letter of recommendation to the bishop from an influential member of the squirearchy. And this letter he has left at home in the pocket of a week-day gar-

* See Educational Reports, *passim*.

* There was a clergyman of this class in Glamorganshire, who used every season to lay in a stock of hares, which he salted down for consumption during the remainder of the year.

ment. What is to be done? It is useless to attack the bishop without the letter. He must return for it at all hazards. Luckily he has a cousin who keeps a country inn not far from Abergwili. There he borrows a fresh horse, and pushes back with all speed. It is a moonlight night, so that he can follow the mountain track without difficulty; and before dawn he astonishes Mrs. Jones by his unlooked-for appearance beside the nuptial couch. But he vanishes from her sight again like a vision; he has found the precious letter, and buttoning his coat tightly over it, he hurries to the house of a friendly neighbor, who lends him another steed. While it is being caught and saddled, he snatches a hasty breakfast, and then is off again to Abergwili. Faint and saddle-sore he felt (so he told our informant) when once more he came in sight of the palace. Nevertheless, he tarried not for refreshment, but hastened on to the episcopal mansion. Tremblingly he rang the sonorous bell at the entrance, and when the door was flung open by the purple footman, in the excitement of the moment he accosted him as "My Lord." The servant was not disconcerted, being quite accustomed to such titular elevation. He showed Mr. Jones quietly into the library, where the bishop soon after made his appearance, and inquired, with an air of bland dignity, into the business of his visitor. The matter was soon explained, the squire's letter produced, and the bishop (having received no prior application) bestowed the desired preferment on the enraptured curate. In the highest elation, David retired to his inn, when whom should he meet in the stable yard, but his neighbor Thomas Williams, who filled the next curacy to his own. At sight of Jones' joyous countenance, a deadly paleness overspread the face of Williams. He felt that he was too late. But hope is tenacious, and he refused to believe in his rival's success, till he had himself seen the bishop. He rushed to the palace, and was admitted to an audience; but it was only to receive a confirmation of the unwelcome intelligence, with the additional mortification of an episcopal rebuke. "Sir," said the prelate, "Mr. Jones was obliged to ride a hundred and fifty miles to obtain this living; had you possessed his energy, you might have been here long before him, and secured the preferment for yourself."

Such was the disposal of Church patronage.*

* This subject of patronage reminds us of a story which was told by the late Bishop Jenkinson of St. David's. He had received a request from a Radnorshire squire to bestow a vacant living on a certain curate. The bishop consented, and being in London at the time, wrote to the curate, promising him the living, and desiring him "to come up to town" for institution. The curate replied very gratefully, and expressed his desire to obey

such the education and character of incumbents through great part of Wales, twenty years ago. Since then much improvement has taken place, of which we shall presently speak; and the junior members of the profession have been, in some respects, trained under happier auspices. But the older clergy were formed under the circumstances which we have described, and still retain the impress stamped upon them in their youth. And the extraction and social position of the Welsh clergy as a body still remains the same throughout the poorer districts. The distinctive features which we are attempting to portray, are to be found most fully developed in the region of which Cardigan is the centre, and which comprehends also the counties of Brecknock and Carmarthen, with the south of Merioneth; the west of Montgomery and Radnorshire, and the north of Pembroke; less strongly in Glamorgan. In the northern parts of Wales, as we have before stated, the Church has been less despoiled of its parochial endowments, and a majority of the clergy have received a university education; so that our description will not, without much limitation, apply to the northern counties, nor to the southern portion of Glamorgan and Pembroke, or the south-eastern part of Radnorshire.

The injurious effect produced on the usefulness of the clergy, by the low position which they hold in society, would surprise those who argue that worldly rank and station unfits a man for the office of an evangelist, and who imagine that his influence over the poor will be increased by his separation from the rich. We find, on the contrary, that where the manners and education of the clergyman are decidedly inferior to those of the upper classes, the lower soon lose the respect due to his office. As an illustration of our meaning, we will relate a scene which occurred not long ago in one of the counties which we have just enumerated. A friend of ours who had inherited an estate there went to reside upon his property, and when Sunday came, he of course attended his parish church. Out of respect for their new landlord, most of his tenantry (though they were all dissenters) came to church also; so that a congregation of unusual size was collected. After service the young squire waited in the churchyard, surrounded by a knot of curious observers, till the vicar came out; and then, respectfully accosting him, hoped that he would give him the pleasure of staying to partake of an early dinner at the hall, instead of returning to his own residence, which was at a distance. The

his lordship's directions instantly, "but, for me," he added, "I know not to what town your lordship alludes." "Going to town," in his habitual phraseology, meant the market town he was in the habit of visiting.

clergyman looked exceedingly embarrassed, coloring and hesitating very much, till the awkward silence was broken by one of the farmers present, who stepped forward as spokesman for the congregation, and said—"He is shy, master; he is shy. He does not know what to answer you. He should not like to dine at your table. He be not fit company for you. If you shall let him have some refreshment in your kitchen, he shall be glad to come." The squire, exceedingly horrified by this blunt explanation (in which the vicar entirely acquiesced), continued to urge his invitation, and at last prevailed upon the clergyman to become his reluctant guest; but the poor man was so obviously miserable during the repast, that the landlord never again subjected him to the persecution of a similar hospitality.

Injurious as all this is to the poor, it can hardly fail to produce an effect on the gentry. Want of respect towards the ministers of religion may extend to religion itself, and that, too, the more easily as attendance at church is rendered irksome by the services being performed in a language either very imperfectly or not at all understood by the higher classes, and generally in a tone and manner peculiarly distasteful to them. This may in some measure account for the statements made by the Government Inspectors, concerning the indifference frequently shown by the landowners in these parts of Wales for the improvement and instruction of the population.*

Nor is this the only way in which their low position acts injuriously upon the clergy. We do not agree with Burke, that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its coarseness;" but it is true that refinement of mind and manners tends to suppress some vices, by suppressing their manifestation. A well-bred man is ashamed to give utterance to "those coarse, bad thoughts" of envy, hatred, and malice, which, among the rude and uncultivated, find vent in outspoken Billingsgate. If one gentleman has outstripped another in the chase of some object of ambition, the unsuccessful candidate (whatever may be his secret feelings) must meet his rival with outward courtesy. But when two Welsh curates have met, after one had obtained a benefice which the other sought, we have known instances of the vanquished assailing the victor with the most scurrilous vituperation. When we see the pursuit of pecuniary advantage in its eager and undisguised manifestation, among these simple children of the soil, we cannot help wishing that they had learnt to apply the doctrine of Reserve to their worship of Mammon. It is true that this cult is not confined to any one class of society; but it is

less revolting to the taste, when disguised under a veil of decorum. There is something shocking to the feelings in the open gathering together of the eagles around the carcass of every defunct incumbent. The crowd of begging letters with which the disposers of ecclesiastical patronage are overwhelmed, on every fresh vacancy, is a painful proof that incompetence does not inspire men with modesty, nor rusticity with contentment.*

But this want of refinement leads to evils still more serious than any we have yet mentioned. It exposes the peasant clergy to temptations which sometimes betray them into scandalous and degrading vice. Springing themselves from the lower classes, they have not been raised by education above the gross and animal tastes of their younger days. They are surrounded by friends and relatives whose highest enjoyments are found in the conviviality of the village alehouse. They are cut off, by want of cultivation and opportunity, from the pursuits of literature and art. What wonder is it, if they have yielded to the allurements of more familiar pleasures? if they have sought the only social relaxations which were open to them? and if many of them have, in consequence, been led to push conviviality into intemperance? Such a result from such circumstances is not surprising, however deeply to be deplored. We rejoice to know, however, that these scandals are far less frequent than they once were. A drunken clergyman, once no unfrequent spectacle, is now rarely seen. There are still, however, districts to which this improvement has not fully reached; and we fear that it will be long before the clerical character recovers from the stigma which has been branded on it by the vices of former generations.

As a specimen of the reputation which is thus attached to the profession, we may mention a scene which occurred not long ago, at an auction, in a market town of Brecknockshire. A case for holding spirits was one of the lots put up. For this there was a keen competition between a neighboring squire and his vicar. At last the layman gave in, and the spirit-case was knocked down to the clergyman amidst loud cheers from the bystanders, who exclaimed: "The parson do deserve it better than you, squire; he shall make more use of it."

All flagrant scandals, however, are gradu-

* The manoeuvres of these artless candidates for preferment are sometimes amusing from their simplicity. For instance, we have heard of a case where a curate sent a panegyric on his bishop anonymously to the county newspaper when a living was expected to be vacant; and having cut out the printed letter, sent it to the bishop as soon as the desired preferment had fallen in, with a note in manuscript to the effect that "this letter was written by the Reverend — of —."

* See Minutes of Council for 1849-50, pp. 194, 196.

ally being suppressed by a more conscientious public opinion, and by the increased vigilance of the ecclesiastical authorities. Those who are detected in a state of intoxication run a risk of serious punishment. An unfortunate sinner of this description was staggering homewards from the market town, where he had indulged somewhat too freely, when he was overtaken by a neighboring incumbent, who was the nephew of an influential dignitary. The rector bestowed a look of disgust upon his erring brother, and was riding on, when he was stopped by the piteous cries and entreaties of the culprit, who implored him to believe that it was quite unusual for him to be in his present state, and besought him not to expose the accidental frailty. "Promise me not to tell your uncle, Mr. —; promise me not to tell your uncle." Such offenders are now made to feel the terrors of the law. Our readers may, perhaps, remember a grotesque case of barbarism which was brought by the late Bishop Copleston, before the Court of Arches. Two clergymen had quarrelled and fought over their cups, and one had actually bitten off the other's ear! The defence set up in these cases is sometimes extremely ludicrous. In a recent instance, where a curate was accused of habitual intoxication, he pleaded that he only entered the public house to gain pastoral influence over his parishioners, and that he never took more than two glasses at a time. The latter assertion turned out, upon investigation, to be literally true; for there were four public houses in the village, and he took two glasses daily at each.

It is needless to say that the clerical duties are not likely to be very efficiently discharged where such habits are prevalent. The clergy there, indeed (as we have before remarked), are not even expected by their parishioners to perform those duties of pastoral visitation which form the daily task of an English clergyman. Their flocks have long since forsaken the pastures of the church, and look to other shepherds for spiritual food. During the interval between Sunday and Sunday, their office remains little better than a sinecure. In some, at least, of the districts before enumerated, even on Sunday there is seldom more than one service, and that is often omitted. Thus we read, in the government reports, of parish churches where "Divine service is very seldom performed unless there are banns to publish" (Rep. ii. p. 131); of others where "no service is performed in the church during five out of six Sundays, for want of a congregation" (Rep. ii. p. 135); of others where "the vicar rides by on the Sunday afternoon, but seldom has occasion to alight and do duty" (ibid.). The vicar will naturally be tempted, in such a case, occasionally to omit his afternoon's ride altogether. Thus, we know a parish where, not

long ago, the service was left unperformed on Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Easter Sunday, consecutively. These things sound shocking; but perhaps, when service does take place in such parishes, one is inclined to wish that the church had remained unopened. Throughout the churches of an extensive diocese, especially in districts remote from episcopal superintendence and archidiaconal visitation, an air of slovenly carelessness, and poverty-stricken neglect, pervades the aspect of the edifice and the ministrations of the officiator. The church is like a barn; sometimes with "large holes in the roof" (Rep. ii. p. 132), sometimes with "the panes of the chancel window all out" (Rep. i. p. 406); the floor is of uneven earth, or perhaps irregularly covered with broken fragment of the original pavement; the pulpit is in such a rickety condition that a preacher with much action would soon bring it down altogether; in the chancel, a communion table, propped upon three legs, is fenced by worm-eaten rails, half of which are broken down; the area below is filled by dilapidated old pews, of which nine out of ten are entirely empty. A dirty-looking man, in a surplice still dirtier than himself, ascends the reading-desk, and gabbles through the prayers. A ten minutes' sermon follows, and the brief ceremony is complete. We quit the building, feeling that the abomination of desolation has indeed taken possession of the holy place. Nor is its aspect improved on week-days. If we enter the churchyard, we find the vicar's horse or cow grazing among the tombstones.* The precincts of the sacred building are used by the parishioners for purposes quite incompatible with the spirit of sanitary reform;†

* See also the "Ecclesiologist" for December, 1852, No. 97. Of Brecknockshire we read:—"In some small churches . . . there is scarcely any architectural character of any sort, and the condition of several of them is quite disgraceful from dirt and neglect." Of Pembrokeshire:—"The state of several churches in this county is very bad, both from neglect and dilapidation." Those who are interested in the subject of Church Architecture in Wales will find much valuable information in the article from which these extracts are taken ("On the Churches of Wales"). The writer, who gives us the result, as it seems, of personal inspection, has classified the churches of any note or peculiarity of construction, according to their type, under the several counties in which they are found.

† "The churchyard is generally used by the poor of the town as a privy, few of them possessing at home any convenience of that nature" (Rep. i., p. 241). Compare the following from Archdeacon Allen's report: "On drawing my companion's attention to the filth left by the children under the walls of the church, and observing to him that he would not permit that sort of pollution under his parlor window, he replied, 'Nay, nor under my kitchen window neither.'"—Minutes of Council for 1845.

for the Persian imprecation, "*May the graves of your ancestors be defiled,*" would have no superstitious terror for the villagers of Wales. We turn in disgust from these pollutions, and seek shelter within the church, the door of which stands invitingly open. To our surprise, it is half-filled with a set of disorderly and irreverent children, who are dispersed throughout the pews. After some minutes of perplexity, we discover that these urchins constitute the parish school, and that the old Welshman who sits within the communion rails is pretending to teach them English. The communion table serves for the master's desk, and is sometimes removed to another part of the church, to suit his convenience.* The font, also, is made useful; being filled with "bits of candle, slates, and fragments of books."† On seeing a visitor, the old pedagogue calls up his first class, and desires them to say their catechism, which is undoubtedly a good exercise of memory, since they do not understand a word of English, the language in which they learn it. Or perhaps he gives them a portion of the Bible to read, in which case it will be cruel if the visitor insists upon choosing the chapter; for the poor children can only read one, which is always selected by the master when they are called upon to exhibit.

Perhaps, however, it may be thought that the keeping of the parish school within the walls of the church is, at any rate, a sign that the incumbent takes an interest in the education of his parishioners. We rejoice to know that there are many who do so, and that the number is daily increasing, as we shall presently show. But we may be very sure that no such interest is taken where there prevails indecency and irreverence like that which we have just described. It is possible that a parish may be so impoverished, and the landowners so careless of their duty, as to render the erection of a proper school-room impossible; but, even in such a case, a good clergyman will find means of personally superintending the teaching of the young, the only portion of his flock which his dissenting parishioners will now entrust to his care.

* "The school was held in the church, and the children were dispersed throughout the pews. They behaved themselves in a most disorderly manner; one of them was singing a tune during the whole time I was there" (Rep. i., p. 270; see also pp. 410, 444). Again: "A portion of the church is, in Radnorshire, the most common place for school-keeping" (Allen's Report in Minutes of Council for 1845). The above extracts refer to South Wales, but the same practice prevails in some parts of North Wales also. (See Rep. iii., p. 6.)

† See Allen's Report, quoted above. The Communion table is not always used as the master's desk; sometimes he prefers boards laid across the bier. (Rep. iii., p. 6.)

How far the Welsh clergy have been, till very recently, from fulfilling their duty in this respect, is but too clearly shown by the reports of the educational commissioners. For there we learn that a large proportion of the day schools nominally connected with the Church throughout Wales, were, up to the year 1847, never visited by the clergy at all; * and that even in those which they occasionally visited, they very seldom gave any systematic instruction. The consequence was, that the religious teaching being left to ignorant and untrained schoolmasters, degenerated into a mere sham; and the scholars were only saved from a state of heathen ignorance by attending the Sunday schools of the Dissenters.† No doubt there were many exceptions to this rule in the more civilized portions of the principality;‡ and the advance made during the last five years has been great; but this improvement has not, we fear, very deeply penetrated those ruder districts which form the main subject of our present sketch.

The description which we have thus attempted of the peasant clergy in Wales would serve equally for their brethren in the mountains of England. These peculiarities have been created, not by any inherent tendencies of race, but by causes which have produced the same results upon the Saxons of the north as upon the Cymry of the West. We have before mentioned that the poverty of these mountain clergy is even greater in England than in Wales, and that they are derived from the same classes of society as their Welsh compeers. They were formerly educated (as in Wales) at licensed grammar schools scattered over the country. These have now been superseded by the college of St. Bees, though specimens of the former system are still to be found among the older clergy. The poverty of their endowments leads most incumbents to eke out their subsistence by subsidiary employments; some keep village schools; most farm a little land; nearly all attend fairs and markets with the neighboring farmers. This association naturally leads to the same results which we have before lamented. An intelligent and trustworthy correspondent whom we have

* See Rep. i., p. 30, Rep. ii., p. 27, and Rep. iii., p. 38.

† Painful details may be found in Rep. i., p. 26-29, Rep. ii., p. 35, 36, and Rep. iii., p. 24, and 45-47.

‡ We ought especially to refer to the labors of the excellent Dean of Bangor, who is justly praised in the Government Reports (Rep. iii., p. 30), as the father of Church education in North Wales; and also to the more recent exertions of the Bishop of St. Asaph. The latter, indeed, advocated and promoted the secular education of the poor when he was himself a country clergyman, and at a time when he stood almost alone in his sentiments on this subject.

consulted, estimates the proportion of the hill-clergy in Westmoreland and Cumberland, who are "more or less intoxicated at one time or another, at parties, fairs, or markets," as one sixth of the whole number. Another informant writes, that "several of the clergy" in his neighborhood "are notorious drunkards." The social position held by the clergy may be inferred from the above statements. It is in fact precisely the same with that assigned to their predecessors by Mr. Macaulay. A gentleman who resides in Westmoreland writes thus:—"As a rule the clergy here are of a low order, and rarely associate with the gentry. In our own village, for instance, where the clergyman is not by any means a bad specimen, no servant is kept at his house, and several of his sons have been brought up to handicraft trades. We are very good friends, but he could not visit at my house. . . . His sister was waiting-maid to a friend of ours."*

Thus far the aspect of the Church is the same in the northern as in the western hills. But there is one marked feature of difference. In Wales the Dissenters outnumber the Church, and by their superior energy have obtained almost the entire control of the religious education of the people. In these English districts, on the contrary, the Dissenters are a weak minority; and the prevalent sect is that of the Wesleyan Methodists, who are but little alienated from the Establishment.

This difference would appear at first sight a proof of the greater attachment entertained towards the Church by the inhabitants of the English mountains. But we fear that it is in reality only an indication of the greater supineness and stolidity in which their clergy were sunk during the last century. For the dissent which now exists in Wales did not originate in the invasion of the Church's territory by an external foe; it sprang from the unwise attempt of her rulers to stifle a religious movement which arose spontaneously in her own communion, and amongst her own ministers. The history of that outburst of religious life, which so strangely broke the deadness of an age of spiritual stagnation, is now well known, so far as England is concerned; for who has not read that most readable of biographies, Southey's "Life of Wesley?" Every one is aware that Wesleyanism was created and organized by ministers of the Church, and that its system was only

designed to be subsidiary and supplemental to that of the Establishment. But many will be surprised to learn that this was still more especially the case with the Calvinistic Methodism of Wales, which is now regarded as one of the most hostile forms of dissent. The founders of this sect were all members of the Church, and all but one were clergymen. In the midst of the ignorant bores who then filled most of the Welsh pupils, there were to be found, here and there, men of a very different stamp; men burning with apostolic zeal for the salvation of souls, and called to the priesthood by a higher ordination than of human hands. Such was Griffith Jones, vicar of Llandowror, in Carmarthenshire, the father of national education in Wales, who, in 1730, founded the first of those catechetical schools, by which, before his death, a hundred and fifty thousand persons had been taught to read the Scriptures in their native tongue.* He spent a life of self-denying labor, in establishing schools, and circulating Bibles; for, till his time, the Bible had been an unknown book in the cottages of the poor.† He adopted the practice of field-preaching, and addressed large audiences in the open air, in different parts of Wales, with remarkable effect. Nevertheless, being an incumbent, he could not be deprived of his benefice without a legal cause; and accordingly he lived and died vicar of Llandowror. But his successors and imitators, being only curates, were removable at the pleasure of the bishops; and, one by one, they were ejected from their cures, by worldly prelates, who feared enthusiasm more than sin, and were zealous in nothing but in hating zeal. Such was the fate of Daniel Rowlands, the chief organizer of Calvinistic Methodism; of Williams of Pantycelyn, whose hymns are now sung in a thousand chapels; and of Charles of Bala, who succeeded these early leaders, and introduced Sunday schools into Wales in 1785. Howel Harris, though educated at Oxford, was refused ordination altogether; he afterwards founded the Methodist College of Trevecca, but never quitted the communion of the Church. Such men could not be silenced by episcopal prohibitions. They heard a voice from heaven commanding them to preach the Gospel; they saw that thousands were won by their labor from heathenism to Christianity; and they felt that even if schism were to result from their success, the guilt must rest on those who had cast them out. Meanwhile they continued members of the Church, and kept their followers in her communion. Nor was it till our own times that the separation occurred between

* Some years ago we were in a boat on one of the Cumberland lakes, when we observed upon the road which ran along the shore, a man and woman ride by on the same horse, the man in front, the woman behind. "There goes our priest and his wife," said the boatman. On landing, soon after, we saw the worthy couple making hay together, in a small field which the clergyman farmed.

* For a full account of this excellent man, see Phillips, p. 284, &c.

† Phillips, pp. 125, 285.

the Welsh Methodists and the Establishment. Until the present century they received the Sacraments exclusively from clergymen of the National Church, and recognized none others as duly ordained. In the year 1811 they first resolved to ordain ministers of their own, and only since that time have they been a dissenting sect. They have now about eight hundred places of worship scattered over every part of Wales, and teach more than a hundred thousand children in their Sunday schools.*

These Sunday schools exhibit (as Mr. Lingen truly observes) the most characteristic development of the Welsh intellect. "They have been," he adds, "almost the sole, they are still the main and most congenial, centres of education. Through their agency the younger portion of the adult laboring classes in Wales can generally read, or are learning to read, the Scriptures in their native tongue. A fifth of the entire population is returned as attending their schools."† The proportion of teachers is one to every seven scholars; so that a large number of the working classes devote their only day of rest to these labors of love. A considerable amount of theological knowledge is thus diffused among the population, though unhappily it takes the form rather of polemical than of practical divinity. Men utterly destitute of secular information, ignorant of the simplest elements of geography or arithmetic, may be heard discussing deep questions of scriptural metaphysics or ecclesiastical polity, in the tongue of the ancient Britons.

Apart they sat upon a hill retired,
And reasoned of foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

The language itself has been thus enriched with many new terms, and a native literature has been created by the appetite for theological information.‡ And however we must regret that these healing springs should be poisoned by the bitterness of party strife, yet

* See the table given by Sir T. Phillips, p. 171. The Sunday scholars of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists are equal in number to those of all the other sects collectively.

† Rep. i., p. 3. For similar testimony from the other commissioners, see Rep. ii., p. 51, and Rep. iii., p. 59. We find from the latter report that in North Wales, the Church of England Sunday Schools were only 124 out of 1,161.

‡ On this subject we would refer our readers to the interesting information contained in Mr. Johnson's Report (Rep. iii., p. 59), and to the list which he gives of the periodicals and other works recently published in the Welsh language. Every sect seems to have its own magazine. We learn from Mr. Lingen's Report (Rep. i., p. 7), that many of the contributors to these magazines are found among the peasantry. It appears, also, that three fourths of the contemporary Welsh literature is theological.

we cannot doubt that the intelligence of the peasantry is stimulated by the discussions in which they take part; and we may hope also that their religious feelings are nourished by the devotional ingredients which are mixed, though too sparingly, with their dogmatical repeat.

Had the rulers of the Church done their duty during the eighteenth century, all this energy, instead of being driven out from her pale, would have been fostered, guided, and utilized; and thus the evils which have attended its present sectarian development might have been avoided. For sects, like monastic orders, have an invariable tendency to degenerate. The fervor of the first love dies away; the truths which were preached by those who had (as it were) discovered them anew, with such enthusiastic faith, and such life-giving power, turn in the second generation into stereotyped formulas. The regenerating creed is metamorphosed into a dead shibboleth of party. Welsh Methodism has now fallen into this phase of formalism. The distinctive tenets of the sect are carefully inculcated on its members, but the spirit is evaporated. Their Sunday schools vie with each other in committing to memory the *pynciau*,* in which their dogmas are embodied. The young people of both sexes meet in evening schools to prepare these schemes of doctrine; but, alas, such nocturnal meetings for devotion too often end in immorality.† This is the natural result of appealing to animal excitement as a test of spiritual renovation. Even the first founders of Welsh Methodism, excellent as they were, fell into this error. Whitefield boasts that during the preaching of Rowlands he had seen a congregation of ten thousand persons, "shouting Gogunniant Bendyitti, and ready to leap for joy;"‡ and too soon this readiness to leap turned into actual leaping. These fathers of the sect, however, were educated men: not merely clergymen, but raised above their clerical brethren in intellect and acquirements. Now, on the contrary, the great mass of preachers are utterly illiterate; and the most popular are those who can rake up the expiring embers of enthusiasm into a blaze by violent stimulation. Thus we have a residuum of much flame and little heat, "the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration." Such

* A *pymc* (plural *pynciau*) is a scheme of doctrine printed in question and answer, with Scripture proofs. The different classes in a school learn different parts of it; and when it is completely committed to memory, the school makes a triumphal procession to other chapels to recite it, as a kind of friendly challenge.

† See Rep. i., p. 21, and Rep. ii., p. 60.

‡ See Southey's *Wesley*, vol. ii., p. 225. Their real cry was Gogoniant Bendith i ti (Glory, Blessing be to Thee), but Whitefield did not understand Welsh.

preachers especially delight in calling forth that disgusting exhibition of folly and fanaticism which has disgraced the very name of religion in Wales — the practice of “*jumping*.” A whole congregation may be seen, drunk with excitement, leaping and shouting in concert, and profaning the most sacred names by frantic invocations.* We cannot wonder that these bacchanalian orgies end too often in the same manner as their heathen prototypes; for such fervor being purely of the flesh, is easily turned into the current of mere carnal passion. Moreover, the doctrine of the preachers who stir up such “revivals,” is frequently of the most antinomian tendency. Hence we must explain the melancholy fact, that the spread of religious knowledge in Wales has not been attended by an improvement in the morality of the people. In no other country has so large a portion of the population been instructed in controversial theology; and we fear that in no other country is there a greater prevalence of unchaste habits among the poor. Such, at least, is the unanimous evidence of the numerous witnesses examined by the government commissioners.†

Another evil which has attended the development of Sectarianism in Wales, is the entire religious separation which it has caused between the higher and lower ranks. Mr. Lingen too truly says that, “even in religion the Welsh peasant has moved under an isolating destiny; and his worship, like his life, has grown different from that of the classes over him.” The cause of piety, and of social order, both suffer from this unnatural isolation. The very idea of the Christian congregation is that it should embrace “high and low, rich and poor, one with another.” Within the walls of the church all disparities are equalized; here, at least, as in apostolic times, “the believers have all things common.” How painfully different is the state of things in Wales, often in the

better districts, where the clergy are both educated and efficient! You enter the church, and find perhaps five pews occupied. In one, the squire slumbers in the softest corner of the manorial seat. In another the butler’s attitude shows that he is sharing the repose, though not the cushions, of his master. The third pew is filled by the rector’s family, the fourth by his domestics. The fifth is occupied by the wife and children of the parish clerk, bound, by virtue of his office, to conform externally to the Church. But where is the population! A glance at the interior of the neighboring Zoar or Ebenezer will show you them. There they sit, as thick as bees in a hive, stifling with heat, yet listening patiently to the thundering accents of a native preacher, which you had heard while you were yet afar off, breaking the stillness of the sabbath air. *Tân uffern* (hell fire) is the expression which falls oftenest on the ear. The orator is enforcing his favorite doctrine of reprobation upon his rustic hearers; and you cannot help fearing that they are mentally applying his teaching, by complacently consigning the squire, the rector, and the parish clerk to an uncovenanted doom.

This unhappy condition of things not only severs the strongest bond of union between different ranks of society, but it also renders even the best and ablest clergymen comparatively inefficient. The pastoral position of a Welsh clergyman in most parishes, is indeed of a very hopeless kind; and the more zealous and energetic he is, the more distressing he must find it. Through no fault of his own, he is deserted by his flock; and those among the poor who frequent his ministrations are generally the worst men in the parish, who are rejected by the discipline (lax as it is) of the Dissenters; and to show their spite against those who have excluded them, exercise their legal right of attending the National Church. Such circumstances might well discourage the most sanguine; and it is infinitely to the credit of some among the Welsh clergy (and those no inconsiderable number), that instead of yielding to indolent despair, they have found in the very sterility of the soil entrusted to their cultivation only a new call to labor. Repulsed as theological teachers by their people, they have become their best instructors in practical religion. They have built parish schools, and thus taken up the only ground not preoccupied by dissent; for the Dissenters in general have contented themselves with their Sunday schools, without attempting Day schools. Such clergymen, therefore, have easily become the voluntary schoolmasters of their parishes, and thus secured the affection and respect of the younger generation. While, at the same time, they have been the friends and comforters of the aged, the sick, and the help-

* These scenes, however, are getting less common than they were, and many preachers discourage them. “I do make them *wip* (weep) and cry for mercy,” said a preacher with a very Welsh accent, to a friend of ours, “but I do not make them *tip* (leap). I do not wish to see them *lipping*.”

† The general result of this evidence may be summed up in the words of one witness (Rep. ii., p. 60): “Want of chastity is the giant sin of Wales.” Or is, perhaps, still more correctly stated by another, a magistrate of North Wales: “Fornication is not regarded as a vice, scarcely as a frailty, by the common people in Wales” (Rep. iii., p. 68. See also Rep. i., p. 21). We fear that this unanimous testimony of so many witnesses of all ranks and sects is not shaken by Sir T. Phillips’ arguments. He has proven, indeed, that the number of illegitimate births is not greater than the English average; but he has forgotten to notice the evidence given, that a large proportion of the poor women in Wales are pregnant some months before marriage.

less; and by showing a benevolence unrestricted by sectarian distinctions, they have taught their opponents the catholicity of Christian love. But virtue and energy like this cannot be expected from the majority of any profession; and we ought to make some allowance for the indolence and uselessness even of the worst among the Welsh clergy, when we remember the circumstances in which they are placed by the alienation of their flock. Many of them, in fact, occupy the same position with the ministers of the Scotch Establishment in those localities where the whole population has gone over to the Free Kirk; and we know how nearly irresistible is the temptation to such ministers, notwithstanding the stringent discipline of the Presbyterian Church, to convert their office into a sinecure.

But the Church of Wales has to contend with other difficulties, no less formidable than those which arise from dissent. The chief among these is the prevalence of two languages. The parishes of Wales may be divided into three classes. First, those where Welsh only is the language of the great majority. Secondly, those where English is spoken or understood by all. Thirdly, those in which the population is divided into a Welsh and English portion, neither being inconsiderable in respect of the other. These latter, or bilingual parishes, constitute the chief difficulty. If an Englishman is appointed to them, how can he satisfy the Welsh? if a Welshman, how can he minister to the English? The clergyman should, of course, be able to speak both languages; but he must speak one of them as an acquired, the other as a native tongue; and the very circumstance which attracts his Celtic parishioners will repel the Saxons. Again, how is he to manage about the services? Here he cannot please both nations; so he is reduced to a compromise which pleases neither, by performing service alternately in either tongue.* The rule adopted by the Welsh bishops seems, in itself, a right one; namely, that where so much as a sixth part of the parishioners do not understand English, at least half the Church Services should be in Welsh. Yet when, as often happens, the English inhabitants are churchmen and the Welsh dissenters, the action of this rule is unsatisfactory, compelling, in fact, the performance of one service every Sunday to empty walls. In those places where English is

either generally unknown, or universally understood, the same perplexities do not occur. But in the former case (where Welsh prevails exclusively), another difficulty is introduced, from the want of a supply of fit persons to undertake the ministerial office. The Bishop of Llandaff, in the valuable charge with which he commenced his Episcopal labors, states it as the result of his previous acquaintance with South Wales, that the only class whence the Welsh-speaking clergy can hope for recruits, is too poor even to afford the small expense of a Lampeter education.* We may add, that the same fatal difference of language excludes Wales from a source of aid by which England is largely benefited. There we see many of the very poorest livings held by clergymen of independent fortune, who have taken orders from a love for the work of the ministry, and who neither need nor seek more valuable preferment. Such men would gladly help that most ancient branch of their Church which has been established in Britain ever since the time of Constantine. But they are shut out by the impassable barrier of a foreign tongue.

Another cause of the inefficiency of the Welsh Church is the immense size of the parishes into which its territory is divided. As examples, we may mention Llandrillo in St. Asaph diocese, comprising an area of forty-two square miles, and endowed with only 161*l.*; Beddgelert in Bangor, comprising nearly fifty square miles, and endowed with 93*l.*; Ystrad-y-fodwg in Llandaff, containing forty square miles, and endowed with 130*l.*; and Caron in St. David's, comprising about fifty-five square miles, and endowed with 80*l.*† In the English mountains there are to be found parishes of even greater area than these; but there, they have been mostly divided into separate chapelries, of a manageable size;‡ whereas, the Welsh parishes have generally remained undivided. It is evident that such an extent of parochial territory renders the full performance of pastoral duties impossible.

The great size of these mountain parishes shows that when our parochial system was originally established they were very thinly inhabited. And so they remained till the

* Primary Charge of Bishop of Llandaff, p. 45-47. The Bishop suggests as a remedy, the foundation of Scholarships or Exhibitions; a recommendation which has been since acted on by some benevolent persons.

† Many similar instances are given by Sir T. Phillips, p. 222-224.

‡ Thus the parish of Kendal, in Westmoreland, contains an area of above a hundred square miles; but it has been divided into sixteen chapelries, each of them under the charge of an incumbent endowed with about 70*l.* per annum. So the large parishes of Crosthwaite in Cumberland, and Kirby Lonsdale in Lancashire, are each divided into seven chapelries.

* In some of these parishes the clergy adopt a singular mode of pleasing their Welsh parishioners, when the service is in English. They give out the text of their sermon, and that alone, in Welsh. The effect upon a stranger is sometimes startling. He imagines that the clergyman is suddenly bursting into a paroxysm of "the unknown tongues."

present century. But now, in some parts of Wales, especially in the south, the mineral wealth which has been discovered below the soil has covered its surface with a dense population. The counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth (nearly the whole of which are now included in the diocese of Llandaff) contained 140,000 inhabitants in the year 1821; and 417,000 in 1851. So that the population has trebled in thirty years. Within the last ten years it has risen from 305,000, to 417,000: a greater increase than that of any other portion of Great Britain. Thus the ecclesiastical agency, which was intended to provide for a few shepherds and farmers scattered among the hills, is now called on to meet the wants of overgrown manufacturing towns, which are doubling themselves every twenty years. So that we see "the machinery and appliances of the Church, originally designed for tens, or at most for hundreds, standing in solemn mockery of the wants of thousands and tens of thousands."* It might have been hoped that the creators of this vast population would have spent some portion of their enormous wealth for the benefit of those to whose toil they owe all that they possess. But we grieve to say that, with a few noble exceptions†, they have hitherto shown themselves insensible to the truth, that property has its duties as well as its rights. One of the Government Commissioners says of this manufacturing population:—"I regard their degraded condition as entirely the fault of their employers, who give them far less tendance and care than they bestow on their cattle, and

who, with few exceptions, use and regard them as so much brute force instrumental to wealth, but as nowise involving claims on human sympathy."* Strong as this language is, we fear it is not exaggerated.

Having then to contend against all these gigantic difficulties, the progress which the Church of Wales has made in the last few years is most creditable to those who have been instrumental in effecting it. And though such improvement has been chiefly in the more civilized districts, yet even among the peasant clergy sufficient amendment has taken place to show the truth of our previous remark, that poverty, though the actual cause, is not a necessary cause, of many blemishes which have disfigured the establishment. In the first place, those gross and scandalous abuses which prevailed in the last century are either entirely swept away, or fast disappearing. Episcopal superintendence has been changed from a name into a reality. Archdeacons visit their archdeaconries, and the obsolete office of rural deans has been revived; so that the bishop is kept constantly supplied with information of the state of every parish in his diocese. The ordinance of Confirmation, which non-resident prelates had suffered to fall into disuse, is now regularly administered. The clergy reside, for the most part, upon their livings, and no longer leave their duties to be discharged by half-starved curates. Pluralities are henceforward impossible, and the pluralist will soon be as extinct an animal as the Plesiosaurus. Full services are now performed in churches which had never before been opened twice a Sunday within the memory of man. Glebe houses are rising in every direction.† New churches are built; and old ones are restored, which the slothful negligence of a former generation suffered to fall into ruin. The eighteenth century may be called preëminently the age of ecclesiastical dilapidation. Totally without the sense of architectural beauty, it resigned the glorious masterpieces of Gothic art to the mutilation of the churchwarden; the cheapest patchwork of lath and plaster was good enough to repair a church. But in England there was at least sufficient sense of decency to keep the walls standing, and the roof weather-tight.

* See Letter of the Archdeacon Llandaff on the wants of the Diocese (London, 1830), p. 5. Much interesting information will be found in this pamphlet, the author of which is distinguished not only by his eloquence and ability, but by a practical wisdom to which the Church of Wales is already largely indebted. Among other instances he mentions, that of Bedwelty parish, which in 1801 contained 619 inhabitants, and now contains about 30,000.

† Amongst these exceptions the Rhymney Iron Company should be mentioned with honor. In 1838 they unanimously agreed to the following resolution, "*That the Company having caused to locate, on what were before barren mountains, a population of eight thousand souls, is upon every principle bound to provide and endow a church for the use of the tenants of the Company.*" Accordingly the Company built or endowed a church or parsonage, and provided schools also. We ought also to acknowledge that some of the mineral proprietors of this district, who sit on opposite sides of the House of Commons (Sir J. Guest, Mr. Clive, and Mr. Booker), have shown a proper sense of their duties, as ironmasters and landlords, towards their workmen. [Since writing the above, we lament to hear of the death of the former; but it is satisfactory to find that his successor in the representation of the great seat of the iron trade, is a man who has specially devoted himself to the moral and intellectual improvement of the working classes.]

* Rep. ii., p. 293. See also the anecdote at p. 63. We find from the Report of the Diocesan Church Building Society, that 1000l. was anonymously given last year, to be expended in building a church in whatever spot might be considered the most spiritually destitute in the diocese. After due consideration it was determined to spend it in building a church for the workpeople of the wealthiest iron-master in Great Britain.

† In St. Asaph 70 parsonages have been built or restored in the last 40 years (Canon William's Sermon, p. 23). In Llandaff 60 parsonages were added during the 20 years of Bishop Copleston's episcopate.

In Wales, on the contrary, several parishes thought it the cheapest method to let the structure tumble down* altogether; and the negligence of ecclesiastical authorities actually connived at this breach of law. But such slovenly profaneness was not confined to sequestered villages; it extended even to Episcopal residences and Cathedral foundations. The palaces at Llandaff and St. David's were abandoned to the moles and bats. The prebendaries of Brecon suffered their Collegiate Minster to fall into decay. But the ruin of Llandaff Cathedral was the worst example, and most characteristically illustrates the age in which it occurred. The bishop had long ceased to reside; the prebendaries had followed his example; the daily service had been discontinued; the very organ had been broken up, and Willis the antiquary (who visited the Cathedral before its fall) tells us, that he found the pipes scattered about the organ-loft. The building itself was suffered to remain utterly without repair, although the Chapter had repeated warnings of its dangerous condition. At last, it was literally blown down by a great storm in 1722. The nave and towers were left in ruins; the choir underwent a more degrading fate, for it was patched up in the worst style of a Baptist meeting-house; the noble arches being filled up with brickwork, bull's-eye windows being added for ornament, and a white-washed ceiling to make all snug. Such was the fate of a cathedral which had been the seat of a Christian bishopric while the Saxons were yet idolaters, and when Canterbury was still a pagan city. In this disgraceful condition the fabric remained for 140 years, typifying, by its appearance, the state of the Church to which it belonged; a Church whereof two thirds exhibited the spectacle of an ancient and venerable institution fallen into uselessness and decay; and the only portion which still served any religious purpose, was transformed into the semblance of the conventicle. Let us hope that as its ruin was thus emblematic of the past, so its restoration may be significant of the future. At all events, its present condition shows that the sordid economy of a former age has been superseded by a very different spirit. Thanks to the conscientious zeal of the late and present deans, it is fast rising from its ruins, in all its original beauty. The Gothic arches have emerged from their plaster covering; the conventicular abomination has utterly disappeared; and the graceful clerestory and lofty roof once more raise the heart heavenwards.

Thus a flagrant instance of ecclesiastical breach of trust has been atoned for, and a foul blot wiped out from the escutcheon of

the Church. But this is only one of many examples where the piety of the children is paying the debts of their fathers, in the matter of church-building. By the most strenuous efforts, the Church is striving to keep pace with the increase of population in the manufacturing districts. During the last three years ten additional churches, and nearly twice that number of clergy, have been provided, to meet, in some degree, the most pressing wants of that vast tide of population which has deluged the counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan; and this work has been accomplished mainly by the labors of the present bishop. Similar efforts have been made to supply the needs of the Flintshire coal-fields, and the Carnarvon stone-quarries. And even in the rural districts, many parish churches have shaken off the slovenly squalidity which so long disgraced them, and are restored to decency, if not to beauty.

But the true edifice of the Church is built, not of stones, but of men; and therefore we hail with greater pleasure than any of these external reforms, the proofs furnished by the last few years, that the Welsh clergy, as a body, are beginning to take a zealous and effectual interest in the education of the people. Of this, the Minutes of the Committee of Council furnish the most decisive evidence. Not only do we find a most excellent training college for the Principality, established under the eye of the bishop of St. David's, but diocesan boards of education have sprung up in every diocese, organizing masters have been engaged in visiting, and remodelling the Church schools throughout the country, and Her Majesty's Inspectors report more and more favorably of these schools every year. But the most infallible test of their improvement is the rapid increase of *Pupil-teachers* paid by government; because they are only assigned to schools in a state of thorough efficiency, and are themselves subjected to a severe annual examination before they can receive their salary. In the schools under the superintendence of the Welsh clergy, the number of these pupil-teachers in the year 1849 was 90, in the year 1850 was 125, and in 1851 was 182.* The Minutes of Council for 1852 are not yet published; but we believe they will show a still greater increase.

* See Minutes of Council for 1849-50, 1850-51, and 1851-52. In one of the Inspectors' reports we find the following gratifying statement concerning three great centres of the manufacturing districts. "The incumbents of Merthyr, Dowlais, and Aberdare, three gentlemen of rare courage and zeal . . . have opened evening schools for adults . . . in which a large corps of volunteers, chosen from among the tradesmen, &c., perform the gratuitous functions of teachers, by monthly and weekly rotation . . . The clergy are always present in these evening schools." (Minutes for 1849-50, p. 212.)

* Instances are given at Rep. ii., p. 163, and other parts of the Reports.

In England, the improvement of the mountain clergy has, perhaps, been less marked than in Wales; but still it has been considerable. It was itself a great step in advance, when the Grammar schools were superseded by St. Bees' College; although it is to be regretted that the poverty of that establishment does not allow of the erection of proper collegiate buildings; so that the students, instead of being under the moral control and superintendence which they would enjoy if they resided under the same roof with their teachers, are left to their own guidance in private lodgings. This may, perhaps, account for the fact, that the clergy supplied by St. Bees are less satisfactory than those trained at the new University of Durham, the foundation of which has been the greatest boon conferred upon these poor mountaineers. The number of such Durham graduates is increasing among the clergy, though not so rapidly as could be wished; but no doubt the leaven of their example will in time spread throughout the mass. Already drunkenness (once so common) is considered discreditable; and though not extinct, is very much less prevalent than it was. The immoral clergy (formerly a considerable class in these districts) have disappeared. And an increasing interest is manifested in the education of the people, and in other good works.

The reforms which we have described have been mainly effected, both in England and Wales, during the last quarter of a century. The bishops (with scarcely an exception) have taken a leading part in these improvements, which they have frequently themselves originated, and always encouraged by their co-operation. We are anxious to make this acknowledgment distinctly, because we have spoken strongly of the mischief done by the bishops of a former generation; and we desire not to be misunderstood as if we condoned the present with the past. It would be difficult, indeed, to condemn too harshly the corrupt negligence and interested laxity of those prelates who misgoverned the Church during the last century. The Welsh bishops found it even easier than their English brethren to turn their office into a sinecure. They could despise the censures of a remote and barbarous province, while they spent their time agreeably in the social pleasures of Bath, or the political intrigues of London. Thus sometimes they passed many years without once visiting the flock to which they had sworn to devote their lives. We have seen how they disposed of their patronage, and how faithfully their neglect of duty was copied by their inferiors. But we may form a better notion of what they were, from the autobiography of the man who was one of the last, and was generally considered the best of them, the celebrated Bishop Watson

of Llandaff. This prelate held his see for thirty-four years. During all that time he never resided in his diocese, and seldom came near it. During the last twenty years we believe he never visited it. Including his bishopric, he held nine places of preferment, and actually contrived to reside on none of them. He settled in Westmoreland as a country gentleman, and there employed himself (we use his own words) "principally in building farm-houses, blasting rocks, inclosing wastes, and planting larches."* During all these years, he compelled the starving curates of his diocese to travel from South Wales to Westmoreland for ordination; a journey which, in those days, must have cost them a year's salary. And yet, at the close of a long life, he looks back upon his career with the most undoubting self-complacency, and evidently considers himself a model of Episcopal merit. And what is still more singular, he was so considered by others, and was generally regarded as an ornament of the bench. So low was the standard of opinion, fifty years ago. By such men irrevocable harm was done, yet they escaped with no censure. And now the sins of the fathers are most unjustly visited, not on their children, but on their successors. This has been especially the case in Wales, where a small but active knot of agitators tries to gain a miserable popularity by rousing the dormant jealousy of race, and stirring up the passions of Celt against Saxon. This party makes the appointment of "Saxon bishops" a special grievance, and the abuse of existing Welsh bishops a profitable part of their political capital. The Bishop of St. David's has been made the chief mark for their shafts;† and we honor him for the manly frankness with which he has turned round on his assailants, and exposed the motives by which they are actuated. We fully agree with him, that it is important that the English public and English statesmen should be made aware of the meaning of that clamor for Welsh bishops which sounds at first so plausible. If these agitators contended only that a Welsh bishop is the better for understanding the Welsh tongue, we should quite

* We cannot quote this autobiography without recommending it to our readers as one of the most amusing books ever published. The picture of Cambridge as it was in the middle of the last century is particularly interesting, and forms a sort of continuation to the period of Bentley and Middleton.

† The character of these attacks may be imagined from the popular superstitions to which they have given rise. Thus it is said to be believed in Cardiganshire that the bishop is everywhere accompanied by a favorite dog, which is trained to *know and bite a curate*. We have no doubt that this belief has saved his lordship from many troublesome applications.

agree with them. But they are not satisfied with this. The two bishops of South Wales already preach in Welsh. The very prelate whom they chiefly assail, acquired the language so perfectly as to use it in public within a year of his appointment. And any intelligent Englishman might do the same, unless he were made a bishop so late in life as to have lost the faculty of learning a new language, which would make his appointment objectionable on other grounds. But the *Dim Saesoneg* party tell us that they will have no bishops but those whose mother-tongue is Welsh. The clergy who fulfil this condition we have already described. At any rate, the number of Welsh-speaking clergy otherwise qualified for the episcopal office, is too narrow to afford a proper field for selection; and we leave our readers to judge whether the main body would supply desirable rulers for the Church.

We repeat, then, that the existing bishops are not responsible for the evils which we have mentioned. On the contrary, they have done, and are doing, their best to reform what is amiss. So far as the executive government of the Church can amend its defects, their amendment is secured. But in truth the changes needed are beyond the power, not only of any individual bishop, but of all the bishops collectively. The reforms required are not administrative but legislative reforms. The thing wanted is a better educated and more respected body of clergy; and this cannot be obtained (speaking generally) without an ampler provision for their education and maintenance. Here, then, are two desiderata; less poverty and more instruction. A third, is a stricter discipline, to repress scandalous offences. A fourth, more perfect organization, to make the Church in reality what it is in idea, the dispenser of the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number. How are those four wants to be supplied?

First, the income of every parochial clergyman throughout the Welsh and English mountains should be raised to not less than 200*l.* per annum. This is not the place for discussing the details of such a reform; but we believe that the revenues to be vested in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners will afford the means for effecting it. In these revenues will ultimately be included the *appropriate tithes* (i. e., those alienated to ecclesiastical bodies), which amount in Wales to a quarter of the whole tithe rent-charge. However the augmentation of small livings is effected, it ought to take place gradually; the benefices being augmented as they successively fall vacant. Thus a superior class of men would be induced to educate their sons for the ministry of the Church.

As to the second desideratum, of securing

a higher education for the mountain clergy, the course of improvement already begun should be farther carried out. Proper buildings should be provided for the College of St. Bees', that its students might be brought under moral and social, as well as intellectual, discipline. The college itself might be incorporated into the University of Durham, on the same principle as so many colleges are affiliated to the University of London. Thus its students would gain the advantages of stricter examinations and academic degrees. In Wales, the College of Lampeter should (as Sir T. Phillips advises) be transformed into the University of St. David's. Its staff of professors should be increased, and its collegiate buildings should be rendered adequate to accommodate a sufficient number of future clergy to supply the demand of the principality. Exhibitions and scholarships ought also to be founded for the support of the poorer theological students; a good work, which (as we have mentioned) has been already begun at Lampeter. The funds necessary for these educational purposes can scarcely be now expected from the State; although it would have granted them willingly thirty years ago, had the rulers of the Church been at that time alive to her wants. But it would not, perhaps, be too much to hope that Parliament might advance to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners what was requisite to render the existing institutions efficient; such loan to be repaid by instalments out of the income at the disposal of the commissioners, which is increasing annually.

Much aid might also be given to the education of the poorer clergy, if Mr. Lingen's suggestions concerning endowed grammar schools (Rep. i., p. 41) could be carried out. He proposes that the free nominations in those schools should be thrown open to competition, and bestowed upon the more distinguished scholars of the primary schools; by which means a supply of the fittest material would be continually drawn upwards from below. The same advantage will no doubt result from the creation of the pupil-teacher system; the greatest educational reform which has ever been made in this country.

As to the third desideratum, stricter discipline, it has been long generally acknowledged that some legislative interference is required; yet it has been found very difficult to frame any satisfactory measure on the subject. When a clergyman is notoriously guilty of some flagrant offence, such as drunkenness or immorality, the bishop is often inconsiderately blamed for allowing him to escape with impunity by those who know not how small is the power of a bishop over an incumbent. In such a case the bishop must prosecute the offender at his own expense in the ecclesiastical courts; and, from some defect of evidence,

or some technical mistake, he may fail at last in obtaining a conviction, after having spent several thousand pounds in vain. Yet we do not blame the law, while the organization of the Church remains what it now is, for so jealously limiting the exercise of episcopal authority. So long as any power is irresponsible and arbitrary, it ought to be narrowly watched and fenced in with restrictions. Nor would it suffice to surround the bishop with a council of presbyters, as some propose, although that would undoubtedly give greater weight to his decisions. For the laity will always entertain a just jealousy of power wielded only by the clergy, even though it be over a member of their own order. What sort of justice would Mr. Gorham have received had he been tried by a jury of Exeter clergymen? A tribunal consisting exclusively of professional men must necessarily be unfitted for trying a member of their own profession. They know too much about him beforehand; and they are unconsciously swayed by class prejudice or party antipathies. This does not apply peculiarly to the clergy. A jury of barristers would be a very bad tribunal for the trial of an unpopular advocate. The verdict of a court-martial is notoriously often swayed by considerations extraneous to the justice of the case; though in this instance an exceptional judicature is tolerated by the law, from the absolute necessity for immediate action in military affairs. But ecclesiastical causes may be conducted more deliberately; and the laity have shown that they will rather endure many flagrant scandals than allow of any approximation to priestly tyranny.

The third desideratum, therefore, cannot be supplied without the fourth; better discipline is impossible without better organization. In order that the Church may be enabled even to repress the offences of her own officers — much more, that she may become the channel of social regeneration to the people — she must comprehend in her practical administration, not only her ministers, but her members. In the words of M. Bunsen, she must cease to be a "clergy church." Her laity must find a place in her system; and that a post, not merely of passive obedience, but of active co-operation. As things now are, a layman may pass through life without being once called to perform any ecclesiastical function. In other Protestant Churches and sects, the religious layman is as much an office-bearer as the clergyman; he has a function to discharge, a work to do. The whole ecclesiastical community is thus pervaded by a common life, and all coöperate, with a personal interest, in promoting the ends of the body corporate. So it must be with the Church of England before she can win that triumph over abuses inherited from the past, and difficulties developed by the present, which, we trust, is still

before her. She must live as a community, and not only in the lives of isolated individuals. At present she is like those lower orders of animals which are divided into a number of separate centres of nervous action, with no pervading will to give unity to the whole. She must rise to that higher scale of animated being in which the central volition is diffused by a spontaneous action through all the members; "the whole body being fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part."

To accomplish this there would be no need of revolutionary changes. It would be no difficult matter to give a recognized existence and ecclesiastical functions to the communicants of every parish; to unite the clergy of each rural deanery, with lay representatives from their several parishes, into a rural-deanery presbytery; to entrust such presbyteries with the election of a diocesan convention; and to assign to each of these bodies their proper work, under the superintendence of the bishop. The times are ripe for such a reform as this; and till it is effected, the Church must remain mutilated. If it were accomplished, it would probably soon be followed by all and more than all the changes which we have represented as desirable. One consequence to be expected from it would be the reabsorption into the Church of those great bodies of dissenters who agree in her doctrines, and object not to her forms. The natural position of the followers both of Whitefield and Wesley, is the position which they retained for so many years in spite of persecution, that of Religious Orders affiliated to the Church of England, and superadding to her system an internal discipline stricter than it is possible, or would be desirable, to enforce universally in a National Church. Who can doubt that these communities would return to the post which they quitted so reluctantly, if the lay element were duly represented in the councils of the Establishment? Then, and not till then, the Church would include almost the whole population in her pale, and that strength which is now wasted in intestine warfare would be directed against moral evil.

Many of the clergy complain that for a century and a half the Church of England has been left without a government. They say that, had Convocation been suffered to sit during this period, the abuses which we have enumerated would have been impossible. Non-resident bishops (for example) would have been shamed into at least an outward show of decency, if a representative assembly of the Church had annually met, in which their default of duty might have been discussed. We may admit this, and yet maintain that greater evils would have been caused

than cured, by committing the government of the Church to the Convocation as it is at present constituted. The laity of England are firmly determined never to entrust the Church of England to the sway of a clerical assembly. As a well-known dignitary wittily observed the other day, the fate of the Church must not be risked on the battle-field of *Stenyclerus*.* But the feeling would be different, if representatives of the laity, in due proportion, were joined with the representatives of the clergy, as in the Convention of the Episcopal Church of America, or the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. No fear could then be entertained lest the powers necessary for discipline and efficiency should be abused to the promotion of sacerdotal interests. We have the concurrent testimony of two very different authorities — Lord Shaftesbury, and the Editor of the "Spectator,"† — to the practical advantages which would be derived from the existence of such a body. Indeed, it must be admitted to be an anomaly, that while we have the Horse Guards to regulate the army, and the Admiralty to watch over the navy, we have provided no instrumentality whatever to superintend a department of the public service surely not less important. If muskets and uniforms require occasional alteration, so also do sees and parishes. If regiments have been sometimes misgoverned, so have dioceses. Our coast defences may need repair to keep out the Pope, as well as to keep out the French. Imagine the condition in which both army and navy would now be, had they been left for a hundred and fifty years to the direct administration of Parliament, with no intermediate machinery provided for adapting them, from time to time, to the changing circumstances of the age.

We do not believe that Parliament would resist any well-considered measures for giving the Church a machinery which should enable her to work efficiently. For if the State had ceased to believe in the principle of an Establishment — if it were convinced that the religious instruction of the people would be more wisely entrusted to the Voluntary System — it would carry out this conviction by disestablishing the Church. That is, it would appropriate (with due respect to vested interests) the ecclesiastical revenues to civil purposes. But to this course the Legislature has never yet shown the slightest inclination. It could not therefore consistently, while maintaining an Establishment, refuse to it that government which might be held, after mature consideration, most conducive to the ends for which, and for which alone, the Church has been established. We believe that the great body of the Church, both lay and clerical, are

daily becoming more and more of one mind upon this question. And we are convinced that when those who thus agree come at last to learn their strength, and their unanimity, they will find all obstacles disappear before them.

THE COPPER COINAGE AND A DECIMAL COINAGE. — It is understood the government has entered into a contract with Messrs. Heaton and Son, of Birmingham, for the manufacture of 500 tons of copper coin, at prices applicable to pence, half-pence, farthings, half-farthings, and quarter-farthings. This course has been resorted to in consequence of the impossibility of the Mint, under the pressing demand for gold and silver coin, to devote any part of its establishment to copper coinage; and the inconvenience arising from a deficient supply of copper being too great to admit of any further delay.

It is, however, necessary to say that we are informed on good authority that the means taken to obtain this supply has no reference whatever either to the rejection or adoption of a decimal coinage. Whatever is done in relation to that subject, which we understand is receiving a careful consideration at the hands of the government, the present supply of copper coin — a large portion of which is required for the different colonies and for Ireland — could not, under any circumstances, have been postponed. Nor will the existing copper coins interfere materially with the adoption of the decimal coinage, should it ever be determined to resort to it. In that case we may consider it certain that the *pound* will be the *unit* of the system; and that a farthing would be the *thousandth* part of a pound; — at present it is the *nine hundred and sixtieth part* of a pound. The lowest coin, therefore, in a decimal coinage, would be but 4 per cent. less in value than the present farthing; and as the margin between the intrinsic value and the nominal value of our copper coins is very great, the difference of *four per cent.* would be unimportant, so that probably, with little difficulty, the change might be made with our present copper coinage without any alteration. At all events we are assured that the present coinage of this copper must not be considered as an indication that the government has come to any decision in respect to the adoption of a decimal coinage. — *Examiner*.

The Medication of the Larynx and Trachea.
By S. Scott Alison, M. D., &c.

Dr. Horace Green of America applied nitrate of silver to the interior of the larynx and trachea, and Dr. Scott Alison has extended the practice by other medicines, as olive oil, in various diseases of the air-passages. Relief of symptoms, rather than cure, which must be sought by other means, is the object of the practice; but the ease of the patient doubtless facilitates the adoption of other remedies. The account is clear, and not strained. — *Spectator*.

* See Herodotus, ix., 64.

† *Spectator* of November 20, 1852.

From Chambers' Journal.

ON A REMARKABLE CHANGE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE changes which from time to time take place in the external forms and characters of animals are an interesting department of the science of the philosophical naturalist, for they serve to illustrate the principle of a certain definite subserviency of organized creatures to the conditions in which they live. It is but following out this principle a little further, and still keeping, as we think, within the proper range of that science, to examine and report upon those moral changes which take place in the highest of animated species through the effect of the conditions of social life. It is fully admitted that the variability of humanity — if we may use such an expression — is very great; and of this truth no one can doubt, who considers the difference between the cruel and treacherous savage and the highly-educated man of civilization. We do not need, however, to take these extreme ends of the history and condition of a people. Even in a single century, or, say, three generations, such improvements take place in national characters, as it would perhaps be difficult to believe, if we had not the best evidence of the fact.

I wish to call attention, on the present evening, to a remarkable change which has taken place, within about a hundred years, or a little more, in the character of the female of our own species. I must first, however, apologize for the nature of the evidence which I have to bring forward. It unfortunately happens that the human female — at all times an almost hopeless mystery to the naturalist, indeed to men of science generally — was very little studied by zoologists in the days of Seba and Buffon. I am not aware of a single observation on the subject in that age, which can be said to have been set down with scientific accuracy. This is very unfortunate, but it cannot be remedied. It happens, however, that another set of observers — namely, the poets — paid a good deal of attention to the ladies, and have left an immense number of references to them scattered throughout their writings. Now, I am far from saying that the poets can be accepted as, in themselves, singly, good witnesses, because it is well known that they decline swearing to the truth of what they advance. Yet, when we consider that we could not attempt to write the history of Greece, or trace its ancient manners, without making use of the writings of its poets, it will, I trust, appear as a thing utterly preposterous, that we should altogether

reject such evidence. It is a kind of testimony we cannot dispense with in many cases; and my impression decidedly is, that, if carefully examined and collated, and accepted only when it is found perfectly self-consistent, and in harmony with the usual tone of men who aim at speaking the truth, we may make a certain limited use of it, even for scientific purposes.

So much being premised, I proceed to remark on the great improvement which appears, from this evidence, to have taken place in the general affections of the human female since the middle of the eighteenth century. The creature, whom we all know to be now yielding, gentle, and kind, to a remarkable degree, is described in the writings of those irregular naturalists, as I may call them, as one of exceedingly barbarous and unrelenting character. From some of the poetical references in question, a literal interpreter might imagine that there were even some organic differences of a notable kind between the women of those days and the present. We hear, for instance, of eyes which had a killing power like those attributed by mediæval zoologists to the basilisk; likewise of bosoms of a marble-like coldness, as if the female of our species had not then been developed, in the circulating organization at least, beyond the reptilian stage. I must consider these allusions, however, as most probably only metaphorical; for we can scarcely imagine that even such early naturalists as Aristotle and Pliny would have failed to record such singular peculiarities, if they had had a positive existence. I come at once to the moral characteristics of which they may be accepted as part of the evidence.

It fully appears, then, that the human female, down to the time we are speaking of, was a very cruel creature. While addressed by individuals of the opposite sex with a degree of deference and adulation now totally unknown, she beheld them all with an unbending severity and disdain equally unexampled in our days. The memorials are so abundant, that the difficulty is to make a selection. Turning up, however, a single volume of Ritson's collection of English Songs, we find such passages as the following:

But oh! her colder heart denies
The thoughts her looks inspire;
And while in ice that frozen lies,
Her eyes dart only fire.

Between extremes I am undone,
Like plants too northward set;
Burnt by too violent a sun,
Or starved for want of heat.

The whole book, indeed, seems to be a series of preachments on this one text. What Aaron Hill says in one page —

Chill, as mountain snow, her bosom,
Though I tender language use,

'Tis by cold indifference frozen,
To my arms and to my muse —

Is echoed by Henry Carey on another —

Must I, ye gods, forever love ?
Must she forever cruel prove ?
Must all my torments, all my grief,
Meet no compassion, no relief ?

It appears that even towards a patient reduced to the last stage of bodily distress and weakness, no sort of pity was shown by this merciless being —

When drooping on the bed of pain,
I looked on every hope as vain ;
When pitying friends stood weeping by,
And Death's pale shade seemed hovering nigh ;
No terror could my flame remove,
Or steal a thought from her I love.

The mischiefs wrought by some specimens in their dealings with other mortals, were occasionally of the direst kind. One gentleman solemnly says of a particular nymph he had had the misfortune to rank among his acquaintance :

Who sees her must love her, who loves her must die.

Seeing a woman and suffering extinction of life being thus syllogistically connected, we may imagine the wretched consequences to society. The most piteous appeals, such as —

— look to yon celestial sphere,
Where souls with rapture glow,
And dread to need that pity there,
Which you denied below —

seem to have been presented in vain. Myra, Lesbia, Clorinda, or by whatever other *sobriquet* these poor swains might designate the enchantresses who little deserved such delicacy at their hands, are invariably described as keeping up their savage cruelty to the very last. Some of the victims describe their feelings when approaching the only end which griefs like theirs could have —

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away ;
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay :
To th' Elysian shades I post,
In hopes to be freed from care,
Where many a bleeding ghost
Is hovering in the air.

We have not, indeed, any means of knowing the amount of destruction produced by those pitiless creatures, there having, unfortunately, been no register of mortality, giving, in a reliable manner, the causes of death, till some time after the female character had begun to undergo a favorable change ; but from the prevalence in literature of the allusions to such tragic results, we cannot doubt that the evil was of very serious amount. It

may, indeed, admit of some doubt, whether the very large mortality of the former as compared with the present times, was not owing rather more to this cause than to inferior sanitary conditions, the virulence of small-pox, and other circumstances, to which it has been usually ascribed.

It will be acknowledged as something quite beyond our province to speculate on the teleological aspects of the question, and attempt to define the design which Providence had in view in permitting so much evil to exist. But it is our grateful privilege, as merely observers of the facts of nature, to remark that, with that mercy which shines through the universal plan, it had been so arranged that the savage tendencies of the female breast were limited to a particular period of life. The power and the disposition to treat men cruelly appears seldom to have appeared before the age of seventeen ; and the instances in which it lasted beyond twenty-five are rare. After that period of life, if marriage had not intervened, the female heart was usually observed to relent ; and I have not been able to discover a single well-authenticated case of cruelty recorded against an unwedded woman above thirty-five. Thus it appears to have put on very much the aspect of a kind of calenture ; and we are left to believe that many a woman, who had acted as a perfect tigress in early life, was converted in due time into one of those winning old maids, or one of those benign widows, who are also the themes of so many allusions in our by-gone literature. In this respect, physiologically, the whole subject assumes a very curious character. We find the hot head still applicable to the young man, avarice to the old ; all the great characteristics assigned to particular epochs of male life by our old writers, still remain as they were. How singular that the sanguinary character attributed to the female between eighteen and twenty-five, should alone have undergone a revolution !

That the revolution is a complete one, need not, I presume, be largely insisted on, as the Society must be well aware, from their own observation and experience, that coldness and rigor towards the opposite sex no longer mark the demeanor of womankind at any period of life. A poetical complaint against Myra or Clorinda is never heard ; and Mr. Farr can at once make clear, beyond dispute, that deaths from either the lightnings of female eyes, or the coldness of female bosoms, are not the subject of any return. At evening-parties, the waltz and polka demonstrate the amicable footing on which the two sexes live. Instead of holding out that she is to be sighed for by many, and will, at the utmost, take one, and kill off the rest, the young lady, with that submissiveness and courtesy which mark a high civilization, and which was doubtless

designed to be the highest development of her nature, does not now object that the question should rather be : Who is going to take her ? Since Woman has thus been put into her proper social attitude, we see how much sweetness has been infused into those assemblies where the two sexes meet ; barring, indeed, certain competitions which occasionally take place amongst the ladies themselves with regard to particular swains, and the little jealousies which will thence arise—a trivial incidental drawback from a great good.

From Household Words.

SILKEN CHEMISTRY.

Most persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed ; of being put through a fire and water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a rather startling nature ; for who ever dreamt that silk is adulterated ?

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge : well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture ; and, being very dear and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud ; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even of fatty substances, to give weight to the article ; consequently, when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster, to be spun into silk thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterate matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the system by further adulteration.

The presence of foreign substances in the silk is fatal to proper dyeing ; hence the dyer proceeds to get rid of them by means of boiling the silk in soap and water. As silk thread becomes charged with foreign matters to various degrees, given weights of several samples will contain very different lengths. In this way manufacturers are often deceived in the produce of various parcels of thrown silks after coming from the loom.

In our own country, great as have been the strides made by most branches of manufacture, the silk-spinner or weaver has quietly

borne all these evils and disappointments in deepest ignorance of the Chemistry of Silk, and perhaps believing that "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise." He alone, of all the workers, has neglected to seek the friendly aid of the chemist.

Possibly it is this indifference to science, which has left the silk manufacturer so far behind every other son of industry. It is notorious that, whilst our cotton, linen, and woollen manufactories have been multiplied ten-fold during the last score of years, those of silk goods have made scarcely any progress. The manufacturers are themselves perfectly aware of this startling fact, and it was but a few months since that a memorial was presented from them to the legislature, praying that all remaining protection on their goods might be removed, as the only hope of giving a new vitality to their slumbering trade.

The truth is, that Frenchmen are more keenly alive to the value of science in connection with manufacture than ourselves. Whilst our silk manufacturers have gone on upon the old, well-beaten track, those of France have enlisted in their behalf the services of the chemist, who has brought their raw material as completely under his analytical control as subtle gas or ponderous ore. He has demonstrated to a nicety that its relative purity, its strength, its elasticity, its durability, its structure, the very size and weight of each separate fibre, may be shown and registered with precision and certainty. He tells the manufacturer the actual amount of latent moisture contained in a pound of silk ; he shows him how much natural gum, resin, and sugar, every bale comprises ; he points out how much lighter his thread should be after the processes of spinning and dyeing ; and, more valuable still, he indicates the most profitable use to which every bale of raw silk is applicable : that whilst one parcel is best adapted for the manufacture of satin, another may be better employed for plain silk, another for velvet, and so on to the end.

In France, Italy, and other parts of continental Europe, the assaying, or, as it is there technically termed, the "conditioning of silk," is carried on under the sanction of the municipal authorities, in establishments called Conditioning Houses. The quantity thus assayed is published weekly for the information of the trade with as much regularity as a Price Current. In this way we may find it publicly notified that, in the Conditioning House at Lyons there were during last year five millions, thirty-seven thousand, six hundred and twenty-eight pounds of silk assayed ; at Milan, three millions, four hundred and sixty-six thousand, six hundred and ninety-one pounds, and other large quantities at St. Etienne, Turin, Zurich, Elberfeld, and other places.

Of so much importance has this process been deemed in France that, in 1841, a royal *ordonnance* was passed, setting forth the ascertained weight which silk loses by the conditioning process, and which is eleven per cent. This eleven per cent., added to the weight of the silk after the ordeal it has gone through, makes up what is termed its merchantable weight.

The French have brought to our doors the means of accomplishing what they have practised, during the last twenty years, with so much advantage. These means are no further removed from us than Broad Street Buildings, in the city, in premises lately occupied by one of the many colonial bubble companies which have so multiplied during the past half century. Science has established herself where humbug so recently sat enthroned.

We have paid a visit to these premises. The first operation we beheld was that of determining the humidity of silk. Eleven per cent. is the natural quantity in all silk, but from various causes this is nearly always much exceeded. Several samples of the articles having been taken from a bale, they are weighed in scales, capable of being turned by half a grain. Two of these samples are then placed in other scales, equally delicate and true; one end of which, containing the sample, being immersed in a copper cylinder heated by steam to two hundred and thirty degrees of Fahrenheit, the other, with the weights, being enclosed within a glass case. The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly seen; the silk soon throws off its moisture, becomes lighter, and the scale with the weights begins to sink. In this condition it is kept until no further loss of weight is perceived; — the weight which the silk is found to have lost being the exact degree of its humidity. The natural eleven per cent. of humidity being allowed for, any loss beyond that shows the degree of artificial moisture which the silk contains.

To determine the amount of foreign matters contained in a sample of silk, the parcels — after a most mathematical weighing — are boiled in soap and water, for several hours. They are then conveyed to the hot-air chambers, subjected to two hundred and thirty degrees of heat, and finally weighed. It will be found now that silk of the greatest purity has lost not only its eleven per cent. of moisture, but a further twenty-four per cent. in the various foreign matters boiled out of it. But should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying the lengths of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk,

the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly arresting the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained.

The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a tell-tale dial and hand marking the point of fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk; — its capability of being twisted round with great velocity without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength.

The last process is also purely mechanical.

A hank of the silk, on its removal from the boiling-off cistern, is placed upon a hook; and, by means of a smooth round stick passed through it, a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which, after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a fine satin; with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for gros de Naples, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine beforehand to what purpose he shall apply his silk, and so avoid frequent disappointment and loss. In short, instead of working in the dark and by chance, he works by chemical rules of undeviating correctness.

After each of the above assays, or conditionings, the owner of the silk is supplied for a small fee with an authenticated certificate of its various qualities.

A Treatise on the Law and Practice relating to Letters Patent for Inventions. By John Paxton Norman, Esq., M. A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law.

The changes effected by the late act on the important subject of patents render a fresh account of the law desirable; and Mr. Norman's treatise is a book that may be safely recommended. Clear and well-arranged, comprehensive in its leading principles, yet terse in their expression, it is pervaded by a spirit of good sense, without which science of any kind becomes a dry husk, and law especially a mere bundle of arbitrary dicta. It will be understood that this is really a treatise on the law of patents, in which principles are digested from the statutes and decisions, expressed in a terse and scholarly manner, and not a mere commentary on a leading act of Parliament; though perhaps the volume would have been improved by the addition of the last statute. — *Spectator*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE SCULPTOR'S CAREER.

I. — BEGINNINGS.

WE are about to relate in the following pages the true story of an artist — one of the very greatest that England has yet produced.

The first scene lies in a shop, in New Street, Covent Garden — a very small shop, full of plaster casts, by selling which the worthy but humble proprietor managed to maintain himself, his wife, and his two boys. Arranged on the shelves around the shop and in the window were casts from the antique, which appealed to the classical tastes — casts of the Niobe, of the far-famed Venus de Medicis —

The bending statue that enchants the world—

of Hercules, Ajax, Achilles, and many more ; but these were for the few, and art in England was then but in its infancy. For the less refined and more ordinary tastes there were casts of George II., then king ; of Lord Howe, and Admiral Hawke, then in the heights of their fame — the naval darlings of England ; of the brave General Wolfe, who had gloriously fallen during that year (we are now speaking of the year 1759) on the heights of Quebec, and with the praises of whose gallantry all England was then ringing ; and there were also to be observed a few busts of the prominent-featured William Pitt, then a young man, but already a recognized orator in the English Commons. Such were the mute humanities of the shop shelves ; and from them we turn to the living inmates.

The master of the place might be observed, through a glass door which separated the little back room from the front shop, busily engaged in moulding a figure of one of the new popular men of the day — Admiral Boscawen, who had recently sprung into fame by reason of a victory he had gained over the French fleet off Cape Lagos. In the front shop, waiting for customers, we find a woman, and a boy — indeed, we might almost say a mere child. The woman is hanging anxiously over some lines the child is busily engaged in drawing with black chalk upon the paper before him. He has books on either side of him, which he takes up and reads from time to time, when fatigued by stooping over his drawing. The little fellow is propped up in a high chair, so that he can overlook the counter, on which his drawing and reading materials are laid. The chair is stuffed round with cushions, so that the poor little fellow may sit soft upon his day-long seat. Poor, pale, placid little boy ; debarr'd by disease and debility from taking any share in the amusements of his age, and doomed to sit there from day to day under his patient and watchful mother's eye, who springs to do his every little bidding.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," it is said, and truly. You had but to watch the sparkle of that boy's bright eye, and the blush that mantled his cheek, when some object of beauty, embodying a fine action or a noble idea, was placed before him ; or when he took up the book which lay by his side and thereupon endeavored to design with his chalk the actions therein narrated ; or when some chance visitor, interested in the poetic little invalid, talked to him of great poets, sculptors, and heroes — you had but to observe the rapt interest and enthusiasm of the boy on such occasions to be persuaded that, suffering and feeble though he was in body, his mind was quick to feel beauty in all its aspects, and that he revelled in intellectual delights of the rarest sort. Moreover, the boy was always cheerful, though grave in his manner ; he was patient and uncomplaining, though he oftentimes regretted that he could not go out to feel and enjoy the sun and the sight of the green trees in the parks like other boys.

The soul of our cripple invalid was the soul of a true genius, and behind that shop-counter it obtained its first impulse towards art. These casts from the antique and stucco medallions which surrounded the boy, and preached beauty to him from the mean shelves — comparatively worthless though to many they might appear — were the source of many beautiful and noble inspirations, which germinated in noble works in the boy's after life. It has been said that the soul of every man of genius is a mirror which he carries about with him wherever he goes ; and it is only by tracing the artist from his infancy that we discover the circumstances to which he owes in maturer years his genius and his success.

A customer entered the little shop one day. He was an elderly man, mild, benevolent, and gentle-looking — seeming by his dress to be a clergyman. No sooner had the bell hung at the back of the front shop-door, which was closed to keep out the cold from the little invalid — no sooner had it sounded and intimated the approach of a customer, than the master of the shop emerged from the back apartment, and approached, cap in hand, to wait upon the gentleman.

"Good day, John," said the visitor ; "I have brought with me a small figure for you to mend. My servant, in dusting this 'Helene,' has had the misfortune to chip off an arm, you see."

"And a beautiful thing it is, Mr. Mathews," said the man ; "beautiful indeed — a very gem. Yes, I will mend it while you stay. Plaster of Paris hardens in no time ; and you may take it with you, unless you would prefer that I send it by a messenger."

"No, I will wait," said Mr. Mathews ; and thereupon the image-maker retired into

the back apartment to proceed with the work.

A child's cough from behind the counter here startled the clergyman's ear, and he peeped over. The invalid boy was not mounted on his usual cushioned seat at the counter that day, but sat on a small chair behind it, with a larger chair before him, on which lay a book he was apparently engaged in reading. The clergyman was struck by the fine clear eyes of the boy, and his large beautiful forehead, which gave him a look of intelligence far beyond his years.

"What are you busy with there, my boy?" he asked.

The youth raised himself up on his crutches, bowed, and said, "Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it."

"A Latin book? Let me see it."

And the benevolent clergyman stooped over for the book. It was a *Cornelius Nepos*, which the boy's father had picked up at some cheap bookstall, for fourpence.

"Very good," said Mr. Mathews; "but this is not the proper book. I'll bring you a right one to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the boy.

From that introduction to the little boy behind the shop-counter an acquaintance began, which, the Rev. Mr. Mathews used to say, "ripened into one of the best friendships of my life." And, strange to say, he afterwards regarded it as an honor and a distinction to reckon that poor stucco-plasterer's boy as his friend.

Mr. Mathews was as good as his word. He brought several books to the little boy; amongst others, *Homer* and *Don Quixote*, in both of which the youth ever after took immense delight. His mind was soon full of the heroism which breathed through the pages of *Homer*; and with the stucco *Ajaxes* and *Achillees* about him, looming along the shop shelves, the ambition took possession of him, that he too would design and embody in poetic forms these majestic heroes. The black chalk was at once in his hand, and the enthusiastic young artist labored in a "divine despair" to body forth the shapes and actions of the Greeks and the Trojans. Like all youthful efforts, of course the designs were crude. The proud father one day showed them to Roubilliac, the eminent sculptor, but he turned from them with a "Pshaw!" He saw no indications of talent in them. What could be expected of a child, then only seven years old? But the boy had the right stuff in him; he had industry and patience—patience, which Buffon has defined genius to be. The solitary boy labored at his books, and drawings, and models, incessantly. He essayed his young powers in modelling figures in plas-

ter of Paris, in wax, and in clay, some of which are to this day preserved—not so much because of their merit, as because they are curious as the first halting efforts of true genius.

The boy could not yet walk, though he was learning to hobble about on crutches, at the time when George II. died. He could not accompany his father to see the procession at the coronation of George III.; but he pleaded earnestly that he should have one of the medals which were that day to be distributed among the crowd. The father struggled to procure one for his poor cripple-boy at home; but no! In the scramble for the medals, stronger and more agile persons pushed the image-seller to one side; he obtained a plated button, bearing the stamp of a horse and jockey, which he presented to his son as "the coronation medal." The boy expressed his surprise at such a device, and not long after he found out that he had been deceived. The father did not think of the moral injury he had done to the boy by his piece of acted deceit, well-intentioned though it might be: such things are not forgotten, and they are always injurious. But the fine nature of this boy could endure much, and he outlived the little wrong.

One of his practices at this time was to take impressions of all seals and medals that pleased him, and it was for this that he had longed for the "coronation medal." What he made of the horse and jockey, we have not been informed; but, when once reminded, after he had become a man, of these early childish pursuits, he observed—"We are never too young to learn what is useful, nor too old to grow wise and good."

One day, the boy had been rambling in the parks—for a sudden flush of health came upon him about his tenth year, which enabled him to throw aside his crutches—and on his return, his mother sprang to meet him.

"Johnny!" she exclaimed, "you'll not guess? I have just had Mr. Mathews here, and—what do you think?"

"Well, mother, has he brought me the *Homer* back? He promised it some of these days."

"No, Johnny, not that; guess again. But no, you can never guess. Well, then, he has invited you to his own house, where you are to meet Mrs. Barbauld, the lady that writes the beautiful stories, you know; and Mrs. Mathews, the clergyman's beautiful lady, has promised to read and explain *Homer* to you herself! Well, now is n't our Johnny rising in the world?"

"Capital!" cried the youth, clapping his hands.

"Well, now," continued his mother, "I must have your face washed, and your pretty

hair brushed, and your Sunday clothes put on; for you are going to meet ladies at a party, you know."

"Well, dear mother, be it so; but be quick, will you? for I am so anxious to go."

And sure enough, about five o'clock in the evening twilight a little boy might be observed humbly knocking at the door of an elegant house in Rathbone Place. He was plainly but neatly dressed — diminutive in figure, and slightly deformed; his features, usually pallid, were flushed on this occasion, as they well might be — his whole frame being in a glow with anticipated pleasure and delight.

The door was opened by a waiting-man, who gazed with surprise at the boy when he told his errand — that he had "come to the party."

"Wait in the lobby, my boy — there may be some mistake;" and he ran upstairs to the drawing-room, where were Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Barbauld, with the lady of the house. The servant explained his message.

"Show up John Flaxman," she said at once, her eye brightening; and, turning to Mrs. Barbauld — "This is the little boy I told you of. He is really a fine fellow, with the true soul of a genius. I really believe he has in him the germs of a great man; and such as we, who have means and leisure, cannot bestow them better than in carefully fostering what may prove a source of general happiness and blessings. You call me an enthusiast, I know," continued Mrs. Mathews, with a fascinating smile; "but I have invited this boy to show you that in this case I have not been 'zealous overmuch.'"

And so saying, the little visitor, John Flaxman, was ushered into the drawing-room.

II.—PROGRESS.

Many a delightful evening — for long years after remembered by John Flaxman with pleasure and affection and gratitude — did the young artist spend by the fire-side of Mrs. Mathews and her kind-hearted husband. She read Homer, Virgil, and Milton, pointing out their beauties, explaining their ideas, and discoursing from time to time upon the characters when move across their pages. It was a great opportunity for the boy, and he was wise enough to profit by it. Under Mrs. Mathew's eye, he began the study of Latin and Greek, which he prosecuted at home. He used to bring with him, too, his bit of charcoal, and while the accomplished lady commented on the pictorial beauty of Homer's poetry, the boy by her side eagerly endeavored to embody upon paper, in outline forms, such passages as caught his fancy.

A beautiful picture this, of the accomplished woman turning aside from the glittering

society in which she had her allotted place, to devote her evenings to the intellectual culture of a poor, illiterate, unknown plaster-cast-seller's boy! Thanks, however, to her kind care and culture, the boy did not remain unknown; the genius thus cherished, in due time revealed itself — for from the chisel of Flaxman have come some of the noblest works of art which England has ever produced. And when Flaxman's praise is sounded, in justice to her memory let the name of the good Mrs. Mathews, to whom he owed so much, be affectionately remembered.

Many of these juvenile productions — executed at Mrs. Mathew's side — are still in existence, and display much quiet loveliness as well as sometimes graphic power. Yet not long before this, Mortimer, the artist, to whom the boy exhibited his drawing of a human eye, exclaimed to him, "What sir! is that an oyster?" The sensitive boy was very much hurt, and took care not to show his drawings to artists for some time to come; for artists, though themselves very thin-skinned, are disposed to be rather savage in their criticisms of others. But an artist and a sculptor the boy Flaxman had now determined to be; and he labored at self-improvement with all possible zeal and industry. He modelled and drew almost incessantly. He was mainly his own teacher, as every truly great man must be. He used all helps to forward him in his studies, gathering his knowledge from all sources, and ready often to invent methods for himself, after a kind of inspiration in which true genius is usually so apt.

The boy found patrons and helpers, too. Some of the visitors at Mrs. Mathews', greatly admiring his designs after Homer, desired to possess some drawings by the same hand; and Mr. Crutchley, of Sunning-hill Park, gave him a commission to draw a set for him in black chalk. His first commission! What a great event was that in the boy's life! A physician's first fee, a lawyer's first retainer, an actress' first night behind the footlights, a legislator's first speech in the Commons, an author's first book, are not any of them more full of interest and anxiety than is the first commission to the artist! And the boy-artist well and duly executed his first commission; it was a set of six drawings of subjects from antiquity, chiefly after Homer — and he was both well-praised and well-paid for his work.

Still he went on studying. His kind friend Mr. Mathews guarded him against indulgence in vanity — that besetting sin of clever youths — but Flaxman knew too well his own defects, and he relaxed not in his labors, but only applied himself more closely than before. He was fifteen when he entered a student at the Royal Academy. He might then be seen generally in the company of Blake and Stothard — young men of kindred tastes and

genius—gentle and amiable, yet earnest in their love of art, which haunted them as a passion. In Blake's eyes there shone a mysterious wildness, which early excited the suspicion of his fellow-students as to his sanity. But the man of genius is very often hovering on the brink of madness; and the "divine phrenzy" sometimes overpowers him. Young Flaxman saw in Blake only the kind and affectionate friend—sensitive like himself, glad to retire from the bustle of academic pursuits, and commune together about art and poetry, and the subjects to which the latter gave rise. All three—Flaxman, Blake, and Stothard, thus cultivated together the art of ready design—and the three, all in their day, we believe, illustrated *Paradise Lost*. Flaxman, however, gradually became known among the students, notwithstanding his retiring disposition, and great things were expected of him. Nor were these expectations disappointed. In his fifteenth year he gained the silver prize, and next year he became a candidate for the gold one.

The boy had now become a young man, with the incipient down of manhood on his lip. He had the air, the self-possession, and gravity of a man, yet all the simplicity and bashfulness of a child. His early delicacy, and inability to take part in the games of childhood, cast a shadow over his face in future years. Though slender in figure, he looked older than he seemed. Yet he did not lack in activity of limb and body—standing now in no need of crutches, which he had long since abandoned. The light of his soul shone through his eyes, which possessed a marvellous brilliancy, indicating the true temperament of genius.

Of course, everybody prophesied that young Flaxman would carry off the gold medal; there was no student who, for ability and industry, was to be compared with him; and when his candidature for the medal was known, all his fellow-students shouted out in one voice, "Flaxman! Flaxman!" as if none but he was worthy to win the prize.

The eventful day arrived. Old Flaxman—who had now removed his shop into the Strand, opposite Durham Yard—was busy with a popular bust of the Duke of York; but he was so agitated by the thought of his son's eventful competition, that he could not go on with his work; he felt like a fish out of water—could not sit, nor stand, nor settle down to anything, "but was all over queer like," peeping out along the pavement from time to time, to discern, if he could, the elate figure of his son marching homeward with the gold medal of the Academy. The hours slowly passed by, and late in the day John Flaxman entered his father's door. The old man sprang up at the sound of his footstep, and ran to

meet him. The boy's face was downcast, and even paler than usual.

"Well, John, what of the medal?"

"I have lost it, father."

There was a minute of perfect silence—neither spoke; at length the father said—

"Well, John, you must stick to it again, like a Trojan; never say die! But who *has* got it?"

"Engleheart. I am sure I wish him well; but I cannot help thinking that I *deserved* the prize. However, be that as it may, I am determined, if I live, yet to model works that the Academy will be proud to recognize."

"Said like a true Flaxman, John. Cheer up! You will take the medal yet."

"I will not try again, father; but I will do better. Only give me time, and I will show them something beyond an Academy prize model."

This failure on the part of the young Flaxman was really of service to him. Defeats do not cast down the resolute-hearted, but only serve to call forth their power of will and resolution. He redoubled his efforts—spared no pains with himself—designed and modelled incessantly, and labored diligently and perseveringly in the work of self-improvement.

But poverty threatened the household of his poor father, the profits of whose trade, at that day by no means remunerative, but barely served to "keep the wolf from the door." So the youth was under the necessity of curtailing his hours of study in order to devote a larger portion of his time to the bread-and-cheese department. He laid aside his *Homer* and took up his plaster-trowel. He forsook Milton to multiply stucco casts. He was found willing to work in any department of his calling, so that he might thereby earn money. To this drudgery of his art he served a long and rude apprenticeship; but it did him good. It familiarized him with work, and cultivated in him the spirit of patience. The discipline may have been rough, but it was wholesome. Happily, the young Flaxman's skill in design had reached the ears of one of the great patrons of art in those days—Josiah Wedgwood, the Staffordshire potter, who sought out the lad with the view of employing him in the improvement of his crockery-ware. It may seem a very humble department of art to have labored in; but really it was not so. A true artist may be laboring in the highest vocation, even while he is sketching a design for a teapot or a dinner-plate. Articles which are in daily use among the people, and are before their eyes at every meal they sit down to, may be made the vehicles of art education to all, and minister to their highest culture. Even the best artist may thus be conferring a much greater

practical benefit upon his countrymen than by painting an elaborate picture, which he may sell for a thousand pounds to a lord, to be by him forthwith carried off to his country palace, and virtually hidden there.

The enterprising Josiah Wedgwood was a most energetic man, possessed of great public spirit. He desired to push his trade, and while he benefitted himself he also sought to improve the public tastes. Before his day, the designs which figured upon our china and stone-ware were of a hideous description — bad in drawing, bad in design, and bad in execution. Josiah Wedgwood found out Flaxman.

"Well, my lad," said he to him, "I have heard that you are a good draughtsman and a clever designer. I'm a pot manufacturer — name, Wedgwood. Now I want you to design some models for me — nothing fantastic, you know, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. Do you understand? You don't think the work beneath you? Eh?"

"By no means, sir," answered young Flaxman; "indeed, the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days — call again, and you shall see what I can do."

"That's right — work away. Mind, I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds — teapots, jugs, teacups and saucers. But especially I want designs for a table-service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Now, think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!"

"I will do my best, sir, I assure you."

And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he had come in.

Flaxman did his best. By the time that Mr. Wedgwood next called upon him, he had a numerous series of models prepared for vari-

ous pieces of earthen ware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief — the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and some are equal in beauty and simplicity to his after designs for marble. The celebrated Etruscan vases, many of which were to be found in public museums and in the cabinets of the curious, furnished him with the best examples of form, and these he embellished with his own elegant devices. *Stuart's Athens*, then recently published, also furnished him with specimens of the purest-shaped Greek utensils, and he was not slow to adopt the best of them, and work them up into new and wondrous shapes of elegance and beauty. Flaxman then saw that he was laboring in a great work — no less than the promotion of popular education; and he was proud, in after life, to allude to these his early labors, by which he was enabled at the same time to cultivate his love of the beautiful, to diffuse a taste for art among the people, and to replenish his own purse while he greatly promoted the prosperity of his friend and benefactor.

Engaged in such labors as these, for several years Flaxman executed but few works of art, and then at rare intervals. He lived a quiet, secluded, and simple life, working during the day and sketching and reading in the evenings. He was so poor that he had as yet been only able to find plaster of Paris for his works — marble was too dear a material for him. He had hitherto executed only one statue in the latter material, and that was a commission.

At length, in the year 1782, when twenty-seven years of age, he quitted his father's roof and rented a small house and studio in Wardour Street, Soho; and, what was more, he married a wife — an event which proved to him of no small consequence, as we shall find from the events in his future history.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON. — Towards the fall of the year 1775, General Washington and staff visited Chelsea on horseback, to view the features of the land thereabouts. They went from the camp in Cambridge, through Medford and Malden, and stopped by the way for rest and refreshment at the residence of Mr. John Dexter, situated in Malden, by the brook, just before you enter the central village on the north side of the old road leading from Medford. This house was about fifteen rods from the street, and distinguished for its convenience and the beauty of its situation, having many stately elm trees growing in regular lines in an open park in front, besides others growing by the roadside near, and was thus well calculated to tempt a troop of weary horsemen on a summer's day to dismount, to enjoy the coolness of the shade and the hospitalities of the mansion. Here Washington and

his suite alighted, and, after hitching their horses under the trees, entered the house by invitation of Mr. Dexter, and partook of refreshments. When the party came out to remount their horses, one of the gentlemen accidentally knocked off a stone from one of the walls which run along from the house to the street outside of the rows of trees. Washington remarked to him that he had better replace the stone. The officer, having remounted, replied, "No, I will leave that for somebody else to do." Washington then went quietly and replaced the stone himself, saying, as he did so, "I always make it my rule when visiting a place to leave things in as good order as I find them."

This incident was related to us by Captain Richard Dexter, the son of the said John Dexter, who was a witness of the facts related, and at the time about nineteen years of age. — *Bunker Hill Aurora*.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

A WORD UPON WIGS.

WHEN it is said that Hadrian was the first Roman emperor who wore a wig, nothing more is meant than that he was the first who *avowedly* wore one. They were common enough before his time. Caligula and Messalina put them on for purposes of disguise when they were abroad at night; and Otho condescended to conceal his baldness with what he vainly hoped his subjects would accept as a natural head of hair becoming to one who bore the name of *Cæsar*.

As for the origin of wigs, the honor of the invention is attributed to the luxurious Lapygians in southern Italy. The Louvain theologians, who published a French version of the Bible, affected however to discover the first mention of perukes in a passage in the fourth chapter of Isaiah. The Vulgate has these words: "*Decalvabit Dominus verticem filiarum Sion, et Dominus crinem earum nudabit;*" this the Louvain gentlemen translated into French as follows: "*Le Seigneur dechevelera les têtes des filles de Sion, et le Seigneur decouvrira leurs perruques;*" the which, "done into English," implies that "the Lord will pluck the hair from the heads of the daughters of Sion, and will expose their perriwigs." In this free and easy translation the theologians in question followed no less an authority than St. Paulinus of Nola, and thus had respectable warrant for their singular mistake.

Allusions to wigs are frequently made both by historians and poets of the ancient times. We know that they were worn by fashionable gentlemen in Palmyra and Baalbec, and that the Lycians took to them out of necessity. When their conqueror Mausoleus had ruthlessly ordered all their heads to be shaven, the poor Lycians felt themselves so supremely ridiculous that they induced the king's general, Condales, by means of an irresistible bribe, to permit them to import wigs from Greece; and the symbol of their degradation became the very pink of Lycian fashion.

Hannibal was, as Captain Bluff says of him in Fielding's *Amelia*, a very pretty fellow in his day. But for so stout a soldier he was on the article of perukes as finical as Jessamy and as particular as Ranger — as nice about their fashion as the former, and as philosophical as the latter upon their look. Hannibal wore them sometimes to improve, sometimes to disguise his person; and, if he wore one long enough to spoil its beauty, he was as glad as the airy gentleman in *The Suspicious Husband* to fling it aside when it wore a "battered" aspect. Ovid and Martial celebrate the gold-colored wigs of Germany. The latter writer is very severe upon the dandies and coquettes of his day, who thought to win attraction under a wig. Propertius, who

could describe so tenderly and appreciate so well what was lovely in girlhood, whips his butterflies into dragons at the bare idea of a nymph in a toupee. Venus Anadyomene herself would have had no charms for that gentle sigher of sweet and enervating sounds had she wooed him in borrowed hair. If he was not particular touching morals he was very strict concerning curls.

If the classical poets winged their satirical shafts against wigs, these were as little spared by the mimic thunderbolts of the fathers, councils, and canons of the early church. Heathen poets and Christian elders could no more digest human hair than can the crocodile, of whom dead, it is said, you may know how many individuals he devoured living, by the number of hair-balls in the stomach, which can neither digest nor eject them. The indignation of Tertullian respecting these said wigs is something perfectly terrific. Not less is that of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, who especially vouches for the virtue of his simple sister Gorgonia, for the reason that she neither cared to curl her own hair or repair its lack of beauty by the aid of a wig. The thunder of St. Jerome against these adornments was quite as loud as that of any of the fathers. They were preached against as unbecoming Christianity. Council after council, from the first at Constantinople to the last provincial council at Tours, denounced wigs even when worn in joke. "There is no joke in the matter," exclaimed the exceedingly irate St. Bernard — "the woman who wears a wig commits a mortal sin." St. John Chrysostom cites St. Paul against the fashion, arguing that they who prayed or preached in wigs could not be said to worship or teach the word of God with head uncovered. "Look," says Cyprian to the wearers of false hair, "look at the Pagans; they pray in veils — what better are you than Pagans if you come to prayers in perukes!" Many local synods would authorize no fashion of wearing the hair but straight and short. This form was especially enjoined on the clergy generally. St. Ambrose as strictly enjoined the fashion upon the ladies of his diocese. "Do not talk to me of curls," said this hard-worded prelate; "they are the *lenocinia formæ non præcepta virtutis*!" The ladies smiled. It was to some such obdurate and beautiful rebels that Cyprian once gravely preached on the text chosen by Sidney Smith when he took leave of his fashionable congregation in Fitzroy Chapel — "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" "Give heed to me, oh ye women," said the older preacher; "adultery is a grievous sin, but she who wears false hair is guilty of a greater!" It must have been a comfortable state of society when two angry ladies could exclaim to each other: "You may say of me what you please; you may

charge me with breaking the seventh commandment, but, thank Heaven and Cyprian, you cannot accuse me of wearing a wig!"

No pains were spared to deter women from this enormity. St. Jerome holds up the fate of Prætexta as a warning to all ladies addicted to the fashion of the world. Prætexta was a very respectable lady, married to a somewhat paganish husband, Hymetius. Their niece, Eustochia, resided with them. At the instigation of the husband, Prætexta took the shy Eustochia in hand, attired her in a splendid dress, and covered her fair neck with ringlets. Having enjoyed the sight of the modest maiden so attired, Prætexta went to bed. To that bed-side immediately descended an angel, with wrath upon his brow and billows of angry sounds roaring from his lips. "Thou hast," said the spirit, "obeyed thy husband rather than the Lord; and hast dared to touch the hair of a virgin consecrated to the service of Heaven, and hast made her look like a daughter of earth. For this do I wither up thy hands, and bid thee recognize the enormity of thy crime in the amount of thy anguish and bodily suffering. But five months more shalt thou live, and then hell shall be thy portion; and if thou art bold enough to touch the head of Eustochia again, thy husband and thy children shall die even before thee." St. Jerome pledges himself for the truth of this story, and draws a moral therefrom which is exceedingly perplexing and utterly unintelligible.

The ladies were more difficult of management than the clergy. The former were not to be terrified by the assurance that breaking an ordinance of man was a worse crime than breaking one of the commandments of God. The hair of the clergy was kept straight by decrees of forfeiture of revenues or benefice against incumbents who approached the altars with curls even of their natural hair. Pomades and scented waters were denounced as damnable inventions, but *anathema* was uttered against the priest guilty of wearing one single hair combed up above its fellows. Every one knows that the present worthy Bishop of Oxford is, in one respect, like "the curled son of Clinias." By that resemblance, however, his lordship would have been in the olden time *ipso facto* excommunicate, according to the decree of the Council of Lateran (Gregory II.), which says, "*Quicumque ex clericis comam relaxaverit, anathema sit.*"

"All personal disguise," says Tertullian, "is adultery before God; all perukes, paint and powder are such disguises, and inventions of the devil: *ergo*," &c. This zealous individual appeals to personal as often as to religious feeling. If you will not fling away your false hair, says he, as hateful to Heaven, cannot I make it hateful to yourselves by reminding you that the false hair you wear may have

come, not only from a criminal, but from a very dirty head—perhaps from the head of one already damned! This was a very hard hit indeed, but it was not nearly so clever a stroke at wigs as that dealt by Clemens of Alexandria. The latter informed the astounded wig-wearers that when they knelt at church to receive the blessing, they must be good enough to recollect that the benediction remained on the wig, and did not pass through to the wearer! This was a stumbling-block to the people, many of whom, however, retained the peruke, and took their chance as to the transmission of the blessing. On similarly obstinate people Tertullian rushed with a hasty charge of ill-prepared logic: "You were not born with wigs," said he; "God did not give them to you. God not giving them, you must necessarily have received them from the devil!" It was manifest that so rickety a syllogism was perfectly incapable of shaking the lightest "scratch" from a reasoning Christian skull.

Indeed, the logic of Tertullian, when levelled against wigs, is singularly faulty. Men of the world he points out as being given to over-scrupulous cleanliness. Your saint is dirty from an impulse of duty. Were he otherwise, he might be too seductive to the weaker sex! This reminds me of a monk I once heard of when at Prague. He was blind, but he had so fine a nose that he boasted of being able to tell a saint from a sinner by the smell. The *ichor* distilled by the former gave forth an odor of sanctity, that was more savory to the blind monk than to worldly men content to live cleanly and do their duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call them.

Not only were the Scriptures pressed into service against those who wore false hair, or who dyed their own, but zealous Christian priests quoted even the heathen writers to shame men out of the custom. It is a remarkable thing how very well acquainted these well-meaning, but somewhat overstraining, personages were with the erotic points of heathendom.

English ladies do not appear to have adopted the fashion of wearing wigs until about the year 1550. Junius, in his *Commentarium de Conâ*, says that false hair came into use here about that time, and that such use had never before been adopted by English matrons. Some three hundred years before this the Benedictine monks at Canterbury, who were canons of the cathedral, very pathetically represented to Pope Innocent IV. that they were subject to catch very bad colds from serving in the wide and chilly cathedral bareheaded. The pontiff gave them solemn permission to guard against catarrh, rheum, bronchitis, and phthisis, by covering their heads with the hood common to their order, having especial

care, however, to fling back the hood at the reading of the Gospel and at the elevation of the Host. Zealous churchmen have been very indignant at the attempts made to prove that the permission of Innocent IV. might be construed as a concession to priests for wearing wigs, if they were so minded. The question was settled at the great Council of England held in London in 1268. That council refused to sanction the wearing by clerics of "*quas vulgo coifas vocant*," except when they were travelling. In church and in presence of their bishop they were ordered to appear bare-headed. If a *coif* even was profane, a wig to this council would have taken the guise of the unpardonable sin. It is, however, well known, that though Rome forbade a priest to officiate with covered head, permission to do so was purchasable. In fact, the rule of Rome was not founded, as it was declared to be, on Scripture. Permission was readily granted to the Romish priests in China to officiate with covered heads, as being more agreeable to the native idea there of what was seemly. Native sentiment nearer home was much less regarded. Thus, when the Bulgarians complained to Pope Nicholas that their priests would not permit them to wear during church-time those head-wrappers or turbans which it was their habit never to throw off, the pontiff returned an answer which almost took the brief and popular form of "Serve you right!" and the Bulgarians took nothing by their motion.

Our Anselm of Canterbury was as little conceding to the young and long-haired nobles of his day as was Pope Nicholas to the Bulgarians. Eadmer, a monk of Canterbury, relates that on one occasion (Ash Wednesday) the primate soundly rebuked the hirsute aristocracy, put them in penance, and refused them absolution until they had submitted to be close-shorn. The prelate in question would allow none to enter his cathedral who wore either long or false hair. Against both, the objection remained for a lengthened period insuperable. When Henry I. of England was in France, Serron, Bishop of Seez, told him that Heaven was disgusted at the aspect of Christians in long hair, or wearing on manly heads locks that had perhaps come from women's brows; they were as sons of Belial for so offending: "*Pervicaces filii Belial capita sua comis mulierum ornant*." The king looked grave. The prelate insinuatingly invited the father of his people, who wore long if not false locks, to set a worthy example. "We'll think of it," said the sovereign. "No time like the present," rejoined the prelate, who produced a pair of scissors from his episcopal sleeve, and advanced towards Henry, prepared to sweep off those honors which the monarch would fain have preserved. But what was the sceptre of the prince to the forceps of the priest! The former meekly sat

down at the entrance to his tent, while Bishop Serron clipped him with the skilful alacrity of a Figaro. Noble after noble submitted to the same operation; and while these were being docked by the more dignified clergy, a host of inferior ecclesiastics passed through the ranks of the grinning soldiers, and cut off hair enough to have made the fortunes of all the perriwig-builders who rolled in gilded chariots during the palmy days of the "Grand Monarque."

In what then but in profligate days could wigs have triumphed in England! Perriwigs established themselves victoriously — dividing even the Church — under Louis XIV. When a boy that king had such long and beautiful hair that it became the fashion for all classes to wear at least an imitation thereof. When Louis began to lose his own, he also took to false adornment, and full-bottomed wigs bade defiance to the canons of the church. Charles II. did not bring the fashion with him to Whitehall. On the contrary he withstood it. He forbade the members of the university to wear perriwigs, smoke tobacco, or read their sermons. The members did all three, and Charles soon found himself doing the first two. On the 2d November, 1663, says Pepys — "I heard the duke say that he was going to wear a perriwig; and they say the king also will. I never till this day," he adds, "observed that the king was *so mighty gray*." This perhaps was the reason that Charles stooped to assume what he had before denounced. Pepys himself had ventured upon the step in the previous May; and what a business it was for the little man! Hear him: — "8th. At Mr. Jervas', my old barber. I did try two or three borders and perriwigs, meaning to wear one; and yet I have no stomach for it, but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great. He trimmed me, and at last I parted, but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble that I foresee will be in wearing them also." He took some time to make up his mind, and only in October of the same year does he take poor Mrs. Pepys to "my perriwig-maker's, and there showed my wife the perriwig made for me, and she likes it very well." In April, 1665, the wig was in the hands of Jervas under repair. In the mean time our old friend took to his natural hair; but early in May we find him recording that "this day, after I had suffered my own hayre to grow long, in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of perriwigs is so great that I have cut off all short again, and will keep to perriwigs." In the autumn, on Sunday the 3d of September, the wicked little gallant moralizes thus on "perriwigs" and their prospects: — "Up and put on my colored silk suit, very fine, and my new perriwig bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in

Westminster, when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done as to perriwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hayre for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague." The plague and fear thereof were clean forgotten before many months had passed, and in June, 1666, Pepys "walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honor dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine; and buttoned their doublets up their breasts, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever, which was an odd sight, and a sight did not please me." The moralist at Whitehall, however, could forget his mission when at "Mercer's." There, on the 14th of August, 1666, the thanksgiving day for the recent naval victory, after "hearing a piece of the Dean of Westminster's sermon," dining merrily, enjoying the sport at the Bear Garden, and letting off fireworks, the perriwigged philosopher, with his wife, Lady Penn, Pegg, and Nan Wright, kept it up at Mrs. Mercer's after midnight—"and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candlegrease and soot, until most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up and to my house; and there I made them drink, and up stairs we went, and then fell into dancing, W. Battelier dancing well; and dressing him and I, and one Mr. Banister, who with my wife came over also with us, like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy—and Mr. Wright and my wife and Pegg Penn put on perriewigs; and thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry"—and in little trouble with the thought whether the skull which had afforded the hair for such perriwig were lying in the pest-fields or not. By the following year our rising gentleman grows extravagant in his outlay for such adornments, and he who had been content to wear a wig at 23s., buys now a pair for 4l. 10s.—"mighty fine; indeed, too fine, I thought, for me." And yet amazingly proud was the macaroni of his purchase, recording two days afterwards that he had been "to church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new perriwig, made a great show."

Doubtless under James II. his perriwigged pate made a still greater show, for then had wigs become stupendous in their architecture. The beaux who stood beneath them carried exquisite combs in their ample pockets, with which, whether in the Mall, at the rout, in the private box, or engaged in the laborious work of "making love," they ever and anon combed their perukes, and rendered themselves irresistible. Wisdom was even then thought to be under the wig. "A full wig," says Far-

quhar in his "Love and a Bottle" (1698), "is as infallible a token of wit as the laurel!"—an assertion which I should never think of disputing. Tillotson is the first of our clergy represented in a wig, and that a mere substitute for the natural head of hair. "I can remember," he says in one of his sermons, "since the wearing of the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude, and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair; and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and *let fly at him with great zeal*."

The victory at Raubillies introduced the Ramilies wig, with its peculiar, gradually diminishing plaited tail, and tie consisting of a great bow at top and a smaller one at the bottom. This wig survived till the reign of George III. The macaronis of 1729 wore a "macaw-like toupee and a portentous tail." But when the French Revolution came in contact with any system—from the Germanic empire to perukes—that system perished in the collision. So perriwigs ceased like the dynasty of the Doges of Venice; and all that remains to remind us of bygone glories in the former way is to be found in the Ramilies tie, which still clings to court coats long after wigs had fallen from the head, never again to rise.

Lady Wortley Montague makes a severe remark in her Letters, less against wigs, indeed, than their wearers. She is alluding to the alleged custom in the East of branding every convicted liar on the forehead; and adds, that if such a custom prevailed in England, the entire world of beaux here would have to pull their perriwigs down to their eyebrows.

Tillotson, as I have noticed above, makes reference to the opposition which perukes met with from the pulpit. The hostility in that quarter in England was faint compared with the fiery antagonism which blazed in France. In the latter country, the privilege of wearing long hair belonged, at one time, solely to royalty. Lombard, Bishop of Paris, in the middle of the twelfth century, induced royalty not to make the privilege common, but to abolish it altogether. The French monarchs wore their own hair cut short until the reign of Louis XIII., who was the first King of France that wore a wig. To the fashion set by him is owing that France ultimately became the paradise of perruquiers. In 1660 they first appeared on the heads of a few dandy abbés. As Ireland in Edward Dwyer or "Edward of the Wig," has preserved the memory of the first of her sons who took to a perriwig, so France has handed down the Abbé de la Riviere, who died Bishop of Langres, as the ecclesiastical innovator on whose head first rested a wig, with all the consequences of such guilty outrage of canonical discipline. The indignation

of strict churchmen was extreme, and, as the fashion began to spread among prelates, canons, and curés, the Bishop of Toul sat himself down and wrote a "blast" against perukes, the wearing of which, he said, unchristianized those who adopted the fashion. It was even solemnly announced that a man had better not pray at all, than pray with his head so covered. No profanity was intended when zealous, close-cropped, and bare-headed ecclesiastics reminded their bewigged brethren that they were bound to imitate Christ in all things, and then asked them if the Saviour were likely to recognize a resemblance to himself in a priest under a wig!

Nor was this feeling confined to the Romish Church in France. The Reformed Church was fully as determined against the new and detested fashion. Bordeaux was in a state of insurrection for no other reason than that the Calvinist pastor there had refused to admit any of his flock in wigs to the sacrament. And when Rivius, Protestant professor of theology at Leyden, wrote in defence of perukes his "*Libertas Christiana circa Usum Capillitii Defensa*," the ultra-orthodox in both churches turned upon him. The Romanists asked what could be expected from a Protestant but rank heresy; and the Protestants disowned a brother who defended a fashion that had originated with a Romanist! Each party stood by the words of Paul to the Corinthians. In vain did some suggest that the apostolic injunction was only local. The ultras would heed no such suggestion, and would have insisted on bare heads at both poles. And yet, remarked the wigites, it is common for preachers to preach in caps. Ay, but, retorted the orthodox, that is simply because they are then speaking only in their own name. Reading the gospel, or offering up the adorable sacrifice, they are speaking or acting in the name of the universal Church. Of course, they added, there are occasions when even a priest may be covered. If a Pope invented the *baret*, a curé may wear a cap. Sylvester was the first pontiff who wore a mitre; but even that fashion became abused, and in the year 1000 a Pope was seen with his mitre on his head during mass—a sight which startled the faithful, and a fact which artists would be none the worse for remembering. After that period, bishops took to them so pertinaciously that they hardly laid them by on going to bed. These prelates were somewhat scandalized when the popes granted to certain dukes the privilege of wearing the mitre; but when the like favor was granted to abbots of a certain class, the prelatie execration was uttered with a jealous warmth that was perfectly astounding. When the moderns brought the question back to its simple principles, and asked the sticklers for old customs if wigs were not as harmless as mitres, they were treated with as

scant courtesy as Mr. Gorham or the Lord Primate is in the habit of experiencing at the hands of a medieval bishop. If, it was said, a priest must even take off his *calotte* in presence of a king or pope, how may he dare to wear a wig before God? Richelieu was the first ecclesiastic of his rank in France who wore the modern *calotte*; but I very much doubt if he ever took it off in the presence of Louis XIII. It is known, however, that the French king's ambassador, M. d'Oppeville, found much difficulty in obtaining an audience at Rome. He wore a wig à *calotte*. The officials declared he could not be introduced unless he took off the *calotte*. He could not do this without taking off his wig also, as he showed the sticklers of court etiquette, and stood before them with clean shaven head, asking, at the same time, "Would the Pope desire to see me stand before him in such a plight as this? Whom do you take me for?" The pontiff did not yield the point without difficulty. Perhaps his Holiness, had he received the ambassador under bare poll, would have graciously served him as a predecessor had served the Irish saint Malachi—put his pontifical tiara on the good man's head, to prevent him from catching cold!

But of all the tilts against wigs none was so serious and chivalresque as "Jean Baptiste Thiers, docteur en théologie et curé" (that is, *vicar*, according to our sense of the word), of Champrond. Dr. Thiers, in the year 1690, wrote a book of some six hundred pages against the wearing of wigs by ecclesiastics. He published the same "*aux dépens de l'auteur*," and high authority pronounced it conformable in every respect to the "Roman, Catholic, and Apostolic Church." Dr. Thiers wrote a brief preface to his long work, in which he invokes an abundant visitation of divine peace and grace on those who read his volume with tranquillity of mind, and who prefer truth to fashion. The invocation, I fear, is made in vain, for the tediousness of the author slays all tranquillity of spirit on the part of the reader, who cannot, however, refrain from smiling at seeing the very existence of Christianity made to depend upon the question of perukes. The book is a dull book; but the prevailing idea in it, that it is all over with religion if perukes be not abolished, is one that might compel a cynic to inextinguishable laughter. Yes, says the doctor, the origin of the *tonsure* is to be found in the cutting of Peter's hair by the Gentiles to make him ridiculous—*wherefore*, he who hides the tonsure beneath a peruke insults the prince of the apostles! a species of reasoning anything comparable with which is probably not to be found in that book which Rome has honored by condemning.—Whateley's Logic.

The volume, however, affords evidence of the intense excitement raised in France by

the discussion of the bearing of wigs on Christianity. For a season the question in some degree resembled, in its treatment at least, that of baptismal regeneration as now treated among ourselves. No primitively-minded prelate would license a curé who professed neutrality on the matter of wigs. The wearers of these were often turned out of their benefices, and then they were welcomed in other dioceses by bishops who were heterodoxly given to the mundane comfort of wig-gery. Terrible scenes took place in vestries between wigged priests ready to repair to the altar, and their brethren or superiors, who sought to prevent them. Chapters suspended such priests from place and profit, Parliament broke the suspension, and chapters renewed the interdict. Decree was abolished by counter-decree, and the whole Church was split in twain by the contending parties. Louis XIV. took the conservative side of the question so far as it regarded ecclesiastics, and the Archbishop of Rheims fondly thought he had clearly settled the dispute by decreeing that wigs might or might not be worn, according to circumstances. They were allowed to the infirm and the aged, but never at the altar. One consequence was that many priests on approaching the altar used to take off their perukes, and deposit them in the hands of notaries, under protest! Such a talk about heads had not kept a whole city in confusion since the days wherein St. Fructuarus, Bishop of Braga, decreed the penalty of entirely shaven crowns against all the monks of that

city caught in the fact of kissing any of its maidens.

Thiers could not see in the wig the uses discerned by Cumberland, who says, in his "Choleric Man," "Believe me, there is much good sense in old distinctions. When the law lays down its full-bottomed perriwig, you will find less wisdom in bald pates than you are aware of." The Curé of Champrond says that the French priests, who spent their thirty or forty pistoles yearly in wigs, were so irreligious that they kept their best wig for the world, and their oldest for God,—wearing the first in drawing-rooms, and the latter at church. This was certainly less ingenious than in the case of the man celebrated in the "Connoisseur," who, having but one peruke, made it pass for two. "It was naturally a kind of flowing bob, but, by the occasional addition of two tails, it sometimes passed as a major."

In France, wigs ended by assuming the appearance of nature. In the reign of terror, the modish blonde perukes worn by females were made of hair purchased from the executioner, of whom old ladies bought the curls which had clustered about the young necks that had been severed by the knife of Samson. But after this the fashion ceased among women, as it had already done among men, beginning to do so with the latter when Franklin appeared in his own hair, and unpowdered, at the court of Louis XIV.—and from that period wigs have belonged only to history.

JOHN DORAN.

CARVING OF POULTRY.—In Mr. Soyer's *Modern Housewife*, a clever and handy work on cookery, will at length be found a solution of that formidable problem—how to carve a fowl with elegance and ease. Soyer explains the marvel in a way which no one could previously have the slightest idea of; and which, in fact, is nothing else than a piece of legerdemain. Well, the way, he says, to carve a fowl neatly is, to have nothing to carve—for it really comes to that. Yes, a fowl lies before you at table, to all appearance requiring to be anatomized by the usual desperate process, at least in all but first-rate hands, of wrenching the joints and bones asunder; but, lo! the thing is done by a mere touch of the knife. Legs, wings, breast-bones, instead of flying about in all directions, drop becomingly into the dish. If this be not a discovery, we do not know what is. But how is it all managed? Here comes the secret: the fowl has had all its joints cut by the cook before dressing, and that without disturbing the outer skin. To effect this properly, an instrument requires to be employed called a tendon separator, of which Soyer gives a drawing. Of course, every one who reads this will get one of these instruments, which we should think will not be more costly than an ordinary pair of scissors. The method of using the instrument, and of

trussing for table, is explained in the useful manual referred to. We are told, that when roasted, the appearance of poultry is greatly improved by this simple operation—looking more plump on account of the sinews having lost their power of contraction.

STREET MUSIC.—How that simple music affects the listener! How it recalls lost loves and buried friendships, moments of exquisite happiness, hours of dreary pining! Whence comes the wondrous power of those tones? It is a simple air, one of the commonest of the common, a tune that is hacked and ground by every barrel-organ in the kingdom. It is, that there are hidden associations connected therewith, difficult to trace, eluding one's search. Perchance the words had just been spoken that joined two hearts together for aye, and those notes blended with the moment of passionate silence that followed. Or the deserted one, pining in her loneliness, was indulging in a dream of faded hopes, when that artless melody rose from the little garden outside her window, and associated itself eternally with her love and her despair. Some such secret must be connected with the mighty power of those tones, more potent than that of all the scientific compositions which the master composers of any age have given to the world.

From Household Words.

SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.*

THE American loyalist of seventy-eight years ago, setting out from London in search of a temporary abiding-place or home among the country towns of England, had not proposed to himself an easy task. But he was bent on going through with his enterprise. Reduced from affluence to the practice of a strict economy, he yet imagined that not a few of the social enjoyments of London, without their extravagant cost, might be obtainable in one of our large provincial cities. He thought thus to sweeten that bread of exile which Dante tells us must be always bitter bread; and cheerfully enough, therefore, at four o'clock on a July morning of 1776, took his seat in the early and fast coach for Salisbury, which, after performing the gallant feat of eighty-three miles in fifteen hours, deposited him at the Red Lion, in the ancient city, at seven o'clock on that July evening.

Dear to every American loyalist in those days had been the old country, and its Church and State; and Mr. Curwen was no exception to the rule. But it is a piece of truth, as well as a line of poetry, that distance lends enchantment to the view; and it happened, on the occasion of this journey to Salisbury, that the ex-Admiralty Judge of New England got so near a view of two very remarkable types or examples of the Church and State of Old England as then existing, that their enchantment passed clean out of them, then and there. He strolled into the fine old cathedral the morning after his arrival, and heard the dean, with five or six surpliced followers and eight singing-boys, mumbling the service to a congregation of "eight as miserable-looking wretches as ever entered the doors of a hospital." Yet, wretched as this audience was, it had been *hired to attend*; and on closer examination of the condition of the cathedral itself, was found not at all out of harmony with it. The walls seemed mouldering, the ceiling rotting with centuries of decay, the seats and woodwork everywhere tumbling down. Mr. Curwen bethought him of the English Church militant of old; compared what he now saw to a neglected old soldier out of service, with his regimentals worn threadbare and soiled; and turned on his heel with the indignant remark that "this whole church is so slovenly and dirtily kept that a stranger would judge that these stewards of the Lord's inheritance regarded the revenues more than the repairs of the mansion house." But if such was the shock conveyed to him by want of due repairs in the Church, it was at least equalled by the impression which waited him next morning of

repairs as cryingly wanted in the State. He had started early on a visit to Stonehenge, when, about three miles from the city on the right hand, an eminence apparently of an oval figure, including about sixty acres, was pointed out to him, without a sign upon it of a habitation fit for man; and he was told that while the most populous manufacturing cities had no voice in the legislature of England, the possessor of this mound of grass and ruin had the power to send two members to represent and protect his mere breeches-pocket in that dignified assembly. It was the fine ancient borough of Old Sarum.

But Old Sarum paled an ineffectual fire before the exciting scene that awaited this admirer of English institutions at the last resting point in his journey. He arrived at Exeter, after another spirited ride of ninety miles in seventeen hours, in the midst of a contested election. The seat had been vacated by Mr. Waters; Mr. Baring and Mr. Cholwich were the new competitors for it, in the interests respectively of Church and Corporation; and to the innocent inexperience of Mr. Curwen an astounding scene presented itself. All the public-houses were open to the partisans of either candidate. In some of them were voters locked up, secured by bolts and bars, and watched zealously day and night to secure their free and independent presence at the polling booths. From others, in the very teeth of bars and bolts, voters fetched and secured from great distances by one party had yet been secretly and suddenly "spirited away" by the other, whether or not to reappear on polling day remained an inscrutable mystery. From morn to dewy eve corporation-clerks were creating voters. As the election approached, the constituency had mounted up to fourteen hundred; but of these, two hundred held themselves honorably aloof from the general disgrace, unconcerned whether "Baring or Cholwich be the tool of administration;" while, secure alike of either tool, the administration was under pledge, as Mr. Curwen heard on all sides, to contribute five thousand pounds to the expenses of the successful man. In other words, in the sole person of the leading minister were concentrated, with much saving of trouble, and perhaps some of expense, the Coppock, Brown, Beresford, Flewker, and Frail, of those more primitive and less complicated days of corruption. And so the scene went on—"the contest fierce, some wounds and broken heads, but no deaths, and enough to convince me of the deplorable venality of the nation." The winners in this particular venal race, it may be added, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Cholwich and the Corporation, turned out to be Baring and the Church, who came in first by no less than a hundred and one votes; and on the morning of his depart-

* Continued from Living Age, page 183.

are, Mr. Curwen left the whole city of Exeter decked out in blue and purple favors, displaying the Baring device, and actually, as well as metaphorically, drunk with joy. Nor could anything have been happier than that Baring device, whether as an expression of the nature as well as name of the fortunate candidate, or as a compliment of exquisite delicacy at once to the member secured and the minister who had secured him. Enamelled pendant on a blue ribbon appeared a bear with a ring in his nose.

It is not matter of surprise, then, that Mr. Curwen should have carried away with him no very agreeable impression of Exeter. He computes the population as scarcely seven eighths as numerous as that of his native Boston, but finds as little resemblance in the buildings of the two cities as in the wrinkled features of fourscore and the florid complexion of thirty. He pronounces the streets narrow, ill-paved, and dirty enough to pass into a proverb; if there were any good buildings, they were crowded in a corner, out of sight—as perhaps the good people were also; for such of them in private as Mr. Curwen saw, he thought proud, unsocial, and solitary, neither conversible nor hospitable. Still there was something to set off against all this, for a man of sociable tastes; as, for example, “a theatre, concerts, a coffee-house called Moll’s, and an hotel, both in the church-yard, where the London papers are brought four days in the week;”—and such was afterwards the scant success of Mr. Curwen’s persevering search for his temporary home, that the day soon came when even Exeter, with all its faults, was “a very Paradise to Manchester” or any town in the North that he had seen.

Not yet, however, has he seen the North, for, after a brief stay with a friend at Sidmouth, he is next to be found at Bristol. His impression of Bristol was not immediately formed, yet appears to have had sufficient promise in it to bring him back for another trial, on the recommendation of certain friends who had settled there, after a couple of visits to some of the northern towns. For, after brief stay, he went from Bristol, through Newport, Gloucester, Upton, and Worcester, to Birmingham; of which he said at once, as the best observers familiar with both places have since repeatedly said, “It looks more like Boston in its general appearance than any place in England.” This disposes him to like Birmingham, though it will not suit him to live there; and what he sees of its manufactures is also agreeable enough. At the workshops where he went to examine the first rifle he had ever beheld, “and many other pieces of peculiar construction I was a stranger to,” he found the master of the concern under contract to supply government with six hundred rifles for use against the Americans;

yet “in principle an anti-ministerialist, as is the whole town.” This has a relish of independence that tastes well after Exeter; and he records conversations with Quakers and other residents, whom he declares to be not only “sensible,” but “warm Americans, as most of the middling classes are through the kingdom, as far as my experience reaches.” And so already the mind of our loyalist friend, purged by the “euphrasy and rue” of its English experience, finds itself so far divested of those violent partialities and likings which had compelled his exile, that he is now quite able, as he describes himself when entertained by “that friendly stranger, Mr. Cornelius Fry of Bristol,” to pass his time not at all disagreeably in listening to people “talking treason, and justifying American independence.”

He returned by way of Tewkesbury to Bristol, which he reached after a nine hours’ drive; but it was not until the following year he took up a brief abode here, having first, without success, pursued and completed his search through the northern towns. He tried Lichfield, Derby, Sheffield, Wakefield, Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax, taking a post-chaise at the latter, and passing through Rochdale to Manchester. The various trades and manufactures interest and occupy him chiefly in these various towns, and in many instances they are skillfully described; but he makes a general complaint against all the inhabitants that they show a jealousy and suspicion of strangers, and that acquaintance with one manufacturer proved always enough effectually to debar him from intercourse with a second in the same business; while the difficulty he everywhere experienced in getting admitted to see their works (often quite impracticable, “express prohibition being issued by the masters”) appears to have reached its height in Manchester, and to have turned his wrath especially against that thriving and bustling community. He characterizes the disposition and manners of this Manchester people as, by their own showing, inhospitable and boorish; says further, that they are remarkable for coarseness of feature, and a quite unintelligible dialect; and of their dress, that it “savors not much of the London mode in general.” What surprised him greatly, moreover, was to find the extraordinary prevalence of Jacobite opinions in the town. His landlady was a Jacobite; he heard Jacobite doctrines everywhere openly professed; and, happening to be there on the twenty-ninth of May, he saw hoisted over numbers of doors at the most respectable houses, large oak boughs to express hopes for another Stuart restoration. Still, amid all that he thus thought ungenial and strange, he perceived also such intimations of energetic movement and self-satisfied activity, that the place

seemed actually changing and enlarging before his very eyes. He saw (what nowhere else he saw) "great additions of buildings and streets *daily making*;" in contact everywhere with the old, narrow, irregularly built streets, he saw noble houses in process of erection; and when, a few months later, the disastrous news of Burgoyne's surrender fell like a thunder-clap on England, Mr. Curwen puts it down in his journal, without an expression of surprise, that Manchester was the town that first started up from the blow, offered to raise a thousand men at its own expense to be ready in two months for service in America, and thus lighted up that spirit to which Liverpool next gave eager response, and which in a very few weeks was seen "spreading like a flame from north to south."

Of Liverpool, the commercial character and fame had raised higher expectations than of its neighbor, and the disappointment seems to have been extreme. The docks he admired immensely, thinking them "stupendously grand;" but he has no better phrase than "disgustful" for everything else in the place. He speaks of the houses, as by a great majority in middling and lower style, few rising above that mark; of the streets, as long, narrow, crooked, and amazingly dirty; of the shops, as inferior to those in other great towns; and of the dress and looks of the people, as more like the inhabitants of Wapping, Shadwell, and Rotherhithe, than those in the neighborhood of the Exchange or any part of London above the Tower. "During our short abode here," says Mr. Curwen, "we scarcely saw a well-dressed person, nor half-a-dozen gentlemen's carriages." In short, the whole complexion of Liverpool appeared to him nautical and common, "and infinitely below expectation."

Undaunted, notwithstanding, by all his failures hitherto, and hoping still "the reward of a cheap, plentiful country to reside in for some time," the American wanderer now purposed to turn his steps to York; but a fellow-exile induced him to change his plan, on representation of the number of their fellow-countrymen who have already pitched tents in the West; and to the West, with his compatriot, he consented to go back. They passed through Stockport, Macclesfield, Leek, and were very "quietly and genteelly supped and lodged" in the Dog and Duck at Sandon. Thence through Stafford and Wolverhampton, by Bromsgrove and Stourbridge (which instead of a mean, pitiful place, as its avenues seemed to threaten, they describe as a well-built, large, lively, and rich town, having a noble, wide, and convenient street, a mile long, with cross streets well paved), they reached Worcester, which Mr. Curwen finds to be a very handsome, well-built city, lively and full of business, having spacious, airy

streets, a noble cathedral and elegant modern houses, its shops large and well-filled, and its inhabitants polite and genteel, with "more the air of Londoners than at any place I have seen." Then, from Worcester, travelling by way of Tewkesbury, where they stayed the night, past apple orchards of uncommon height and bigness, through fields, pastures, and enclosures singular for their richness and verdure, and with fruit and forest trees on either hand, "in great abundance, and larger girth and greater height than are to be seen elsewhere in England," — the American exiles, stopping to dine and see the cathedral at Gloucester (a city which, after Worcester, sorely disappointed them), resumed their drive through roads dirty and rough — past farmers' houses wonderful for their look of slovenliness, and over a soil whose richness they could never sufficiently admire — till they arrived at Bristol.

The welcome that here awaited them, their first salute to their temporarily selected home, was hardly complimentary or cordial; for it proceeded from the "virulent tongue of a vixen" in the streets, excited by something that displeased her in their manner or dress, and it "saluted us by the names of *damned American rebels*." They walked on, however, not much moved; and soon after, in the same streets, passed one who seemed a humble pedestrian like themselves, yet who well deserved the interest with which they stopped, turned, and looked earnestly after him. This was "a person dressed in green, with a small round hat flapped before, very like an English country gentleman;" and the Americans knew, from what already they had heard, that under that green dress, small round flapped hat, and country gentleman's bearing, walked quietly along those Bristol streets no less a potentate than the Emperor of Austria, Joseph the Second, not simply interesting to them for his rank, or because he was the son of Maria Theresa and brother to Maria Antoinette, but for many high and striking qualities of his own. He was at this time (1777) performing *incog* the grand tour, including England.

And now having seen the working of Old England's institutions in a borough contest, the New Englander had the opportunity of observing how these things were managed in the counties; for on the morning after his arrival in Bristol, he beheld a triumphant entry of the member just elected for the county of Gloucester; and this proved to be "*the Duke of Beaufort's man*" (his grace's footman it might have been, though it was not), Mr. Chester, who burst into the huzzing town, amid the ringing of bells and discharging of cannon, attended by a body-guard of some couple of hundred horsemen "clad in new blue coats and breeches, with

buff waistcoats, the Duke of Beaufort's hunting garb." The duke himself, touched apparently by a not unbecoming modesty, had privately left the liveried procession just before its arrival in town, and was content with an out-of-the-way corner in a private house, whence himself and his duchess could see the parade and "enjoy his triumph without observation." After which second notable instance of a free election, and of that independence of the Lower House from all influence of the Upper which is so cardinal a theory of the English constitution, Mr. Curwen, must not be thought wholly unreasonable or unjust for a belief recorded in the next page of his diary, to the effect that if anything destroys this devoted English people it will be "venality;" — or for an opinion subsequently expressed, that "in the corrupt state of this people, the wheels of government cannot move an inch without money to grease them;" — or for gravely recording in his journal what he had heard from the owner of a wine vault, that of port wine alone a general election always consumed six thousand hogsheads extra, in addition to the ordinary annual consumption of twenty-four thousand hogsheads; — or even, at last, for pleasantly proposing to write a book that should make confession of his New England visions of Old England and English institutions which daylight had broken and dissolved, under the title of "The Perils and Peregrinations of a Tory or Refugee in quest of Civil Liberty, which the Author fondly imagined was to be enjoyed in higher perfection in the Land he travelled through, than in That he precipitately abandoned."

But his peregrinations, if not his perils, are drawn for the present to a close; and he has but to sit down and record the result of his "dearly bought experience," his "long, expensive, and not very pleasing tour." It is, briefly, that manufacturing towns are not proper places of residence for idle people, either on account of pleasure or profit; the expenses of living in every such town, however distant from London, being as high almost as in London itself; the spirit of bargaining, moreover, and of taking advantage, running through every line of life in those places; and having especially reached a cruel predominance in the North. Not that the good old gentleman felt he should escape all this, by settling in the West; but he had satisfied himself on the whole that the West was "a quarter of greater plenty and less expense," and a majority of his fellow-refugees had already taken up residence there. As many as eighteen were in Bristol alone; and that he counted upon these as his chief society may be inferred from the fact, that he notes as worthy of record the circumstance of his having had "an hour's

conversation with a stranger on 'Change, a rare event, people in England being greatly indisposed to join with unknown persons." He goes on to make certain exceptions, indeed, which it is evident do not include himself, in the observation that the Bristolians are notorious for early inquiries into the character of all strangers, from commercial motives; and for soon fastening on everybody worth making a property of, if practicable; all others, of how great estimation soever, being in general neglected. In short, says Mr. Curwin plainly, "This city is remarkable for sharp dealing; and hence the proverb, *One Jew is equal to two Genoese, one Bristolian to two Jews.*" To all which it may be well to add, at the same time, that in the matter of himself and his real or fancied sufferings and wrongs, the diarist's authority is not to be taken more implicitly than the common understanding in such a case would suggest. Nothing is so frequent in the diary, for instance, as lamentations for old age, whose infirmities every day would appear to be increasing, and making more and more hard to bear; yet, in close connection with one of the most pathetic of these complaints, uttered in most doleful strain soon after the writer was lodged in Bristol, and when he was sixty-three years old, the reader's spirits are suddenly raised by the following memorandum. "Oct. 21. Rose at six o'clock, and went a coursing with two greyhounds and a spaniel for hares. Started one, and left her in a turnip-field; returned about two o'clock, not greatly fatigued, after a ramble of fifteen miles over hedge-fences, ditches, &c."

Nor is this a mere casual indication of activity and the power of bearing fatigue. It expresses the habit of the man. During the long journeyings to which reference has been made, the mere movement from place to place has been the least part of the fatigue undergone. Whatever any place contains, he must see; if there be any object of interest in the neighborhood, off he starts on a visit to it. He is never willingly at rest, never comes to a positive standstill, is still pushing forward where something more may be seen or known. With the passion of a dweller in a new country for all that makes memory and association so pleasant in an old one, he is honorably anxious to examine every spot consecrated by genius or made illustrious by heroism or worth. He goes out of his way to see Redclyffe church at Bristol, not because Chatterton has yet become a name (poor fellow! the earth is still fresh above him in the Shoe Lane pauper burial-ground) but because it contains paintings by Hogarth and the monument of Admiral Penn. After crossing Salisbury Plain to Stonehenge, he takes a turn of seven miles that he may see the classical remains at Lord Pembroke's seat, admire the handy-

work of Inigo Jones, and touch with reverence the urn alleged to have held the ashes of Horace. As he passes though Upton he does not fail to think of Sophia Western, and the little muff that turned Tom Jones' head; and nothing occupies him so much in Wakefield as inquiries after Goldsmith's vicar, a somewhat spurious original for that delightful creation being imposed on him by the worthy inhabitants, who protested it was their own "Parson Johnson," put into a book. Of course he went to Cambridge, and to Oxford; he visited Blenheim and Stowe; and from Birmingham he made rapid diversions to Hagley, with its memories of Pope, and to the Leasowes, still fragrant with Shenstone's homely and kindly poetry. He finds out the house where Marlborough was born, on the road to Axminster; makes a pilgrimage from Exeter to Sir Francis Drake's birthplace; and pleasantly persuades himself that he has seen in Dovedale "the very spot in which Chaucer wrote many of his pieces." Nor has he been in Bristol many hours, after the long and tedious journey which has finally lodged him there, before he sets forth to hear the famous Wesley preach to an immense concourse, "having the heavens for his canopy," when the ungraceful, but plain, intelligible, and earnest speech, the weak and harsh, but passionate voice, of the grand old Methodist, suggest to him an instructive contrast to "the insipid coldness prevalent among the preferment-seeking, amusement-hunting, macaroni parsons, who, to the shame and dishonor of this age and nation, constitute the bulk of those of the established clergy who possess valuable livings."

Yet a few evenings later, it was his chance to meet one of the dignitaries of the Establishment deserving a quite different character, from whom he heard opinions of the dispute now raging with America, such as never before had he heard expressed on either side, or in either country. Mr. Curwin dryly describes him, as well as the opinions he heard expressed by him, in the remark that he has been sitting in company with "a famous political divine and anti-colonist, who judges the colonies a burden to Great Britain, and presses administration to cast them off."

The man who held these eccentric opinions was the Dean of Gloucester, Doctor Josiah Tucker; and the reason for his holding them was, that he alone, among the public writers of that day, correctly reasoned on the causes of colonial as well as home prosperity, and what obstructed their further development. He did not dispute the right of England to tax America, and he held the colonists to have been wrong at the outset of the dispute; but he had the courage and foresight to warn his countrymen to desist from any further strug-

gle, for that political power was not to be increased by the cumbrous and unwieldy retention of ill-governed territory, but by energetic and judicious cultivation of physical resources, commercial interchanges, and intellectual acquirements. He exploded the fallacy of the advantage supposed to be implied in the monopoly of a distant market. A far other and greater market we had created in America, a market of the raw material from which prosperous empires are made; for we had supplied that vast continent with *man*, and with institutions that strengthen and develop manhood — nor could the inevitable tendency of such be stayed by any human power. Let the separation be only prompt and amicable, and all would be well.

For this, as we see, our intelligent American loyalist denounces him as an "anti-colonist;" and much harder words were applied to him in those days by men who had less excuse for the error. Burke himself, in his impetuous advocacy of America, refused to believe that any man could have formed an opinion in favor of separation except with the dishonest motive of secretly helping the hostility of the court, by making the colonies unpopular with the people. He denounced the Dean of Gloucester, therefore, "as one of those court vermin who would do anything for the sake of a bishoprick;" and was not moved to retract the coarse insinuation even by Tucker's calm and dignified reproof, declaring his independence of both parties, and that his opinions had been equally unpalatable to both. Burke's attack, however, passionate and unthinking as it was, was not, like Bishop Warburton's, treacherous. The bishop assailed the dean through the side of their common calling, and, referring to the commercial arguments by which the case for separation had been urged, described him as a divine with whom religion was a trade, and with whom trade was a religion. "The bishop affects to consider me with contempt," replied the dean, calmly; "to which I say nothing. He has sometimes spoken coarsely of me; to which I replied nothing. He has said that religion is my trade, and trade is my religion. It is quite true that commerce and its connections have been favorite objects of my attention; and where is the crime? As for religion, I have attended carefully to the duties of my parish; nor have I neglected my cathedral. The world knows something of me as a writer on religious subjects; and I will add, what the world does not know, that I have written near three hundred sermons, and preached them all again and again. My heart is at ease on that score; and my conscience, thank God! does not accuse me."

Such were the penalties then, as they have

ever been, and will probably continue to be, attendant on having outstripped contemporary opinion. There was hardly a question on which Dean Tucker was not distinctly in advance of his time. Though a strenuous defender of religion against the infidel attacks which were then so common, he was not less the eager advocate of universal toleration. He wrote against drunkenness, against sports involving cruelty to the brute creation, and against war. Nothing was too grand, nothing too mean, if it affected a single human interest, for the wise word he had to utter. His great argument for trade against territory, in which he warned the sovereigns of Europe that the proper cultivation of the land of their own countries inappreciably exceeded in importance any amount of acquisition of waste land in other countries, was followed by his "earnest and affectionate address to the common people of England on their barbarous custom of cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday." He was the first to defend the naturalization of foreigners, to point out the necessity of a union with Ireland, to denounce the impolicy of the existing restraints against interchanges with that country, to resist the taxation which then fell so heavily on the industrious and the poor, to oppose every kind of monopoly whether of corporations or trading companies, to declare the navigation laws a clog upon commerce, to propose a plan for getting rid of slavery, to call for the opening of canals, to point out what advantages would result from the establishment of a warehousing system, to urge the necessity of improvement in the high roads, to cry out against that East India Company in which we only now begin to detect an injustice too monstrous for continuance or sufficiently ripe for redress, to insist on the wisdom of permitting the free exportation and importation of grain, and to advocate perseveringly in its largest sense free trade among all the nations of the earth. "Ah!" exclaimed Doctor Johnson one day at Thrale's; "another pamphlet by Tucker. The dean always tells me something which I did not know before." Yet it was but a short time after, that the dean was burnt in effigy in his native town of Bristol, because something in one of his pamphlets (it was an argument for the naturalization of the Jew) had given high offence on 'Change, where less tolerance for originality prevailed than in the large heart of Samuel Johnson.

Nevertheless Doctor Tucker lived to see his townsmen make something better than a Guy of him, though of themselves perhaps something worse; for he lived to see a shouting mob unyoke the horses from his carriage, against his remonstrance, yoke themselves instead, and draw him into Bristol in triumph. It was a wonderful change, and brought about in a curious way. In those days, the reader

will hardly require to be told, there existed in full force a great many egregiously foolish acts of Parliament, called diversely acts against *Forestalling, Regrating, Badgering, and Engrossing*, but all passed with the same silly purpose of putting senseless restraints on trade, by preventing the merchant or speculator from purchasing corn or other provisions, in market or on their way to market, and selling them again in the same place, or within four miles of it. The professed object was to prevent any unfair enhancement of the prices of provisions; the almost invariable result was to empty the markets of provisions altogether; and never were the magistrates, in their fulness of ignorance, so bent on putting in force the law against *Forestalling*, as at those times of pinch and pressure when nothing but that very law obstructed relief. A crisis of this kind occurred, and happened to be sorely felt in Bristol, where a scarcity of corn was threatened; whereupon straightway assembled the sapient justices to give immediate effect to the legislation described, and were surprised to see Doctor Tucker assume for the first time his privilege of magistrate, and take his seat on the bench beside them. "Why, gentlemen," said the dean, "what are you going to do? How can you expect to have any corn at all, if you mean to punish the only persons perhaps that will bring you any?" This home-thrust had its effect; and, says a contemporary account of the incident, "the markets were immediately supplied with corn." For the dean's great principle, pursues the same authority (a writer in a magazine of the time) about trade and commerce is, "that they will ever find their level; that what commodities are wanted, and can be paid for, will always be had; that a nation will always go to the best and cheapest market for what they have occasion for; and that neither political friendship nor enmity have anything to do with these matters, but that they are regulated by utility and convenience."

A very simple and sufficient creed, which it took nearly a hundred years more to make manifest to English statesmen.

Happily the dean had not to wait so long before his view of the American quarrel received its ample justification. He did not live, indeed, to see that country enlarged and raised by Independence from thirteen colonies to thirty-one, and from three millions to thirty-five millions of population; but his life was spared till sixteen years after the treaty of Paris; and when, on the Duke of Portland's installation at Oxford in the summer of 1793, the Dean of Gloucester, then between eighty and ninety years of age, entered the theatre with his brother doctors, the whole assemblage welcomed with acclamation, on each of the three days of the ceremony, the venerable man whose advice, if timely taken,

would have saved the useless bloodshed of more than a hundred thousand of the Saxon race, and an addition to the English debt of more than eighty millions sterling.

And as Mr. Curwen himself was still living at the time, in his native town of Salem, we may perhaps presume that even he had grown to be much more tolerant of Dean Tucker and his opinions, as a citizen of the American Republic, than when he first heard them in Bristol as a loyalist exile and refugee.

From the Spectator.

THE NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.*

THE test of more than eighty years, the exhaustion of five-and-thirty thousand copies in seven impressions, and the demand for an eighth edition, speak more for this national publication than any criticism can do. To deserve success may be meritorious; but it is more satisfactory to be successful. Desert in a pursuit argues good intentions; success in the same pursuit, a just perception of the object in view, and the means of attaining it. The proprietors, in their prospectus to this new edition, point with justifiable pride to the eminent names that have been connected with the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but a band of great writers does not suffice to attain success where great writing is not the first object. Names nearly if not quite as eminent may be found connected with different encyclopædias — as Coleridge, Arnold, and others, in the *Metropolitan*; but, however celebrated that work may be, its sale was not equal to its fame. The primary object of an encyclopædia is reference. We recur to it for information, not instruction. The man who wishes to study a science or master a subject may find better teachers for his particular purpose, perhaps *must* take a wider range than any digest of this kind can offer him. Great names are as a feather in the cap, and if the papers are of a merit proportioned to the writer's fame, they are good as an attraction; but the permanent support is from humbler labors. That encyclopædia will be the most enduring which gives the most of what we want when we look for it, and in the way we want it. When we take down a volume of an encyclopædia, we require an answer to a question, or the resolution of a doubt. All beyond this is a gain, but of the nature of a garnish, which will not of itself maintain the work.

To do this effectually, a well-digested plan is the first necessity, and of course competent

* The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Eighth Edition, greatly improved. Edited by Thomas Stewart Traill, M. D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh. Published by Adam and Charles Black.

aid. Of equal importance is a perception of the public requirement, so as to give it as much as it wants, and not much more than it wants; since it is not the business of an encyclopædia to form the public taste or discover novelties, but to digest existing knowledge. That this has been done by the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in a literary sense, is proved by its long success.

Some facts in connexion with its *form* of publication will show the attention paid to the *quantum suff*.

It was first published in three volumes, 4to, 1771; next in ten volumes, in 1778; in eighteen volumes, in 1797; to which was added the Supplement, in two volumes, by Bishop Gleig, in 1801; this was followed by an edition in twenty volumes, in 1810, and other two editions during the succeeding ten years; to which was added the celebrated Supplement in six volumes, 4to, edited by Professor Napier, commenced in 1815 and finished in 1824. The Seventh Edition, which was completed in 1842, embodied whatever remained valuable in the previous editions and in the Supplements.

The eighth edition opens with the celebrated Dissertation of Dugald Stewart on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy, to be followed by Mackintosh upon the same subject, with a new preface by Whewell. To these will succeed the Dissertations on Mathematical and Physical Science by Playfair and Leslie; while Forbes will continue Physics to the present time, and the Archbishop of Dublin, in a new dissertation, will handle the most popular subject of the whole, "the Rise, Progress, and Corruptions of Christianity." All capital things, if not perfectly encyclopædic, except Stewart's article, which fulfilled in some degree the purpose of a preface. That these, however, are merely tit-bits thrown in, and that the general excellence and utility of the work will not be sacrificed to the "starring" system, may be inferred from this passage of the prospectus:—

The Eighth Edition will undergo careful revision and extensive correction. Articles rendered imperfect by the lapse of time will be submitted for improvement to writers intimately conversant with the respective subjects, whilst other articles will be superseded by entirely new contributions, and subjects not formerly embraced in its pages will be added.

Wanted a Curate; a Satirical Poem. By Gregory Shortcommons, M. A.

A clever enough poetical *jeu d'esprit*, and not at all bitter or exaggerated, considering that the satire is a succession of verified advertisements for curates — though some images are rather of things understood than avowed. There is not much of art or strength in the affair. — *Spectator*.

From Household Words.

CHLOROFORM.

THE recent occurrence of a case of sudden death after the administration of Chloroform in a London hospital reminds us that we are now fairly entitled by the lapse of time to pass a very distinct judgment on the value of this drug as an anæsthetic agent. The case to which we have just referred was the first fatal issue within the practice of the Hospital in which it occurred, although Chloroform had been administered in the establishment to sixteen hundred patients.

Under an indiscriminate use of ether, several deaths followed: not many months had elapsed before there were nine cases on record of death from the effects of ether, so applied by the surgeon, without reckoning two or three accidents. A reaction began to set in; some gave up the use of the new agent; others attempted to discover the substances that should be as efficient and less dangerous. Many substances were found to be more or less available (all containing carbon), but none were capable of superseding ether until Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh, in November, 1847, published the merits of Chloroform to the profession. Experiments had been made with that substance by M. Flourens, the French physiologist, upon animals, in the preceding March; but Professor Simpson stands alone as the establisher of Chloroform in the position which it now holds in the medical profession. Its use spread rapidly; no doubt the more rapidly, because Dr. Simpson taught that it should be applied upon a handkerchief without the use of any apparatus, and his invention was, therefore, spared the heavy clog which had been attached to the use of ether by the instrument-makers. Ether as little required machinery of brass and glass as Chloroform; but people fancied that it did. Chloroform was, therefore, at once highly recommended by the ease with which it was to be administered.

The death of Hannah Greener at Newcastle, who had been in great fear of Chloroform, and died in two minutes after its use, first impressed people with the idea that even Chloroform was not to be resorted to without great precaution. Accidents were however few, and instances of striking benefit almost innumerable: the use of Chloroform spread therefore over Europe, and in the five and a half years that have elapsed since its introduction, the whole number of cases in which it has produced death does not amount to more than fifty, while the number of cases in which life has been saved, by sparing to the system of a sick person the shock often attendant upon a painful operation, are to be numbered certainly by thousands.

This we are now able to prove by tables

furnished during the last five years from private and hospital experience. A few figures, however, will suffice. The deaths after great amputations of the ordinary kind (not painless), calculated for the half-century, were found in the tables collected by Mr. Phillips, relating to hospital and private practice, to be thirty-five per cent. In Dr. Simpson's estimate, calculated from hospitals alone, they were twenty-nine per cent. The per centage, computed from all cases in which an anæsthetic agent had been used, was found to be reduced to twenty-three. After amputations of the thigh the deaths used to be in Paris, according to Malmagne, sixty-nine in a hundred; in the Edinburgh Infirmary, according to Peacock, forty-nine per cent.; in all practice, according to the general tables of Phillips, forty-four in a hundred; at Glasgow, according to Laurie, thirty-six; in all English and Scottish hospitals, according to Simpson, thirty-eight, while, by the use of painless operations, the per centage of mortality has been reduced to twenty-five.

A few deaths directly occasioned by the use of Chloroform or ether are, therefore, no more to be adduced as arguments against the employment of those agents, than a few — or a great many — deaths by railway, are arguments for the complete abolition of the railway system. Chloroform and railways are both blessings to humanity; but it is requisite that they should both be managed carefully. It is a fact very much to the credit of the medical profession that instances of accident by Chloroform are so much rarer than railway accidents.

When we before discussed this subject, we mentioned those cases in which especially Chloroform or ether should not be employed; but, we repeat — as it is a kind of information which it is advantageous for the Chloroform-inhaling public to bear well in mind — that the use of such agents is rarely safe in the case of persons suffering under disease of the brain or spinal marrow; of the heart or lungs, having an intermittent pulse; or when they are in a weak and pallid bodily condition. Experience also shows that fatal results have often followed the administration of Chloroform to persons who had exhibited a decisive and unaccountable dread of it. This is a curious fact which we may account for as we please, either by some theory of instinct, or by some superstition of the fore-cast shadow of approaching fate.

The Star in the Desert. By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c.

The restoration of a wife banished by her husband on account of his pride of birth, and the conversion of the husband himself from infidelity, are the subjects of this little tale. It is well-managed and prettily told. — *Spectator.*

From Household Words.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

ONE night, during the period of the first French Revolution, the family of François Sarzeau, a fisherman of Brittany, were all waking and watching at an unusually late hour in their cottage on the peninsula of Quiberon. François had gone out in his boat that evening, as usual, to fish. Shortly after his departure, the wind had risen, the clouds had gathered; and the storm, which had been threatening at intervals throughout the whole day, burst forth furiously about nine o'clock. It was now eleven; and the raging of the wind over the barren, heathy peninsula still seemed to increase with each fresh blast that tore its way out upon the open sea; the crashing of the waves on the beach was awful to hear; the dreary blackness of the sky terrible to behold. The longer they listened to the storm, the oftener they looked out at it, the fainter grew the hopes which the fisherman's family still strove to cherish for the safety of François Sarzeau and of his younger son who had gone with him in the boat.

There was something impressive in the simplicity of the scene that was now passing within the cottage. On one side of the great rugged black fire-place crouched two little girls; the younger half asleep, with her head in her sister's lap. These were the daughters of the fisherman; and opposite to them sat their eldest brother, Gabriel. His right arm had been badly wounded in a recent encounter at the national game of the *Soule*, a sport resembling our English football; but played on both sides in such savage earnest by the people of Brittany as to end always in bloodshed, often in mutilation, sometimes even in loss of life. On the same bench with Gabriel sat his betrothed wife — a girl of eighteen — clothed in the plain, almost monastic black and white costume of her native district. She was the daughter of a small farmer living at some little distance from the coast. Between the groups formed on either side of the fire-place, the vacant space was occupied by the foot of a truckle bed. In this bed lay a very old man, the father of François Sarzeau. His haggard face was covered with deep wrinkles; his long white hair flowed over the coarse lump of sacking which served him for a pillow, and his light gray eyes wandered incessantly, with a strange expression of terror and suspicion, from person to person, and from object to object, in all parts of the room. Every time when the wind and sea whistled and roared at their loudest, he muttered to himself and tossed his hands fretfully on his wretched coverlid. On these occasions, his eyes always fixed themselves intently on a little delf image of the Virgin placed in a

niche over the fire-place. Whenever they saw him look in this direction Gabriel and the young girl shuddered and crossed themselves; and even the child who still kept awake imitated their example. There was one bond of feeling at least between the old man and his grandchildren, which connected his age and their youth unnaturally and closely together. This feeling was reverence for the superstitions which had been handed down to them by their ancestors from centuries and centuries back, as far even as the age of the Druids. The spirit-warnings of disaster and death, which the old man heard in the wailing of the wind, in the crashing of the waves, in the dreary, monotonous rattling of the casement, the young man and his affianced wife and the little child who cowered by the fire-side, heard too. All differences in sex, in temperament, in years, Superstition was strong enough to strike down to its own dread level, in the fisherman's cottage, on that stormy night.

Besides the benches by the fire-side and the bed, the only piece of furniture in the room was a coarse wooden table, with a loaf of black bread, a knife, and a pitcher of cider placed on it. Old nets, coils of rope, tattered sails, hung about the walls and over the wooden partition which separated the room into two compartments. Wisps of straw and ears of barley drooped down through the rotten rafters and gaping boards that made the floor of the granary above.

These different objects and the persons in the cottage, who composed the only surviving members of the fisherman's family, were strangely and wildly lit up by the blaze of the fire and by the still brighter glare of a resin torch stuck into a block of wood in the chimney corner. The red and yellow light played full on the weird face of the old man as he lay opposite to it, and glanced fitfully on the figures of Rose, Gabriel, and the two children; the great gloomy shadows rose and fell, and grew and lessened in bulk about the walls like visions of darkness, animated by a supernatural spectre-life; while the dense obscurity outside spreading before the curtainless window seemed as a wall of solid darkness that had closed in forever around the fisherman's house. The night-scene within the cottage was almost as wild and as dreary to look upon as the night-scene without.

For a long time the different persons in the room sat together without speaking, even without looking at each other. At last, the girl turned and whispered something into Gabriel's ear.

"Rose, what were you saying to Gabriel?" asked the child opposite, seizing the first opportunity of breaking the desolate silence — doubly desolate at her age — which was preserved by all around her.

"I was telling him," answered Rose simply, "that it was time to change the bandages on his arm; and I also said to him, what I have often said before, that he must never play at that terrible game of the *Soule* again.

The old man had been looking intently at Rose and his grandchild as they spoke. His harsh, hollow voice mingled with the last soft tones of the young girl, repeating over and over again the same terrible words: "Drowned! drowned! Son and grandson, both drowned! both drowned!"

"Hush! Grandfather," said Gabriel, "we must not lose all hope for them yet. God and the Blessed Virgin protect them!" He looked at the little delf image, and crossed himself; the others imitated him, except the old man. He still tossed his hands over the coverlid, and still repeated "Drowned! drowned!"

"Oh, that accursed *Soule*!" groaned the young man. "But for this wound I should have been with my father. The poor boy's life might at least have been saved; for we should then have left him here."

"Silence!" exclaimed the harsh voice from the bed. "The wail of dying men rises louder than the loud sea; the devil's psalm-singing roars higher than the roaring wind! Be silent, and listen! François drowned! Pierre drowned! Hark! Hark!"

A terrific blast of wind burst over the house, as he spoke, shaking it to its centre, overpowering all other sounds, even to the deafening crash of the waves. The slumbering child awoke, and uttered a scream of fear. Rose, who had been kneeling before her lover, binding the fresh bandages on his wounded arm, paused in her occupation, trembling from head to foot. Gabriel looked towards the window; his experience told him what must be the hurricane fury of that blast of wind out at sea, and he sighed bitterly as he murmured to himself, "God help them both — man's help will be as nothing to them now!"

"Gabriel!" cried the voice from the bed in altered tones — very faint and trembling.

He did not hear, or did not attend to the old man. He was trying to soothe and encourage the trembling girl at his feet. "Don't be frightened, love," he said, kissing her very gently and tenderly on the forehead. "You are as safe here as anywhere. Was I not right in saying that it would be madness to attempt taking you back to the farm-house this evening? You can sleep in that room, Rose, when you are tired — you can sleep with the two girls."

"Gabriel! brother Gabriel!" cried one of the children. "O! look at grandfather!"

Gabriel ran to the bedside. The old man had raised himself into a sitting position; his eyes were dilated, his whole face was rigid

with terror, his hands were stretched out convulsively towards his grandson. "The White Women!" he screamed. "The White Women! the grave-diggers of the drowned are out on the sea!" The children, with cries of terror, flung themselves into Rose's arms; even Gabriel uttered an exclamation of horror, and started back from the bedside. Still the old man reiterated, "The White Women! The White Women! Open the door, Gabriel! look out westward, where the ebb tide has left the sand dry. You'll see them bright as lightning in the darkness, mighty as the angels in stature, sweeping like the wind over the sea, in their long white garments, with their white hair trailing far behind them! Open the door, Gabriel! You'll see them stop and hover over the place where your father and your brother have been drowned; you'll see them come on till they reach the sand; you'll see them dig in it with their naked feet, and beckon awfully to the raging sea to give up its dead. Open the door, Gabriel — or, though it should be the death of me, I will get up and open it myself!"

Gabriel's face whitened even to his lips, but he made a sign that he would obey. It required the exertion of his whole strength to keep the door open against the wind, while he looked out.

"Do you see them, grandson Gabriel? Speak the truth, and tell me if you see them," cried the old man.

"I see nothing but darkness — pitch darkness," answered Gabriel, letting the door close again.

"Ah! woe! woe!" groaned his grandfather, sinking back exhausted on the pillow. "Darkness to you; but bright as lightning to the eyes that are allowed to see them. Drowned! drowned! Pray for their souls, Gabriel — I see the White Women even where I lie, and dare not pray for them. Son and grandson drowned! both drowned!"

The young man went back to Rose and the children. "Grandfather is very ill to-night," he whispered. "You had better all go into the bedroom, and leave me alone to watch by him."

They rose as he spoke, crossed themselves before the image of the Virgin, kissed him one by one, and, without uttering a word, softly entered the little room on the other side of the partition. Gabriel looked at his grandfather, and, saw that he lay quiet now, with his eyes closed as if he were already dropping asleep. The young man then heaped some fresh logs on the fire, and sat down by it to watch till morning. Very dreary was the moaning of the night-storm; but it was not more dreary than the thoughts which now occupied him in his solitude — thoughts darkened and distorted by the terrible superstitions of his country and his race.

Ever since the period of his mother's death he had been oppressed by the conviction that some curse hung over the family. At first they had been prosperous, they had got money, a little legacy had been left them. But this good fortune had availed only for a time; disaster on disaster strangely and suddenly succeeded. Losses, misfortunes, poverty, want itself had overwhelmed them; his father's temper had become so soured, that the oldest friends of François Sarzeau declared he was changed beyond recognition. And now, all this past misfortune — the steady, withering, household blight of many years — had ended in the last worst misery of all — in death. The fate of his father and his brother admitted no longer of a doubt — he knew it, as he listened to the storm, as he reflected on his grandfather's words, as he called to mind his own experience of the perils of the sea. And this double bereavement had fallen on him just as the time was approaching for his marriage with Rose; just when misfortune was most ominous of evil, just when it was hardest to bear! Forebodings which he dared not realize began now to mingle with the bitterness of his grief, whenever his thoughts wandered from the present to the future; and as he sat by the lonely fireside, murmuring from time to time the church prayer for the repose of the dead, he almost involuntarily mingled with it another prayer, expressed only in his own simple words, for the safety of the living — for the young girl whose love was his sole earthly treasure; for the motherless children who must now look for protection to him alone.

He had sat by the hearth a long, long time, absorbed in his thoughts, not once looking round towards the bed, when he was startled by hearing the sound of his grandfather's voice once more. "Gabriel," whispered the old man, trembling and shrinking as he spoke. "Gabriel, do you hear a dripping of water — now slow, now quick again — on the floor at the foot of my bed?"

"I hear nothing, grandfather, but the crackling of the fire, and the roaring of the storm outside."

"Drip, drip, drip! Faster and faster; plainer and plainer. Take the torch, Gabriel; look down on the floor — look with all your eyes. Is the place wet there? Is it God's rain that is dropping through the roof?"

Gabriel took the torch with trembling fingers, and knelt down on the floor to examine it closely. He started back from the place, as he saw that it was quite dry — the torch dropped upon the hearth — he fell on his knees before the statue of the Virgin and hid his face.

"Is the floor wet? Answer me, I command you! — Is the floor wet?" — asked the old man quickly and breathlessly. Gabriel rose, went back to the bedside, and whispered to

him that no drop of rain had fallen inside the cottage. As he spoke the words, he saw a change pass over his grandfather's face — the sharp features seemed to wither up on a sudden; the eager expression to grow vacant and death-like in an instant. The voice too altered; it was harsh and querulous no more; its tones became strangely soft, slow, and solemn, when the old man spoke again.

"I hear it still," he said, "drip! drip! faster and plainer than ever. That ghostly dropping of water is the last and the surest of the fatal signs which have told of your father's and your brother's deaths to-night, and I know from the place where I hear it — the foot of the bed I lie on — that it is a warning to me of my own approaching end. I am called where my son and my grandson have gone before me; my weary time in this world is over at last. Don't let Rose and the children come in here, if they should awake — they are too young to look at death."

Gabriel's blood curdled when he heard these words — when he touched his grandfather's hand, and felt the chill that it struck to his own — when he listened to the raging wind, and knew that all help was miles and miles away from the cottage. Still, in spite of the storm, the darkness, and the distance, he thought not for a moment of neglecting the duty that had been taught him from his childhood — the duty of summoning the priest to the bedside of the dying. "I must call Rose," he said, "to watch by you while I am away." "Stop!" cried the old man, "stop, Gabriel: I implore, I command you not to leave me!" "The priest, grandfather — your confession —"

"It must be made to you. In this darkness and this hurricane no man can keep the path across the heath. Gabriel! I am dying — I should be dead before you got back. Gabriel! for the love of the Blessed Virgin, stop here with me till I die — my time is short — I have a terrible secret that I must tell to somebody before I draw my last breath! Your ear to my mouth! — quick! quick!"

As he spoke the last words, a slight noise was audible on the other side of the partition, the door half opened! and Rose appeared at it, looking affrightedly into the room. The vigilant eyes of the old man — suspicious even in death — caught sight of her directly. "Go back!" he exclaimed faintly, before she could utter a word, "go back — push her back, Gabriel, and nail down the latch in the door, if she won't shut it of herself!"

"Dear Rose! go in again," implored Gabriel. "Go in and keep the children from disturbing us. You will only make him worse — you can be of no use here!"

She obeyed without speaking, and shut the door again. While the old man clutched him by the arm, and repeated, "Quick! quick!"

—your ear close to my mouth," Gabriel heard her say to the children (who were both awake), "Let us pray for grandfather." And, as he knelt down by the bedside, there stole on his ear the sweet, childish tones of his little sisters, and the soft, subdued voice of the young girl, who was teaching them the prayer, mingling divinely with the solemn wailing of wind and sea, rising in a still and awful purity over the hoarse, gasping whispers of the dying man.

"I took an oath not to tell it, Gabriel — lean down closer! I'm weak, and they must n't hear a word in that room — I took an oath not to tell it; but death is a warrant to all men for breaking such an oath as that. Listen; don't lose a word I'm saying! Don't look away into the room: the stain of blood-guilt has defiled it forever! — Hush! Hush! Hush! Let me speak. Now your father's dead, I can't carry the horrid secret with me into the grave. Just remember, Gabriel — try if you can't remember the time before I was bed-ridden — ten years ago and more — it was about six weeks, you know, before your mother's death; you can remember it by that. You and all the children were in that room with your mother; you were all asleep, I think; it was night, not very late — only nine o'clock. Your father and I were standing at the door, looking out at the heath in the moonlight. He was so poor at that time, he had been obliged to sell his own boat, and none of the neighbors would take him out fishing with them — your father was n't liked by any of the neighbors. Well; we saw a stranger coming towards us; a very young man, with a knapsack on his back. He looked like a gentleman, though he was but poorly dressed. He came up, and told us he was dead tired, and did n't think he could reach the town that night, and asked if we would give him shelter till morning. And your father said yes, if he would make no noise, because the wife was ill and the children were asleep. So he said all he wanted was to go to sleep himself before the fire. We had nothing to give him but black bread. He had better food with him than that, and undid his knapsack to get at it — and — and — Gabriel! I'm sinking — drink! something to drink — I'm parched with thirst!"

Silent and deadly pale, Gabriel poured some of the cider from the pitcher on the table into a drinking cup, and gave it to the old man. Slight as the stimulant was, its effect on him was almost instantaneous. His dull eyes brightened a little, and he went on in the same whispering tones as before.

"He pulled the food out of his knapsack rather in a hurry, so that some of the other small things in it fell on the floor. Among these was a pocket-book, which your father picked up and gave him back; and he put it in his coat-pocket — there was a tear in one

of the sides of the book, and through the hole some bank-notes bulged out. I saw them, and so did your father (don't move away, Gabriel; keep close, there's nothing in me to shrink from). Well, he shared his food, like an honest fellow, with us; and then put his hand in his pocket, and gave me four or five livres, and then lay down before the fire to go to sleep. As he shut his eyes, your father looked at me in a way I did n't like. He'd been behaving very bitterly and desperately towards us for some time past; being soured about poverty, and your mother's illness, and the constant crying out of you children for more to eat. So, when he told me to go and buy some wood, some bread, and some wine with the money I had got, I did n't like, somehow, to leave him alone with the stranger; and so made excuses, saying (which was true) that it was too late to buy things in the village that night. But he told me in a rage to go and do as he bid me, and knock the people up if the shop was shut. So I went out, being dreadfully afraid of your father — as indeed we all were at that time — but I could n't make up my mind to go far from the house; I was afraid of something happening, though I did n't dare to think what. I don't know how it was; but I stole back in about ten minutes on tip-toe, to the cottage; and looked in at the window; and saw — O! God forgive him! O, God forgive me! — I saw — I — more to drink, Gabriel! I can't speak again — more to drink!"

The voices in the next room had ceased; but in the minute of silence which now ensued, Gabriel heard his sisters kissing Rose, and wishing her good-night. They were all three trying to go to sleep again.

"Gabriel, pray yourself, and teach your children after you to pray, that your father may find forgiveness where he is now gone. I saw him, plainly as I now see you, kneeling with his knife in one hand over the sleeping man. He was taking the little book with the notes in it out of the stranger's pocket. He got the book into his possession, and held it quite still in his hand for an instant, thinking. I believe — O, no! no! — I'm sure, he was repenting; I am sure he was going to put the book back; but just at that moment the stranger moved, and raised one of his arms, as if he was waking up. Then, the temptation of the devil grew too strong for your father — I saw him lift the hand with the knife in it — but saw nothing more. I could n't look in at the window — I could n't move away — I could n't cry out; I stood with my back turned towards the house, shivering all over, though it was a warm summer-time, and hearing no cries, no noises at all, from the room behind me. I was too frightened to know how long it was before the opening of the cottage door made me turn round;

but when I did, I saw your father standing before me in the yellow moonlight, carrying in his arms the bleeding body of the poor lad who had shared his food with us, and slept on our hearth. Hush! hush! Don't groan and sob in that way! Stifle it with the bed-clothes. Hush! you'll wake them in the next room!"

"Gabriel—Gabriel!" exclaimed a voice from behind the partition. "What has happened! Gabriel! let me come out and be with you!"

"No! no!" cried the old man, collecting the last remains of his strength in the attempt to speak above the wind, which was just then howling at the loudest. "Stay where you are—don't speak—don't come out, I command you! Gabriel" (his voice dropped to a faint whisper), "raise me up in bed—you must hear the whole of it, now—raise me; I'm choking so that I can hardly speak. Keep close and listen—I can't say much more. Where was I?—Ah, your father! He threatened to kill me if I did not swear to keep it secret; and in terror of my life I swore. He made me help him carry the body—we took it all across the heath—O! horrible, horrible, under the bright moon—(lift me higher, Gabriel). You know the great stones yonder, set up by the heathens; you know the hollow place under the stones they call 'The Merchant's Table'—we had plenty of room to lay him in that, and hide him so; and then we ran back to the cottage. I never dared go near the place afterwards; no, nor your father either! (Higher, Gabriel! I'm choking again.) We burnt the pocket-book and the knapsack—never knew his name—we kept the money to spend. (You're not lifting me! you're not listening close enough!) Your father said it was a legacy, when you and your mother asked about the money. (You hurt me, you shake me to pieces, Gabriel, when you sob like that.) It brought a curse on us, the money; the curse has drowned your father and your brother; the curse is killing me; but I've confessed—tell the priest I confessed before I died. Stop her; stop Rose! I hear her getting up. Take his bones away from The Merchant's Table, and bury them for the love of God!—and tell the priest—(lift me higher: lift me till I'm on my knees)—if your father was alive, he'd murder me—but tell the priest—because of my guilty soul—to pray—and remember The Merchant's Table—to bury, and to pray—to pray always for —"

As long as Rose heard faintly the whispering of the old man—though no word that he said reached her ear—she shrank from opening the door in the partition. But, when the whispering sounds—which terrified her she knew not how or why—first faltered, then

ceased altogether; when she heard the sobs that followed them; and when her heart told her who was weeping in the next room—then, she began to be influenced by a new feeling which was stronger than the strongest fear, and she opened the door without hesitating—almost without trembling.

The coverlid was drawn up over the old man; Gabriel was kneeling by the bedside, with his face hidden. When she spoke to him, he neither answered nor looked at her. After a while, the sobs that shook him ceased; but still he never moved—except once when she touched him, and then he shuddered—shuddered under her hand! She called in his little sisters, and they spoke to him, and still he uttered no word in reply. They wept. One by one, often and often, they entreated him with loving words; but the stupor of grief which held him speechless and motionless was beyond the power of human tears, stronger even than the strength of human love.

It was near daybreak, and the storm was lulling—but still no change occurred at the bedside. Once or twice, as Rose knelt near Gabriel, still vainly endeavoring to arouse him to a sense of her presence, she thought she heard the old man breathing feebly, and stretched out her hand towards the coverlid; but she could not summon courage to touch him or to look at him. This was the first time she had ever been present at a death-bed; the stillness in the room, the stupor of despair that had seized Gabriel, so horrified her, that she was almost as helpless as the two children by her side. It was not till the dawn looked in at the cottage window—so coldly, so drearily, and yet so reassuringly—that she began to recover her self-possession at all. Then she knew that her best resource would be to summon assistance immediately from the nearest house. While she was trying to persuade the two children to remain alone in the cottage with Gabriel, during her temporary absence, she was startled by the sound of footsteps outside the door. It opened, and a man appeared on the threshold, standing still there for a moment in the dim uncertain light. She looked closer—looked intently at him. It was François Sarzeau himself!

He was dripping with wet; but his face—always pale and inflexible—seemed to be but little altered in expression by the perils through which he must have passed during the night. Young Pierre lay almost insensible in his arms. In the astonishment and fright of the first moment, Rose screamed as she recognized him.

"There! there! there!" he said, peevishly, advancing straight to the hearth with his burden, "don't make a noise. You never expected to see us alive again, I dare say. We gave ourselves up as lost, and only escaped

after all by a miracle." He laid the boy down where he could get the full warmth of the fire; and then, turning round, took a wicker-covered bottle from his pocket, and said, "If it had n't been for the brandy!" He stopped suddenly — started — put down the bottle on the bench near him — and advanced quickly to the bedside.

Rose looked after him as he went; and saw Gabriel, who had risen when the door was opened, moving back from the bed as François approached. The young man's face seemed to have been suddenly struck to stone — its blank ghastly whiteness was awful to look at. He moved slowly backward and backward till he came to the cottage wall — then stood quite still, staring on his father with wild, vacant eyes, moving his hands to and fro before him, muttering; but never pronouncing one audible word.

François did not appear to notice his son; he had the coverlid of the bed in his hand. "Anything the matter here?" he asked, as he drew it down.

Still Gabriel could not speak. Rose saw it, and answered for him. "Gabriel is afraid that his poor grandfather is dead," she whispered nervously.

"Dead!" There was no sorrow in the tone, as he echoed the word. "Was he very bad in the night before his death happened? Did he wander in his mind? He has been rather light-headed lately."

"He was very restless, and spoke of the ghostly warnings that we all know of: he said he saw and heard many things which told him from the other world that you and Pierre — Gabriel!" she screamed, suddenly interrupting herself. "Look at him! Look at his face! Your grandfather is not dead!"

At that moment, François was raising his father's head to look closely at him. A faint spasm had indeed passed over the deathly face; the lips quivered, the jaw dropped. François shuddered as he looked, and moved away hastily from the bed. At the same instant Gabriel started from the wall; his expression altered, his pale cheeks flushed suddenly, as he snatched up the wicker-cased bottle, and poured all the little brandy that was left in it down his grandfather's throat. The effect was nearly instantaneous; the sinking vital forces rallied desperately. The old man's eyes opened again, wandered round the room, then fixed themselves intently on François, as he stood near the fire. Trying and terrible as his position was at that moment, Gabriel still retained self-possession enough to whisper a few words in Rose's ear. "Go back again into the bedroom, and take the children with you," he said. "We may have something to speak about which you had better not hear."

"Son Gabriel, your grandfather is trem-

bling all over," said François. "If he is dying at all, he is dying of cold: help me to lift him, bed and all, to the hearth."

"No, no! don't let him touch me!" gasped the old man. "Don't let him look at me in that way! Don't let him come near me, Gabriel! Is it his ghost? or is it himself?"

As Gabriel answered, he heard a knocking at the door. His father opened it; and disclosed to view some people from the neighboring fishing village, who had come — more out of curiosity than sympathy — to inquire whether François and the boy, Pierre, had survived the night. Without asking any one to enter, the fisherman surlily and shortly answered the various questions addressed to him, standing in his own doorway. While he was thus engaged, Gabriel heard his grandfather muttering vacantly to himself — "Last night — how about last night, grandson! What was I talking about last night? Did I say your father was drowned! Very foolish to say he was drowned, and then see him come back alive again! But it was n't that — I'm so weak in my head, I can't remember! What was it, Gabriel? Something too horrible to speak of? Is that what you're whispering and trembling about? I said nothing horrible. A crime! Bloodshed! I know nothing of any crime or bloodshed here — I must have been frightened out of my wits to talk in that way! The Merchant's Table! Only a big heap of old stones! What with the storm, and thinking I was going to die, and being afraid about your father, I must have been light-headed. Don't give another thought to that nonsense, Gabriel! I'm better now. We shall all live to laugh at poor grandfather for talking nonsense about crime and bloodshed in his sleep. Ah! poor old man — last night — light-headed — fancies and nonsense of an old man — why don't you laugh at it? I'm laughing — so light-headed — so light —!"

He stopped suddenly. A low cry, partly of terror and partly of pain, escaped him; the look of pining anxiety and imbecile cunning which had distorted his face while he had been speaking, faded from it forever. He shivered a little — breathed heavily once or twice — then became quite still. Had he died with a falsehood on his lips?

Gabriel looked round, and saw that the cottage-door was closed, and that his father was standing against it. How long he had occupied that position, how many of the old man's last words he had heard, it was impossible to conjecture, but there was a lowering suspicion in his harsh face as he now looked away from the corpse to his son, which made Gabriel shudder; and the first question that he asked, once more approaching the bedside, was expressed in tones which, quiet as they were, had a fearful meaning in them. "What did

your grandfather talk about last night?" he asked.

Gabriel did not answer. All that he had heard, all that he had seen, all the misery and horror that might yet be to come, had stunned his mind. The unspeakable dangers of his present position were too tremendous to be realized. He could only feel vaguely as yet in the weary torpor that oppressed his heart; while in every other direction the use of his faculties, physical and mental, seemed to have suddenly and totally abandoned him.

"Is your tongue wounded, son Gabriel, as well as your arm?" his father went on, with a bitter laugh. "I come back to you, saved by a miracle; and you never speak to me. Would you rather I had died than the old man there? He can't hear you now — why should n't you tell me what nonsense he was talking last night! — You won't! I say you shall!" (He crossed the room and put his back to the door.) "Before either of us leave this place, you shall confess it! You know that my duty to the Church bids me go at once, and tell the priest of your grandfather's death. If I leave that duty unfulfilled, remember it is through your fault! You keep me here — for here I stop till I am obeyed. Do you hear that, idiot? Speak! Speak instantly, or you shall repent it to the day of your death! I ask again — what did your grandfather say to you when he was wandering in his mind, last night?"

"He spoke of a crime, committed by another, and guiltily kept secret by him," answered Gabriel slowly and sternly. "And this morning he denied his own words with his last living breath. But last night, if he spoke the truth —"

"The truth!" echoed François. "What truth?" He stopped, his eyes fell, then turned towards the corpse. For a few minutes he stood steadily contemplating it; breathing quickly, and drawing his hand several times across his forehead. Then he faced his son once more. In that short interval he had become in outward appearance a changed man: expression, voice, and manner, all were altered. "Heaven forgive me!" he said, "but I could almost laugh at myself, at this solemn moment, for having spoken and acted just now so much like a fool! Denied his words, did he? Poor old man! they say sense often comes back to light-headed people just before death; and he is a proof of it. The fact is, Gabriel, my own wits must have been a little shaken — and no wonder — by what I went through last night and what I have come home to this morning. As if you, or anybody, could ever really give serious credit to the wandering speeches of a dying old man! (Where is Rose? Why did you send her away?) I don't wonder at your still looking a little startled, and feeling low in your mind, and all that — for you've had a trying night of it;

trying in every way. He must have been a good deal shaken in his wits, last night, between fears about himself, and fears about me. (To think of my being angry with you, Gabriel, for being a little alarmed — very naturally — by an old man's queer fancies!) Come out, Rose — come out of the bedroom whenever you are tired of it: you must learn sooner or later to look at death calmly. Shake hands, Gabriel; and let us make it up, and say no more about what has passed. You won't! Still angry with me for what I said to you just now? Ah! — you'll think better about it, by the time I return. Come out, Rose, we've no secrets here."

"Where are you going to?" asked Gabriel, as he saw his father hastily open the door.

"To tell the priest that one of his congregation is dead, and to have the death registered," answered François. "These are my duties, and must be performed before I take any rest."

He went out hurriedly, as he said these words. Gabriel almost trembled at himself, when he found that he breathed more freely, that he felt less horribly oppressed both in mind and body, the moment his father's back was turned. Fearful as that thought was now, it was still a change for the better even to be capable of thinking at all. Was the behavior of his father compatible with innocence? Could the old man's confused denial of his own words in the morning and in the presence of his son, be set for one instant against the circumstantial confession that he had made during the night, alone with his grandson? These were the terrible questions which Gabriel now asked himself; and which he shrank involuntarily from answering. And yet, that doubt, the solution of which would one way or the other irrevocably affect the whole future of his life, must sooner or later be solved at any hazards! There was but one way of setting it at rest — to go instantly, while his father was absent, and examine the hollow place under "The Merchant's Table." If his grandfather's confession had really been made while he was in possession of his senses, this place (which Gabriel knew to be covered in from wind and weather) had never been visited since the commission of the crime by the perpetrator, or by his unwilling accomplice: though time had destroyed all besides, the hair and the bones of the victim would still be left to bear witness to the truth — if truth had indeed been spoken. As this conviction grew on him, the young man's cheek paled; and he stopped irresolute, half way between the hearth and the door. Then he looked down doubtfully at the corpse on the bed; and then there came upon him, suddenly, a revulsion of feeling. A wild, feverish impatience to know the worst without another instant of delay possessed him. Only telling

Rose that he should be back soon, and that she must watch by the dead in his absence, he left the cottage at once, without waiting to hear her reply, even without looking back as he closed the door behind him.

There were two tracks to The Merchant's Table. One, the longer of the two, by the coast cliffs; the other across the heath. But this latter path was also, for some little distance, the path which led to the village and the church. He was afraid of attracting his father's attention here, so he took the direction of the coast. At one spot, the track trended inland, winding round some of the many Druid monuments scattered over the country. This place was on high ground, and commanded a view, at no great distance, of the path leading to the village, just where it branched off from the heathy ridge which ran in the direction of The Merchant's Table. Here Gabriel descried the figure of a man standing with his back towards the coast. This figure was too far off to be identified with absolute certainty; but it looked like, and might well be, François Sarzeau. Whoever he was, the man was evidently uncertain which way he should proceed. When he moved forward it was first to advance several paces towards The Merchant's Table—then he went back again towards the distant cottages and the church. Twice he hesitated thus; the second time pausing long before he appeared finally to take the way that led to the village. Leaving the post of observation among the stones, at which he had instinctively halted for some minutes past, Gabriel now proceeded in his own path. Could this man really be his father? And if it were so, why did François Sarzeau only determine to go to the village where his business lay, after having twice vainly attempted to persevere in taking the exactly opposite direction of The Merchant's Table? Did he really desire to go there? Had he heard the name mentioned, when the old man referred to it in his dying words? And had he failed to summon courage enough to make all safe by removing —? This last question was too horrible to be pursued: Gabriel stifled it affrightedly in his own heart, as he went on.

He reached the great Druid monument, without meeting a living soul on his way. The sun was rising, and the mighty storm clouds of the night were parting asunder wildly over the whole eastward horizon. The waves still leapt and foamed gloriously; but the gale had sunk to a keen, fresh breeze. As Gabriel looked up, and saw how brightly the promise of a lovely day was written in the heavens, he trembled as he thought of the search which he was now about to make. The sight of the fair fresh sunrise jarred horribly with the suspicions of committed murder that were rankling foully in his heart. But

he knew that his errand must be performed, and he nerved himself to go through with it; for he dared not return to the cottage until the mystery had been cleared up at once and forever.

The Merchant's Table was formed by two huge stones resting horizontally on three others. In the troubled times of more than half a century ago, regular tourists were unknown among the Druid monuments of Brittany; and the entrance to the hollow place under the stones—since often visited by strangers—was at this time nearly choked up by brambles and weeds. Gabriel's first look at this tangled nook of briars convinced him that the place had not been entered—perhaps for years—by any living being. Without allowing himself to hesitate (for he felt that the slightest delay might be fatal to his resolution) he passed as gently as possible through the brambles, and knelt down at the low, dusky, irregular entrance of the hollow place under the stones.

His heart throbbed violently, his breath almost failed him; but he forced himself to crawl a few feet into the cavity, and then groped with his hand on the ground about him. He touched something! Something which it made his flesh creep to handle; something which he would fain have dropped, but which he grasped tight in spite of himself. He drew back into the outer air and sunshine. Was it a human bone? No! he had been the dupe of his own morbid terror—he had only taken up a fragment of dried wood!

Feeling shame at such self-deception as this, he was about to throw the wood from him before he reëntered the place, when another idea occurred to him. Though it was dimly lighted through one or two chinks in the stones, the far part of the interior of the cavity was still too dusky to admit of perfect examination by the eye, even on a bright sunshiny morning. Observing this, he took out the tinder box and matches, which—like the other inhabitants of the district—he always carried about with him for the purpose of lighting his pipe, determining to use the piece of wood as a torch which might illuminate the darkest corner of the place when he next entered it. Fortunately, the wood had remained so long and had been preserved so dry in its sheltered position, that it caught fire almost as easily as a piece of paper. The moment it was fairly aflame Gabriel went into the cavity—penetrating at once, this time, to its farthest extremity.

He remained among the stones long enough for the wood to burn down nearly to his hand. When he came out, and flung the burning fragment from him, his face was flushed deeply, his eyes sparkled. He leapt carelessly on to the heath, over the bushes through

which he had threaded his way so warily but a few minutes before, exclaiming, "I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now — ay, I am the son of as honest a man as there is in Brittany!" He had closely examined the cavity in every corner, and not the slightest sign that any dead body had ever been laid there was visible in the hollow place under The Merchant's Table.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"I may marry Rose with a clear conscience now!" There are some parts of the world, where it would be drawing no natural picture of human nature to represent a son as believing conscientiously that an offence against life and the laws of hospitality, secretly committed by his father, rendered him, though innocent of all participation in it, unworthy to fulfil his engagement with his affianced wife. Among the simple inhabitants of Gabriel's province, however, such acuteness of conscientious sensibility as this was no extraordinary exception to all general rules. Ignorant and superstitious as they might be, the people of Brittany practised the duties of hospitality as devoutly as they practised the duties of the national religion. The presence of the stranger-guest, rich or poor, was a sacred presence at their hearths. His safety was their especial charge — his property their especial responsibility. They might be half-starved, but they were ready to share the last crust with him nevertheless, as they would share it with their own children. Any outrage on the virtue of hospitality, thus born and bred in the people, was viewed by them with universal disgust, and punished by universal execration. This ignominy was uppermost in Gabriel's thoughts by the side of his grandfather's bed; the dread of this worst dishonor, which there was no wiping out, held him speechless before Rose, shamed and horrified him so that he felt unworthy to look her in the face; and when the result of his search at the Merchant's Table proved the absence there of all evidence of the crime spoken of by the old man, the blessed relief, the absorbing triumph of that discovery was expressed entirely in the one thought which had prompted his first joyful words: — He could marry Rose with a clear conscience, for he was the son of an honest man!

When he returned to the cottage, François had not come back. Rose was astonished at the change in Gabriel's manner; even Pierre and the children remarked it. Rest and warmth had by this time so far recovered the younger brother, that he was able to give some account of the perilous adventures of the night at sea. They were still listening to the boy's narrative when François at last returned. It was now Gabriel who held out

his hand, and made the first advances towards reconciliation.

To his utter amazement, his father recoiled from him. The variable temper of François had evidently changed completely during his absence at the village. A settled scowl of distrust darkened his face, as he looked at his son. "I never shake hands with people who have once doubted me," he said loudly and irritably; "for I always doubt them forever after. You are a bad son! You have suspected your father of some infamy that you dare not openly charge him with, on no other testimony than the rambling nonsense of a half-witted, dying old man. Don't speak to me! I won't hear you! An innocent man and a spy are bad company. Go and denounce me, you Judas in disguise! I don't care for your secret or for you. What's that girl Rose doing here still! Why has n't she gone home long ago! The priest's coming; we don't want strangers in the house of death. Take her back to the farm-house, and stop there with her, if you like; nobody wants you here!"

There was something in the manner and look of the speaker, as he uttered these words, so strange, so sinister, so indescribably suggestive of his meaning much more than he said, that Gabriel felt his heart sink within him instantly; and almost at the same moment this fearful question forced itself irresistibly on his mind — might not his father have followed him to The Merchant's Table? Even if he had been desired to speak, he could not have spoken now, while that question and the suspicion that it brought with it were utterly destroying all the reassuring hopes and convictions of the morning. The mental suffering produced by the sudden change from pleasure to pain in all his thoughts, reacted on him physically. He felt as if he were stifling in the air of the cottage, in the presence of his father; and when Rose hurried on her walking attire, and, with a face which alternately flushed and turned pale with every moment, approached the door, he went out with her as hastily as if he had been flying from his home. Never had the fresh air and the free daylight felt like heavenly and guardian influences to him until now!

He could comfort Rose under his father's harshness, he could assure her of his own affection, that no earthly influence could change, while they walked together towards the farm-house; but he could do no more. He durst not confide to her the subject that was uppermost in his mind: of all human beings she was the last to whom he could reveal the terrible secret that was festering at his heart. As soon as they got within sight of the farm-house, Gabriel stopped; and, promising to see her again soon, took leave of Rose with

assumed ease in his manner and with real despair in his heart. Whatever the poor girl might think of it, he felt, at that moment, that he had not courage to face her father, and hear him talk happily and pleasantly, as his custom was, of Rose's approaching marriage.

Left to himself, Gabriel wandered hither and thither over the open heath, neither knowing nor caring in what direction he turned his steps. The doubts about his father's innocence, which had been dissipated by his visit to The Merchant's Table, that father's own language and manner had now revived—had even confirmed, though he dared not yet acknowledge so much to himself. It was terrible enough to be obliged to admit that the result of his morning's search was, after all, not conclusive—that the mystery was in very truth not yet cleared up. The violence of his father's last words of distrust; the extraordinary and indescribable changes in his father's manner while uttering them—what did these things mean? Guilt or innocence? Again, was it any longer reasonable to doubt the death-bed confession made by his grandfather? Was it not, on the contrary, far more probable that the old man's denial in the morning of his own words at night, had been made under the influence of a panic terror, when his moral consciousness was bewildered, and his intellectual faculties were sinking? The longer Gabriel thought of these questions, the less competent—possibly also the less willing—he felt to answer them. Should he seek advice from others wiser than he? No: not while the thousandth part of a chance remained that his father was innocent. This thought was still in his mind, when he found himself once more in sight of his home. He was still hesitating near the door, when he saw it opened cautiously. His brother Pierre looked out, and then came running towards him. "Come in, Gabriel; oh, do come in!" said the boy earnestly. "We are afraid to be alone with father. He's been beating us for talking of you."

Gabriel went in. His father looked up from the hearth where he was sitting, muttered the word "Spy!" and made a gesture of contempt—but did not address a word directly to his son. The hours passed on in silence; afternoon waned into evening, and evening into night; and still he never spoke to any of his children. Soon after it was dark, he went out, and took his net with him—saying that it was better to be alone on the sea than in the house with a spy. When he returned the next morning, there was no change in him. Days passed—weeks, months even elapsed—and still, though his manner insensibly became what it used to be towards his other children, it never altered towards his eldest son. At the rare periods when they

now met, except when absolutely obliged to speak, he preserved total silence in his intercourse with Gabriel. He would never take Gabriel out with him in the boat; he would never sit alone with Gabriel in the house; he would never eat a meal with Gabriel; he would never let the other children talk to him about Gabriel; and he would never hear a word in expostulation, a word in reference to anything his dead father had said or done on the night of the storm, from Gabriel himself.

The young man pined and changed so that even Rose hardly knew him again, under this cruel system of domestic excommunication; under the wearing influence of the one unchanging doubt which never left him; and, more than all, under the incessant reproaches of his own conscience, aroused by the sense that he was evading a responsibility which it was his solemn, his immediate duty to undertake. But no sting of conscience, no ill-treatment at home, and no self-reproaches for failing in his duty of confession, as a good Catholic, were powerful enough in their influence over Gabriel to make him disclose the secret, under the oppression of which his very life was wasting away. He knew that if he once revealed it, whether his father was ultimately proved to be guilty or innocent, there would remain a slur and a suspicion on the family, and on Rose besides, from her approaching connection with it, which in their time and in their generation could never be removed. The reproach of the world is terrible even in the crowded city, where many of the dwellers in our abiding-place are strangers to us—but it is far more terrible in the country, where none near us are strangers, where all talk of us and know of us, where nothing intervenes between us and the tyranny of the evil tongue. Gabriel had not courage to face this, and dare the fearful chance of life-long ignominy—no, not even to serve the sacred interests of justice, of atonement, and of truth.

While he still remained prostrated under the affliction that was wasting his energies of body and mind, Brittany was visited by a great public calamity, in which all private misfortunes were overwhelmed for a while. It was now the time when the ever-gathering storm of the French Revolution had risen to its hurricane climax. Those chiefs of the new republic were now in power, whose last, worst madness it was to decree the extinction of religion and the overthrow of everything that outwardly symbolized it, throughout the whole of the country that they governed. Already this decree had been executed to the letter in and around Paris; and now the soldiers of the republic were on their way to Brittany, headed by commanders whose commission was to root out the Christian religion

in the last and the surest of the strongholds still left to it in France.

These men began their work in a spirit worthy of the worst of their superiors, who had sent them to do it. They gutted churches, they demolished chapels, they overthrew roadside crosses wherever they found them. The terrible guillotine devoured human lives in the villages of Brittany, as it had devoured them in the streets of Paris; the musket and the sword, in highway and byway, wreaked havoc on the people—even on women and children kneeling in the act of prayer; the priests were tracked night and day from one hiding-place where they still offered up worship to another, and were killed as soon as overtaken—every atrocity was committed in every district; but the Christian religion still spread wider than the widest bloodshed; still sprang up with ever-renewed vitality from under the very feet of the men whose vain fury was powerless to trample it down. Everywhere the people remained true to their Faith; everywhere the priests stood firm by them in their sorest need. The executioners of the republic had been sent to make Brittany a country of apostates; they did their worst, and left it a country of martyrs.

One evening, while this frightful persecution was still raging, Gabriel happened to be detained unusually late at the cottage of Rose's father. He had lately spent much of his time at the farm-house; it was his only refuge now from that place of suffering, of silence, and of secret shame, which he had once called home! Just as he had taken leave of Rose for the night, and was about to open the farm-house door, her father stopped him, and pointed to a chair in the chimney corner. "Leave us alone, my dear," said the old man to his daughter; "I want to speak to Gabriel. You can go to your mother in the next room."

The words which Père Bonan—as he was called by the neighbors—had now to say in private, were destined to lead to very unexpected events. After referring to the alteration which had appeared of late in Gabriel's manner, the old man began by asking him, sorrowfully but not suspiciously, whether he still preserved his old affection for Rose. On receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, Père Bonan then referred to the persecution still raging through the country, and to the consequent possibility that he, like others of his countrymen, might yet be called to suffer and perhaps to die for the cause of his religion. If this last act of self-sacrifice were required of him, Rose would be left unprotected, unless her affianced husband performed his promise to her, and assumed, without delay, the position of her lawful guardian. "Let me know that you will do

this," concluded the old man. "I shall be resigned to all that may be required of me, if I can only know that I shall not die leaving Rose unprotected." Gabriel gave the promise—gave it with his whole heart. As he took leave of Père Bonan, the old man said to him:—

"Come here to-morrow; I shall know more then, than I know now—I shall be able to fix with certainty the day for the fulfilment of your engagement with Rose."

Why did Gabriel hesitate at the farm-house door, looking back on Père Bonan as though he would fain say something, and yet not speaking a word? Why, after he had gone out and walked onward several paces, did he suddenly stop, return quickly to the farm-house, stand irresolute before the gate, and then retrace his steps, sighing heavily as he went, but never pausing again on his homeward way? Because the torment of his horrible secret had grown harder to bear than ever, since he had given the promise that had been required of him. Because, while a strong impulse moved him frankly to lay bare his hidden dread and doubt to the father whose beloved daughter was soon to be his wife, there was a yet stronger passive influence which paralyzed on his lips the terrible confession that he knew not whether he was the son of an honest man, or the son of an assassin and a robber. Made desperate by his situation, he determined, while he hastened homeward, to risk the worst and ask that fatal question of his father in plain words. But this supreme trial for parent and child was not to be. When he entered the cottage, François was absent. He had told the younger children that he should not be home again before noon on the next day.

Early in the morning Gabriel repaired to the farm-house, as he had been bidden. Influenced by his love for Rose, blindly confiding in the faint hope (which in despite of heart and conscience he still forced himself to cherish) that his father might be innocent, he now preserved the appearance at least of perfect calmness. "If I tell my secret to Rose's father, I risk disturbing in him that confidence in the future safety of his child, for which I am his present and only warrant"—something like this thought was in Gabriel's mind, as he took the hand of Père Bonan, and waited anxiously to hear what was required of him on that day.

"We have a short respite from danger, Gabriel," said the old man. "News has come to me that the spoilers of our churches and the murderers of our congregations have been stopped on their way hitherward by tidings which have reached them from another district. This interval of peace and safety will be a short one—we must take advantage of it while it is yet ours. My name is among

the names on the list of the denounced ; if the soldiers of the Republic find me here ! — but we will say nothing more of this ; it is of Rose and of you that I must now speak. On this very evening your marriage may be solemnized with all the wonted rites of our holy religion, and the blessing may be pronounced over you by the lips of a priest. This evening, therefore, Gabriel, you must become the husband and the protector of Rose. Listen to me attentively, and I will tell you how."

This was the substance of what Gabriel now heard from Père Bonan : —

Not very long before the persecution broke out in Brittany, a priest, known generally by the name of Father Paul, was appointed to a curacy in one of the northern districts of the province. He fulfilled all the duties of his station in such a manner as to win the confidence and affection of every member in his congregation, and was often spoken of with respect, even in parts of the country distant from the scene of his labors. It was not, however, until the troubles broke out, and the destruction and bloodshed began, that he became renowned far and wide, from one end of Brittany to another. From the date of the very first persecutions the name of Father Paul was a rallying cry of the hunted peasantry ; he was their great encouragement under oppression, their example in danger, their last and only consoler in the hour of death. Wherever havoc and ruin raged most fiercely, wherever the pursuit was hottest and the slaughter most cruel, there the intrepid priest was sure to be seen pursuing his sacred duties in defiance of every peril. His hairbreadth escapes from death ; his extraordinary reappearances in parts of the country where no one ever expected to see him again, were regarded by the poorer classes with superstitious awe. Wherever Father Paul appeared, with his black dress, his calm face, and the ivory crucifix which he always carried in his hand, the people revered him as more than mortal ; and grew at last to believe that, single-handed, he would successfully defend his religion against the armies of the republic. But their simple confidence in his powers of resistance was soon destined to be shaken. Fresh reinforcements arrived in Brittany, and overran the whole province from one end to the other. One morning, after celebrating service in a dismantled church, and after narrowly escaping with his life from those who pursued him, the priest disappeared. Secret inquiries were made after him in all directions ; but he was heard of no more.

Many weary days had passed, and the dispirited peasantry had already mourned him as dead, when some fishermen on the northern coast observed a ship of light burden in the

offing, making signals to the shore. They put off to her in their boats ; and on reaching the deck saw standing before them the well-remembered figure of Father Paul. He had returned to his congregations ; and had founded the new altar that they were to worship at, on the deck of a ship ! Razed from the face of the earth, their Church had not been destroyed — for Father Paul and the priests who acted with him had given that Church a refuge on the sea. Henceforth, their children could still be baptized, their sons and daughters could still be married, the burial of their dead could still be solemnized, under the sanction of the old religion for which, not vainly, they had suffered so patiently and so long. Throughout the remaining time of trouble, the services were uninterrupted on board the ship. A code of signals was established by which those on shore were always enabled to direct their brethren at sea towards such parts of the coast as happened to be uninfested by the enemies of their worship. On the morning of Gabriel's visit to the farm-house, these signals had shaped the course of the ship towards the extremity of the peninsula of Quiberon. The people of the district were all prepared to expect the appearance of the vessel some time in the evening, and had their boats ready at a moment's notice to put off and attend the service. At the conclusion of this service Père Bonan had arranged that the marriage of his daughter and Gabriel was to take place.

They waited for evening at the farm-house. A little before sunset the ship was signalled as in sight ; and then Père Bonan and his wife, followed by Gabriel and Rose, set forth over the heath to the beach. With the solitary exception of François Sarzeau, the whole population of the neighborhood was already assembled there, Gabriel's brother and sisters being among the number. It was the calmest evening that had been known for months. There was not a cloud in the lustrous sky — not a ripple on the still surface of the sea. The smallest children were suffered by their mothers to stray down on the beach as they pleased ; for the waves of the great ocean slept as tenderly and noiselessly on their sandy bed, as if they had been changed into the waters of an inland lake. Slow, almost imperceptible, was the approach of the ship — there was hardly a breath of wind to carry her on — she was just drifting gently with the landward set of the tide at that hour, while her sails hung idly against the masts. Long after the sun had gone down, the congregation still waited and watched on the beach. The moon and stars were arrayed in their glory of the night, before the ship dropped anchor. Then the muffled tolling of a bell came solemnly across the quiet waters ;

and then, from every creek along the shore, as far as the eye could reach, the black forms of the fishermen's boats shot out swift and stealthily into the shining sea.

By the time the boats had arrived alongside of the ship, the lamp had been kindled before the altar, and its flame was gleaming red and dull in the radiant moonlight. Two of the priests on board were clothed in their robes of office, and were waiting in their appointed places to begin the service. But there was a third, dressed only in the ordinary attire of his calling, who mingled with the congregation, and spoke a few words to each of the persons composing it, as, one by one, they mounted the sides of the ship. Those who had never seen him before knew by the famous ivory crucifix in his hand that the priest who received them was Father Paul. Gabriel looked at this man, whom he now beheld for the first time, with a mixture of astonishment and awe; for he saw that the renowned chief of the Christians of Brittany was, to all appearance, but little older than himself. The expression on the pale calm face of the priest was so gentle and kind, that children just able to walk tottered up to him, and held familiarly by the skirts of his black gown, whenever his clear blue eyes rested on theirs, while he beckoned them to his side. No one would ever have guessed from the countenance of Father Paul what deadly perils he had confronted, but for the scar of a sabre-wound, as yet hardly healed, which ran across his forehead. That wound had been dealt while he was kneeling before the altar, in the last church in Brittany which had escaped spoliation. He would have died where he knelt, but for the peasants who were praying with him, and who, unarmed as they were, threw themselves like tigers on the soldiery, and at awful sacrifice of their own lives saved the life of their priest. There was not a man now on board the ship who would have hesitated, had the occasion called for it again, to have rescued him in the same way.

The service began. Since the days when the primitive Christians worshipped amid the caverns of the earth, can any service be imagined nobler in itself, or sublimer in the circumstances surrounding it, than that which was now offered up! Here was no artificial pomp, no gaudy profusion of ornament, no attendant grandeur of man's creation. All around this church spread the hushed and awful majesty of the tranquil sea. The roof of this cathedral was the immeasurable heaven, the pure moon its one great light, the countless glories of the stars its only adornment. Here were no hired singers or rich priest-princes; no curious sight-seers, or careless lovers or sweet sounds. This congregation and they who had gathered it together, were all poor alike, all persecuted alike, all

worshipping alike to the overthrow of their worldly interests, and at the imminent peril of their lives. How brightly and tenderly the moonlight shone upon the altar and the people before it!—how solemnly and divinely the deep harmonies, as they chanted the penitential Psalms, mingled with the hoarse singing of the freshening night-breeze in the rigging of the ship!—how sweetly the still, rushing murmur of many voices, as they uttered the responses together, now died away and now rose again softly into the mysterious night!

Of all the members of the congregation—young or old—there was but one over whom that impressive service exercised no influence of consolation or of peace; that one was Gabriel. Often, throughout the day, his reproaching conscience had spoken within him again and again. Often, when he joined the little assembly on the beach, he turned away his face in secret shame and apprehension from Rose and her father. Vainly, after gaining the deck of the ship, did he try to meet the eye of Father Paul as frankly, as readily, and as affectionately as others met it. The burden of concealment seemed too heavy to be borne in the presence of the priest—and yet, torment as it was, he still bore it! But when he knelt with the rest of the congregation and saw Rose kneeling by his side—when he felt the calmness of the solemn night and the still sea filling his heart—when the sounds of the first prayers spoke with a dread spiritual language of their own to his soul—then, the remembrance of the confession which he had neglected, and the terror of receiving unprepared the sacrament which he knew would be offered to him—grew too vivid to be endured; the sense that he merited no longer, though once worthy of it, the confidence in his perfect truth and candor placed in him by the woman with whom he was soon to stand before the altar, overwhelmed him with shame; the mere act of kneeling among that congregation, the passive accomplice by his silence and secrecy, for aught he knew to the contrary, of a crime which it was his bounden duty to denounce, appalled him as if he had already committed sacrilege that could never be forgiven. Tears flowed down his cheeks, though he strove to repress them; sobs burst from him, though he tried to stifle them. He knew that others besides Rose were looking at him in astonishment and alarm; but he could neither control himself, nor move to leave his place, nor raise his eyes even—until suddenly he felt a hand laid on his shoulder. That touch, slight as it was, ran through him instantly. He looked up, and saw Father Paul standing by his side.

Beckoning to him to follow, and signing to the congregation not to suspend their devotions, he led Gabriel out of the assembly—

then paused for a moment, reflecting — then beckoning again, took him into the cabin of the ship, and closed the door carefully.

"You have something on your mind," he said simply and quietly, taking the young man by the hand. "I may be able to relieve you, if you tell me what it is."

As Gabriel heard these gentle words, and saw, by the light of a lamp which burnt before a cross fixed against the wall, the sad kindness of expression with which the priest was regarding him, the oppression that had lain so long on his heart seemed to leave it in an instant. The haunting fear of ever divulging his fatal suspicions and his fatal secret had vanished, as it were, at the touch of Father Paul's hand. For the first time, he now repeated to another ear — the sounds of prayer and praise rising grandly the while from the congregation above — his grandfather's death-bed confession, word for word almost as he heard it in the cottage on the night of the storm.

Once, and once only, did Father Paul interrupt the narrative, which in whispers was addressed to him. Gabriel had hardly repeated the first two or three sentences of his grandfather's confession, when the priest, in quick altered tones, abruptly asked him his name and place of abode. As the question was answered, Father Paul's calm face became suddenly agitated; but the next moment, resolutely resuming his self-possession, he bowed his head, as a sign that Gabriel was to continue; clasped his trembling hands, and raising them as if in silent prayer, fixed his eyes intently on the cross. He never looked away from it while the terrible narrative proceeded. But when Gabriel described his search at the Merchant's Table; and, referring to his father's behavior since that time, appealed to the priest to know whether he might, even yet, in defiance of appearances, be still filially justified in doubting whether the crime had really been perpetrated — then Father Paul moved near to him once more, and spoke again.

"Compose yourself, and look at me," he said, with all and more than all his former sad kindness of voice and manner. "I can end your doubts forever. Gabriel, your father was guilty in intention and in act; but the victim of his crime still lives. I can prove it."

Gabriel's heart beat wildly; a deadly coldness crept over him, as he saw Father Paul loosen the fastening of his cassock round the throat. At that instant the chanting of the congregation above ceased; and then, the sudden and awful stillness was deepened rather than interrupted by the faint sound of one voice praying. Slowly and with trembling fingers the priest removed the band round his neck — paused a little — sighed heavily —

and pointed to a scar which was now plainly visible on one side of his throat. He said something, at the same time; but the bell above tolled while he spoke. It was the signal of the elevation of the Host. Gabriel felt an arm passed round him, guiding him to his knees, and sustaining him from sinking to the floor. For one moment longer he was conscious that the bell had stopped, that there was dead silence, that Father Paul was kneeling by him beneath the cross, with bowed head — then all objects around vanished; and he saw and knew nothing more.

When he recovered his senses, he was still in the cabin — the man whose life his father had attempted was bending over him, and sprinkling water on his face — and the clear voices of the women and children of the congregation were joining the voices of the men in singing the *Agnus Dei*.

"Look up at me without fear, Gabriel," said the priest. "I desire not to avenge injuries; I visit not the sins of the father on the child. Look up, and listen! I have strange things to speak of; and I have a sacred mission to fulfil before the morning, in which you must be my guide."

Gabriel attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but Father Paul stopped him, and said, pointing to the cross: "Kneel to that — not to me; not to your fellow-mortal, and your friend — for I will be your friend, Gabriel; believing that God's mercy has ordered it so. And now listen to me," he proceeded, with a brotherly tenderness in his manner which went to Gabriel's heart. "The service is nearly ended. What I have to tell you must be told at once; the errand on which you will guide me must be performed before to-morrow dawns. Sit here near me; and attend to what I now say."

Gabriel obeyed: Father Paul then proceeded thus: —

"I believe the confession made to you by your grandfather to have been true in every particular. On the evening to which he referred you, I approached your cottage, as he said, for the purpose of asking shelter for the night. At that period, I had been studying hard to qualify myself for the holy calling which I now pursue; and, on the completion of my studies, had indulged in the recreation of a tour on foot through Brittany, by way of innocently and agreeably occupying the leisure time then at my disposal, before I entered the priesthood. When I accosted your father, I had lost my way, had been walking for many hours, and was glad of any rest that I could get for the night. It is unnecessary to pain you now, by reference to the events which followed my entrance under your father's roof. I remember nothing that happened from the time when I laid down to sleep before the fire, until the time when I re-

covered my senses at the place which you call The Merchant's Table. My first sensation was that of being moved into the cold air; when I opened my eyes I saw the great Druid stones rising close above me, and two men on either side of me rifling my pockets. They found nothing valuable there, and were about to leave me where I lay, when I gathered strength enough to appeal to their mercy through their cupidity. Money was not scarce with me then, and I was able to offer them a rich reward (which they ultimately received as I had promised) if they would take me to any place where I could get shelter and medical help. I suppose they inferred by my language and accent — perhaps also by the linen I wore, which they examined closely — that I belonged to the higher ranks of the community, in spite of the plainness of my outer garments; and might therefore be in a position to make good my promise to them. I heard one say to the other, 'Let us risk it;' and then they took me in their arms, carried me down to a boat on the beach, and rowed to a vessel in the offing. The next day they disembarked me at Palmboeuf, where I got the assistance which I so much needed. I learnt through the confidence they were obliged to place in me, in order to give me the means of sending them their promised reward, that these men were smugglers, and that they were in the habit of using the cavity in which I had been laid, as a place of concealment for goods, and for letters of advice to their accomplices. This accounted for their finding me. As to my wound, I was informed by the surgeon who attended me, that it had missed being inflicted in a mortal part by less than a quarter of an inch, and that, as it was, nothing but the action of the night air in coagulating the blood over the place had, in the first instance, saved my life. To be brief, I recovered after a long illness, returned to Paris, and was called to the priesthood. "The will of my superiors obliged me to perform the first duties of my vocation in the great city; but my own wish was to be appointed to a cure of souls in your province, Gabriel. Can you imagine why?"

The answer to this question was in Gabriel's heart; but he was still too deeply awed and affected by what he had heard to give it utterance.

"I must tell you then what my motive was," said Father Paul. "You must know, first, that I uniformly abstained from disclosing to any one where and by whom my life had been attempted. I kept this a secret from the men who rescued me — from the surgeon — from my own friends even. My reason for such a proceeding was, I would fain believe, a Christian reason. I hope I had always felt a sincere and humble desire to prove myself, by the help of God, worthy of the

sacred vocation to which I was destined. But my miraculous escape from death made an impression on my mind, which gave me another and an infinitely higher view of this vocation — the view which I have since striven, and shall always strive for the future, to maintain. As I lay, during the first days of my recovery, examining my own heart, and considering in what manner it would be my duty to act towards your father, when I was restored to health, a thought came into my mind which calmed, comforted, and resolved all my doubts. I said within myself — 'In a few months more I shall be called to be one of the chosen ministers of God. If I am worthy of my vocation, my first desire towards this man, who has attempted to take my life, should be, not to know that human justice has overtaken him, but to know that he has truly and religiously repented and made atonement for his guilt. To such repentance and atonement let it be my duty to call him; if he reject that appeal, and be hardened only the more against me because I have forgiven him my injuries, then it will be time enough to denounce him for his crimes to his fellow-men. Surely it must be well for me, here and hereafter, if I begin my career in the holy priesthood by helping to save from hell the soul of the man who, of all others, has most cruelly wronged me.' It was for this reason, Gabriel — it was because I desired to go straightway to your father's cottage and reclaim him after he had believed me to be dead — that I kept the secret and entreated of my superiors that I might be sent to Brittany. But this, as I have said, was not to be at first, and when my desire was granted, my place was assigned me in a far district. The persecution under which we still suffer broke out; the designs of my life were changed; my own will became no longer mine to guide me. But, through sorrow and suffering, and danger and bloodshed, I am now led after many days to the execution of that first purpose which I formed on entering the priesthood. Gabriel! when the service is over, and the congregation are dispersed, you must guide me to the door of your father's cottage."

He held up his hand, in sign of silence, as Gabriel was about to answer. Just then, the officiating priests above were pronouncing the final benediction. When it was over, Father Paul opened the cabin-door. As he ascended the steps, followed by Gabriel, Père Bonan met them. The old man looked doubtfully and searchingly on his future son-in-law, as he respectfully whispered a few words in the ear of the priest. Father Paul listened attentively, answered in a whisper, and then turned to Gabriel, first telling the few people near them to withdraw a little. "I have been asked whether there is any impediment to your marriage," he said, "and have answered

that there is none. What you have said to me has been said in confession, and is a secret between us two. Remember that; and forget not, at the same time, the service which I shall require of you to-night, after the marriage ceremony is over. Where is Rose Bonnan?" he added aloud, looking round him. Rose came forward. Father Paul took her hand, and placed it in Gabriel's. "Lead her to the altar steps," he said, "and wait there for me."

It was more than an hour later; the boats had left the ship's side; the congregation had dispersed over the face of the country — but still the vessel remained at anchor. Those who were left in her watched the land more anxiously than usual; for they knew that Father Paul had risked meeting the soldiers of the republic by trusting himself on shore. A boat was awaiting his return on the beach; half of the crew, armed, being posted as scouts in various directions on the high land of the heath. They would have followed and guarded the priest to the place of his destination; but he forbade it, and, leaving them abruptly, walked swiftly onward with one young man only for his companion.

Gabriel had committed his brother and his sisters to the charge of Rose. They were to go to the farm-house that night with his newly-married wife and her father and mother. Father Paul had desired that this might be done. When Gabriel and he were left alone to follow the path which led to the fisherman's cottage, the priest never spoke while they walked on — never looked aside either to the right or the left — always held his ivory crucifix clasped to his breast. They arrived at the door. "Knock," whispered Father Paul to Gabriel, "and then wait here with me."

The door was opened. On a lovely moonlight night François Sarzeau had stood on that threshold, years since, with a bleeding body in his arms; on a lovely moonlight night, he now stood here again, confronting the very man whose life he had attempted, and knowing him not.

Father Paul advanced a few spaces, so that the moonlight fell fuller on his features, and removed his hat. François Sarzeau looked, started, moved one step back, then stood motionless and perfectly silent while all traces of expression of any kind suddenly vanished from his face. Then the calm, clear tones of the priest stole gently on the dead silence. "I bring a message of peace and forgiveness from a guest of former years," he said; and pointed, as he spoke, to the place where he had been wounded in the neck. For one moment, Gabriel saw his father trembling violently from head to foot — then his limbs steadied again — stiffened suddenly, as if struck by catalepsy. His lips parted,

but without quivering; his eyes glared, but without moving in their orbits. The lovely moonlight itself looked ghastly and horrible, shining on the supernatural panic-deformity of that face! Gabriel turned away his head in terror. He heard the voice of Father Paul saying to him: "Wait here till I come back;" then there was an instant of silence again — then a low groaning sound, that seemed to articulate the name of God; a sound unlike his father's voice, unlike any human voice he had ever heard — and then the noise of a closing door. He looked up, and saw that he was standing alone before the cottage.

Once, after an interval, he approached the window. He just saw through it the hand of the priest holding on high the ivory crucifix; but stopped not to see more, for he heard such words, such sounds, as drove him back to his former place. There he stayed, until the noise of something falling heavily within the cottage, struck on his ear. Again he advanced towards the door; heard Father Paul praying; listened for several minutes; then heard a moaning voice, now joining itself to the voice of the priest, now choked in sobs and bitter wailing. Once more he went back out of hearing, and stirred not again from his place. He waited a long and a weary time there — so long that one of the scouts on the look-out came towards him, evidently suspicious of the delay in the priest's return. He waved the man back, and then looked again towards the door. At last, he saw it open — saw Father Paul approach him, leading François Sarzeau by the hand.

The fisherman never raised his downcast eyes to his son's face; tears trickled silently over his cheeks; he followed the hand that led him, as a little child might have followed it, listening anxiously and humbly at the priest's side to every word that he spoke. "Gabriel," said Father Paul, in a voice which trembled a little, for the first time that night — "Gabriel, it has pleased God to grant the perfect fulfilment of the purpose which brought me to this place; I tell you this, as all that you need — as all, I believe, that you would wish — to know of what has passed while you have been left waiting for me here. Such words as I have now to speak to you are spoken by your father's earnest desire. It is his own wish that I should communicate to you his confession of having secretly followed you to The Merchant's Table, and of having discovered (as you discovered) that no evidence of his guilt remained there. This admission he thinks will be enough to account for his conduct towards yourself from that time to this. I have next to tell you (also at your father's desire) that he has promised in my presence, and now promises again in yours, sincerity of repentance in this

manner: — When the persecution of our religion has ceased — as cease it will, and that speedily, be assured of it! — he solemnly pledges himself henceforth to devote his life, his strength, and what worldly possessions he may have, or may acquire, to the task of re-erecting and restoring the roadside crosses which have been sacrilegiously overthrown and destroyed in his native province, and to doing good, good where he may. I have now said all that is required of me, and may bid you farewell — bearing with me the happy remembrance that I have left a father and son reconciled and restored to each other. May God bless and prosper you, and those dear to you, Gabriel! May God accept your father's repentance, and bless him also throughout his future life!"

He took their hands pressed them long and warmly, then turned and walked quickly down the path which led to the beach. Gabriel dared not trust himself yet to speak; but he raised his arm, and put it gently round his father's neck. The two stood together so, looking out dimly through the tears that filled their eyes, to the sea. They saw the boat put off in the bright track of the moonlight, and reach the vessel's side; they watched the spreading of the sails, and followed the slow course of the ship till she disappeared past a distant headland from sight. After that, they went into the cottage together. They knew it not then; but they had seen the last, in this world, of Father Paul.

The events foretold by the good priest happened sooner than even he had anticipated. A new government ruled the destinies of France, and the persecution ceased in Brittany. Among other propositions which were then submitted to the parliament, was one advocating the restoration of the roadside crosses throughout the province. It was found, however, on inquiry, that these crosses were to be counted by thousands, and that the mere cost of the wood required to reërect them necessitated an expenditure of money which the bankrupt nation could ill afford to spare. While this project was under discussion, and before it was finally rejected, one man had undertaken the task which the government shrank from attempting. When Gabriel left the cottage, taking his brother and sisters to live with his wife and himself at the farm-house, François Sarzeau left it also, to perform in highway and byway his promise to Father Paul. For months and months he labored without intermission at his task; still, always doing good, and rendering help and kindness and true charity to all whom he could serve. He walked many a weary mile, toiled through many a hard day's work, humbled himself even to beg of others, to get wood enough to restore a

single cross. No one ever heard him complain, ever saw him impatient, ever detected him in faltering at his task. The shelter in an out-house, the crust of bread and drink of water, which he could always get from the peasantry, seemed to suffice him. Among the people who watched his perseverance, a belief began to gain ground that his life would be miraculously prolonged until he had completed his undertaking from one end of Brittany to the other. But this was not to be. He was seen one cold autumn evening, silently and steadily at work as usual, setting up a new cross on the site of one which had been shattered to splinters in the troubled times. In the morning he was found lying dead beneath the sacred symbol which his own hands had completed and erected in its place during the night. They buried him where he lay; and the priest who consecrated the ground allowed Gabriel to engrave his father's epitaph in the wood of the cross. It was simply the initial letters of the dead man's name, followed by this inscription — "*Pray for the repose of his soul; he died penitent, and the doer of good works.*"

Once, and once only, did Gabriel hear anything of Father Paul. The good priest showed, by writing to the farm-house, that he had not forgotten the family so largely indebted to him for their happiness. The letter was dated "Rome." Father Paul said, that such services as he had been permitted to render to the Church in Brittany, had obtained for him a new and a far more glorious trust than any he had yet held. He had been recalled from his curacy, and appointed to be at the head of a mission which was shortly to be despatched to convert the inhabitants of a savage and a far distant land to the Christian faith. He now wrote, as his brethren with him were writing, to take leave of all friends forever in this world, before setting out — for it was well known to the chosen persons entrusted with the new mission, that they could only hope to advance its object by cheerfully risking their own lives for the sake of their religion. He gave his blessing to François Sarzeau, to Gabriel, and to his family; and bade them affectionately farewell for the last time. There was a postscript in the letter, which was addressed to Rose, and which she often read afterwards with tearful eyes. The writer begged that, if she should have any children, she would show her friendly and Christian remembrance of him by teaching them to pray (as he hoped she herself would pray) that a blessing might attend Father Paul's labors in the distant land. The priest's loving petition was never forgotten. When Rose taught its first prayer to her first child, the little creature was instructed to end the few simple words pronounced at its mother's knees, with: — "God bless Father Paul!"

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

ON one side of a letter addressed

To Mr. Allan Ramsay, at M^{rs} Ross's, in Orange-court, near the Meuse, London,

and thus endorsed by Andrew Millar, the publisher—

Ed^r July 15, 1732. Allan Ramsay, at Ed^r to A. M., allowing him y^e liberty of reprinting his 3 vols. of songs, to w^{ch} he agrees, per his July 27,

is the following interesting letter :—

Edinburgh, July 13th, 1732.

DEAR ANDREW, — I received yours of date the 6th inst., and allow you to print the three volumes of the Tea Table Miscellanys or Collections of Songs published by me in what form you please, on your paying me against Martinmas next five pounds sterling. Further I empower you to take up for me five guineas from the printers of my Poems, the unpaid moiety as agreed on between them and Mr. M^r Ewen, who had instructions from me to transact with them, and to whom they paid the first moiety. — I am, dear Andrew, your very humble servt.,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

My son brings you this, if he approves of it. If we agree, I desire that you would send none of them to this country — it is scarce worth your while.

Beneath, on part of the letter from the poet to his son, afterwards the distinguished painter, occurs—

If you do not like the proposal tell Mr. Millar so. Send me account of this affair with the first post.

Ramsay's letter relates to the first collected edition of the Tea Table Miscellany, that in three thin duodecimo volumes, with the same pagination throughout, printed for Andrew Millar in 1733, and called "the ninth edition, being the completest and most correct of any yet published by Allan Ramsay."

The first volume of the Tea Table Miscellany was published at Edinburgh in 1724. The second, third, and fourth volumes were published separately in 24mo, at various intervals. When the second was published is, I believe, unknown. The third appeared at Edinburgh in 1727, and the fourth at London in 1740. A pirated edition was published at Dublin in 1723, three volumes in one, 12mo, pp. 334, "printed for E. Smith." Ramsay's letter relates to the ninth, and the following advertisement in the Caledonian Mercury of July 17, 1740, to the tenth edition :—

This day is published, neatly printed in a pocket volume, the tenth edition, being the completest and most correct of any yet published,

with the addition of one hundred and fifty songs, The Tea Table Miscellany ; or, a collection of the most choice Songs, Scots and English. By Allan Ramsay. Printed for A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head, in the Strand, and sold by him, &c.

The eleventh edition was published at London, four vols. in one, 12mo, 1750. The subsequent ones are merely reprints of each other. The eighteenth, and probably the latest, edition appeared at Edinburgh in 1792.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

FRUITS OF THE WILDS.

HORTICULTURAL art may point to its *élèves* with pride ; but let not Nature remain unrepresented. Let us not forget that Providence has kindly spread abroad wild fruits for those who cannot command the luxuries of the fenced and tended garden. The small raspberry beside the brook, and the sweet Wood Strawberry, the delight of peasant children, have passed away before autumn commenced ; but all over the country the wholesome and pleasant Blackberry offers an abundant feast to all who are not too proud to stoop for it ; and both its flowers and fruit are useful to the dyer. The species called the *rose blackberry* is the badge of the Scotch clan MacNab. The species called dewberry (*rubus cæsius*), with its fine, dark-blue bloom, and the large grains of its small juicy fruit, has been thought worthy, by Shakspeare, of forming part of Titania's fairy feast (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. scene 2) :—

Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

Boggy grounds, especially on mountains, supply the elegant Cranberry, with its erect, shining leaves, and very pretty rose-colored flowers, succeeded by the speckled and mottled berries, that look like tiny birds' eggs. The name is properly *craneberry*, because the footstalks bend like the neck of a crane, the flower-bud representing the crane's head. It is a badge of the clan Grant.

The clan M^rFarlane bears as its device the handsome Cloudberry, that takes its name from growing on the tops of high mountains, almost among the clouds, and decorates those wild scenes with its smooth-surfaced, serrate edged leaves, and fair white flowers, which give place to the tawnyberry, that lies uninjured beneath the snows, and is prized by the mountaineers for its long duration, as well as for its antiscorbutic qualities, and its pleasant acid flavor.

On the heathy hill we look for the Bilberry (or whortleberry), with its myrtle-like leaves, adorned by its waxen rosy flowers, and afterwards with its dark-blue bloomy fruit, rich in

sanguine-colored juice. It is the badge of the clan M'Lean; but among the ancients it was the emblem of treachery from the story of Myrtilus. Hippodamia, the beautiful daughter of Oenomaus, King of Etis, was wooed by many Greek princes; but an oracle having declared that her husband would be the cause of her father's death, the latter, to prevent her marriage, refused to give her to any, save one who would be able to conquer him in a chariot race, which he flattered himself would be impossible, as his horses were of unrivalled fleetness. Notwithstanding the condition made by the king, that each of his defeated competitors should forfeit his life, thirteen princes had attempted the race, and been defeated and slain. But the fourteenth, Pelops, son of Tantalus, King of Phrygia, bribed Myrtilus, the charioteer of Oenomaus, to leave a linchpin of his master's chariot loose, by which means the chariot was overturned, and the king mortally injured. When dying, he requested Pelops, the victor, to avenge him on his faithless charioteer, which Pelops did, by throwing Myrtilus into the sea. The waves having cast his body ashore, it was honorably buried by the people of the country, by whom he was reputed the son of Mercury; and the bilberry is said to have first sprung from his grave. In botany it bears his name, *Vaccinium Myrtilus*, an appellation which is also appropriate, from the resemblance of the shrub to a little myrtle. Myrtilus is fabled, by the classic mythology, to have been ultimately translated by Mercury to the skies, where he shines as the constellation Auriga, or the Charioteer. The bilberry has been called "the fruit of the proscribed," because growing in solitudes, fit for the haunts of outlaws, who have used its blood-red juice to stain and disguise their faces.

With these fruits of the mountains and the wilds we will associate a simple rustic song, which we translate from the original Irish, a language that deserves to be better known and appreciated for its variety, energy, and pathos; a language that can boast of more peasant poets than perhaps any other in Europe. This song was popular in Munster (among those who understood the original, for we believe it has never before appeared in English). It was written by a poor piper (whose name we have been unable to learn), in opposition to a song in praise of a hill called the Hill of Heath, composed by a rival musician, of which only a few fragments are now extant. The pictures of rural plenty and happiness presented in our song exist no longer, save in the memory of those who talk of "the good old times in poor Ireland" before the famine and the emigration. In order to preserve the rhythm we mark the pause for the voice by the cæsura thus "in

places where it cannot be marked by the punctuation:—

THE HILL OF HEATH.

FROM THE IRISH.

(A Aindir mhíllie, mháinle, a ttag me sean is gradh dhuit, &c.)

My darling white-armed maiden, I'll love thee very dearly!

I'd give thee the best dwelling "that ere was built on earth,

I'd go with thee to Arran,* to France, or Spain how cheerly;

To wildest strand of ocean, or the fair hill of mirth.

We'd wile an hour in watching "the boats come homewards rowing,

Or loiter in the lone wood, "the shady boughs beneath;

I'd need not breast the steep then, with gny song upward going

To ask for news of Mary "upon the Hill of Heath.

High on the stone-heaped mountaint† "one day when lonely lying,

From Benduff's peak so darksome "I looked out east by north;

I heard the cuckoo speaking, I saw the sea-gulls flying,

While with their dams the lambkins "and calves were going forth.

The badger and the weasle "there get them lairs for sleeping;

The red fox finds a shelter "from winds that rudely breathe,

The Banshee chants her dirges, half singing and half weeping,

That scene is grander far than "the little Hill of Heath.

There bloom the rose and lily, and honey is abounding,

There the bright crystal‡ sparkles, the white swan glides along,

The heath-cocks there are crowding, the hounds' shrill cry resounding,

Harps at each door are chiming "to sweet-voiced maidens' song.

There grow sweet fruits, the berry "upon the wild bush blazes,

There are all things delicious" to keep away grim death,

There dwells my love whose beauty "excels all beauteous faces—

That place is better far than "the little Hill of Heath.

There is sweet milk and butter, "fat swine at all times straying

On both sides of the river, and round the verdant hill,

* The Isle of Arran in the Bay of Galway.

† Alluding to the cairns, or piles of loose stones, anciently heaped up as sepulchral monuments.

‡ The quartz crystal.

Fair islets gem the waters "where speckled trout
are playing ;
Sleek calves and well-fed cattle "the merry
woodlands fill.
Both winter time and summer "the trees there
give us pleasure ;
Good liquor there is plenty "each merry roof
beneath ;
I'd rather chant thy praises, sweet spot ! in
worthy measure
Than sing the withered furze on "the little
Hill of Heath.

I've gazed on cheerful harbors, in stately cities,
pondered ;
I've trod the heath-clad mountain, "fair vale,
and rushy plain,
From Cork of Coves so pleasant "to Bal'nasloe
I've wandered :
Then from the north returning" to Cashel
came again.
I've passed two years in roving, I've sat where
guests are many,
I've drained the glass, and gayly "have set
my pipes to breathe,
But maiden like my true love "I never yet
found any —
Save one with fairy form on "the little Hill
of Heath.

ANECDOTE OF A CROCODILE. The Indians told us, that at San Fernando scarcely a year passes without two or three grown-up persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being drowned by these carnivorous reptiles. They related to us the history of a young girl of Uritucu, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her go, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, reached the shore, swimming with the hand that still remained to her. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse daily turns on the best means that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a boa, or a crocodile ; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that may await him. "I knew," said the young girl of Uritucu coolly, "that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your fingers into his eyes." Long after my return to Europe, I learned that in the interior of Africa the negroes know and practise the same means of defence. Who does not recollect with lively interest, Isaac, the guide of the unfortunate Mungo Park, who was seized twice by a crocodile, and twice escaped from the jaws of the monster, having succeeded in thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes while under water ? The African Isaac and the young American girl owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas. — *Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*

SPEED ON RAILWAYS. — Dr. Lardner adopts some ingenious arguments, or rather illustrations, to render familiar the extraordinary velocity with which our express trains move. The Great Western Express to Exeter travels at the rate of 43 miles an hour, including stoppages, or 51 miles an hour without including stoppages ; to attain this rate, a speed of 60 miles an hour is adopted midway between some of the stations ; and in certain experimental trips 70 miles an hour have been reached. A speed of 70 miles an hour is about equivalent to 35 yards per second, or 35 yards between two beats of a common clock ; all objects near the eye of a passenger travelling at this rate will pass by his eye in the thirty-fifth part of a second ; and if 35 stakes were erected at the side of the road, a yard asunder, they would not be distinguishable one from another ; if painted red, they would appear collectively as a continuous flash of red color. If two trains with this speed passed each other, the relative velocity would be 70 yards per second ; and if one of the trains were 70 yards long, it would flash by in a single second. Supposing the locomotive which draws such a train to have driving-wheels seven feet in diameter, these wheels will revolve five times in a second ; the piston moves along the cylinder ten times in a second ; the valve moves and the steam escapes ten times in a second — but as there are two cylinders, which act alternately, there are really twenty puffs or escapes of steam in a second. The locomotive can be heard to "cough" when moving slowly, the cough being occasioned by the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney ; but twenty coughs per second cannot be separated by the ear, their individuality becoming lost. Such a locomotive speed is equal to nearly one-fourth that of a cannon-ball ; and the momentum of a whole train, moving at such a speed, would be nearly equivalent to the aggregate force of a number of cannon-balls, equal to one-fourth the weight of the train : that a "smash" should follow a "collision," is no subject for marvel, if a train moving at such speed — or anything like such speed — should meet with any obstacle to its progress. — *Dodd's Curiosities of Industry.*

Select Poems of Prior and Swift.

A judicious selection from the poems of men whose names are better known to this generation than their works. The editor, who has already proved his hand in the Selections from Dryden, introduces each author by a critical preface ; the estimate in both cases being true, though we think he assigns a poetical merit to Prior which the present generation will hardly confirm. The "Henry and Emma" inculcates a blindly confident love, which is opposed to the opinions of the present day ; "Solomon," notwithstanding the great merit of passages and parts, is deficient in interest as a whole. Johnson, who was born before Prior died, and who wrote at a time when his works were popular, felt "that it wanted that without which all other excellences are of small avail, the power of engaging attention and alluring curiosity." — *Spectator.*

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From Punch.

OLD ENGLAND'S BABES IN THE WOOD.

In a nurse's uncouth telling, in a broadside's
random spelling,
Or in statelier garb of story-book, with bind-
ing and gilt edges,
For ages has that story set Young England's
tears a-welling,
That sanctifies the red-breast on our window-
sills and hedges.
How oft with tear-drenched pinafore, has he sat
and lost his dinner for
The death of those good parents, in that uncle
too confiding,
And wondered in his innocence, what he was such
a sinner for,
As to hire those cruel ruffians who took the
babes out riding.
How oft the nursery's rattle has been hushed be-
fore the prattle
Of those pretty babes which wrought so on the
milder-minded *Walter*,
That in the lonely forest he gave his fellow bat-
tle,
And slew him, thereby cheating the gallows
and the halter.
And then, instead of staying to keep the babes
from straying,
He weakly left them, with command to "stop
there like good children;"
For Young England well remembered his own
manner of obeying
The like order from the nurse-maid whom he
gloried in bewildering.

With what bursts of tender sobbing he blessed
the gentle robin,
Who the forest leaves their faces laid with pious
beak and claws on,
And how heavily in school-days was he visited
with cobbing
Who the robin's sacred nest laid his sacrilegious
paws on.

That old tale with a new dress on, for Old Eng-
land has its lesson;
Touching his "Babes in the Wood" he a hint
from it may borrow—
In the wood through whose entanglements scarce
manly strength can press on—
The wood of sin and suffering, of ignorance and
sorrow.

There the little children wander, while in mortal
combat yonder
Those who call themselves their guides for the
mastery are fighting;
There in striving for that wood's sour fruit their
infant strength they squander,
Deep and deeper in its hideous depths body and
soul benighting.

The combatants are sturdy, skilled to use their
weapons wordy;
And 'ere Chapel's got the better of Church, or
Church of Chapel,
The children may be lying, while *Punch*, for pious
birdie,
Strews his leaves on those that perished while
their guides were in death-grapple.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

LINES AMONG THE LEAVES.

HAVE ye heard the West Wind singing,
Where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged Spirit rangeth,
And its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

A plaintive wail it maketh,
When the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the branches, low and slender,
Bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

Another tale 't is telling,
Where the clustered elm is swelling
With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright;
And the leaves, all brig'nt and clapping,
Sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

The fitful key-note shifteth
Where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring,
Like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

Now the breeze is freshly wending,
Where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it sends a mournful whistle,
That remindeth of the missal
And the cowl.

Another lay it giveth
Where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the cresses, lily, flag, and rush;
And it sings with hissing treble,
Like the foam upon the pebble,
In its gush.

A varied theme it utters,
Where the glossy date-leaf flutters,
A loud and lightsome chant it yielded there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer
May believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

It is sad and dreary hearing
Where the giant pine is rearing
A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about;
And it lurketh melancholy,
Where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

It murmurs soft and mellow
'Mid the light laburnum's yellow,
As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tiding,
As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
Through the ash.

A roundelay of pleasure
Does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies
Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach.

Oh! a bard of many breathings
Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland
groves,
Now fifing and now drumming—
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

Oh! are not human bosoms
Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring
In our hearts, like sweet wind whirling
In the boughs?

Though that wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,
And the maple-tree responds not as the larch,
Yet Harmony is playing
Round all the green arms swaying
'Neath heaven's arch.

Oh! what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'T is that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter
That's divine.

From the Atlas.

TO A LITTLE GIRL,

WHO CRIED BECAUSE HER FATHER WOULD BE A
GRAY OLD MAN WHEN SHE HAD GROWN UP.

BY CHARLES J. SPRAGUE.

VEX not thy little heart that time will spread
The frost of age upon thy father's head—
Will line his brow, and dim the loving eye
That gazes on thee, as the years go by;
Thy gentle love, my darling, cannot stay
The conquering despot on his cruel way.
No! the strange fears that flutter in thy heart,
The tender tears that from thy blue eyes start,
The fond embrace that tightens round my neck,
Have not the power his ravages to check.
We both move onward to the expectant tomb;
And my decay accompanies thy bloom.
But though my form may alter day by day,
And Nature's universal law obey;
Though my stout arm may tremble in the clasp,
That round thy woman's form is fondly cast;
Though the strong frame that bears thee gayly
now,
Beneath the sadder weight of years may bow;
My heart, defying time, shall ne'er decay!
Years cannot steal its vital warmth away!
Fed by thy love, its deep, perennial joy
Is young with strength that age cannot destroy.
Thy womanhood will never weep to see
Time's changing features in my love for thee.
Deep in the oak's old trunk there hidden lie
Buds that have never opened to the sky;
Let but its noble head be rudely torn,
And forth they spring, the ruin to adorn.
In the tough fibre of my being sleep
Buds of warm feeling thickly strown and deep;
In their quick growth, thy fears shall solaced be,
Should the wild storm-wind only threaten thee.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, M. P. A Critical Biography.* By GEORGE HENRY FRANCIS. London: 1852.
2. *Lord George Bentinck. A Political Biography.* By B. DISRAELI, Member of Parliament for the County of Buckingham. Fifth edition—revised. London: 1852.
3. *Venetia.* By B. DISRAELI. A new edition. London: 1853.

ABOUT twenty years since a prize was proposed, in an Italian university, for the best essay on the following subject: "What individual since the beginning of the world has most occupied the thoughts of mankind?" The palm was awarded to the essayist who maintained the superior claims of Napoleon to this world-wide description of notoriety; but the decision was far from commanding universal assent. If, however, a prize were offered at Oxford or Cambridge for a dissertation on the analogous but more limited question—"What individual from February, 1852, to January, 1853, has most occupied the pens, tongues, and ears of Englishmen?"—the answer would be given by acclamation. The Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, is indisputably the man. His appointment to this post was one of the most startling domestic events that has occurred in our time. People seemed never tired of talking and speculating on it, with its recondite causes and its problematical results. He at once became an inexhaustible topic of animated discussion in society. His portrait was painted by one fashionable artist; his bust was taken in marble, *à perennius*, by another; what were called likenesses of him appeared in illustrated newspapers by the dozen; and, above all, he was placed in Madame Tussaud's repository—that British Valhalla in which it is difficult for a civilian to gain a niche without being hanged. He glittered in the political horizon as a phenomenon of the first magnitude; and every glass was turned upon him the more eagerly, because it was impossible to discover, and hazardous to predicate, whether he would turn out a planet, a fixed star, a comet, or a mere vapory exhalation, or will-o'-the-wisp, raised by an overheated atmosphere from a rank and unwholesome soil.

To lay aside metaphor—Mr. Disraeli was pretty generally regarded as an intellectual, moral, social, and parliamentary anomaly. His career has been altogether an exceptional one. None but himself can be his parallel; and as all traditional, prescriptive, and familiar tests of character are obviously out of place when applied to that of the "successor of Hampden," we are by no means surprised to find that the most varying and

contradictory opinions still prevail concerning him. There are persons, we hear, who conceive him to be the most profound of modern statesmen; there are others, we know, who contemptuously deny him a title to rank amongst statesmen at all. Some of his admirers declare him to be an orator in the highest sense of the term; whilst his opponents stoutly maintain that he is at best no better than a showy and shallow rhetorician. Favorable critics dwell upon the alleged wit, spirit, cleverness, graphic power, and frequent brilliancy of his writings; whilst those of the severer order profess to be more struck by their meretricious glitter, overwhelming presumption, open disregard of principle, innate vulgarity of conception, and utter absence of earnestness and truth. The very section of the aristocracy which has always been the last to recognize the claims of genius, points, or very recently did point, to his elevation as an irrefragable proof of the excellence of our institutions; yet the majority of the cultivated classes, whose liberal appreciation of merit for its own sake has been time immemorial exhibited in a thousand ways, were contemporaneously giving vent to a sentiment not much unlike that embodied in the well-known couplet—

The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there.

That, indeed, is the essential question and real problem. How did he get where we recently gazed upon him with almost as much wonder, though with not exactly the same vague feeling of apprehension, as that with which we contemplated the astounding rise of the new Emperor of the French? How did a gentleman of Jewish extraction, whose previous career was inextricably associated with reminiscences very little calculated to inspire esteem or confidence, manage to become finance-minister of the greatest commercial country, and official leader of the gravest, wisest, and most important representative assembly, in the world? Did he succeed by addressing himself to the good or to the bad feelings of his countrymen!—to their passions and prejudices, or to their reason and good sense? In other words, did he win his position by the fair exercise of talent and industry, or did he steal a march on his competitors, and climb to temporary power upon the shoulders of a well-dressed and wealthy, but turbulent, ill-informed, and irritated, set of agitators, who were marked by many of the most objectionable characteristics of a mob?

We shall endeavor to answer these questions by an impartial review and analysis of the Right Honorable Gentleman's career, as illustrated by his writings and speeches—taking Mr. George Henry Francis as our

assistant and occasional guide; for his "Critical Biography," although frequently betraying an undue partiality for his hero, presents a tolerably correct outline of those events of Mr. Disraeli's life with which we have now to deal. It will speedily be seen, as we proceed, that we are actuated by no party views or motives, but that our main object is to rectify the scale by which our public men are to be judged. Granting that no widespread or lasting injury may result from an insulated example of unmerited promotion to the highest honors of the State—the case assumes a much more serious aspect when the essential rules of political morality are systematically tampered with, in the hope of making them square with conduct which, so long as their authority remains unimpaired, must be held emphatically wrong. We are well aware of the delicacy and difficulty of the task; but we have at least one advantage—that, so long as we confine ourselves to what bears on his public career, we need not be overscrupulous in discussing the antecedents of a man who has dealt more largely and profitably in personality than any writer or speaker of our day.

According to the "Critical Biography," "the future orator and statesman was born in the year 1806," and according to Dodd's Parliamentary Companion, in 1805. He was the first-born of Isaac Disraeli, the eminent author of "Curiosities of Literature;" a book which, despite of the inaccuracies detected by Mr. Corney and others, has been translated into every modern language that boasts a literature, and must be deemed an indispensable part of every good library. Disraeli the Elder, as he was affectingly designated by the son, in the hope of benefiting by the reflected lustre of the paternal fame, was an excellent specimen of the old-fashioned man of letters—amiable, kind-hearted, devoted to his books, and little conversant with the habits or topics of the gay and bustling circles of the metropolis. His claim to an honorable post in the Republic of Letters was unimpeached and is certainly unimpeachable. What, then, do the admirers and followers of Mr. B. Disraeli mean by asserting that, far from being aided by birth and connexion in his social and political aspirations, he had extraordinary disadvantages in this respect to surmount? We know perfectly well that a strong prejudice was entertained against him when he first entered the House of Commons; but this was the natural result of those passages in his life which he now finds it convenient to term his "wild oats." If he could have dissociated himself from these, and have moderated his pretensions for an interval, he would have had no reason to complain of his reception; and, to the best of our observation, no *debutant*, in any walk of life, need

wish for a better recommendation than an honored name. In point of hereditary fortune, he was better off than Burke, Sheridan, or Canning; and, with regard to his apparently most serious stumbling-stock, his Jewish extraction, we are by no means sure that, under his adroit and spirited management, it was not, at one period, actually transformed into a stepping-stone.

When "Pelham" is asked whether illegitimate birth will prevent a person from being a perfect gentleman, he makes answer, that it will not, if the individual feels no consciousness of the stain, for then it will in no respect impair that freedom and independence of bearing which are essential to the character. To apply this refined remark to the case before us—we conceive that if an Englishman of the Jewish race puts a bold and honest face on the matter, his contemporaries will soon cease to think about it, and that it will speedily become stingless and inoperative as a taunt. So long as Mr. Disraeli was the fearless and uncompromising champion of his oppressed brethren, he carried with him the cordial sympathy of every generous heart and the eager concurrence of every enlightened mind. He participated in the new dignity which he conferred on their cause. Never was there a more striking confirmation of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy;" for it was not until he lowered his tone, and began to capitulate on his own account, that his vulnerable side was laid bare. From the time when he assumed the lead of a party whose watchword is bigotry, and who stand pledged to retain the Jews in their present state of civic inferiority, his Caucasian descent became again the bar sinister of his political shield; but it is his own fault if he selects for his constant associates the hereditary oppressors of his race, and does all that in him lies to fan the smouldering embers of intolerance into a flame. Did he really suppose that he would be allowed to revive the No Popery cry, or to call for fresh penal enactments in favor of our "Protestant Constitution," without provoking a telling retort? If so, he reckoned without his host; and the mode in which one of his late colleagues alluded to the topic under discussion, might have served as a warning to Mr. Disraeli to get out of their company as fast as possible. Sir John Trollope told his constituents, at his reelection for South Lincolnshire, in March last, that the financial concerns of the country were safe in the guardianship of "a gentleman, undoubtedly of ancient blood *but* eastern origin." Beginning with a compliment, the Right Honorable Baronet unconsciously ended with a sneer.

It is fortunate, therefore, that the bane is coupled with the antidote; "for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." Centuries of oppression have endowed the Jewish race

with corresponding habits of endurance. Mr. Disraeli has frequently been subjected to mortifications and disappointments which would have driven a more sensitive man to the very verge of self-destruction. Yet neither insult nor annoyance seemed to make the smallest impression on that imperturbable temper and impassive brow. So long as he could gain anything by being cool, he was cool; and it was only on rare occasions, when the game was up or played out, that he was ever hurried into the display of ill-temper or irritability. That extraordinary faculty of mastering his emotions and biding his time, by dint of which he has so often grasped Fortune by the forelock, may be clearly traced to his "eastern origin," and can hardly be computed as the worst or most profitless part of that "*dannosa hereditas*" which descended to him with his blood.

It is rather strange, considering the circumstances and literary position of his father, that Mr. Disraeli did not receive what is called a regular education. He was brought up at a private school, or academy, in the classic shades of Hampstead or Highgate; and at the age when young men commonly commence residence at a University, he was articled to a highly respectable firm of solicitors in the city. "In his adolescence," says Mr. Francis, "he was subjected to the severe corrective of a city life. The future Chancellor of the Exchequer spent in the hard service of a lawyer's office much of the time he would rather have devoted to the Muses. We do not consider ourselves called upon to enter into mere gossiping details, however interesting, of this period of Mr. Disraeli's career. His native genius soon broke through these trammels." The plain matter of fact is, that these trammels were neither severe nor degrading, although Mr. Francis' language would justify an inference that they were both. An articulated clerk's ordinary mode of passing his time is thus described by Cowper in a letter to Lady Hesketh:—"I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, —that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days, in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor (Thurlow) constantly employed from morning to night, in giggling and making goggle, instead of studying the law. O fie, cousin! how could you do so!"

Mr. Disraeli was not the first by hundreds, and very far indeed from being the most distinguished, of the many notable personages who have verified the portrait of—

Some youth his father's wishes doomed to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

Nor is it clear to our minds that his sojourn in the metropolis, with leisure and command

of books, under this lax apprenticeship, may not have qualified him better for working out his peculiar destiny than the same number of years spent, and haply trifled away, on the banks of the Isis or the Cam. "Every man," says Gibbon, "who rises above the common level has received two educations, — the first from his teachers — the second, more personal and important, from himself." That the second was not omitted in Mr. Disraeli's case, he gave ample and speedy evidence. He could hardly have arrived at legal years of discretion, when he set on foot the earliest of his ambitious projects; for although we are not prepared to specify the precise share he had in getting up or editing the "Representative" newspaper, in January, 1826, we have the strongest direct proof that he was one of the responsible parents of the scheme. The late John Murray, of Albemarle Street — the most enterprising and liberal-minded of bibliopoles — who lost more than 20,000*l.* by the undertaking, was wont to declare to his dying day that he was led into hazarding this large sum by the gorgeous pictures of anticipated profit and influence drawn by the imaginative genius of the precocious ex-clerk. The paper never recovered from the effects of an article beginning—"As we were sitting in our opera box"—and it was given up after six months' trial, during which half a dozen or more editors were successively employed.*

In the course of the same year, 1826, Mr. Disraeli, who has a knack of turning failures to account, electrified the novel-reading public by "*Vivian Grey*," the plot of which was understood to be founded on the getting up of the "Representative" and on the incidental intrigues—literary, social, and political. We remember seeing a Key, in which the Marquess of Carabas was declared to be neither more nor less than John Murray—Cleveland, an eminent author and editor, still living—and Mrs. Felix Lorraine, a now forgotten blue-stocking. The suggested analogies are faint, and the points of similarity mostly fanciful, but the novel itself will always remain an object of interest to the metaphysical inquirer as containing the germ, rude outline, and incomplete conception of the career which the author was even then meditating, and in great measure has since contrived to run. We request particular attention to the following passages:—

"At this moment, how many a powerful noble wants only wit to be a minister; and what wants

* The first number appeared on the 26th January, and the last on the 28th July, 1826. After making every allowance for the subsequent improvement and raised standard of newspaper writing, we are obliged to own that the "Representative" richly merited its fate.

Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two persons can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth balks my fancy—shall I pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old château? Supposing I am in contact with this magnifico, am I prepared? Now, let me probe my very soul. Does my cheek blanch? I have the mind for the conception; and I can perform right skilfully upon the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make those conceptions beloved by others. There wants but one thing more—*courage*, pure, perfect courage;—and does Vivian Grey know fear?" He laughed an answer of bitterest derision. (Vol. i., p. 43.)

It was a rule with Vivian Grey, never to advance any opinion *as his own*. He had been too deep a student of human nature, not to be aware that the opinions of a boy of twenty, however sound, and however correct, stand but a poor chance of being adopted by his elder, though feebler, fellow-creatures. In attaining any end, it was therefore his system always to advance his opinion as that of some eminent and considered personage; and when, under the sanction of this name, the opinion or advice was entertained and listened to, Vivian Grey had no fear that he could prove its correctness and its expediency. He possessed also the singular faculty of being able to *improvise quotations*; that is, he could unpremeditatedly clothe his conceptions in language characteristic of the style of any particular author; and Vivian Grey was reputed in the world as having the most astonishing memory that ever existed; for there was scarcely a subject of discussion in which he did not gain the victory, by the great names he enlisted on his side of the argument. His father was aware of the existence of this dangerous faculty, and had often remonstrated with his son on the use of it. (Vol. i., p. 58.)

I will speak to you (Cleveland) with the frankness which you have merited, and to which I feel you are entitled. I am *not* the dupe of the Marquess of Carabas; I am *not*, I trust, the dupe, or tool, of any one whatever. Believe me, sir, there is that at work in England, which, taken at the tide, may lead on to fortune. I see this, sir—I, a young man, uncommitted in political principles, unconnected in public life, feeling some confidence, I confess, in my own abilities, but desirous of availing myself, at the same time, of the powers of others. Thus situated, I find myself working for the same end as my Lord Carabas, and twenty other men of similar calibre, mental and moral; and, sir, am I to play the hermit in the drama of life, because, perchance, my fellow-actors may be sometimes fools, and occasionally knaves? Oh! Mr. Cleveland, if the Marquess of Carabas has done you the ill service which Fame says he has, your sweetest revenge will be to make *him* your tool; your most perfect triumph, to rise to power by his influence. (Vol. i., p. 217.)

None of the maxims or reflections in this book are remarkable for refinement or depth. They lie on the surface, and read like the af-

fected and flippant cynicism which clever youngsters mistake for philosophy, whilst the manner in which they are illustrated and carried out by the *dramatis persona* of the romance is very far indeed from redeeming them from the imputation of common-place. Vivian Grey, as portrayed, could not by any possibility have made his way in good company, or have inspired a man like Cleveland with any feeling but distrust. Yet it has been by acting up to, and improving on, the creed of "Vivian Grey" that the author, after a thousand abortive experiments in the art of rising, has realized the dream of his boyhood. Although he was speedily precipitated from the dizzy height he had internally vowed to obtain, he *has* stood upon it long enough for a puzzled nation to look up, and wonder, and possibly to blush. He *has* found his Marquis of Carabas, his Lord Courtown, and his Sir Beardmore Scrope; and he *has* revenged himself on the haughty nobles and squires who "spat upon his Jewish gaberdine," by making tools and fools of them. As it was wittily observed when he compelled his followers to forswear "Protection," the country gentlemen used to amuse themselves by drawing the teeth of the Caucasians, but it was now the turn of the Caucasians to draw the teeth of the country gentlemen. Whether this be the kind of a triumph which a good or great man would wish to have recorded in his memoirs or commemorated on his tombstone, is quite another matter—all we venture to assert in this place is, that it was obtained and, we believe, fully enjoyed by "Disraeli the Younger," when he donned the blue and gold uniform of a cabinet minister.

We noticed the best of his novels at the time of their appearance, and feel no inclination to revert to them. The best was "Conjurini Fleeming," and the worst the "Wonderous Tale of Alroy," in which extravagance and absurdity had reached the culminating point. Results have no longer the smallest connexion with causes, and performance bids audacious defiance to possibility. This work met with precisely the same reception from the literary public which was subsequently accorded to his maiden speech by the House of Commons. It was received with loud laughter, and the versatile writer forthwith betook himself to what he mistook for poetry. His "Revolutionary Epic" appeared in 1832, and was destined, as we learn from the Preface, to place him in the same category with Homer, Virgil, Dante, and Milton. But he fortunately added, "that if the decision of the public should be in the negative, then will he, without a pang, hurl his lyre to Limbo." He was as good as his word, so far as the continuation of the Epic was concerned. It fell still-born, and henceforth we find him playing a conspicuous, if not always a creditable or commendable, part on the political stage.

As the "Representative" was a high tory organ, we presume that Mr. Disraeli was professedly a high tory in 1826. Be this as it may, he started for High Wycombe in 1832 as a radical, under the auspices of the late Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume, with whose letters of recommendation he placarded the borough walls. The sponsor for his fidelity to their known principles was the author of "Pelham," who thus explains his share in the transaction : —

London, 24th July, 1835.

Sir — In answer to your letter, I beg to say that Mr. Disraeli first referred me to a printed handbill of his own, espousing short parliaments, vote by ballot, and untaxed knowledge. I conceived these principles to be the polestar of the sincere Reformers, and to be the reverse of tory ones. I showed that handbill to Mr. Hume; hence the letters of that gentleman and of others. Mr. Disraeli does not deny that he professed those opinions at that time, but he has explained that he meant them for adoption, not against the tories, but whigs. With his explanation I have nothing to do. I question his philosophy, but I do not doubt his honor. When any man tells me that he votes for ballot, short parliaments, and the abolition of the taxes on knowledge, I can only suppose him to be a reformer; such being my principles I would always give him my support; and I should never dream of asking whether he called himself a radical or a tory.

I am, sir,

E. Cox, Esq.

E. L. BULWER.

One of Mr. Hume's recommendatory letters contained the following expressions : —

I hope all reformers will rally round you, who entertain liberal opinions in every branch of government, and are prepared to pledge yourself to support reform and economy in every department.

If the Financial Reform Association had then existed, Mr. Disraeli would undoubtedly have been a member of it, and he did become a member of the Westminster Reform Club. About the same time he was introduced, at his own request, to the late Earl of Durham as a Durhamite, and, in 1833, he was a candidate for the representation of Marylebone on the ultra liberal side.*

* The whole of the documentary and other evidence bearing on this part of Mr. Disraeli's career was collected and published in 1836, by Mr. E. Cox, now a barrister on the Western Circuit and late Derbyshire candidate for Tewkesbury, in a pamphlet, with his name. This pamphlet formed the basis of a series of articles in the "Globe" (for January, 1836), notoriously and avowedly written by an amiable and accomplished member of the House of Commons, whose untimely death was regretted as a national loss. He, with his genial love of fun, was especially delighted when

We need hardly suggest, that a pledge or profession must be interpreted in the sense in which the maker knew and meant it to be accepted. Yet it is deemed a sufficient answer to the charge of tergiversation brought against Mr. Disraeli, on the strength of his Wycombe and Marylebone candidature, to say that he was a tory-radical or radical-tory, and that he was consequently at full liberty to solicit the support of the Ultras of either side. Our own solution of his many Protean transformations is, that he had never any political principles or fixed convictions whatever. The world was all before him where to choose, and he chose what best suited his purpose at the moment. He alternately presented the black side of his shield to the *Neri*, and the white side to the *Bianchi*; or he was the prototype of the Frenchman who was seized in Paris, on the 24th February, 1848, with three cockades — white, red, and tricolor — in his pocket; his avowed object being to assume from hour to hour the badge of the faction which seemed to be getting the upper hand. At the same time we are well aware that there may be such a creed, or mixture of creeds, as that which has been attributed to the Right Honorable Gentleman, in the hope of extricating him from his dilemma. *Les extrêmes se touchent*; and he is not the first who has speculated on governing mankind despotically, or in a high tory sense, by appealing to the numerical majority. It is what Napoleon the Third has done and is doing. It was what the Jacobites, or original "Country Party," hoped to do at, and for many years after, the accession of the House of Brunswick. The hypothesis on which their hopes rested was that, since the middle class was not to be shaken in its attachment to civil and religious liberty, the fit instruments for revolutionizing society must be sought at its bottom and its top. The Extreme Right and the Extreme Left must be persuaded to condescend against the Right and Left Centres. The reason why Shippen, Bromley, Sir William Windham, and other partisans of the Stuarts, wished to repeal the Septennial Act, is therefore obvious enough. They sought to restore an exiled race of sovereigns by popular suffrage. But what fallen dynasty did Mr. Disraeli seek to restore, when he advocated a return to triennial, annual, or "oftener if need be" parliaments!

Mr. Disraeli magniloquently demanded in the course of the resulting controversy : "How could he be gratified by an ignoble controversy with an obscure animal like the editor of the 'Globe,' when his own works had been translated at least into the language of polished Europe, and circulated by thousands in the New World?" — a test of merit, which, in many other instances within our memory, would have placed the authors of ephemeral works of fiction at the head of contemporary literature.

This is only one amongst a hundred shallow fallacies by which he sought to pass for an original thinker. The whigs, forsooth, were to be cried down as the enemies of rational government, because they had selected the Venetian constitution for their model, and had labored unceasingly to reduce an English sovereign to the condition of a Doge. This theory pervades the whole of Mr. Disraeli's political writings; yet it is hardly conceivable that any historical inquirer should risk his reputation upon such trash. A similar accusation might, with equal or greater plausibility, be urged against M. Thiers, for perseveringly endeavoring to compel Louis Philippe to recognize the maxim, "*Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas.*" If the whigs ever formed such a design, they failed woefully. The direct personal influence of the sovereign was far greater during the reigns of George I. and George II. than it has been during the reigns of William IV. and Victoria. It will be sufficient to refer to Lord Harvey's (confirmatory of Horace Walpole's) account of the manner in which George II. named his first premier, or to the history of Sir Robert Walpole's administration from 1721 to 1742. We should be glad to know who, from Walpole's rise to his fall, fulfilled the functions of the Council of Ten? Whilst Queen Caroline lived, she exercised more control over her royal spouse than any ten whig peers that Mr. Disraeli can name. That the Duke of Newcastle (whom Mr. Disraeli, in "Sybil," calls "the virtual sovereign of England") by his boroughs and his connexions, and the first Pitt by his commanding talents and his popularity, occasionally imposed a galling curb on the inclinations of the sovereign, is true enough; but liability to this description of restraint is of the very essence of a limited monarchy, and suggests not the faintest analogy to the humiliating helplessness of a Doge.

William III., as Mr. Disraeli admits, baffled the combination. The reign of Anne was more like a struggle between the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham than between the Venetian and English systems; and public opinion came into full play and regular operation as a controlling power soon after the accession of George III. But if the versatile inventor of this untenable theory will not be persuaded to give it up, or cannot do so without loss of credit, we recommend him to go back a great deal farther than to the accession of William and Mary for his proofs. The points of comparison which he requires will be found most plentiful under the Plantagenets; and if a baronial or aristocratic league to coerce the chief magistrate be the one thing needful to complete the parallel, why not date the rise of the Anglo-Venetian constitution from the signing of Magna Charta by King John?

The same fanciful train of superficial reasoning has constantly supplied Mr. Disraeli with

a convenient excuse for attacking the middle or moderate party, with whom he had, and could have, nothing in common, and who invariably declined his advances and made light of his pretensions. But whatever his object in courting the radical leaders, and whether he did or did not intend to use their influence merely for the destruction of whiggism and the advancement of toryism, there can be no doubt, that until the Reform Bill tide was on the turn, he figured amongst the most uncompromising champions of "democracy." It was in this phase of his career that he published "*What Is He?*" a short pamphlet in which, after declaring the House of Lords virtually defunct, he thus marks out the only course left for well-wishers to their country:—

Believing, then, that it is utterly impossible to restore the *aristocratic* principle, and believing that unless some principle of action be infused into the government a convulsion must ensue, what are the easiest and most obvious methods by which the *democratic* principle may be made predominant? It would appear that the easiest and the most obvious methods are, the instant repeal of the Septennial Act, and the institution of election by ballot, and the immediate dissolution of Parliament.

Since Mr. Disraeli's accession to office he has taken the more prudent course of glossing over the first eight or nine years of his public life as his "wild oats." But this style of evasion and apology was not open to him when he first joined the tory ranks. The first symptom of his defection from the Hume, O'Connell, and Bulwer sections of liberals, was of the most unequivocal kind. He stood for Taunton as a declared and full-blown conservative in 1835; and he instantly proceeded to attack his quondam allies and patrons, particularly the Irish Liberator, in the coarsest terms. Mr. O'Connell replied, in his characteristic style, and, after charging his assailant with charlatanism, apostasy, and ingratitude, he wound up his vengeful diatribe by a sarcasm which went straight, like a poisoned arrow, to the mark, and has clung like the shirt of Nessus: "I cannot," said O'Connell, "divest my mind of the belief that, if this fellow's genealogy were traced, it would be found that he was the lineal descendant and true heir-at-law of the *impenitent* thief who atoned for his crimes upon the cross." Maddened by this terrible hit, Mr. Disraeli made matters worse by the phrenzied indulgence of his exasperation. He covered himself with merited ridicule by inditing a bombastic challenge to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, which, as he might have anticipated, was declined; and the absurdity of his position reached its climax when he wound up an epistle to the great Agitator with:

"We shall meet at Philippi [*i. e.*, the House of Commons], where I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting castigation for the insults you have lavished on me;" — a pledge, by the way, which he never attempted to redeem. He addressed another letter to Mr. Morgan O'Connell, in which he expresses a hope that the father had been so insulted as to render it incumbent on some member of the family to vindicate its outraged honor. "The sons of O'Connell, however," observes Mr. Francis, "looked on the matter as purely ridiculous; and they only published the correspondence in the papers. The public were much of the same opinion. They indulged in a good hearty laugh at the Cambyse's vein of the would-be champion of Conservatism. His political inconsistency was ascribed to an infirmity of judgment almost amounting to craziness. The extreme rashness and injudicious haste of Mr. Disraeli to achieve greatness had excited strong prejudices against him."

Mr. Francis adds that his hero "had, perhaps, never stood lower in public esteem than at this time." But he never cared about public esteem. Dr. Johnson has remarked, that there are persons so besotted with the love of notoriety that they will roll in a gutter rather than not be looked at or talked about. Mr. Disraeli is, or was, a striking specimen of this class. The *quod monstrer digito pretereuntium* was his master passion, and, when he had no other means of gratifying it, he would stoop to make people stare by the extravagance of his dress and demeanor, or by the calculated display of a half-genuine and half-simulated self-conceit. He was profoundly indifferent as to the unfavorable impression left on quiet and rational people. If he had made them stare, he had achieved the distinction for which he panted, and which he proposed to turn to account in some way. He had carefully studied the weak side of human nature, and he knew that the multitude were carried away in their own despite by the habitual assumption of superiority. A blot is not a blot till it is hit; and a failure is not a failure till it is acknowledged. The Spartan boy would be no bad model for a political adventurer. It is surprising, too, how frequently, "in erring reason's spite," we accept people at their own valuation if they stick to it. The world did not despair of Mr. Disraeli, because he did not despair of himself; and, although he had lost stake after stake, and the odds were desperately against him, he was not yet reduced to the condition of the ruined gamester who has nothing left wherewith to stand again the hazard of the die. He had youth, health, talent, and the reputation which might almost pass muster for fame. The author of "Vivian Grey" would never again enter a London

drawing-room unobserved. He was a notability of the first water, a spirit of the age, a genius of the epoch, and his cry was still — "The world's mine oyster, which I with tongue or pen will open."

In 1835, he published his "Vindication of the English Constitution," addressed to Lord Lyndhurst, the professed object of which is to portray the whigs as a narrow-minded and selfish oligarchy, and to exalt the tories as the only trustworthy aspirants to political power. Borrowing largely from the brilliant, specious, and thoroughly unprincipled Bolingbroke, Mr. Disraeli labored to prove that his new friends had merited the confidence of their countrymen by doing the very opposite of what had been expected from them. For example,

However irresistible may be the social power of the tory party, their political power, since 1831, has only been preserved and maintained by a series of *democratic* measures of the greatest importance and most comprehensive character. No sooner was the passing of the whig Reform Act inevitable, than the tories introduced a clause into it which added many thousand members to the estate of the Commons. No sooner was the whig Reform Act passed, and circumstances had proved that with all their machinations, the oligarchy was not yet secure, than the whigs, under the pretence of reforming the corporations, attempted to compensate themselves for the democratic increase of the third estate, through the Chandos clause, by the political destruction of all the freemen of England; but the tories again stepped in to the rescue of the nation from the oligarchy, and now preserved the rights of eighty thousand members of the third estate. And not content with adding many thousands to its numbers, and preserving eighty thousand, the tories, ever since the passing of the oligarchical Reform Act of the whigs, have organized societies throughout the country for the great *democratic* purpose of increasing to the utmost possible extent the numbers of the third estate of the realm. The clause of Lord Chandos, your lordship's triumphant defence of the freemen of England, and the last registration, are *three great democratic movements, and quite in keeping with the original and genuine character of Toryism.* (P. 202.)

In a preceding passage he had stated that "Toryism must occasionally represent and reflect the *passions and prejudices of the nation*, as well as its purer energies, and its more enlarged and philosophic views." No one will deny that it diligently discharged this portion of its functions under the auspices of Lord Derby, and we can now guess "the reason why" the chivalrous premier consented to take his policy from the country — why Mr. Walpole proposes to bestow the elective franchise, with such unprecedented liberality, on militia men — why Mr. Disraeli was eager to recognize the "political rights of labor" —

and why the Irish tenant leaguers were gratified by a thinly disguised concession to socialist principles. These were great "democratic movements, and quite in keeping with the original and genuine character of Toryism"—particularly if it "must occasionally represent the passions and prejudices of the nation." But, then, if Toryism be identical with Derbyism, why did Lord Derby undertake to encounter and vanquish this same "democracy," which (so says his Caucasian friend) it is the especial vocation of Toryism to strengthen and develop? Here we own ourselves at fault, and the only solution of the problem we can suggest is, that he proposed to control the democratic tendencies of the nation—as St. Evremond tells us he conquered his passions—by indulging them; or that the ex-premier acted on the drunkard's maxim of "a hair of the dog that bit you;" or that his lordship had been studying the doctrine of the homœopathists, who maintain that a disease is most effectually cured by drugs which would have created it, had it not preëxisted in the constitution of the patient. But, this, at least, we will make bold to predicate, that, if the principles of parliamentary reform advocated by this journal be fairly compared with Mr. Disraeli's and Mr. Walpole's, no impartial arbitrators will hesitate to say that we have a far better title than they, or those whom they represent, to the disputed designation of "Conservative."

The "Letters of Runnymede," composed in obvious imitation of Junius, and filled with truculent abuse of every contemporary whig of eminence, were the next notable production from his pen. They first appeared in the "Times," and were published in a collected shape in 1836, with a Dedication to Sir Robert Peel, who was then, it seems, the "chivalrous" champion who was to transfix the dragon of democracy.

In your chivalry alone is our hope. Clad in the panoply of your splendid talents and your spotless character, we feel assured that you will subdue this unnatural and unnatural monster; and that we may yet see sedition, and treason, and rapine, rampant as they may have of late figured, quail before your power and prowess. (P. 36.)

In 1837, Mr. Disraeli obtained the long-coveted object of his ambition. He was elected member for Maidstone. The effect of his maiden speech in the House of Commons is well known. It was cut short by an irrepressible burst of laughter, and he concluded with the memorable words: "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." When Woodfall told Sheridan, after hearing his maiden effort, that public speaking was not

his line, the future rival of Pitt and Fox replied, after leaning his head upon his hand for a few moments—"I have it in me, and by G—— it shall come out." This was the instinctive consciousness of latent power; and in the same category of sayings may be ranged Nelson's, when, finding his name omitted in the despatches, he exclaimed, "Never mind; some time or other I will have a Gazette to myself." But Mr. Disraeli's threat, vow, or promise was simply one of his characteristic ebullitions of assurance; for we will answer for it, that he never began anything yet, without proclaiming that he should succeed. Every one knows the boastful predictions which he put forth from time to time touching his Budget and the certain duration of the Derbyite government, and the unhesitating confidence which his credulous friends reposed in them until the bubble burst. Moreover, there is nothing particularly remarkable in the intuitive conviction of a very clever man that he should eventually compel attention from the House of Commons. The chief singularity consisted in the unabashed utterance of such an expectation at such a moment; of which, we fully admit, very few embryo orators would be found capable. Charles Fox failed repeatedly during his first session, but it is not recorded that he concluded any one of his unsuccessful efforts with a vow of future excellence.

It also strikes us that, when undue stress is laid on this memorable incident in Mr. Disraeli's life, his admirers are apt to lose sight of the time he took, and the means he used, to verify the prediction. The House, having had its laugh, was rather favorably disposed than otherwise to give him fair play the next time he rose; but, although he frequently trespassed on its patience between 1837 and the downfall of the whig ministry in 1841, his talents for debate were not appreciated; and he did not acquire what is called the "ear of the House," without first resorting to adventitious aid, and then appealing to the passions and prejudices of its least cultivated members. The adventitious aid in question was that of "Young England;" the passions and prejudices to which we allude were those of the late protectionists.

When the "Young England" party were in the zenith of their shortlived celebrity, we endeavored to form an accurate estimate of their alleged vocation, their merits, and their pretensions. Declining to concede to them the full measure of intellectual preëminence which they arrogated, we gave them ample credit for generous aspirations, and for energy and capacity enough to develop and reduce into definite shape their somewhat dreamy schemes for the regeneration of society. We saw, or thought we saw, the germs of future excellence in the best of their juvenile pro-

ductions; and we still think that they exercised a wholesome influence on their immediate contemporaries, by freshening and elevating the tone of political discussions, as well as by suggesting some new and useful trains of sentiment and thought. "It is not always necessary," observes Goethe, "for truth to embody itself; enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement — if, like the deep, friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air." But, on the whole, we must admit that experience has shown the vanity of our more flattering anticipations; for "Young England" has literally left nothing by which its corporate or collective existence can be demonstrated to the satisfaction of an inquisitive posterity, except the recollection of its having been Mr. Disraeli's first stepping-stone to fame. The enthusiastic support of a select band of young admirers gained for him the vantage-ground, for which, insulated and singlehanded, or confounded with the crowd, he had long battled fruitlessly. It was as their Coryphæus that, two years at least before the grand schism of 1846, he began to show signs of marked hostility towards the late Sir Robert Peel; who had been the constant object of the rising rhetorician's exalted eulogy until all rational hope of preferment was at an end.

It is well known that, on the formation of the Conservative Ministry in 1841, Mr. Disraeli considered himself quite sure of office, and was exceedingly surprised at finding that Her Majesty had no need of his services. The truth is, the ludicrous passages of his erratic career were still too freshly remembered, and the austere virtue of the minister prevented him from closing with a recruit of wavering principles and questionable reputation, whose enmity, if the bare notion of such a thing had flitted across his mind at that time, he would have despised. It must remain, therefore, an unsolved problem whether the secretaryship of the Admiralty, or a government appointment of inferior responsibility, opportunely offered, would not have effected a most important change in our parliamentary history for the last six years. At all events the strongest presumptive evidence may be adduced to show that Mr. Disraeli was actuated by private and personal motives when he first, with his small band, occupied a position a little in front of the main body of Conservatives, and manoeuvred in such a manner as to cause no inconsiderable annoyance to their then honored and revered chief. We can understand why the Duke of Buckingham left the cabinet a few months after he became a member of it, and why other consistent Protectionists were sorely shaken in their allegiance by the "New Tariff;" but the "Young England" primary ground of quarrel with Sir Robert Peel was that he did not go far or fast

enough in the Liberal direction. So long as they acted in concert, they were the avowed champions of commercial and religious liberty. Why then did Mr. Disraeli support and applaud this illustrious statesman when he assumed the reins of power for the supposed purpose of upholding "Protection," and of carrying out the traditional doctrines of Toryism, yet labor unceasingly to undermine his influence from the time when he manifested a growing predilection for Free Trade, and become his bitterest enemy when he finally abandoned the Corn Laws as hopelessly indefensible? We shall endeavor to throw light on these points by a few extracts from "Coningsby," which appeared in 1844, and was loudly heralded by the author's disciples as an authentic exposition of their creed.

In the preface to the popular edition of 1849, the author claims for it a degree of authority which it could not be expected to command as a mere novel. "It was not," he says, "originally the intention of the writer to adopt the form of fiction as the instrument to scatter his suggestions; but after reflection, he resolved to avail himself of a method which, in the temper of the times, offered the best chance of influencing opinion." He had another obvious reason for choosing this form of composition. It afforded him increased facilities for gratifying his personal animosities with comparative impunity. It has been objected to the anonymous system of English journalism, that it gives undue scope to personal spite; so that no one can tell whether he may not have made a dangerous enemy by a remark carelessly let drop in the unguarded hours of convivial intercourse. No one, however, has serious cause to dread a newspaper attack, unless he invites criticism by coming voluntarily before the public in some shape. But there is no escaping the novelist, who conceives himself licensed to introduce portraits, sketches, and caricatures under the transparent veil of a pseudonym; for, even if the predestined victim should happen to be obscure and unassuming, he or she may be ingeniously brought in as a specimen of mock modesty and real insignificance. We need hardly add that this practice is diametrically opposed to the true principles and appropriate objects of art; which may be one reason why some of our cleverest female novelists have hitherto tried in vain to match the exquisite pictures of social life bequeathed to us by the Burneys and Austens. Amongst writers of fiction pretending to respectability, Mr. Disraeli has been by much the worst offender in this line. Indeed, we should be puzzled to name a single natural and probable character of his drawing, which is not a servile copy from some living original; and he seems to have lost, if he ever possessed, the Shakspear-like genius for generalization or

creation, by the ruinous habit of rejecting the poetic ideal for the prosaic real—much as he is supposed to have forfeited the power of convincing the reason of a cultivated audience, by perseveringly acting on the hypothesis that the only effective mode of operating on popular assemblies is to amuse, excite, or mystify them. This glaring defect, however, by no means diminishes the value of his romances when considered as records of his passing opinions on men and things, and it is solely as indications of these that we now beg leave to call attention to the following passages from “Coningsby.” We have already seen that the ends of Toryism must be attained by democratic measures. Let us now ascertain what the conservative chief understands by Conservatism. The birth of “Conservatism” is described in terms which would justify a doubt whether it was in any respect an improvement on old-fashioned true-blue Toryism:—

No one had arisen, either in Parliament, or the Universities, or the Press, to lead the public mind to the investigation of principles; and not to mistake, in their reformations, the corruption of practice for fundamental ideas. It was this perplexed, ill-formed, jaded, shallow generation, repeating cries which they did not comprehend, and wearied with the endless ebullitions of their own barren conceit, that Sir Robert Peel was summoned to govern. *It was from such materials, ample in quantity, but in all spiritual qualities most deficient; with great numbers, largely acried, consoled up to their chins, but without knowledge, genius, thought, truth, or faith,* that Sir Robert Peel was to form a “great Conservative party on a comprehensive basis.”

So much for the materials; now for the manufactured commodity:—

Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress; having rejected all respect for Antiquity, it offers no redress for the Present, and makes no preparation for the Future. It is obvious, that for a time under favorable circumstances, such a confederation might succeed; but it is equally clear, that on the arrival of one of those critical conjunctures that will periodically occur in all States, and which such an impassioned system is even calculated ultimately to create, all power of resistance will be wanting; the barren curse of political infidelity will paralyze all action; and the Conservative Constitution will be discovered to be a Caput Mortuum. (P. 98.)

The attempt to identify the Conservative cause with “Protection” is thus keenly satirized:—

And now, after all, in 1841, it seemed that Taper was right. There was a great clamor in every quarter, and the clamor was against the whigs and in favor of conservative principles. What Canadian timber-merchants meant by conservative principles, it is not difficult to conjecture; or West India planters. *It was tolerably clear on the hustings what squires and farmers and their followers meant by conservative principles.* What they mean by conservative principles now is another question; and whether conservative principles mean something higher than the perpetuation of fiscal arrangements, some of them very impolitic, none of them very important. But no matter what different bodies of men understood by the cry in which they all joined, the cry existed; Taper beat Tadpole; and the great conservative party beat the shattered and exhausted whigs. (P. 457.)

In connexion with this branch of the subject, we must not forget to mention that on the 10th of May, 1842, Mr. Disraeli delivered a carefully prepared speech on the Tariff, in which he expatiated on the “great and beneficial influence of Mr. Huskisson,” and tried to prove that all eminent Tories, from Pitt to Peel inclusive, had been the champions of Free Trade.

The opinions on ecclesiastical matters, and on the delicate question of the relation of the Church to the State, professed by Mr. Disraeli during his “Young England” days, were an exaggerated form of what is popularly termed “Puseyism.” They were thus developed in “Coningsby”:—

What can be more anomalous than the present connexion between State and Church? Every condition on which it was originally consented to has been cancelled. *That original alliance was, in my view, an equal calamity for the Nation and the Church;* but, at least, it was an intelligible compact. Parliament, then consisting only of members of the Established Church, was, on ecclesiastical matters, a lay synod, and might, in some points of view, be esteemed a necessary portion of Church government. But you have effaced this exclusive character of Parliament; you have determined that a communion with the Established Church shall no longer be part of the qualification for sitting in the House of Commons. There is no reason, as far as the constitution avails, why every member of the House of Commons should not be a dissenter. But the whole power of the country is concentrated in the House of Commons. The House of Commons virtually appoints the bishops. A sectarian assembly appoints the bishops of the Established Church. They may appoint twenty Hoadleys. (Pp. 251—253.)

Divorce the Church from the State, and the spiritual power that struggled against the brute force of the dark ages, against tyrannical monarchs and barbarous barons, will struggle again in opposition to influences of a different form, but of a similar tendency; equally selfish, equally insensible, equally barbarizing. The priests of

God are the tribunes of the people. O! ignorant! that with such a mission they should ever have cringed in the ante-chambers of ministers, or bowed before parliamentary committees! (Pp. 353, 354.)

At the commencement of the year 1846, therefore, when Mr. Disraeli volunteered to become the mouthpiece of a Protectionist, No-Popery, and anti-Tractarian opposition, he himself was a Freetrader and a Puseyite—that is, if he ever was anything but what appeared to suit his immediate purpose. Most assuredly, the more liberal views then recently announced by Sir Robert Peel in connexion with the Maynooth Grant and the Corn Laws, might have been expected to remove or soften (instead of aggravating) any lurking distrust of that lamented statesman which his unrelenting satirist could have contracted on public grounds. Why, then, did Mr. Disraeli lend himself out, as an intellectual gladiator, to a section of that “large-acred squircarchy” with whom he had no one view, thought, taste, habit, or sentiment in common? The solution of the problem is partly to be found in the circumstance on which Mr. Henry Drummond opportunely fixed attention, namely, that “the best heads had gone over to the other side;” so that Mr. Disraeli might have been actuated by motives very similar to those which induced the Scotch archer to prefer the service of Louis the Eleventh to that of Charles the Bold. “The Duke of Burgundy,” observed Le Balafre to Quentin Durward, “charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liegemen of Artois and Hainault. Think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much further forward than the Duke and all his own brave nobles of his own land?” On the other hand, he added, the King of France had alienated or driven away all the best of the hereditary defenders of his throne. “Now, see you not,” concluded the sagacious mercenary, “in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest fortune?” Just so, Mr. Disraeli might plausibly have asked himself whether a cavalier of fortune was likely to come to the highest honor by competing fairly with statesmen of acknowledged reputation, or by contending for the protectionist leading staff with Lord Granby, Mr. Herries, Mr. Walpole, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Newdegate, and Mr. Christopher.

Strange to say, this mode of accounting for his conduct is far more favorable to the Right Honorable Gentleman than the explanation of it which he has given in the latest of his literary productions, “Lord George Bentinck: A Political Biography.” This book was published in January, 1852, about two months before his accession to high office, and, consid-

ering the period of its appearance, and the author's position at the time, we are lost in wonder at the astounding audacity of its revelations. He unblushingly owns that he was almost uniformly actuated by the least justifiable class of personal motives, and he narrates the factious intrigues which he aided or suggested, with a chuckling self-complacency, indicating about the same notion of political morality which a man born blind may be supposed to have of colors. Mr. Macaulay, after alleging ample reasons for the “belief that those amongst whom Machiavelli lived saw nothing shocking or incongruous in his writings,” observes, “it is therefore in the state of moral feeling among the Italians of his time that we must seek for the real explanation of what seems most mysterious in the life and writings of this remarkable man.” The now scattered or defunct “Country Party,” far from seeing anything objectionable in the “Political Biography,” eagerly circulated it as their text-book and guide. By a parity of reasoning, therefore, it is in the state of principle among the late Protectionists, that we must seek for the real explanation of what seems otherwise unaccountable in this book. Their *beau idéal* of a patriotic statesman is, or was, one who should be always prepared to sacrifice his country to his party; and the public virtues on which, if we may credit their chosen and trusted annalist, they laid the greatest stress were cupidity and vindictiveness. For example:—

The time (the first week in April, 1846) had now arrived when it became necessary for those who were responsible for the conduct of the protectionist party very gravely to consider the state of affairs, which had become critical, and to decide upon the future course. The large majority in the House of Lords had extinguished the lingering hope that the ministerial scheme might ultimately be defeated. *Vengeance therefore had succeeded in most breasts to the more sanguine sentiment.* The field was lost, but at any rate there should be retribution for those who had betrayed it. Proud in their numbers, confident in their discipline, and elate with their memorable resistance, the protectionist party as a body had always assumed, that when the occasion was ripe, the career of the minister might be terminated: it was not until the period had arrived when the means to secure the catastrophe were to be decided on, that the difficulty of discovering them was generally acknowledged. How was Sir Robert Peel to be turned out? Here was a question which might well occupy the musing hours of a Whitsun recess. (P. 230.)

The suggestion of a formal vote of want of confidence is discussed, and rejected for the very sufficient reason that it could not have been carried. The writer then proceeds:—

If indeed the whigs had been prepared to form a government on the economical principles of

their own budget of 1841, the whole of the protectionist party would have arrayed itself under their banners, and the landed interest, *whose honor they would have then saved*, would have been theirs forever. This was a result which the whigs as a party were desirous to accomplish; and a nobleman, whose services have been since prematurely lost to the country, and whose excellent sense, imperturbable temper, and knowledge of mankind, had for many years exercised a leading influence in the councils of the whigs, and always to their advantage, was extremely anxious, that by a reconstruction in this spirit an end should be put to that balanced state of parties, which, if permitted to continue, frustrated the practicability and even the prospect of a strong government. What he wished particularly to accomplish was, to see Lord George Bentinck in the new whig cabinet. But though this eminent individual conducted his negotiations under the happiest auspices, for Lord George Bentinck entertained for him great personal regard, and was united to his son by ties of very warm and intimate friendship, his object was not attained. Lord John Russell could not recede from the Edinburgh letter, and he was more valuable to his party than a fixed duty on corn. Lord George Bentinck offered, and promised, to support the whig government, but would not become a member of any administration that was not prepared to do justice to the land. (Pp. 281—283.)

The nobleman alluded to is, we believe, the late Earl of Besborough, who well merited the tribute paid in this passage to his excellent qualities of head and heart; but what Mr. Disraeli terms "his negotiations" were undertaken on his own responsibility, and were never sanctioned or encouraged by any chief or authorized representative of the whig party. Nor is it credible that, when the repeal of the Corn Laws had been once formally proposed by Sir Robert Peel, any leader of that party ever dreamed of proposing a fixed duty. The prominent peculiarity of this passage, however, is quite independent of its historical accuracy. The author's notions of political honor may be collected from it. He boldly asserts that, in 1846, the whole of the protectionist party might have arrayed itself under the whig banner without any loss of credit or desertion of principle; and that the honor of the landed interest might have been saved by reverting to the whig budget of 1841. Yet every man of them had been elected for the purpose of opposing that budget. Further comment would be superfluous, and we pass on to other equally illustrative revelations.

Although a slight circumstance, it ought perhaps to be noticed that some change took place at the commencement of this session ('47) in the local position of parties in the House of Commons. On the accession of the whigs to office in the preceding year, the protectionists had re-

tained their seats beneath the gangway on the ministerial side. They did this on the reasonable ground, that as it was their intention to support the general policy of the new government, it was unnecessary for them to cross the House with the late cabinet which they had themselves mainly driven from power. But as time advanced, considerable inconvenience was found to result from this arrangement, for the protectionists were so numerous, that the greater portion of the whigs were obliged to range themselves on the benches opposite the men whom they had always supported, and with whom they were still voting. This led to some conversation between the Treasury bench and Lord George Bentinck; and it was finally agreed that, on the whole, it would be more convenient that on the meeting of the House in '47, he should take the seat usually occupied by the leader of the Opposition, and that his friends should fill the benches generally allotted to an adverse party. This was the origin of his taking a position which he assumed with great reluctance, and of his appearing as the chief opponent of a ministry which he was anxious to uphold. (P. 371.)

"A long table and a square table, or seats about the walls," observes Lord Bacon in his "Essay on Counsel," "seem things of form, but are things of substance; for, at a long table, a few at the upper end in effect sway all the business; but, in the other form, there is more use of the counsellors' opinion that sit lower." Just so, as we collect from the foregoing statement, the arrangement and partition of the seats in the House of Commons, or the small or large space below the gangway, may seem things of form, but are things of substance; for they may determine the political position of a great party, and public men will of course consider a crowded bench, or an inconvenient seat, a less tolerable alternative than the obligation to act against a government with which they are disposed to concur from conviction.

The following is another startling passage:—

When all hope of reconstructing the whig party on a broad basis was reluctantly given up, and the future ministers reconciled themselves to that prospect of a weak government which was so clearly foreseen by their sagacious friend, and has been subsequently so unfortunately realized, *those active spirits who busy themselves with the measures of parties* fixed upon the sugar duties as the inevitable question on which the government might be expelled from office. The existing government, it was understood, had pledged itself to the colonial interest to maintain their old policy of excluding slave-grown sugar; and, in fact, it was only by such an engagement that the votes of those members of the House of Commons connected with the two Indies had been lost to the Protectionists in the division. It was supposed that the agricultural interest, having lost the protection which the land enjoyed, would not be indisposed to console themselves for this de-

privation by the enjoyment of cheap sugar, especially when the representatives of dear sugar had exhibited so decided a predilection for cheap bread. But when Lord George Bentinck was sounded on this scheme he shook his head, with that peculiar expression which always conveyed to those who were appealing to him the utter hopelessness of their enterprise. "No," he said, "we have nothing to sustain us but our principles. We are not privy-councillors, but we may be honest men." (Pp. 233, 234.)

If Lord George Bentinck had lived till the middle of 1852, he might have discovered that it was just possible for privy-councillors to be the exact opposite of honest politicians. But here again, what are we to think of "those active spirits who busy themselves with the measures of parties," when they complacently relate how they laid themselves open to such a rebuke?

A desperate attempt was made to effect a diversion in favor of the Peel government, on the night of the division which sealed its fate, by putting up Lord Chandos to appeal to the conservative sympathies of the protectionist opposition. The incident is thus graphically related in the "Political Biography":—

Very pale, looking like the early portraits of Lord Grenville, determined but impassive and coldly earnest, Lord Chandos, without any affectation of rhetorical prelude, said in a clear and natural tone that he wished to state his intention of recording his vote for the measure of the government. . . . And he gave succinctly his main reasons for so doing. They were told that the question to-night involved a vote of confidence in the minister. He did not acknowledge the justness of that conclusion. He gave his vote on this bill solely with reference to the condition of Ireland, but if he could bring his mind to understand that the question of general confidence in the administration was the principal question on which they were going to decide to-night, and the proper government of Ireland only a secondary one, then he thought it fair to say, that he for one was not prepared to vote a want of confidence in the present conservative government. *He supported them as an administration founded on conservative principles, and he for one did not agree, that conservative principles depended on tariff regulations, or that the existence of the institutions of the country relied upon the maintenance of a fiscal principle.* Whatever the result of the division, he should have the satisfaction of knowing that his vote would be registered freely and fairly on the merits of the question, and that he was not actuated by personal prejudice or factious opposition. (Pp. 296, 297.)

Considered and judged from the conservative point of view, Lord Chandos' position was unassailable; and in refusing to admit that "conservative principles depended on tariff regulations," his lordship did little more than paraphrase the language of "Coningsby." But all the writer's sympathies are

reserved for the enlightened patriots who *did* think that the existence of the institutions of the country depended on a fiscal restriction. In the most enthusiastic spirit of hero-worship, and in a style worthy of the late George Robins, he exclaims:—

They trooped on: all the men of metal and large-acred squires, whose spirit he had so often quickened and whose counsel he had so often solicited in his fine conservative speeches in Whitehall Gardens. Mr. Bankes, with a parliamentary name of two centuries, and Mr. Christopher, from that broad Lincolnshire which protection had created; and the Mileses and the Henleys were there; and the Duncombes, the Liddells, and the Yorkes; and Devon had sent there the stout heart of Mr. Buck—and Wiltshire the pleasant presence of Walter Long. Mr. Newdegate was there, whom Sir Robert had himself recommended to the confidence of the electors of Warwickshire, as one of whom he had the highest hopes; and Mr. Alderman Thompson was there, who, also through Sir Robert's selection, had seconded the assault upon the whigs, led on by Sir John Buller. But the list is too long; or good names remain behind. (P. 300.)

Most of the self-same worthies "trooped on" also, with equal docility, when they were required to vote that the very policy for which they had persecuted their former leader had contributed to the prosperity of the nation; and well might they cower and shrink aside to let the avenging bolt pass on to its destined object, when Mr. Sidney Herbert, pointing to the centre figure in a group on the Treasury Benches, exclaimed:—"If you want to see a specimen of humiliation—which, God knows, is always a painful sight—look there." Little less mortifying was the high-minded remonstrance addressed to them by Lord Granby, when he reminded them that, if they were honestly and in good faith about to recognize the advantage of "unrestricted competition," some expiatory rite was due to the manes of the departed statesman who had been driven from power and denounced as a traitor for preceding them in the same line of policy. It is no excuse to say, that they did not join in the personal invectives which were lavished on the late Sir Robert Peel, but merely sanctioned them by their acquiescence, or animated the actual assailant by their cheers. It was their clamorous, almost savage, applause which enabled their champion to obtain his semblance of a triumph over their once venerated leader, who, at the very moment when his haughty spirit seemed to quail, might have retorted—

Non me tua servida terrent
Dieta, ferox, Dii me terrent—

the "*Dii*" being about upon a par, in taste, manners, and impartiality, with the "Gods" in the shilling gallery of a metropolitan theatre.

It is observed by Mr. Disraeli, in "Vivian Grey," that "the only rival to be feared by a man of spirit is a clever boy;" and, the boisterous scenes which too frequently disgraced the House of Commons in 1846, bear a marked analogy to those in which a smart and forward lad is encouraged to make a set at some grave and respectable person, who cannot retort without a loss of dignity. If the attention of the late protectionists could be recalled to the period of which we speak, some of them would be not a little astonished at the sort of facetiousness which then threw them into convulsions of delight, as well as at the coarse vituperation which they rapturously approved. The following passage from Mr. Disraeli's speech, on the third reading of the Corn Bill, immediately precedes the peroration, and was received with "roars of laughter":—

"The day after the Right Honorable Gentleman (Peel) made his first exposition of his scheme, a gentleman well known in this House and learned in all the political secrets behind the scenes, met me, and said, 'Well, what do you think of your chief's plan?' Not knowing exactly what to say, but taking up a phrase which has been much used in this House, I observed, 'Well, I suppose it's a great and comprehensive plan.' 'Oh,' he replied, 'we know all about it. It was offered to us. It is not his plan; it's Popkins' plan!' And is England to be governed by Popkins' plan? Will he go to the country with it! Will he go with it to that ancient and famous England, that once was governed by statesmen — by Burleighs and by Walsinghams, by Bolingbrokes and Walpoles, by a Chatham and a Canning — will he go to it with this fantastic scheme of some presumptuous pedant?"

The sole point, such as it is, of this carefully prepared and eminently successful passage, depends upon the name, Popkins, which, if the story be not altogether apocryphal, was evidently substituted for the real one by the speaker. The notion, however, is not original. In Lord Normanby's "Yes and No," a fine gentleman bets twenty to one against the favorite for "the Derby," on the strength of the owner's name — urging that it was morally impossible for a Snooks to win "the blue riband of the Turf."

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it;" the maxim is no less true of a speech; and a very limited quantity of eloquence will go a long way, when the orator makes it his main business to humor and chime in with the excited feelings and confirmed prejudices of those whose favor he is anxious to conciliate. A thorough appreciation of the prevalent weakness in this respect is the secret of Mr. Disraeli's elevation.

There are two modes of getting on — by directly appealing to superior minds, or by

obtaining the support of numbers through their passions and prejudices, and then demanding power as their representative; in other words, by playing off the nonsense of the country against its sense. Mr. Disraeli has chosen the latter. His principal claim to distinction rests on his adroit management of the foolish and the vain. His admirers do not dwell on the justness of his views, the purity of his motives, the solidity of his acquirements, or the excellence of his measures. They say in effect: "See to what a height he has raised himself by his unaided exertions; observe how many 'men of metal and large-acred squires' swear by him despite of his race. How could all this have come to pass unless he were an orator and statesman of the first water?" We admit the premises, but we dispute the inference. The tide which, taken at the flood, led him on to fortune, was a phenomenon which may not occur again for centuries, but the qualities required to float upon it were by no means of corresponding rarity. We could name half-a-dozen public men who could have anticipated him, had they not been restrained by their sense of honor and their convictions. More than one distinguished Peelite would, if he had abandoned his principles, and joined the protectionists, have been hailed as leader by his new party. "Go, my son," said Oxenstiern, "and see with how little wisdom the world is governed." Go, he might have added, and mark with how slender a stock of genuine merit men rise to wealth, station, or celebrity. Little more than a year ago an astonished nation saw thirty or forty very commonplace noblemen and gentlemen appointed to high offices, and sixteen or seventeen of them made privy councillors, by way of reward for the intemperate and mischievous advocacy of an exploded error. Would they have been so promoted had they not lagged behind their most enlightened contemporaries? Or what, at this hour, would be the position of Mr. Disraeli himself, had he been uniformly true and consistent — had he conscientiously chosen his party, or side, and stuck to it — had he, above all, abided gallantly by the only cause which he ever appeared to have thoroughly at heart — the cause of the oppressed brethren of his race?

This brings us to what might have been the brightest, and is likely to turn out the darkest, chapter in his history. We allude, of course, to his mode of dealing with the Jewish Claims, which he advocated more eloquently than discreetly for many years, and virtually abandoned when he found it more profitable to enlist in the service of intolerance. The matured views of this important subject, which he first developed in "Tancred," will be found in the 24th chapter of the "Political Biography." Lord George Bentinck, it will be re-

membered, resigned the leadership to which his Caucasian friend eventually succeeded, rather than humor the Spooners and Newdegates by coöperating with them in their bigotry. "The difficulty," observes Mr. Disraeli, "arose from the member elect for the City of London being not only of the Jewish race, but, unfortunately, believing only in the *first* part of the Jewish religion." It follows that Christianity is only the second part of the Jewish religion; and the author deems the second as of less authority than the first, or, at least, as of only equal authority: —

When the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation was consummated, a divine person moved on the face of the earth in the shape of a child of Israel, not to teach but to expiate. True it is that no word could fall from such lips, whether in the form of profound parable, or witty retort, or preceptive lore, but to guide and enlighten; but they who, in those somewhat lax effusions, which in these days are honored with the holy name of theology, speak of the morality of the Gospel as a thing apart and of novel revelation, would do well to remember that in promulgating such doctrines they are treading on very perilous ground. There cannot be two moralities; and to hold that the Second Person of the Holy Trinity could teach a different morality from that which had been already revealed by the First Person of the Holy Trinity, is a dogma so full of terror that it may perhaps be looked upon as the ineffable sin against the Holy Spirit. (P. 487.)

He contends, on the strength of a very peculiar theory of vice and virtue — looking indeed, very like Predestination in its most objectionable shape — that mankind owe a large debt of gratitude to the Jewish race, as well as a tribute of respect to the memory of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. "The crucifixion," he tells us, "of our blessed Lord in the form of a Jewish prince," is not their shame, but their glory: —

If the Jews had not prevailed upon the Romans to crucify our Lord, what would have become of the Atonement? But the human mind cannot contemplate the idea that the most important deed of time could depend upon human will. The immolators were preordained like the victim, and the holy race supplied both. Could that be a crime which secured for all mankind eternal joy? Which vanquished Satan, and opened the gates of Paradise? Such a tenet would sully and impugn the doctrine that is the corner-stone of our faith and hope. (Pp. 488, 489.)

Yet this "sublime claim," as he terms it, is declared untenable, and cannot be allowed without risking the revival of the Druidical rites and the relapse of the most enlightened nations of the civilized world into Paganism. The 25th chapter of the "Biography" opens thus: —

The views expressed in the preceding chapter were not those which influenced Lord George

Bentinck in forming his opinion that the civil disabilities of those subjects of Her Majesty who profess that limited belief in divine relation which is commonly called the Jewish religion, should be removed. He had supported a measure to this effect in the year 1833, guided in that conduct by his devoted attachment to the *equivocal principle of religious liberty*, the unqualified application of which principle seems hardly consistent with that recognition of religious truth by the State to which we yet adhere, and without which it is highly probable that the northern and western races, after a disturbing and rapidly degrading period of atheistic anarchy, may fatally recur to their old national idolatries, modified and mythically dressed up according to the spirit of the age. (Pp. 508, 509.)

This is a handsome tribute to the spirit of bigotry, and has doubtless been duly appreciated by his political associates; but between the Puseyism of "Coningsby" and the Hebraism of this "Biography," we should conceive that he will still experience considerable difficulty in getting himself recognized in Exeter Hall, or by the National Club, as the preordained champion of the Church.

Between 1846 and 1852, Mr. Disraeli, as if divining the very post that was in store for him, gave up a great deal of his attentions to the study of finance; but he might have said of the elementary doctrines of political economy what the Marechal Duke of Richelieu said of the rules of grammar — that he had quarrelled with them at the outset of life, and could never afterwards make up the difference. Perhaps no embryo Chancellor of the Exchequer ever talked a larger quantity of nonsense on fiscal topics within a given space of time. One year he was to relieve the landed interest by extending the land tax; the year following, he proposed to create an abundance of "cheap capital" by reducing the National Debt; and then again the British farmers were to be enabled to defy foreign competition by a diminution in "the cost of production."

He has recently boasted, that, although a protectionist leader, he never dreamed of reverting to "Protection"; yet the "charmed weapon" with which he entreated the farmers to arm their champion was undoubtedly a system of import duties. His favorite measure, however, was the transfer of local burdens to the Consolidated Fund; and this he reproduced annually, until he was compelled to take a serious view of its justice and practicability, when he suddenly discovered that it had become superfluous. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact, and a striking illustration of the total want of soundness and earnestness in his propositions, that not a single feature of any one of his amateur budgets was retained in his official production of December last. Still he had so far contrived to impose upon the least discerning portion of the public that

when, installed in Downing Street, he proclaimed the advent of a new era in finance, many commercial men, who ought to have known better, began to speculate on the possibility of his being able to realize the expectations which he held forth.

As for the large majority of the Derbyites, the faith they reposed in him was boundless, and he unhesitatingly promised them a long and secure lease of office if they would be implicitly guided by his counsels. In an evil hour they consented. A dull man's best chance of remaining honest, particularly in a speculative and cultivated age, is to stick fast to the political and religious creed in which he has been brought up. If he tries to reason, he is lost. He is caught by sophistries, which would be detected at the first glance by a trained mind of ordinary acuteness; and he is apt to plume himself on being a clever intriguer, when he is neither more nor less than a self-sufficient dupe. When Mr. Cayley, who in point of understanding is considerably above the average of his protectionist associates, indited a long epistle to the "Times" to prove that the free-trade resolution, in which the majority of them concurred, was to be interpreted in a non-natural sense, he evidently was not aware that he was merely reviving the style of casuistry which had been permanently discredited by the "Provincial Letters;" and he forgot that the resolution in question being the result of a compromise, any denial or evasion of its plain meaning might be deemed dishonorable as well as Jesuitical. As for the magnates of Quarter-Session, who went about playing "Vivian Grey," making light of principle, and talking of office as the only rational object of a sensible statesman; they needed a satirist like the famous Duchess of Marlborough, who, having got hold of the youthful production of a heavy nobleman in which his lordship had tried to be pleasant and profligate, reprinted it with a frontispiece representing an elephant dancing on the slack rope. A commonplace, decorous, and respectable politician, who forfeits his respectability, may be compared to an ugly woman who has lost her character. He has thenceforth nothing to fall back upon; and what Dr. Johnson calls the most poignant of all feelings, the remorse for a crime committed in vain, is all that is now left to many of the most prominent members of the "Country Party."

So firm, however, was their confidence in their "mystery-man," that it was not until some days after the promulgation of his Budget, that they began to entertain misgivings as to his infallibility. They were repeatedly warned that a *coup de main* in English finance would be a gross folly, if it were not fortunately a moral impossibility. They persevered in hoping against hope, that the

something "looming in the future" would prove their salvation after all; and they could hardly credit their senses when they saw their financial Phaeton let go the reins and tumble headlong from his seat. His own astonishment was little inferior to theirs, for he thought his Budget a masterpiece, and is still, we are credibly informed, utterly at a loss to understand why it was unpopular with both town and country, and so rapidly precipitated his fall. The source of their credulity and his confirmed delusion may, we suspect, be traced to some of his personal habits and peculiarities, which are thus described by Mr. Francis:—"Like Sir Robert Peel, he appears to isolate himself—to have no associates in the House, except those forced on him by the immediate necessity of party. This isolation and self-absorption are equally conspicuous, whether he is quiescent or in activity. Observe him anywhere about the House, in the lobbies or in the committee-rooms; you never see him in confidential communication with any one."

A self-dependent and self-absorbed man betrays nothing; but, on the other hand, he learns nothing except from books, he loses the advantage of testing his measures or speculations by discussion, and the working everyday world of feeling and opinion remains a sealed volume to him. "Depend upon it, sir," observed Dr. Johnson, in reference to Lord Loughborough, "it is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are; to make a speech in a public assembly is a knack. Now, I honor Thurlow; Thurlow is a fine fellow; he fairly puts his mind to yours."

It has been surmised that Mr. Disraeli, in this respect, bears a closer resemblance to Lord Loughborough than to Lord Thurlow. Nor, indeed, do we well see how he could go on playing his favorite part of "mystery-man," if he were in the habit of putting mind to mind, or of conversing, in the full meaning of the word, with men and women who might fairly claim to stand on an intellectual level with him; which is a very different thing from talking over a Marquis of Carabas, or showing off to a select and not over-wise circle of worshippers.* "I wish to Heaven that young man would risk himself," exclaimed Canning, on first hearing an embryo orator. The same wish must have risen repeatedly to the lips of many who have marked

* "Nature descends down to infinite smallness. Mr. — has his parasites; and if you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, and most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz." (*Peter Plymley.*)

Mr. Disraeli's studied caution and absence of excitability at moments which seemed to invite the open and unrestrained interchange of sentiment and thought. Whatever inferences may be drawn from the silence or reserve of authors and heroes whose laurels have been earned in the closet or the field, there must be something wrong in the mental or moral conformation of a man who can make showy speeches in public, and who confessedly possesses a lively fancy, a well-stored memory and a remarkable command of language, yet cannot or will not "risk himself" in the animated and careless intercourse of cultivated society. There must be some designs and motives, or modes of thinking, which will not bear the light; or some weak point which he wishes to cover; or he dreads the consequences of any impulsive movement on his own part, or on that of an antagonist who may resolve to draw him out and try conclusions with him when he is not protected by the forms of parliamentary debate.

A rhetorician devoid of earnestness, and anxious only for self-display, can hardly be subjected to a more embarrassing ordeal than that of good table-talk. Its sudden breaks, quick turns, and elliptical transitions, are fatal to his tactics. He is like a column of infantry vainly endeavoring to deploy into line under fire; or he may be compared to Monsieur Jourdain, when, fresh from his fencing lesson, he is pinned against the wall by one of Toinette's home-thrusts. By way of illustrating our meaning, let us suppose that the substance of Mr. Disraeli's first speech on his Budget had been mentioned at a private party. If he had begun to argue there that the protectionists had never agitated for "Protection" since 1846, because they had never brought the question specifically before either house of Parliament, he would scarcely have been allowed to finish his sentence. "What do you say then to O'Connell's omission to move for the Repeal of the Union? Does it follow that he never agitated for it?" would have been instantly and triumphantly retorted. Or, let us take another instance from his second speech on the same subject, in which, it will be remembered, in answer to the objection, that his reserved surplus of 400,000*l.* was virtually created by adding to the national debt, he expatiated on the abuses of the Loan Fund. If he had attempted such an evasion amongst friends, he would have been checked and told to keep to the point, namely, whether his surplus was or was not the product of a continuing credit. In short, his three, four, and five hours' orations would have been reduced to marvellously small dimensions if he had omitted everything which would have been deemed superfluous by a select company of financiers. But, of course, we must not be understood as

maintaining that amplification, with an admixture of commonplace, is always unsuitable in a set speech. All that we venture to suggest is, that it is sometimes easier to dispense with solid materials, and to build on shallow foundations, in a popular assembly than at a dinner-table.

The late Sir Robert Peel's reserve proceeded from a totally distinct cause, and implied high moral courage rather than a moral defect. It was his matured conviction, that a minister ought not to communicate his intentions or meditated measures before the time fixed for their formal announcement; and he was content to endure any extent of obloquy rather than to break through what he deemed a salutary rule. He suffered bitterly from over-punctilious attention to it, and there was a period of his career, when a dash of Lord Melbourne's fascinating indiscretion would have been invaluable to the more sedate and cautious statesman. If he had gone about amongst the influential country gentlemen during the autumn of 1845, and frankly communicated the difficulty he felt in acting up to the expectations which he had permitted them to indulge as to the Corn Laws, very few, if any, would have sanctioned a factious combination to run him down. It would be curious if Mr. Disraeli, who rose by this very weakness of his illustrious victim, should find his own fall precipitated by an analogous fault of manner and disposition; which, in his case, must be too deeply rooted to be exchanged for the outward and visible signs of a non-existing congeniality. It is at all events clear, that if a party leader insists on playing the unseen oracle or the Oriental despot with his followers, he fearfully increases his responsibilities; for, if he fails, they will most assuredly exact ample atonement for the humiliation and disappointment which they have gone through. And fail he must, when he tries to delude a nation by the same arts which have enabled him to figure for a period as the organ and mouthpiece of a faction.

When Mr. Disraeli announced his "new principles and new policies" on the 17th of July last, at Aylesbury, he had evidently not reflected that he was speaking as the finance minister of a mighty commercial empire, which would look for the realization of his pledge, and whose fiscal relations might be very seriously disturbed by it. We firmly believe that he had neither defined principles nor specific policies in his mind, when he thus took credit for a projected revision of taxation which would please everybody without displeasing anybody; but that he was simply indulging his habitual Cambysees' vein, and that he trusted to the chapter of accidents, or to his own versatility, for getting him out of the scrape when, if ever, the hour of reck-

oning should actually arrive. Unluckily for him, people refused to believe that he could so far have forgotten his change of position as to intend nothing more than an *ad captandum* harangue; and when Parliament met, he had no alternative but to introduce a Budget, which, if not entirely original, should rise above commonplace, or to confess himself a charlatan. If he had regarded the well-understood interest of the Derby government, he would, notwithstanding, have rested satisfied with the quiet and unpretending application of the calculated or anticipated surplus; but vanity overcame prudence; he could not bear to be twitted as the "bottle-conjuror," and he brought forward a bundle of proposals which have earned him a most unenviable preëminence amongst finance-ministers, past, present, or to come. Horace Walpole relates that Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Bute's Chancellor of the Exchequer, opened his first and only Budget (for 1763) so injudiciously, and with so little intelligence of the exigencies of the period, that he himself was afterwards driven to admit his incapacity, and dolorously observed: "People will point at me and say, there goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever appeared." Let the manes of this defunct financier be comforted; for Mr. Disraeli, considering his opportunities, will probably rank with posterity as the worst.

Then how happened it that this miracle of ingenuity, who is believed to have had *carte blanche* from his colleagues, and was certainly checked by no conviction of his own — blundered so egregiously when his whole political fortunes, and those of his party, as well as his reputation for practical statesmanship which still trembled in the balance of public opinion, were at stake? Either a good or a popular Budget might have served his turn; and after three months' study, with all the aids and appliances of office, he produced one which proved both unsound and unpopular, nay, which, whilst running counter to every Tory tradition, and tending to the subversion of the national credit, was coldly received by the agriculturalists and clamorously denounced by the town constituencies! The solution of the problem is that Mr. Disraeli never was, and never will be, a practical legislator or a statesman. He is emphatically a rhetorician, a man of words. There are few things that can be done by dint of words, which he cannot or will not do; but as for earnest thought, efficient action, well-defined aim, sound knowledge, or sincere purpose, he has none of them. Endowed with many choice endowments which are requisite to oratorical excellence, he ranks ineffably below the first class of orators who have illustrated our parliamentary history; and it is consolatory to every lover of truth to mark, how invariably his most polished and

pointed sarcasms tinkle harmlessly against the impenetrable shield of Mr. Gladstone's moral superiority; or fall upon the proud crest of a high-minded and fearless antagonist of Lord John Russell's stamp, like the foam of a breaker upon a rock. Far from having reason to complain of circumstances, Mr. Disraeli, in our opinion, has been most materially indebted to them for his oratorical triumphs; and the chances are immeasurably against any project which he may entertain of being enabled to play over again the strange game of 1846.

When Walter Scott, on finding the demand for his poetry growing slack, commenced the Waverley novels, Byron said of him that, if this new vein should fail or be exhausted, his versatile and copious genius would enable him to strike out a third or a fourth road to renovated and redoubled popularity. An equally acute and more experienced judge of intellectual capabilities — the late Richard Lalor Shiel — took a widely different view of Mr. Disraeli's resources when he remarked that the death of Sir Robert Peel had left his persecutor much in the condition of a dissecting surgeon without a subject. There were sundry peculiarities of character and position which rendered that lamented statesman both vulnerable and sensitive to a rare and exceptional degree; and the only branch of public speaking in which Mr. Disraeli has hitherto approximated to excellence is aggressive personality. The form may vary; it may be sarcasm, sneer, irony, ridicule, satire, or invective. But all his happiest efforts are marked by the same distinctive quality. He cannot shine without offensiveness. His passages of arms are not worth commemorating unless he draws blood. He cannot be ranked with debaters, like the late Charles Buller —

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heartstain away on its blade.

He is more fitted to be ranged in the same category with those who, "when they cannot wield the sword, snatch the dagger, and when they cannot barb it and make it rankle in the wound, steep it in venom, that it may fester in the scratch." He is the Paganini of the rhetorical art; and his renown as first fiddle depends on the skill and felicity with which he executes so many tunes, with variations, upon one string.

We have carefully perused the whole of Mr. Disraeli's printed speeches, with the view of making a collection of their "beauties;" and the result of our search is even more unsatisfactory than we could have anticipated. They possess the high merit of lucidity in statement and narration; but they are deficient in arrangement, condensation, and logical connexion: the transitions are commonly forced, and the ornaments almost always meretricious. They neither instruct nor im-

prove. They do not make his hearers or readers wiser or better. They do not guide the judgment, enlighten the understanding, or exalt the feelings. As Cicero says of Epicurus, "*Nil magnificum, nil generosum sapit.*" Judging either from internal evidence or from their known effects, we should infer that not one of them was seriously framed or intended to persuade or convince, or to advance any affirmative proposition, or any line of policy, or any measure of his own; but that the main aim of each was either to gratify his morbid fondness for notoriety, or to depreciate some individual who had wounded his vanity, stood in the way of his advancement, or provoked his enmity in some manner. For this reason he is most powerful in reply; the more especially because his choicest bits, his *purpurei panni*, are carefully prepared beforehand, and cannot easily be made to wear an impromptu air in an opening speech.

Most of the greatest speakers, ancient and modern, have been eminent in the vituperative branch of the art; but, to the best of our information and belief, it is not true of more than one or two of them that their highest triumphs were achieved in it, and it is true of none that they entirely neglected the other branches, or cultivated them without fruit. But not only has Mr. Disraeli produced nothing comparable to Pitt's speech on the Slave Trade, or Fox's on the Westminster Scrutiny, or Burke's on the American War, or Sheridan's on the Begums of Oude, or Grattan's on the Irish Declaration of Rights, or Plunkett's on the Catholic question, or any one of Lord Lyndhurst's or Lord Brougham's most admired effusions; but, as regards purely ornamental rhetoric, no effort of his fancy deserves to be named in the same day with the glowing and graceful imagery of Canning — as in the well-known allusion to the ships in Plymouth harbor. The finest passage in this line which Mr. Francis can cull from his hero's orations, is the one in which he warns the Manchester school that "there is no reason why they should form an exception to that which history has mournfully recorded; why they, too, should not fade like the Tyrian dye, and moulder like the Venetian palaces."

With regard to the distinctive character of Mr. Disraeli's eloquence, Mr. Francis's inquiries and researches have unconsciously led him to the same conclusion. Almost every paragraph, sentence, or phrase which he adduces to illustrate Mr. Disraeli's style, or to raise the critical estimate of his genius, is a personal attack — express, implied, involved, or insinuated. We will cite a few of the most remarkable quoted for this purpose by the partial biographer. He mentions, as eminently successful, the imputation levelled against the premier in 1844, of being "one who menaced his friends whilst he cringed to his opponents,"

— the phrase of "organized hypocrisy," as applied to the Peel administration at the same time — the sneering remark in the Maynooth debate of 1845, that "with him (Peel) great measures were always rested on small precedents, that he always traced the steam-engine back to the tea-kettle: that, in fact, all his precedents were tea-kettle precedents" — the double-barrel discharged at the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert, by the warning, that "another place (the House of Lords) may be drilled into a guard-room, and the House of Commons into a vestry;" and the comparison of his illustrious victim, first, to a "great parliamentary middle-man," and subsequently to a "great appropriation clause." Equally cutting and well-chosen were his weapons when, returning again and again to the charge he advised Sir Robert to "stick to quotation, because he never quoted any passage that had not previously received the meed of parliamentary approbation" — compared him to the Turkish admiral who steered the fleet confided to him straight into the enemy's port; and denounced him as a "political pedlar, who, adopting the principles of free-trade, had bought his party in the cheapest market, and sold them in the dearest." These may be favorable specimens of wit, cleverness, fancy, keen observation, adroit application, or quick perception. But their glitter and point are not more remarkable than the worthlessness and heaviness of the materials in which they are imbedded, or on which they lie, "like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what they cannot fertilize."

Aware of the limits within which nature or habit had circumscribed the abilities of this remarkable personage, we were consequently by no means disposed, on the occasion of the famous Thiers' plagiarism, to give him credit for being able to compose an original eulogium on the "hero of a hundred fights," of equal or greater merit than what he stole ready-made. He is by habit and frame of mind obnoxious rather than constructive, better qualified for depreciating objects of popular esteem than for exalting them; and we happen to know that, prior to the detection of the theft, the stolen part (occupying between thirty-five and forty lines in the newspaper reports) of his Wellington performance, was exultingly adduced by his admirers to prove that he could shine, when it suited him, in a line for which he had been deemed radically unfit.*

* The passages in question were first quoted in a translated shape in the "*Morning Chronicle*" of July 4, 1848, in refutation of some *deprecatory* remarks of Mr. Disraeli's on the "military mind." We learn from the same paper of the 25th of November last, that the Right Honorable Gentleman has paid us also the high compliment of printing as his own some striking reflections of a celebrated

We confidently appeal to any one who was present at the delivery of his studied attack on Sir Charles Wood and Sir James Graham, in reference to our relations with France, whether — apart from its factious and mischievous spirit — this exhibition was not prosy and wearisome in the extreme, till he began to let off the squibs and crackers which he had reserved for the finale, and most of which, as usual, exploded very much to the annoyance and confusion of his friends. With what face can they attribute revolutionary tendencies to the Aberdeen and Russell ministry, if, since its formation, “no radical can venture abroad for fear of being caught and converted into a conservative statesman?” or how can they affect dread of Sir James Graham’s “progress,” if, as they were antithetically told, “it consists in standing still.” But his closing speech on his Budget affords the most striking examples to show how habitually and instinctively he resorts to sarcasm or vituperation when he is hard-pressed. He had concentrated all his energies to leave a terrible impression of his beak and talons, as he alighted vulture-like on foe after foe. With the look, tone, and attitude of Kean’s Shylock, he dealt about him like the Veiled Prophet —

In vain he yells his desperate curses out;
Deals death promiscuously to all about;
To foes that charge, and coward friends that fly,
And seems of all the Great Arch-Enemy.
And the sole joy his baffled spirit knows
In this forced flight is — murdering as he goes.

There is, we regret to say, a prevalent tendency, both in and out of the House of Commons, to admire this description of display, without pausing to consider the precise qualities of head and heart indicated by it. Yet the positive amount of intellectual power demanded for a telling invective is by no means extraordinary, provided its exercise be not restrained by good feeling or good taste. Looking merely to ephemeral effects, it is also an immense advantage, in either speaker or writer, to be emancipated from conventional restraint. We learn from Moore’s “Diary” that this topic was once briefly handled between a friend (Luttrell, we believe) and himself. “*L.* ‘Between what one *would n’t* write, and what one *could n’t*,’ it is a hard game to play at.” *M.* ‘A man must risk the former to attain the latter; and it is the same daring that produced the things we *would n’t* write, and those we *thought* we *could n’t*.’”

How many aspirants to political and literary historian which originally appeared in this Journal. The peroration of his speech on the third reading of the Corn Bill, May 15, 1846, is a mere paraphrase of the concluding paragraphs of Mr. Urquhart’s “Diplomatic Transactions in Central Asia.”

any distinction are there, who would accept Mr. Disraeli’s position and reputation with the incidental drawbacks and qualifications? To reduce the number of those who might be tempted to envy him, is the main object of this article; and it is with especial view to their edification that we have collected the scattered illustrations of his career from its commencement. Each, individually taken, may prove little; but when the whole of them are viewed together, and in connexion with one another, the conclusion is irresistible. His mode of rising in the world then becomes patent to the most cursory observer. He is henceforth like a bee, or wasp, working in a glass case. He has broken Sedley’s supplementary commandment — “Thou shalt not be found out;” and every well-wisher to good government and social order should rejoice in his detection. His twenty-seven years of public life are thus made to assume their genuine form of a tangled mass of disingenuous expedients and contradictory professions, which change their color, like the hues of shot silk — fade into something else as we are looking at them, like what are called “shifting views,” — or dazzle the eye like the showy and indistinct figures in a kaleidoscope. Is it just, wise, or beneficial that the highest honors of a State should be earned by such means or lavished on such men?

It is idle to assert that he won his way, fairly or unfairly, as a man of letters or “gentleman of the press.” He won it as a parliamentary gladiator; and his books have done him more harm than good with his employers, who do not appreciate their merits, and are constantly liable to be annoyed by their satire or compromised by their revelations. We should no more think of ranking him with Mr. Macaulay, than of placing a successful general of Condottieri, like Sir John Hawkwood, in the same category with Condé, Turenne, and Marlborough. Let those to whom this judgment may seem harsh, reflect on the results which have ensued in a neighboring country, from the habitual disregard of the moral element in appreciating conduct or character, and from the premium thereby held out to unprincipled ambition. We are fortunately not yet arrived at that lamentable state of social degradation, in which there is no recognized criterion of excellence except success; but we shall rapidly approximate towards it if we tamely permit brazen images, or false idols, to be set up for national worship in the midst of us; whilst, to proclaim that any amount of interested tergiversation or apostasy should be forgiven for the sake of wit, eloquence, or adroit audacity, is to canker public virtue in the bud. The almost total absence of conventional restrictions and civil disabilities in this country, simply adds to the apprehended danger by

widening the arena, and by rendering it more easy of access to competitors of all grades, worthy or unworthy. It is, therefore, small merit in our eyes to have dispensed with the adventitious aids of birth and wealth, if the essential distinctions between right and wrong have been simultaneously overlooked; and we speak under a lively sense of our responsibilities as public censors, when we avow, that, far from regarding this Caucasian luminary as having shed a wholesome light over our political firmament, we saw little but what augured evil in its lurid and fitful coruscations, and felt neither regret nor astonishment at its eclipse.

From the Journal of Commerce.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF ERROR.

RARELY has this truth been more forcibly illustrated than in the facts stated in the annexed paragraph from the London Examiner. A man who cannot believe the miracles recorded in the Bible, although authenticated by the most irrefragable evidence, finds no difficulty in believing the most incredible and foolish stories when received through a pretended spirit medium or necromancer. From a profound disbelief of things real, because alleged to be mysterious, the deluded mind vibrates into the opposite extreme of believing old wives' fables, although based upon evidence the most imperfect and fallacious. We have seen Robert Owen, and conversed with him. He has some good traits about him, and a fair amount of intelligence on subjects disconnected from his peculiar delusion. But he is on the whole just such a man as we should deem most liable to be led away by the new imposture, or deviltry, if the reader will have it so. Discarding the "sure word of prophecy," which anchors the soul to God and truth, why should not men be driven about by every wind of doctrine, and cunning craftiness of men lying in wait to deceive? Until the advent of this new dispensation of humbuggery, Robert Owen, it seems, had supposed that there was "no personal or conscious existence after death." The plain, positive, repeated declarations to the contrary, of "holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," had no effect to convince him of his error; but when "an American lady, who resides in Queen Ann street, Cavendish Square," says, on the authority of pretended communications from the spirits of Thomas Jefferson, &c., that things are so and so, he (Owen) can no longer doubt; he is convinced; he believes. One of these famous American mediums announced not long since, that in the "future conscious state of life," which Owen now believes in, Tom Paine was "stopping at a

porter-house," and other things equally absurd and ridiculous. No wonder that such vagaries of folly or fanaticism should meet the taste of a veteran infidel, who finds in them alimment for his infidelity—the phases of which he is willing to change, provided they are still in opposition to the Word of God. Anything else may be tolerated, or even believed and embraced; but a simple, firm, implicit reliance upon the testimony of Omniscience as to the future of human existence, must be discarded, or infidelity, with its gloomy consolations, perishes, along with its advocates and abettors.

From the London Examiner.

DR. OWEN CONVERTED BY THE RAPPERS. — A manifesto of a singular description has just been issued by the philosopher of Lanark, addressed "to all governments and peoples," having for its purpose to announce "a great moral revolution which is about to be effected for the human race, by an apparent miracle."

This miracle consists, says Mr. Owen, in communications "most important and gratifying, which have been made to him (in common with many more) by invisible but audible powers, purporting to be from departed spirits;" those with which Mr. Owen has been favored, coming from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, Mr. Owen's "first and most enlightened disciple," and several others. Until within the last few weeks Mr. Owen states that, while he believed all things to be eternal, he was of opinion that there was no personal or conscious existence after death; but, having examined the history of the late "manifestations" (spirit rappings) in America, "through the proceedings of an American medium," he has been "compelled," contrary to his previous strong convictions, "to believe in a future conscious state of life, existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state." The object of these manifestations, continues Mr. Owen, is to change "the present false, disunited, and miserable state of human existence, for a true, united, and happy state, to arise from a new universal education, or formation of character from birth, to be based on truth, and conducted in accordance with the established laws of human nature." Mr. Owen thinks that this change may be easily effected, and adds that the means to do so in all countries are known. They appear, from this showing, to be the universal application of his social system, through the agency of the departed spirits of Jefferson, Franklin, &c., who have kindly sent in their adhesion. We must add, that the "medium" referred to by Mr. Owen is the American lady who resides in Queen Ann street, Cavendish square.

TOPOGRAPHY OF LONDON. — We are credibly informed that, in honor of the London Merchants' and Bankers' Deputation to Louis Napoleon, Spitalfields for the future is to be called *Lick-Spitalfields*. — *Punch*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART I. — CHAPTER I.

ONE of the most charming features of a fairy tale is the vagueness of the date of its events and characters. There is a magic about the phrase "Once upon a time," investing subsequent ogres, genii, fairies, flying chariots, moralizing mice, and booted cats, with a delightful harmony and probability. For this reason I have always considered the reign of Haroun Alraschid, gorgeous and romantic as it is, infinitely less interesting than that of the young king of the Black Isles, whose royal body was half of flesh, half of marble; and not to be compared for a moment with the histories of those other misty potentates Prince Camaralzaman and King Beder; while the glory of King Pippin faded from my infant mind, like the unsubstantial pageant of a vision, the moment he was discovered to have been an authentic monarch of France.

This early predilection for what may be called the No-man's-Land, or Tom Tidler's ground, of chronology, has caused me to regard those authors who commence their narratives with such phrases as "Towards the close of the last century," or "About the middle of George the Second's reign," as acting on a mistaken principle. It is not only unnecessary, but is also impolitic, as wilfully depriving the production of what might have been its solitary charm. It is as if a rejuvenated spinster were voluntarily to pull off her wig, spit out her false teeth, walk out of her crinoline, and, standing before the world, bald, toothless, and shameless, proclaim herself fifty-five.

Once upon a time, then (to guard against this error), there was assembled in a room at the Heronry, the residence of Lady Leo, a goodly company—goodly, not so much in point of numbers as in personal appearance. Three ladies were there, all young, and none of them plain.

Lady Lee was a young widow, the handsomest since Dido. Her face was pale and oval, her eyes magnificent, but somewhat languid. Her hair formed a splendid frame-work to her face, being of the richest and darkest chestnut, scattered with ruddy golden gleams, dancing on its innumerable ripples. It formed a sort of natural diadem, but was now, unfortunately, hidden by a close-crimped widow's cap.

Orelia Payne was a tall, dark beauty, with a nose strongly arched, a curved and somewhat severe mouth, a cleft chin, and straight, dark eyebrows surmounting black sparkling eyes.

Rosa Young was a plump, fair little thing, with a face of a quaint and somewhat comic cast. Her nose turned up slightly, and was

obsequiously followed by her upper lip, thus displaying the least glimpse in the world of very white teeth. Her complexion was very fresh, and would, perhaps, have been too ruddy, if the red had not been of such a delicious color that you decided, at a glance, it was impossible to have too much of such a good thing; besides, if your eye wanted relief, there was the white of her neck or the blue of her eyes to turn to. Her hair was carried off above her ears and dressed plain, or at least intended to be so; but stray tresses were perpetually breaking out of bounds, and wandering in libertine curls about her cheeks, ears, and neck, requiring to be caught and pinned up in a supplementary fashion, till the number of these truants increased to such an extent that the whole structure had to be remodeled. Only two little curls, like those on a drake's tale, were authorized to appear, one on each cheek, near the ears.

Orelia was standing with palette and brush before an easel. She had already chalked out on the canvas the proportions of Lady Lee's face and figure. Her ladyship sat at a little distance, and by her side stood her little son, Julius Lee, about four years old.

"I am puzzled as to what characters to draw you in," said Orelia. "Venus and Cupid—there's that plaguy Rubens and Titian have used up the mythology; then for a scriptural subject, Hagar and Ishmael wouldn't suit you—you are too English, and Juley's too fair."

"Why can't you paint them in their own characters?" said Rosa. "They're not such bad characters, are they?"

"It's so flat and prosaic," returned Orelia, "to paint things just as they are. No; we'll have something classical. What do you think of Virgilia and the young Coriolanus?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Rosa. "Virgilia in a widow's cap! Why, Coriolanus was all alive, was n't he? We must take it off," said Rosa, stealing behind Lady Lee and loosening the strings, "and I wish you'd never put it on again."

"Yes; pull it off," said Orelia. "A horrid thing it is. She would look four years younger without it—yes, five. It gives her a respectable look that's quite frightful. A widow's cap," continued the grand Orelia, sententiously, "is a species of suttee."

Lady Lee, after an unsuccessful attempt to catch the cap with both hands as it was being plucked off, glanced at it with a sigh.

"Poor Sir Joseph!" she said.

"Oh, you fright!" shrieked Rosa, who, having put the cap on her own head, had got on a chair to look at herself in the mirror over the mantelpiece. "Oh you ugly little thing!" holding up both her hands at her own reflection. "I'll die a maid," continued Rosa, descending from the chair; "for I

never could live a widow—at least, with this thing on my head.”

“I’d rather have ‘sacred to the memory’ printed on my forehead in capital letters,” said Orelia.

“I’d rather be married again in the first week of my widowhood than wear it,” said Rosa, positively.

“Madcap *versus* mobcap,” said her ladyship, smiling at Rosa. “Come, give it me.”

“Never!” cried Rosa, who, having hung the cap on a chandelier, was now performing a sort of Indian scalp-dance round it. “She’s got a dozen of ‘em in a box up stairs, Orelia, but we’ll burn ‘em all.”

“I believe I should be more comfortable without it,” said Lady Lee smoothing her hair; “but what would the world say?”

“I thought you didn’t care a pin what the world said,” Rosa replied. “Are n’t you always boasting of your independence?”

“True,” said her ladyship; “I don’t know why I should care. Well, I’ll think about leaving off the cap.”

“And you had better think of leaving off some other things at the same time,” said Rosa. “For instance, you might leave off shutting yourself up in this house, like an old hermit with a beard and a hair shirt; and you might leave off treating young men so coldly, who want to love you, and to come and visit you—that is, you may do so when Orelia and I are not here, for we don’t want them; and we’re very happy at present, are n’t we, Reley! and it’s only for your good I’m speaking.”

“You ought to mix in society, and to travel, and see the world,” said Orelia. “O heavens! if I were as rich as you” (“She’s as rich as a Jew,” muttered Rosa), “I’d see everything that was grand and excellent in nature and art. I’d go,” said Orelia, flourishing her portcrayon, “to all the great cities of Europe; I’d make studies in the Vatican and the Pitti Palace—I’d sit on the Bridge of Sighs and read ‘Childe Harold’—I’d go to Constantinople and fall in love with a Giaour—I’d see Palestine—I’d cross the Desert on a dromedary—I’d visit the bright East and the far West—and, when these were exhausted, I’d come back to the Heronry again, to sit on the daisies and think of all I had seen.”

“Dear me!” said Lady Lee, “you remind me, my dear, of fancies of my own that I used to have before I was married. You remember, Orelia, how romantic I was in my maiden days. I used to sit in the porch of that old parsonage, reading a novel or a play, and every now and then, dropping the book on my lap, I would follow out a romance of my own, conjured up by some passage that struck me—visions of charming friendships, where I, a female Damon, underwent unheard-of

sacrifices for a Pythias of my own sex—of love, too, where I was wooed by an infinity of lovers, all made after the same perfect pattern, until these ended in Sir Joseph Lee.”

“Sir Joseph was n’t romantic, was he?” asked Rosa. “At least I should think not, judging from his picture in the library.”

“He was better than romantic, Rosa,” said Lady Lee, gravely; “he had a kind heart. But no—you are right, my dear; he was not romantic. Ah, heavens! to think of the difference between the ideal and the real! Not but Sir Joseph was an excellent and a kind man, but it was very hard to look upon him as a lover.”

“How *did* you manage it?” asked Orelia.

“To say the truth, my dear,” said her ladyship, “I did not surrender my cherished visions either easily or suddenly. But you, Orelia, know what were the unfortunate circumstances of my family at that time, though you can scarcely imagine the full extent of our trials; however, a fond father, suffering at once from disease and debt, the entreaties of relatives, and the promptings of gratitude (for Sir Joseph had assisted my father most generously),—these motives, joined to a due sense of Sir Joseph’s good and liberal nature, will perhaps account sufficiently for my marriage.”

Tears of pity came into Rosa’s eyes—she was a very sympathetic little thing. She went to seat herself on the sofa by Lady Lee, and squeezed her hand.

“But, now,” said Rosa presently, “now you have been free to follow your fancies these three years, why don’t you do so?”

Lady Lee laughed. “I have not yet met with my ideal hero,” she said; “and if I did, I really don’t think I should admire him. My taste for romance is dreadfully impaired. A Byronic hero at my feet would excite ridicule rather than sympathy. And so, seeing that love without romance is a very humdrum affair, and that I have lost my capacity for seeing things in ‘the light that never was on sea or shore,’ the thought of love or matrimony never enters my head.”

“If I were a man,” said Orelia, “I’d make you love me. I’d do something chivalrous that should compel your admiration in spite of yourself; and then, after dragging you at my chariot-wheels for a while, till you were completely subdued, I’d run away with you.”

“And if I were a man,” said Rosa, “I’d beg and entreat you to love me. I’d follow you about, telling you how beautiful, how clever you were (for you are, and you know it), and how all your beauty and cleverness is running to waste from mere don’t-careishness; and how, by loving me, they would both of them suddenly bloom and brighten, till they were as bright as—as bright as anything,” said Rosa, not finding any more bril-

liant or exact simile after her pause ; " and I 'd never leave telling you, and begging you, till you yielded, half from pity for me, half from consideration to yourself."

Lady Lee smiled and called her a foolish little thing, and for that time the conversation dropped ; but it was renewed again that night by Orelia and Rosa. They slept by their own desire in the same room. Orelia, who used rather to tyrannize over her companion in this dormitory, inhabited a large square four-poster, with a heavy carved tester, and curtains which she would let down all round her at night, and become invisible as the man in a Punch's show ; while Rosa occupied a little French bed that fitted into an alcove at the end of the room, and was covered by a chintz curtain hanging from a pole that stuck out of the wall, in which nest she would chirp herself to sleep like any wren.

Rosa had been delivering some sentiments respecting Lady Lee, similar to those in her last speech, just recorded.

" Bless me !" cried Orelia, " and how did you get so learned in matters of the heart, you pert absurdity ! Has anybody been teaching you ? Just let me catch you having a lover without letting me know."

" No, no," said Rosa, blushing in the dark like her namesake of Lancaster ; " I have n't got one, and I don't want one. I could n't be more brilliant than I am."

" Oh, quite impossible !" quoth the sarcastic Orelia.

" I don't mean that I 'm particularly bright, but that a lover would n't make me any brighter. But there's Lady Lee withering away like — like anything," said Rosa recurring to her favorite simile of all-work, " and all for want of watering. She don't care much about anything. She 's the best-natured dear creature in the world when her good-nature 's woke up ; but it goes to sleep again in a minute. So does her cleverness, which just keeps awake long enough to show us what it could do if it wasn't such a sluggard. It 's my belief she could write a beautiful novel or poem whenever she chose — just see what letters and charades and songs she writes — but she don't choose. She could have any clever man at her feet if she chose, but she don't choose. And she 'll go on wasting herself," said Rosa, " till she is a stupid old dowager, and then nobody will care about her."

" Don't you know she can't marry, except under conditions !" said Orelia. " Just listen, and as I 'm not particularly sleepy, I 'll tell you about it."

" Do," said Rosa, throwing back the curtain over the head of her bed for the convenience of hearing better.

" You must know then," said Orelia, " that the late Sir Joseph, though very fond of his wife, was very much ruled by his uncle,

Colonel Bagot Lee, who is expected here in a day or two. Sir Joseph was, I believe, a good sort of a weak man, and easily ruled, and Colonel Lee, is a knowing, and, as I 've heard, somewhat overbearing man of the world. He was a great oracle with Sir Joseph on all points, and had some hand, I fancy, in the concoction of his will, by which Lady Lee is to have a handsome income so long as she remains unmarried, or afterwards, if — if, mind you — she marries with Colonel Lee's consent. If she marries without it, she forfeits most of her income, part of which goes to Julius, part to Bagot, who also, in that case, becomes guardian to the child."

" Dear me !" said Rosa ; " how stupid of Sir Joseph ! What did he do that for ?"

" Partly, I believe, because of the superlative idea he entertained of Bagot's judgment and discretion, which he thought might be useful to such a young widow, for she was only twenty when he died — partly, perhaps, from a sort of posthumous jealousy of his successor."

" A wretch !" cried Rosa ; " I always suspected him of being a stupid, useless sort of creature, and now I positively hate him."

" So do I," said Orelia yawning. " But I 'm getting sleepy now. By the by," she resumed, after a pause, during which Rosa was pondering what she had just heard, " you're quite sure nobody 's been making love to you !"

" Oh, quite !" said Rosa hastily.

" And — you don't know — you don't know of anybody you like better than the rest !" said Orelia, sleepily.

" Nobody, upon my word," said Rosa ; but I don't think Orelia heard the reply, having just dropped off into a slumber.

And here we will take the opportunity to add a few general particulars to Orelia's information.

Lady Lee had been, when Hester Broome, a poor clergyman's daughter, full, as she described herself, of feeling, of sentiment, of romance, and of bright hopes for the future ; but these did not make up her character, for her dreams were dreamt amidst the realities of household occupations, and the acquisition of various accomplishments, and much solid information. Unfortunately for Hester, she had a dash of genius in her composition — she was not merely imaginative, but original and spirited in her imaginations. A talent for sunnioning up charming reveries of angels with wings, lovers with beautiful black whiskers, and life all sunshine and no clouds, is very abundant in boarding-schools, watering-places, and elsewhere, ending, sometimes consistently, in Gretna Green and the divorce courts ; sometimes inconsistently, in corpulent content with humdrum connubiality. But Hester's visions were the result of her own fancy, guided only

by her own tastes, and it was proportionably hard to abandon them.

Sir Joseph Lee was a baronet of good property — good-natured, as she said, but also, as she did not say, though she must often have thought it, a very weak man. He was so exceedingly inane, that when, during his courtship, he left off spectacles and took to an eye-glass, it was positively a new feature in his character, and, conjoined with his abandonment of a white hat and gaiters, hitherto his constant wear, produced such a change, that you would hardly have known him for the same man. His family seat, his property, his baronetcy, had been to him what office was to the late whig ministry — giving him, as their occupant, a casual identity and reputation.

Bagot Lee, his uncle, formerly a lieutenant-colonel in the Guards, was about eight-and-forty; very knowing, very dissipated, and very extravagant. He had impressed his nephew with a wonderful respect for him. Sir Joseph saw him plunging familiarly into horse-racing, chicken-hazard, acquaintance with opera-dancers, and other vortices, floating and revelling there as if he enjoyed it, while the baronet shivered, and feebly shouted on the brink. He saw him, when he came down into the country, treat the magnates of the county with a coolness which he tried in vain to imitate, and to which they seemed obliged to submit. He had seen him whisper before the race to the jockey who rode the winner of the Derby. He had seen him terrify a steward of whom Sir Joseph stood in great awe, and cause him to prove himself a cheat.

In fact, Sir Joseph's estimate of Bagot's capacity was formed on a principle that half the world unconsciously adopt. Seeing Bagot's superiority in matters of which he (the baronet) was capable of judging, he gave him credit for the same superiority in other matters of which he was not capable of judging. How could a man who could make such a capital betting-book — who was so skilful a billiard-player — be otherwise than a safe guide in the affairs of life — be surpassed as an adviser on all difficult points? Bagot's sharpness seemed to Sir Joseph to include all excellence whatsoever. He would not have been at all surprised (though many other people might) had Bagot showed himself a great general, a great author, or a great statesman, nor would his respect for him have been thereby at all increased. And pray, sir, do you never judge of your acquaintances in this way? Nay, more — do you never carry the principle further, and conclude that all those, with whose reported merits you cannot sympathize, must necessarily be impostors? Ah, heavens! — how often does one see, and hear of, genius clipped and pared and shorn

down to the mental standard of some Procrustes with an inch of intellect — some pert or solemn owl, who thanks God for his ignorance, and, as the most hard-hitting of doctors said, "has a great deal to be thankful for."

About a year after his marriage, Sir Joseph found himself dying of a consumption. Of course, he could not depart comfortably from the world, nor make his final arrangements, without the assistance of Bagot.

"Bagot," said the sick man, "I'm off. I shan't last long. I've done what I thought you would like about the — the document, you know, with regard to Lady Lee and the boy; take care of him — take care of both of 'em, Bagot; I've put you down for ten thousand."

"You were always a good fellow, Joe," said Bagot, "and if you were really going to give us the slip, I should be confoundedly grieved. I should, by gad!" (which was true enough, for the baronet was a comfortable annuity to him). "But I hope to see you at Ascot yet."

"No," said Sir Joseph, "no more Ascot for me. They've as good as told me it's all up with me. The rector's been over here praying with me. Do you think it's any good, Bagot?"

Bagot was rather puzzled at being consulted as a spiritual adviser. "Why," said he, "putting the case, you see, that a fellow was really going off the hooks — not that I believe it, you know, for you're looking twice the man you did yesterday — but just supposing it, for the sake of argument, the thing might be decent and comfortable. If I found myself the easier for it, of course I'd do it."

"Hester brought him," said Sir Joseph. "Poor Hester! I've been very fond of that girl, Bagot — fonder than I ever was of anything, I think. She was too good for me; but I think she liked me, too. Nobody seems so sorry about me as she does."

"Have you put any restriction," said Bagot, "on her marrying again? I mean in case of anything happening, you know?"

"No," said Sir Joseph; "I never thought about it. I have left her the income and the use of the house unconditionally."

"Ah," said Bagot, musingly, "she's young — devilish young — and women take strange fancies sometimes. There will be no end of fellows after her. I should n't like, Joe, my boy, to see her making a fool of herself with some infernal nincompoop, after your — in case of anything happening, you know."

"Do you think it's likely?" said Sir Joseph, eagerly. "Do you know of anybody that — Bagot! if I thought that, I'd! —"

"No, no," replied Bagot; "I don't know anything of the sort. I was merely talking of what might be. It would be deuced pain-

ful to me, you know; and it's a sort of thing I might easily stop, if I was authorized; if not, of course I should n't meddle."

Bagot's idea was, that, in the event of his nephew's melancholy anticipations being fulfilled, the young widow's next choice might possibly fall on one very unlike Sir Joseph. It might fall on a man totally averse to Bagot's pursuits — nay, even to his society; and thus (the colonel reflected) that pleasant retreat, the Heronry, might be closed to him altogether, or, at any rate, rendered a much less eligible abode; and these contingencies he now exerted himself to guard against.

Sir Joseph's was a mind in which when an idea did enter, it got plenty of elbow-room, and was in no danger of being jostled by other ideas. All that night he beheld nincompoop successors ruling at the Heronry, and effacing his image from the memory of Lady Lee. The next morning he again spoke to Bagot on the subject.

"I've been considering what you said," Sir Joseph began. "But don't you think 't would be hard to tie her down in any way? — she's been a good wife to me. Would n't it be fair to let her please herself next time? Perhaps she did n't last time, when she married me. I've sometimes thought so."

"Do as you like," said Bagot; "I merely advised what would be best, in my opinion, for the interest of all parties. 'T is no more than other husbands — fond husbands, too, Joe — constantly do; and it's natural, too. I can only say (as a bachelor), it seems to me that the thought of my wife talking over my errors, in confidence with another fellow who mightn't understand me the least — ripping up my peccadilloes — revealing little nonsensical connubial secrets that had no great harm in 'em, perhaps, though the idea of anybody else knowing 'em makes a fellow feel deucedly foolish — like having your letters read to the court in a breach-of-promise case — by gad, Joe, I can only say, the thought of it would keep me walking till the day of judgment."

"Yes, true — there's a good deal in that," said Sir Joseph. "It would make me feel more comfortable to know that was prevented. But then it seems wrong, Bagot, that I should be giving myself comfort at the expense, perhaps, of her wishes."

"But it won't be at her expense," said Bagot — "how the deuce will it? She would be much happier with a proper person — such as you would yourself approve of — and you'll be happier in the thought of it."

"Besides," pursued Sir Joseph, "I doubt if Hester, in case of her taking a fancy to anybody, would be much influenced in her attachment by money considerations. Hester's not mercenary, Bagot."

"Try another dodge, then," said Bagot

(who was beginning to forget that he ought to appear feeling, and talked as coolly as if Sir Joseph were a third person, not particularly interested in the question of his own decease). "In case of her marrying without my approval, make over the guardianship of July to somebody else."

"But it would seem so distrustful — so cruel," urged Sir Joseph.

"Cruel only to be kind," said Bagot. "It's all for her good. But this is but dismal talk, Joe. I shall live to see you burn the will yet. Begad! you shall burn it on the day July comes of age."

Sir Joseph shook his head. Some feeling, more powerful even than his confidence in Bagot, thrust aside the hope which his words sought to convey. That day he sent for his man of law, and altered his will, which eventually ordered matters in accordance with Bagot's advice, as Orelia had told Rosa.

Sir Joseph prophesied truly that there was to be no more Ascot for him. A few days afterwards he died quite calmly, as people generally do, notwithstanding the quantity of descriptive power that has been lavished on death-bed scenes. As Mrs. Quickly would say, "A made a fine end, and went away, an it had been any christom child." Holding Bagot's hand, as if he might thus keep himself *en rapport* with the busy, club-going, betting world in which he had lived, Sir Joseph's feeble spark went out.

CHAPTER II.

Rosa, constitutionally an early riser, used to be always up before Orelia in the morning, until the latter took it into her head to have a shower-bath fitted up in the closet that opened from their room. Into this she would enter every morning with great majesty, and pull the string with no more hesitation than if she had been ringing the bell for her maid, and would subsequently emerge, all calm and fresh and shining. But not content with indulging in this luxury herself, she would also insist upon getting it filled again for Rosa; and that was the reason why Rosa, who preferred performing her ablutions in a less terrible manner, began to be lazy of a morning — pretending to be sleepy — to be interested in a book — and other devices to wile away the time, till Orelia would come and pull her out of bed. Then the little thing, all shrinking and shivering, with her hair drawn into a tight knot at the back of her head, would be driven, in a sort of tottering run, towards the dreaded deluge by her imperious taskmistress — balancing herself on the rim of the bath before entering — and then, tremblingly, would stretch her hand towards the cord, in which one might suppose, from her trepidation, she had been ordered to hang herself. Then she would beg to be allowed to draw the

curtains of the bath, which Orelia would by no means permit, suspecting she might in some way evade the ordeal, unless strictly watched. Then she would pretend to recollect something particular to tell Orelia, who, not to be baffled in that way, would sternly order her to tell her by and by, and to pull the string without further nonsense; and poor Rosa, thus detected, would get up a little shivering laugh, broken short off by the prospect of her impending and inevitable doom; and, shutting her eyes and mouth so tight that those features became mere threads in her comical little face, and putting her plump little shoulders considerably above her ears, she would hold her breath, and fumble blindly for the string, till Orelia, out of all patience, would give the fatal twitch, when a strangled shriek might be heard in the descending rush like that of a caught mouse, and Rosa would emerge all pink and palpitating, and glad it was over.

The maid, Kitty Fillett, who came in next morning to assist at their toilet, asked if they had any objection to her taking a holiday. Doddington Fair—a fair famous throughout the country—was to take place that day, and Harry Noble the groom had offered to drive her and two other fortunate domestics to see the shows, and to eat gingerbread. Rosa Young thought she would like to go too.

"What low tastes you have, Rosalinda!" said the grand Orelia. (Rosa, by the by, was known by some fifteen or twenty appellations—Rosamunda, Rosalia, Rosetta—answering, in fact, to almost anything beginning with an R.) "I suppose you would like to play thimble-rig too, and to see the dwarf and giant, and follow Punch, and to ride in the roundabout."

Rosa confessed a desire to see the giant and dwarf, and Punch she acknowledged to be quite a passion with her.

"And there's the soldiers, Miss Rosa," said Fillett, "with the beautifullest regimentals!—gold hats with horse tails, handsomer than the Fire Brigade's; and coats—O, such coats!—they say the officers' cost hundreds of pounds!" Fillett was enthusiastic on the subject of the military.

Here was an additional inducement for Rosa, who had never seen dragoons in her life; and accordingly, in spite of the certainty of undergoing Orelia's contempt, she resolved, as she left the apartment on her way to the breakfast-room, to be present at the fair, if she could possibly manage it.

Rosa Young's mode of perambulating the house and grounds was will-o'-the-wispish—eccentric as if in pursuit of an imaginary butterfly—bringing her sometimes into contact with staid persons—butlers, housekeepers, clergymen, and the like, coming composedly and unsuspectingly round corners, from whose

bodies she would rebound violently; and she had been carrying about with her, for some days, a plain impression of a heron with a fish in his claw (the device of the Lees) on her left temple, in consequence of rushing with her head right into the footman's waistcoat, as he was coming out of the room with the breakfast things, sending the contents of the sugar-basin into his open mouth, and those of the cream-jug into his waistcoat pocket. Also, she had more than once in the garden, when appearing unexpectedly and swiftly from behind apple-trees, knocked the gardener into his own wheelbarrow.

These accidents never occurred to Orelia, whose style of progression was stately and imposing, as if she had two pursuivants, a gold stick in waiting, and a great nobleman carrying her crown, all marching in procession in front of her; so that, though they left their chamber together, Rosa danced into Lady Lee's presence in the breakfast-room at least seventeen seconds and a half before Orelia entered.

This room was one of the prettiest breakfast-rooms in England, so that, besides breakfasting, one would have had no objection to lunch, dine, and sup there also. It was octagonal, being situated in one of the turrets. Three sides of the octagon were occupied by fresco designs of a comic and graceful character;—fairies fled before Bottom with his ass's head, danced before Titania, made merry with Puck. This latter personage, indeed, was positively ubiquitous, flying along the wall on royal errands, popping his quaint, ugly face out from behind oak-leaves, lurking under mushrooms, and subsequently performing summersets on the ceiling. Two sides were occupied by the door and fireplace, two by a double-faced bow-window, filled with diamond panes of glass set in stone. Through these panes you looked on a landscape outlined by a different hand—Dame Nature's own, with the design filled up by some happy touches of her scholar man. A few paces from the house, the ground sloped so rapidly, that the descent was marked only by the diminishing tops of the pine-trees which clothed it, sinking fast, one below another, till they disappeared; then far below—so far that many a broad acre intervened—a grassy meadow came out beyond the crest of the pine wood, the cows that grazed there looking quite small in the distance as they lay among the daisies, or walked out into the clear brown water of the river, which ran there in a semicircle, dividing this from another lawn, where stood the old country-house of Monkstone. Behind this house ran a road losing itself among trees, but whose course was marked by a village that peeped shadily from amidst openings in the foliage—the parsonage-house standing prim and white in

the midst of the green glebe, with a quickset round it, like a duenna, to keep the other houses from being too familiar. By this time the eye ceased to take in any more details, seeing only gentle slopes flowing upwards from each other, till the sky rose blue behind.

But to come in-doors again. Lady Lee was generally attired in some light-colored muslin of a morning, and accompanied, while she arranged the bouquets on the breakfast-table, by Blanco, a white pointer, to which she had taken a fancy when he was a pup in Sir Joseph's time, and by Julius, either seated in an arm-chair of suitable dimensions, with his cat Pick in his lap, or in pursuit of that associate — for the boy and his cat were seldom far apart. Pick, though in the main a good-tempered animal, would sometimes be exasperated out of all bounds by being lugged about with his head and forepaws under Julius' arm, and his tail dragging on the ground, till he was half-strangled; and, extricating himself with a violent struggle, would make off, waving his tail in a wrathful and majestic manner as he sat grimly under chairs, sofas, ladies' dresses, and other places of retirement, into which Julius would follow on all fours, and, seizing him by a leg, ear, or any other prominent part of his person that came to hand, bear him growling away, with his fur and his temper alike ruffled and rubbed against the grain.

When Orelia and Rosa appeared, Pick's wrongs, however, were presently avenged. They would make at Julius, and hug him like a pair of boa-constrictors that had made prey of a young antelope. Between them, this wretched child led a terrible life of it. Besides those kisses which he was bribed to give with sugar-plums, promises of having fairy tales told to him, of being allowed to see picture-books, and the like allurements, he was incessantly snatched from the ground, and caressed into a state of high floridity, without any assignable cause whatsoever. The ordinary feminine propensity to lavish endearments on all available young children seemed to flourish greatly in the bosoms of these young ladies, and to be all concentrated on Julius. They would n't have dared to treat one of their size so. It was really enough to excite the sympathy of any man, with a human heart in his breast, to see Rosa fling him down among the sofa cushions, with his head in Orelia's lap, and, while the legs of the little victim kicked convulsively in the air, and his hands pulled down the tresses of his tormentor, so as to screen the two faces beneath it, then and there deliberately proceed to bite his chin, pinch his ears and his nose, and practise many other cruelties; while Orelia, by insidious ticklings, would convert his shrieks into laughter. I can only say, I

would n't have been in his place myself on any account.

Lady Lee kissed Rosa, and asked her how she had slept; repeated the greeting to Orelia, and they sat down to breakfast.

At this meal, it was edifying to see the accuracy with which Miss Payne would cut her muffin into little squares, salting each carefully before putting it in her mouth; while Rosa Young fed on a great breakfast-cupful of bread and milk and an egg, giving Julius (who was supposed to have breakfasted before) alternate spoonfuls of the former, and afterwards administering to him the top of her egg, which he always expected as his lawful perquisite. Then he would post himself at Orelia's side, watching till she had finished; for she always plastered the last square of muffin thickly with jam, as if it were a brick which she was going to build into a muffin wall, and, bidding Julius shut his eyes and open his mouth, which he did with blind confidence, would therewith choke him.

Now this morning Julius' imagination had been greatly excited by Kitty Fillett, who had come to visit Juley's personal retainer (an elderly personage whom he called Wify), while he was undergoing, at her hands, the operation of dressing, and had delivered a glowing and exulting account of the delights she anticipated in Harry Noble's society at the fair. Julius' ideas of fairs were picked up from the illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, a work he was greatly devoted to from the number and appalling character of the prints it contained, among which was that of Vanity Fair. He had no doubt whatever that Christian and Hopeful would be present on this occasion in person — together with Pickthank, Mr. Facingbothways, and many other personages of that famous allegory; nay, he was by no means free from an awful misgiving that Giant Despair, and even Apollyon himself, might be lurking somewhere in the neighborhood of the festive scene. This had, at first, caused him to beg Fillett, for whom he had a great regard, very earnestly not to go — and, finally, to cry so pathetically at the idea of her being entrapped and eaten by Pagan and Pope, or shut up in Doubting Castle by the formidable giant (both which fates have of late befallen many more noted persons than Kitty), that she was at length obliged to dispel his fears by some assurances more substantial than such generalities as "No, no, Master Julius, they won't eat Kitty;" and became, in pacifying him, so minute in her description of the shows, caravans, and other charms of the fair that Julius was now as anxious to accompany as he had before been to prevent her.

Accordingly, on finding that his mamma, to whom he first broached the matter, entirely

disapproved of his going, he began to ascertain the sentiments of Orelia and Rosa on the subject, as soon as those young ladies had done pulling him about.

"Miss Payne," said he, as Lady Lee was pouring out the tea, "do you know any grins?"

"No," answered Orelia; "not one."

"Nor dwarfs, that live in little wee houses! with holes to ring bells out of!" said Julius.

Miss Payne assured him that no such persons were among her acquaintance.

"Nor elephants with noses ever so long that they can pick up shillings with! — nor lions with great teeth! — nor blue monkeys! — nor white bears that live in snow houses! — nor Peruvian nightingales! — nor flying griffins!" pursued Julius, adding his own fabulous recollections to Kitty's catalogue of wonders in his eagerness to inspire Orelia with desires similar to his own.

"None of these were entered on her list of friends," Orelia said.

"Ah!" said Julius, nodding his head; "but you'd like to know 'em, Miss Payne; and so would Rosa — would n't you, Rosa?"

"Yes, my darling emperor Julius," said Rosa; "Rosa would like to see them very much, and she would like her Juleypuley to see them too."

"Don't be putting nonsense in the child's head," said Lady Lee; "Julius knows he's not to go."

"But it's not nonsense, mamma," said Julius; "and all Kitty's cousins are going; and there are beautiful spangled jugglers, and yellow caravans with people living in them, and — and — please, mamma, I do so want to go," said poor Juley, abandoning argument for entreaty with a suddenness that was quite pathetic. But his hard-hearted parent desired him to be quiet, threatening him at the same time with the sugar-tongs; and this rebuff, combined with the long-expected instalment of muffin from Orelia, stopt his mouth for that time.

However, neither he nor Rosa had the least intention of so patiently abandoning their point. Rosa, as before said, wished to go on her own account; but, even if she had not, the sight of Julius' anxiety would have been sufficient to make her his warm advocate. Accordingly, the two spent the morning in practising a number of devices for melting Lady Lee's heart. For instance, after one or two rehearsals in the lobby, the door was flung open, and Julius rushed, or rather toddled, with distracted aspect, into the apartment. Taking with his short legs such strides that it was a wonder he did n't split in two, and rapping his palm against his jutting forehead, he went up to where his mother sat, and, clasping his hands and kneeling down, said, "Great queen, listen to

my prayer!" And when Lady Lee, calling him a plaguy monkey, asked him what he wanted, he said pathetically, "Take, oh, take me to the fair!" after which a suppressed laugh from the inventor of the drama was heard behind the scenes. Then Rosa, entering, took him on her lap to tell him a story — how there was once a little boy, who was a very good little boy, and had a young female friend who loved him very much, and how they lived together in great felicity — at least they would have lived so, only the little boy had a cruel mamma, who never let them do anything they wanted; and how they gradually pined away and died, and were covered with leaves by robin red-breasts, while the cruel mamma, who was sorry for her conduct when it was too late, was borne away by a flying dragon; and that the name of this unnatural parent, who received this signal punishment, was Lee — at which interesting point the sublime allegory was interrupted by Lady Lee laughing and calling them two silly creatures, while Orelia threw a magazine she was trying to read at Rosa, and asked her how she could be so absurd.

The confederates ended, as they usually did, in gaining their point. It was at length agreed that the party should attire themselves in the very worst clothes they had, in order to appear as little conspicuous as possible in a scene not probably remarkable for refinement; and that they should call upon Dr. Blossom, the chief physician of Doddington, either to escort them himself into the scene, or to provide a substitute — as if the doctor had been a militia-man; and to Doddington accordingly they drove.

Rosa, in a straw bonnet and blue muslin frock, looked very like a pretty villager out for a holiday; and the character was further sustained by a little basket intended to hold fairings for Julius. But Lady Lee, also, in a straw bonnet and plain dove-colored shawl, looked as much like a fine lady as ever; while, as for Orelia, the only difference in her was that you would now have taken her for a potentate in disguise.

CHAPTER III.

They had a pleasant drive to Doddington. The lower part of the quiet country town seemed more deserted than ever, as they walked up the street accompanied by the doctor. The few people whose business tied them down to their shops looked as if they would gladly have forsaken them to partake the pleasures of the fair; with the exception of a Methodist draper, who stood at his door with his arms straight down his sides, and his nose in the air, revelling in the idea that he was not as other men are, fair-goers and sinners, and occasionally casting a stern glance up the street leading to the busy scene, as if he con-

sidered it the broad way that led to destruction. The stationer's shop, which Julius always entered with delighted expectation, and wandered with rapture through the treasures of toys and picture-books it contained, seemed a doleful every-day affair to him compared with the delight he anticipated in the region of the fair, whither he was now all eagerness to arrive.

This was a broad macadamized portion of the main street, having houses on one side only, the other being bordered by a field known as Luxon's Meadow, from the name of the proprietor of it, who kept a public house hard by. None — not even the oldest inhabitant — could possibly, without having previously been present at a Whitsun Fair in Doddington, have recognized the street and meadow for the same. Both were glorified. The street contained within itself a smaller street made by covered stalls whose proprietors invited the attention of passengers to heaps of toys, confectionary, and the like congenial wares, intermingled with more utilitarian stalls, where boots and shoes (for the manufacture of which Doddington was famous all over the country) were sold, hanging in strings like onions, and so numerous, that you would have fancied the people of that region must have been centipedes at the very least. Looking through the space left between one of these stalls, and another containing an inviting display of sweetmeats, Luxon's Meadow was seen — no longer the barren, somewhat dismal-looking field, more remarkable for the flourishing crop of dockleaves, and nettles it exhibited than for anything else; but a gorgeous pleasure-ground, where, amid wheelbarrows of nuts, families of jugglers, painted swings, and yellow peep-shows, rose proudly a travelling theatre, known as Powell's Pavilion, where the actors, after appearing inside in melodramas which occupied about a quarter of an hour in the performance, came out upon the stage in front, in their magnificent dresses, and dazzled the populace by walking about there in pairs. Julius beheld with great wonder a drunken countryman, who had stuck fast in a crevice of the stage, assisted down the ladder to *terra firma* by a courteous warrior in a brass scaly surcoat of proof and a tin helmet.

In the street, opposite the meadow, was a long, low show made of canvas, with an ornamental front and stage, whereon a merry-andrew was delighting the populace. This merry-andrew was the very Methusalem of merry-andrews; he was so old that he had long since lost his teeth; and his mouth having fallen in, left so little space between his nose and chin for the painting of his lips, that the lower one extended some little distance down his throat. Notwithstanding his advanced age, this patriarch showed some con-

siderable agility, elevating occasionally in the air a pair of legs that seemed the very abode and stronghold of rheumatism, and walking on his hands. He wore a ruff round his neck, and rosettes in his shoes; and one might almost have fancied that, having adopted these articles of costume when a youth in Elizabeth's time, he had stuck to them ever since. Besides being a green old age, his was also a motley old age, for he wore a parti-colored doublet and tight hose, painted in squares, so that, if he had been put in a mangle, and rolled out flat, you might have played chess on his thighs. And so, with many quips, conjuring tricks, and comical grimaces, this old gentleman was literally tumbling into his grave. On this stage extremes seemed to meet, for a child about Julius' age and size, dressed in a spangled doublet and white drawers, tumbled thereon, with a sad and serious aspect, in imitation of his aged associate.

Passing through these enchanted regions, a hoarse voice saluted the visitor — and a fat, red-faced, and red-whiskered man might be seen, standing on the front of his wooden van, which, turning down on hinges and resting on props, formed a stage whereon he exhibited hardwares of every description, produced from the interior of the vehicle, which was fitted up like a shop. This was the celebrated Cheap John, a man who, besides his character for brilliant imagination and wit — faculties patent to any observer who chose to stand within hearing of his jokes for a minute — enjoyed a shadowy but vast reputation as a pugilist, though it was evident, from his corpulence, that a single tap on the stomach from an antagonist must have caused him to burst like an egg. Like Orpheus, he charmed the very clods. Bumpkins, who merely went to enjoy his facetiousness, found themselves, on departing, hampered with various sorts of hardware, which they did not exactly know what to do with, and which they certainly never intended to buy. Few were proof against the magic of his eloquence, which drew, if not golden, yet copper, and occasionally silver opinions, from most of his listeners.

From the spot occupied by this orator, a glimpse might be caught of the greater splendors of the fair. Music from the brass-band of the wild beast show broke upon the ear, and the fluttering of vast pictures, elevated, like sails, on masts, caught the eye — indistinct, yet still imposing in the distance, and revealing, on closer view, wonders that presently deprived the spectator of all hope of peace of mind, till he had satiated his curiosity with a survey of the internal marvels of which they were the outward sign. In these works of art the lion Wallace fought the six dogs at Warwick; a white bear devoured a

hapless polar navigator, whose tarpaulin hat was visible between the animal's stupendous and inexorable jaws; the authentic portrait of the wonderful Fat Boy smiled, in bland obesity, on that of the French Giant in the opposite caravan, who was represented as looking down from a great altitude on a wondering gentleman in a blue surcoat and brass buttons, whose shirt-frill reached about the giant's knee, and who was supposed to be a person of fashion who had paid his money for the pleasure of seeing him. The swelling of the canvas of these great pictures in the breeze imparted to the objects painted thereon a slow and solemn motion, which, giving a sort of unearthly life to their grim faces and steadfast attitudes, made them appear to Julius very awful.

Everything was charming to Julius. If the fairies he was so fond of hearing about had carried him in a winged chariot to their own country, he could scarcely have been more delighted. His friend Rosa had provided him with an immense painted trumpet, which had taken his fancy, and had also held him up to look in at the glass of a peepshow. This had merely whetted his appetite for sight-seeing; and immediately on arriving in front of the rows of caravans where the wild beasts were stationed, he became clamorous for a sight of them.

They did not, perhaps, come up to his ideal. He was a little disappointed at finding the lion so placable, for he merely winked at them as they passed in front of his den; the polar bear also declined showing any more than the rear of his person; while the Peruvian nightingale remained mystic as the phoenix, although Julius applied earnestly to a keeper in corduroy shorts and ankle boots to help him to a sight of that singular bird. The man laughed, and, saying "Look here, master!" pointed to a pelican; but Julius knew all about pelicans, and not only convicted the keeper of the attempted imposition, but gave him a short digest of pelican history from Buffon. Here we will leave him, making acquaintance with the monkeys charmed at recognizing the ostriches, and outrageous at not being permitted to ride on the zebra, while we look after other characters of our history.

Kitty Fillett, after being introduced by Mr. Noble to all the shows, was refreshing herself, in that gentleman's society, in a neighboring booth. Mr. Noble, after having been very agreeable and attentive all the day, was now in a most unchristian and desperate state of mind. This was caused by the presence of a good-looking corporal of dragoons, who had lounged in, after frequently passing and re-passing before them, apparently thinking much more of the too favorable and admiring glances which Kitty cast on him, than of

the ire that was flashed to wither him from the eyes of Noble. The corporal was a tall, slender fellow, of a somewhat *roué* and dissipated aspect; his forage-cap was set jauntily on one side of his wavy black hair, his mustache was evidently nurtured like some rare exotic, and he had a waist, as Kitty said, like an hour-glass.

Miss Fillett's conduct was certainly aggravating. She had begun by whispering to Noble remarks on the uniform and general appearance of the object of his wrath, and, totally regardless of the gruff and short replies vouchsafed, had taken occasion to enlarge on the charms of military people in general and dragoons in particular.

"There's a hair about him," said Kitty, mincing her words to suit the subject — "there's a hair about him not met with out of the army. Their manners is generally exquisite, and their — O, did you ever see such a white hand, now he's took his gloves off!"

"D—n his hand!" muttered Noble.

"No gentleman's is whiter," pursued Kitty; "and his eyes — law, how they do sparkle! — don't they, Harry?"

"Do they?" said Harry shortly; then *sotto voce*, "I should like to bung 'em up."

"And is n't his jacket beautiful?" whispered the enthusiastic Fillett. "Look at the lace on the front."

"P'raps you may see it laced on the back presently," growled Noble, savagely grasping his stick, and unable longer to repress his displeasure. But Kitty pretended to think he was joking. She made nonsensical remarks, and then laughed loudly at them, to attract the attention of the corporal, and establish an understanding with him; while he, switching his boots with his cane, glanced at her with a coolly critical air, as if he was used to that sort of thing.

How long Harry Noble's wrath might have taken to boil over, under these circumstances, is doubtful. Just as he was revolving in his mind some plausible reason for stepping up to the corporal, and inviting him into the next field to settle their claims, Lady Lee's party came in front of the booth, stopped for a moment, in their way down the street, by the crowd gathered round a huge bumpkin, who, incited thereto by ale and approbation, was performing a hornpipe in hobnailed shoes, leaving deep impressions of the nails in the road at every step.

This disciple of Terpsichore, finding his efforts well received, had procured a partner whom he had danced into breathless exhaustion, and he was now looking round for a suitable fair one to supply her place. In his exalted mood, Orelia's style of beauty appeared to him most likely to do him credit, and he accordingly pranced up, with the

grace and vigor of one of his own plough-horses, and seized her hand. Orelia snatched it away.

"Wretch!" cried she, looking at him like an insulted queen — "Begone!"

"The fellow's mad!" cried Doctor Blossom — "get away, sir! Call a constable!" quoth the doctor, authoritatively, to the crowd in general, on seeing the man persist in his design.

The dragoon corporal, leaving his contemplation of Miss Fillett, had lounged to the front of the booth, where he stood coolly scanning the ladies. He now stepped forward, and, interposing between the flushed and angry Orelia and her pertinacious assailant, seized the man by the collar, and hurled him violently back.

The countryman was fully three stone heavier than the trim soldier, and, recovering himself, rushed at him in full confidence of utterly annihilating him with one smashing blow of his great fist. His brother bumpkins, unanimously indulging the same expectation, encouraged him by saying out, "Gi' ut un, Joe; d—n thee, gi' ut un!" and were proportionably astonished when the corporal threw himself into an easy attitude, and, by what appeared to their unscientific eyes the mere straightening of his right arm, sent his big antagonist to the earth like a slaughtered ox.

A tremendous row ensued. Some comrades of the corporal's, who were near, set to at once with a corresponding number of the countryman's friends, all actuated by a unanimous impulse. Two or three officers, seeing the red jackets gleaming fitfully amidst overpowering masses of corduroy and fustian, cast themselves into the fray, and were reinforced by a couple of Oxford men on a visit to their friends in the town, who, expecting to be ordained shortly, and to be debarred from the comfort of combating bargemen in future, embraced the present opportunity with grateful promptitude. Amateurs of Doddington were equally ready to exert their prowess — showmen were affected by the contagious example — harlequins, descending from their stages, ranged themselves against rival pantaloon, while Columbines screamed after them in vain; and the proprietor of the French Giant took the opportunity of settling a private and long festering grudge with the owner of the Albino Lady.

The corporal showed himself a paladin in courtesy no less than in valor. He carefully interposed his person as a shield to the ladies, and the fray streamed away on each side as from a rock. Still, they might have been sadly jostled, had not the venerable merry-andrew before mentioned hurried down his ladder, at the imminent risk of snapping his

unfortunate old legs, and handed them up to his stage, out of harm's way.

Harry Noble, burning to avenge his wrongs on the dragoon, was meanwhile forcing his way through the crowd towards that redoubtable personage, intending forthwith to disfigure permanently, by the bunging-up of eyes, loss of fore-teeth, and flattening of nose, the face that Kitty Fillett had found so charming. Whether these fell designs would have been executed, or whether Harry, coming for wool, might have gone home shorn, is not known, for the duel did not take place. Just as Harry's furious face, glaring on the corporal within a couple of yards, met the eye of the latter, and admonished him to look out for a fresh foe, a couple of horses' heads came between them.

"Hi! hi!" shouted the corpulent coachman, who drove the Lightning royal mail. "By your leave there! — make a lane, will ye! Give 'em a note, Jim" (to the guard).

The guard sounded his horn, and then flourished it, shouting, "Room for the mail! — make way there!" evidently lost in wonder at the effrontery of any person or persons daring to delay for an instant his majesty's mail; while a passenger, who sat on the box-seat, said, "Drive into the infernal soundrels!"

The coachman was by nature a choleric person, and his cholera had been fed for many years with brandy and water, like a lamp. He could ill brook hindrances of any kind, and was scarcely to be stopped even by such decisive impediments as loss of linch-pins, impassable snow-drifts, and the like dispensations of Providence. Accordingly, having to choose between suppressing his wrath (which would certainly, by inducing apoplexy, have caused him to drop off his perch like an over-fed goldfinch) and venting it forthwith, he chose the less fatal alternative, and touched up his leaders. Those noble animals, sidling and curvetting, with the traces over their backs, pushed on, and did great execution, terminating several pugilistic encounters with a suddenness that the most active Middlesex magistrate, assisted by the rural police, might have tried in vain to emulate. The warrior in the tin helmet, before alluded to, and a pugnacious Harlequin who had attacked him, were prostrated in opposite directions. Harry Noble was sent reeling into the very arms of Kitty Fillett, who was shedding tears like a watering-pot; and other less eager belligerents quietly agreed to a cessation of hostilities, and cleared the way for the mail.

The Lightning was beginning to exchange its slow walk through the crowd for a slow trot, and the coachman's face was returning from deep ultra-marine to its natural lake tint, when Lady Lee, casting her eyes upon

the coach, called aloud, "Oh, Colonel Lee! Colonel Lee!"

The passenger on the coach-box turned, and, instantly recognizing her ladyship perched on a stage within a yard or two of him, in company with her son, two young ladies, a merry-andrew, and a juvenile tumbler, he did what all the people in the fair probably could not have done, for, by a word and a touch on the arm, he caused the coachman to pull up while he descended; and, further, that impetuous charioteer, before proceeding on his way, respectfully touched his hat to him, as did the guard.

Bagot's first exclamation, on ascending the stage, was "God bless my soul!" Then, shaking Lady Lee's hand, and motioning with his head towards the aged merry-andrew, he said, "You have not joined the profession, have you, Hester!" — for Bagot was a man who could be pleasantly facetious with ladies.

"I'm so glad you're come," said Lady Lee; "you can take care of us as far as the hotel, and go home in the carriage. My dears, this is Colonel Lee; and these are my friends, Miss Payne and Rosa Young."

The colonel, taking off his white felt hat, made a bow — rather a slang bow — to each, and then shook hands, first with Orelia, who gave him hers as if she expected him to go down on his knees and kiss it, and then with Rosa. He diffused round him a palpable halo, as it were, of brandy and water. He was dressed in the white hat just mentioned, a green neckcloth with white squares, a Newmarket cutaway, with a white greatcoat over it, and trousers buttoned at the ankles over drab gaiters. He had evidently been a good-looking man before his nose grew so swollen, his forehead so flushed, his eyes so open and watery, and his under lip so protruding and tremulous. His hair was somewhat long at the sides and back, and grizzled to iron gray, as were his voluminous whiskers and the tuft on his under lip.

The colonel, having shaken hands with them as aforesaid, and also with Julius, who plucked him by the skirts, and called him "Uncle Bag," said, "Suppose we imitate Miss O'Neil, and retire from the stage" — which they accordingly did, after acknowledging substantially the civility of the ancient merry-andrew, who stood bowing before them, while the fixed smile painted on his spotted face entirely contradicted his deferential attitude, and gave to the spectators the idea that he was openly making fun of the whole party.

As they passed down the street to the hotel, Bagot frequently stooped to shake hands with people of all classes who came up to greet him — farmers, whose grounds he sometimes shot over, held out their horny hands; Peter Pearce, a drunken shoemaker, left his stall, and danced a short distance down the street in

front of them, to testify his satisfaction at the colonel's arrival; Tom Jago, a woolcomber, who cared more for field-sports than for his trade, came up, touching his hat, to tell of some trampers having lately been seen netting the river for salmon; and Mrs. Susan Goffightly, the buxom wife of an innkeeper, cast a merry glance from her black eyes as she welcomed the colonel back to Doddington — all of whom Bagot treated with a gracious and jocular familiarity, that fully maintained for him his position in the popular esteem.

CHAPTER IV.

Bagot's visits to the Heronry were, for the most part, regulated by sporting events. He was a regular attendant at all great race meetings, and spent here the intervals, especially if his funds were low. The state of these funds was almost entirely dependent on his adroitness or good fortune in betting or at play, for Sir Joseph's legacy had dwindled down to a minute fraction on the settling day of the very first Derby after the testator's death.

On the occasions of these visits, he and Lady Lee had always been entirely independent of each other. He had his own rooms, where he entertained his own companions, ordered his own meals, and led a free-and-easy bachelor life of it. He made himself useful by regulating the stable economy, and bringing the steward to book, as he termed it.

On the evening of his arrival, Bagot walked over to Monkstone, the house already described as standing across the river, within view of the windows of the Heronry; and, as Bagot was not accustomed to pay visits of ceremony or friendship, we may state at once that he had an object in view.

Monkstone had been purchased by an old gentleman, who, rising from low beginnings to considerable wealth, had conceived a wish, in his old age, to become the founder of a family. As he was an old bachelor, and had no intention of marrying, he cast about among his relatives for a suitable heir. Having selected a nephew, he took him into his house, and brought him up to consider himself the future successor to Monkstone; and dying a few years after, left him his sole heir.

Mr. Jonathan Dubbley, this fortunate inheritor, had been considerably neglected both by nature and education. He was far from bright originally, and the dull surface of his mind was covered, when his uncle adopted him, with many years' rust. At his uncle's death, his estate and income were such as to give him consideration in the county, and he suddenly found himself a prominent character in scenes to which he was totally unaccustomed. He was a grand jurymen — he was a magistrate and J. P. His tenantry made him a man of consequence at elections; and,

to crown his greatness, he had this year been chosen High Sheriff.

On one point he now began to feel his deficiency more strongly than all the rest—he wanted a well-bred wife—he wanted to marry a woman who should possess qualities to form a light, agreeable background to his own solid merits—one who should, as Mr. Tennyson expresses it, set herself to him “as perfect music unto noble words”—the noble words being, in his case, four thousand a-year. After casting about among the eligible spinsters of his acquaintance, and taking counsel with the landlord of the Dubble Arms and his own gamekeeper, he at length fixed upon Lady Lee as the most suitable match he could discover. She was known to be a woman of talent and striking address; anybody who had eyes could see she was handsome; and, moreover, she would be by no means a dowdier bride, a circumstance that weighed powerfully in the calculations of Squire Dubbley, who had been taught fully to appreciate the value of money, and who was both tolerably acute and very obstinate where his own interests were concerned. The grand obstacle to a declaration of his wishes was an insuperable bashfulness with which the squire became afflicted when in the company of ladies of high degree, but which did not, however, affect him in his intercourse with the sex generally.

Squire Dubbley had a very great respect for Colonel Bagot Lee—greater, perhaps, than for any other person—not altogether because Bagot was a sharp fellow, for there were fellows sharper than Bagot, of whom the squire thought but little. In general, Mr. Dubbley disliked people who showed any superiority to himself, which had the effect of narrowing his circle of esteemed friends considerably. When men shone, in his company, on subjects which he did not understand, he would abuse them dreadfully behind their backs—say to his intimates that people might call such-a-one clever, but he was a cursed bad shot—could n't hit a hay-stack; or that he had no hand on a horse, and rode like a tailor; with divers other slanders. But Bagot's sharpness evinced itself in pursuits congenial to the squire's tastes—in field-sports, in skill on the turf, and in knowledge of the dark corners of London life, to which he had last year introduced Dubbley, piloting him into various haunts, where the inexperienced squire would probably have fared but ill in purse, person, and reputation, but for the protection of Bagot, who walked through all these fiery furnaces like a moral salamander. Bagot, too, had furnished him with many valuable hints for his conduct in his new sphere, and for the management of his property. These merits, added to a sort of jovial, overbearing good-humor of Bagot's,

caused the squire, as before said, to regard him with a much greater respect than he would have felt for a more respectable person.

He had not failed to hint to this potent ally (though in a somewhat distant and sheepish way) his admiration for Lady Lee. Bagot had at first laughed at him, but, finding the squire's affections to be more seriously engaged than he had imagined, he began to consider in his own mind how he could best turn the circumstance to account. It was with the view of executing the result of his meditations that he now visited Monkstone, on the first day of his coming down into the country.

He found Mr. Dubbley, just returned from rabbit-shooting, taking off his half-boots and gaiters in the hall. He was a good-looking man, about five-and-thirty, rather bald, with a cunning eye and an imbecile half-smile. On seeing Bagot come up the steps, the squire ran towards him in his worsted stockings, with the knee-strings of his corduroy breeches dangling about his calves.

“Pon my life, colonel,” said Mr. Dubbley, “I never was so glad to see anybody. I was just thinking how the devil I was to get through the evening. Your presences quite survives me.” The squire meant revives, but his language was sometimes even less clear than his ideas.

“Dubbley, my boy, how goes it?” said Bagot. “Been working the rabbits, eh? You look sound, wind and limb.”

“Sound as a bell,” said Squire Dubbley, “and most particular hungry. Just you go into the dining-room, colonel, and wait while I wash my hands. I'll order another plate to be laid.”

Bagot accordingly entered the dining-room. He did not fail to remark several alterations in the apartment. Some French (very French) prints had been removed. The extremely plain furniture of old Mr. Dubbley's time was replaced by the productions of a London upholsterer. Some books, too—rare objects at Monkstone—in very grand bindings, lay scattered about. Bagot took up one—it was an illustrated Life of Napoleon. Presently the squire entered at another door, bearing a cobwebbed bottle in each hand, and another under his arm.

“I stick to my old rule,” said the squire—“always go to the cellar myself. Why, a tippling butler might knock off the head of a bottle, and drink it up any time, if he had the keys, colonel; and how should I be the wiser?—unless,” added the squire, thoughtfully, “unless I was counting the bottles all day long.”

“Your're a sharp fellow, Dubbley,” said Bagot, who wanted to put him in good-humor. “T would be a clever butler that could do you.”

The squire chuckled. "Yes," said he, "I'm pretty sharp. Yes, yes, sharp enough, by George! I get done sometimes, though. Ah, colonel, I wish you had been here a little while ago. 'Pon my life, I never wished so much for anybody. Do you remember Sully Perkins?"

"What—the good-looking housemaid!" said Bagot. "Yes—deuced fine girl; you rather admired her, didn't you?"

"I gave her warning," said Mr. Dubbley, "because, instead of minding her work, she spent most of her time going about to fairs and merry-makings; and I told her I should only give her half the wages we'd agreed upon, because she'd turned out so good-for-nothing. What do you think she said to that, now?"

"Don't know," said Bagot. "What *did* she say?"

"Why, she said," returned the squire, "that if I did n't pay her double, she'd summon me, and swear that I had refused her her money out of revenge because she would n't let me make love to her."

"Oh!" said Bagot, dryly.

"And I told her to go to the devil; but she went to a lawyer—"

"Quite a different course," said Bagot.

"And, by George," said the squire, "she made him believe her story. I'd have kicked against it—yes, I'd have gone to jail first—for the jade used to skylark with half the parish, though she'd have nothing to say to me; but I wanted to keep the thing quiet, and I gave in. Certain people," said the squire, laying his finger on his nose, and winking at Bagot, "might have heard of it."

"Certain people!" said Bagot, interrogatively.

"Ah," said the squire, "these things sound queer to ladies. I might have felt ashamed before somebody we know—somebody you and I know," said the squire, looking idiotically wise.

"Where did these books come from?" inquired Bagot, pretending not to notice the squire's drift. "You don't mean to say you ever read anything now. What made you get that *Life of Napoleon*?"

"Ah," said Mr. Dubbley, "great traveller, Napoleon! Yes, I've begun to read. I felt my deficiency. I've felt it a good while, but it has come plainer upon me lately. Last time I was in town I gave a bookseller an order to fill my shelves."

"Who selected your library?" asked Bagot. "Had the gamekeeper anything to do with it?"

"I left it to the bookseller," replied Dubbley. "I gave him the size of the shelves to an inch, and you'll find 'em quite full. They're all bound alike, too."

"Why, it must have been rather expensive," said Bagot, looking towards the volumes. "All bound in Russia, eh?"

"Russia! No, d—n it, no," said the squire, "they were all bound in London, every one of 'em; and I had to come down for 'em handsomely, as you say. You see," said the squire, as they sat down to dinner, "one must read to have something to say in ladies' society. If 't was n't for that, curse me if I'd ever look at a book."

"What are you reading up for?" asked Bagot—"the housemaid or the cook! By gad, I expect, Dubbley, to see you marry the scullery-maid yet!"

"Eh—what?" said the squire, changing color (for he had much more confidence in Bagot's opinion than his own, even on such a point). "No, hang it, don't say that! Scullery-maid!—no, by George! nor dairy-maid neither," he muttered. "No, no, I thought you knew my mind better than that."

"I'll tell you what it is, Dubbley, my boy," said the colonel, laying down his knife and fork, and looking at him, "if you don't mind what you're at, some sharp woman or other will take you in—some pretty servant-maid, whose sense of propriety is proof against a five-pound note. I'd engage to make any good-looking girl in the parish marry you before Christmas, if she'd only follow my instructions."

"For God's sake don't talk like that!—the thing's beyond a joke! Come, colonel, you wouldn't be so unfriendly!" said Mr. Dubbley, pushing away his plate, and rubbing his bald forehead nervously with his napkin, as he thought of the colonel's unbounded resources, all brought to bear upon his unfortunate self.

Bagot laughed. "If you're such a confounded spoon that you can't trust yourself, Dubbley," said he, "why don't you put yourself out of harm's way? Why don't you marry some respectable woman that would do you credit and keep you out of scrapes?"

"The very thing," said Dubbley "the very thing I intend. I've been thinking of it this long while. What d'ye think now of a certain person—a certain person not very far off! Any chance for me eh?"

"The very thing," said the colonel; "nothing could be better. Handsome, accomplished, rich—what could be better! But there go two words to that bargain. You know that, don't you?"

"What—mine and hers, eh?" said the squire, looking wise.

"Mine, I fancy, is more important than either," said Bagot gravely.

"Why, I know you've great influence with her, colonel. But, then, I always thought you a friend of mine."

"Well," said the colonel, "you're not a

bad fellow, Dubbley, I believe — though you did refuse to lend me that two hundred I wanted the last time I was down."

"Had n't got it, upon my soul — could n't have raised it without a mortgage, I'll take my solemn oath," said Mr. Dubbley, with great warmth and some confusion; for he lied, and Bagot knew it.

"Pooh," said the colonel, "I know, to a penny, the amount of the rents you had then lying in Doddington bank. But never mind; you're right to be sharp. Every man for himself, and God for us all! But I've something more to say to her ladyship's marriage than my mere relationship gives me a right to say. You know, if she marries without my consent, she forfeits her income and the place."

"But it won't do you any good to say no," said the squire.

"Won't it, indeed! If she marries without my consent, part of what she forfeits comes to me," said the colonel. "And you don't think me such a confounded fool as to give all this away to a man who looks so close after his own, and cares so little about his friends, as you!"

The squire looked blank. He really did n't know what argument to set against these forcible ones. Bagot helped him to one.

"Now, on the other hand, there's this to be said: If she never marries, I shall be no better off than I am. I may keep her single, but that will do me no good. We shall be disobliging each other."

Mr. Dubbley, after a minute's intense thought, got into this new position.

"And therefore," Bagot went on, "if I could find a man who would make it worth my while to say yes, why, perhaps yes would be said."

"What do you call worth your while?" asked the squire.

"Ah," said Bagot, "that would be a point for future consideration. There are a good many preliminaries to be gone through before we come to that. For instance, I suppose her ladyship does n't dream of you as a suitor yet. What d'ye think, now? — does she?"

"Why, no," said the squire, "no — that is, I can't say. I call there now and then. I've sent a good deal of game."

"You won't get on very fast without a little help, I suspect," said Bagot. "If Lady Lee was a chambermaid now — but she's a devilish well-bred, exclusive, superior sort of person, with deuced high notions."

"Yes, by George!" said the squire. "I know that; I'm as moute as a muce — I mean as mute as a mouse — in her company. But I should get over that. However, give me a lift, and — and we'll see about the two hundred, colonel," he added.

Bagot shook his head.

"Two hundred might have been all very well when I asked you," said he, "but twice two hundred would n't serve me now. The fact is, I'm infernally dipped — let in at that cursed Spring meeting."

The squire fidgeted in his chair, and glanced nervously at him. Presently he rose, and, unlocking his writing-desk, took out some slips of paper — promissory notes of Bagot's — and began to enumerate them.

"Fifty last December twelvemonth," said he — "a hundred more in April — a hundred and seventy-five more, up to last Christmas — making, with interest —"

"Interest, be hanged!" roared Bagot. "Put up your paper! I vow to Heaven, you look like some infernal Jew money-lender preparing to foreclose. As to the other five hundred, Dubbley, I would n't trouble you on any account. Young Crackenthorpe of Rosemead will lend it me in a minute. He's a trump, that fellow, when he can serve a friend."

"Ah!" said the squire, packing up his bills, much relieved, "I'm sure he will, with pleasure. He's a rich fellow, Crackenthorpe; and if he says he has n't the money, don't you believe him. I heard him bragging the other day that he had a loose thousand or two to invest."

"Yes," said Bagot, "a regular trump; a devilish creditable sort of fellow, too, to be connected with. I hear he's been casting his eyes in a certain direction lately. Her ladyship might do worse than take a fine gentlemanly young fellow like that, with good expectations."

Verbum sapientibus sufficit. If Mr. Dubbley had been the wisest of men, a word could not have better sufficed him. He felt that Bagot had a screw on him and was turning it.

"By the by," he stuttered, "now I think of it, I would n't advise you to have any dealings with Crackenthorpe. No, no, colonel, don't go to him for money; they say he's got cursed stingy lately — no getting a sixpence out of him. Why, 'pon my soul, I'd rather lend you the money myself, if I possibly could, than let you go to the fellow. Just wait while I look at my banker's book" — which he pretended to consult accordingly.

"Good, by Jove!" said Bagot to himself, rolling his red eye after him, with an inward chuckle. "If he parts with five hundred so easily, I foresee he will be a very pretty annuity to me. Good, indeed! — better than I expected."

And as he rode homeward that night, slapping the pocket that contained Mr. Dubbley's check for the five hundred (in exchange for which another promissory note had been added to the little roll of them already in the squire's writing-desk), he repeated to himself, "Better than I expected."

From Household Words.

SIX YEARS AMONG CANNIBALS.

I AM physician to a hospital in a large seaport town. My curiosity was aroused lately by the face of a man, which, as it lay upon the pillow of a hospital bed, looked singularly savage. It was marked by a broad blue line extending from the lower level of his nose to an inch below the lips, and from the back of one whisker to the back of the other. Evidently such a tattoo-mark was not one with which any white man would have been willingly disfigured. On the patient's recovery I put some questions to him, and obtained the substance of the following account. For several reasons I believe the tale to be a true one. It was not volunteered; the man appeared to be ashamed of his own story, and required a steady cross-examination before he would yield up half of what he had to say. The cross-questioning produced no inconsistent statements; no published accounts contradict anything that he states; and he mentions many facts known in this country through books which it is not likely that he ever read.

David or Daniel Dash, native of the state of Virginia, embarked on board a whaling ship, as a common seaman, at the age of nineteen. His ship sailed round Cape Horn, and had been cruising about for perhaps nineteen months, when she was overtaken by a storm near the Marquesas; there she was driven ashore in spite of all exertions, and soon went to pieces. The crew consisted of thirty persons. The captain and twenty-four men took to the boats, and he believes escaped. He and four others swam to land. As soon as they arrived on shore they were surrounded by the natives, made prisoners, and carried a few miles into the interior. Being then placed in a long hut, the prince or chief came to them and arranged them in a line. Without any delay the choice was offered to them—whether they would be tattooed or killed. The chief easily made his meaning understood; he produced first the usual tattooing implements, pointed to the marks on his own person, and then to the bodies of his prisoners. Presenting next a knife, he made a feint of cutting off their heads.

After this dumb-show, the chief offered to each man in succession, dagger or bowl, that is to say, knife or tattooing apparatus. Would they be dead men or savages? Dash's four companions, being his seniors, polled first at this election, and they chose the knife. He was, however, young to die, and willing to do anything to save his life. He chose to be tattooed. As soon as the decision of the five men had been ascertained, the four who had disdained to be made comrades by the canni-

bals were killed. They lost their heads. Without the least delay their bodies were cut up, and preparations made for a feast. The large bones were cut out to make fish-hooks, spear-heads, tattoo instruments; particular parts were cut off to be given as offerings to the gods, and the rest of the flesh was cooked. Holes were then dug in the earth, and filled with dry wood, some large stones being placed here and there among the wood, to be heated when the pile was fired. After ignition, fresh wood was heaped on, and the fire kept up until the ground had been made thoroughly hot. The ashes being then raked out, the flesh was put into the holes, and covered with the stones and embers. It was so left for about half an hour, and at the end of that time taken out, and eaten by perhaps two hundred men. Before the feast was ready, the men had begun to drink an intoxicating liquor, which resembled soap-suds in appearance, and soon took effect. This was the Cava cup, of which travellers have written, and Lord Byron has sung. Having no rum or other spirits, and not understanding the way to prepare any ordinary fermented liquors, the islanders had been led to the discovery of a strange substitute. They procure a root called Cava root (which appears, by the by, to be very rich in starch); they cut it up, and chew it thoroughly; they then wash it in water, strain it through tappa cloth; and, throwing the fibrous part away, retain the washings. These are allowed to stand for a short time, during which they ferment, and acquire intoxicating power. This drink appears to act as slow poison; for indulgence in it reduces men often to a miserable state of nervousness and blindness.

These natives seem from Daniel's account to be epicures in cannibalism; and it is rather agreeable to white men to know that they do not think so much of white men as they do of black. Black men's flesh is greatly preferred to pork, and their fondness for it is so decided that no man of that color would ever have a choice given him for his life. The whites on the contrary usually meet with the same treatment that Dash and his companions had experienced. The feast being over, tattooing operations were commenced upon him. The instruments employed were pieces of bone filed into the shape of very fine saws; they were about three inches long and varied from a pen-knife's to two fingers' breadth; these were set in cane handles, and when used were placed upon the skin and struck by a sort of wooden mallet till blood spirted out. Burnt human bones were then rubbed in over the wounds. The process was exceedingly painful, so much so that only small portions of the skin were painted at a sitting. Three months elapsed before the whole tattooing

was compete. Dash was marked on the face, on the breast, on the back, and from the toe nails to the ankles. All the natives of this island and the neighboring ones are tattooed. The process seems to be compulsory, like some of the initiations practised by the North American Indians. It has to be undergone alike by men and women. The priests or doctors, called "Vahanna," are the operators. The usual age for the operation is eighteen. The father hands over his children to the operator as they reach that age, with a certain sum, either of goods, money, or land. In case of his death before the children are sufficiently mature he leaves some of his land for the same purpose. The men are usually tattooed in patterns, women more plainly. In women the lips are marked by small spots, the ears are bored, and round the hole, faint blue concentric lines are drawn. The hands are marked as far as the wrists, looking as if they were gloved. The feet are marked in a similar way as far as the ankle, and there extend stripes from the upper margin of this tattooed shoe to the knee joint.

When the process of tattooing had been properly completed, Dash was adopted by the chief into the tribe. This man "changed places with him," "gave up his seat to him," and "they exchanged names;" Dash became Coonocai (Coonoo) or "the great chief," and the chief David or Daniel Dash. The chief could pronounce Daniel better than David, and so adopted that one of the two names which the sailor claims a right to use at option. The chief also gave him his daughter to wife, a well-built, handsome woman of nineteen years of age. He "had to marry" also four-and-twenty others, who expected to be treated as his lawful spouses, but who were in some degree inferior to the princess.

The brothers and friends of these wives soon built for their new associate a hut of bamboo, in which the entire family resided. A small compartment was made for the princess and her spouse—a sort of state-room—to mark their superiority. He was in every way treated as a chief; the brothers of his wife prepared his victuals; a pig was killed every second day for the use of his household, and they had as many boiled potatoes as they could eat. He had four children only during the time he remained on the island, three of whom died in their infancy. He was about ten months before he could speak the language perfectly, but he could make himself understood much earlier.

The women, he says, have, on the whole, few children. They suffer scarcely anything at a confinement; and do not usually nurse their children very long; they feed them with cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and raw fish, all these being finely chewed before they are given to

the infant. None of the people like cooked fish; they all prefer it raw. Few die in infancy; the great majority of children born are reared. They seem almost to have an instinct for the water. As soon as they can walk to the edge of the stream they walk into it, and they can swim as soon as or even before they have learnt to run. I may observe that all children appear to have a particular fondness for the water; but those only can indulge it who go constantly either quite naked, or in clothes not liable to be injured, who at the same time have access to water mild and genial as our summer air.

The natives of the Marquesas keep up their swimming powers throughout their lives, and attain extraordinary faculties. They have no fear of sharks; when one appears in the bay the natives singly or in numbers "go out to attack it" in its own element with their knives. They have canoes, which they manage cleverly, and use in trading excursions to other islands, or in fishing.

The color of the islanders is similar to that of many a tawny Spaniard—a light mahogany. The men and women are of a medium height, well made, and often very good-looking. Their dress consists of a piece of tappa cloth round the loins, concerning which they are as careful and proud as we are in reference to the quality and fashion of our more numerous and costly garments. This tappa cloth is made by beating a part of the bark of the bread-fruit tree with a sort of wooden mallet, which breaks up its fibres so that they may be stretched out, like the lace bark of the West Indies. This is carefully washed and bleached until it becomes as white and as fine as linen. It is never woven.

In disposition the islanders are, by Daniel's account, true savages. They are constantly at war with neighboring tribes. The country is full of mountains and woods, the former being very steep and difficult, the latter dense and extensive. The valleys and bays are the parts in and about which the inhabitants are chiefly clustered. A distance of four miles is frequently all the interspace between the lands belonging to two hostile tribes. The men are constantly at war, and have the Dyak fondness for heads. Scarcely a moonlight night elapses but one man or other goes on a head-hunting excursion. They often go alone, but usually hunt in twos or threes. They start before night-fall, so as to arrive in the neighborhood of the intended victim shortly after dark; they then either lie in ambush for a lone man, or go to a hut, disguising their voices, ask for shelter, or a light for their pipes. When the door is opened, they rush in; and if they can succeed in overpowering the inmates, they kill them, cut off their heads and return. The bodies are too heavy to be dragged over the mountains. The

trophy or trophies being thus secured, are cut into as many parts as possible, and given to the numerous gods to propitiate them and to procure from them good luck. These gods are usually uncouth figures, but by oversight I omitted to examine Daniel on this subject. He spoke contemptuously of the people for believing just what their doctor priests told them — said that they told them all sorts of things — but did not, of his own will, particularize any.

As his account of the Taboo agreed completely with that made familiar by many writers, not forgetting Herman Melville, I did not ask many questions about it. In these midnight expeditions the knife is used; in larger battles, however, the musket supersedes all other arms. Great battles are very numerous; a fortnight never elapses without one. My informant said, "He could not rightly tell what they fought for — he did not think they knew themselves — they could not be at peace." In these fights, between two and three hundred will engage on either side; the scene of the battle is usually laid in the woods, and the combatants dodge to and fro among the trees. None like to expose themselves fully; the whiz of a bullet immediately frightens them, and causes them to drop upon the ground. In consequence of all this caution, the contests are often prolonged over from one to three days, and it rarely happens that more than four or five are killed on either side. They sometimes, but seldom, come to close quarters, when they fight with their muskets clubbed. As soon as a few men are killed, the losing side withdraws, the victims are then conveyed to their village by the conquerors, the "fancy" parts of their bodies are devoted to the gods, the rest is cooked and eaten by the men. The warriors do not appear to have much sense of honor; for the strong tribes constantly make war upon the weak, and two or three tribes now and then suspend their own quarrels to make more effective war upon a fourth. In consequence of this spirit many tribes are now almost exterminated and do not include more than twenty or thirty men. All the people speak one language, so that an union might be easily effected if the temper of the people changed.

As they are savage in their war with hostile tribes, so they are rude and brutal in their peace among themselves. From some cause or another Daniel was constantly attacked by the women of the tribe, who, half in savage fun and half in earnest, used to seize him by the beard and hair and shake him; this they could often do without fear of his wrath, as more than two or three would set on him at once. He considered that the attention was paid chiefly in fun, but he had often to thrash the ladies vigorously before they would set him free. The men are not

commonly savage amongst themselves, as man to man — rather as man to woman. He had seen men thrashing women with the butt end of a musket, and had known limbs to be broken in this way. In such cases it would be of no use for the wife to go home to her father; he would only thrash her again and send her back. It is not often that actual murder takes place; when it does, atonement is made to the friends of the deceased by presents, or the murderer is driven out into another tribe.

The islanders have enough regard for their friends to show the delicate abstinence of not eating them — whether killed in battle or by chance. They never inter their dead, but take them out to a distance in the woods, where a rude cane hut is built to protect each corpse from the sun and rain; a sort of trough is made for the dead man's bed, in which his body is left. Two days afterwards a hog is killed, cooked, and deposited by the bedside. This is done under the impression that the dead require food like the living, and the supply is continued long after the flesh has crumbled into dust; in fact, until the family of the defunct has itself become extinct. It forms one of the chief occupations of the life of the living to convey food to the dead. Unlike some other savage nations, they keep the old people during the helplessness of age with assiduous care; the younger members of the family, or of the tribe, supply them regularly with provisions.

The climate is warm, genial, and healthy; sickness is rare; nevertheless, from the causes before mentioned, the population is on the decrease. Daniel was not aware that any European diseases had been introduced, nor were the people habitually given to intoxication.

There are numerous feasts held in the course of the year — usually one every two months. The occasion of such a feast is most commonly the reception of some recently tattooed individuals, male or female, among the adult members of a tribe. The chief entertainment then is dancing. When all is prepared, the men of the tribe arrange themselves on one side of an open space — the women in a line opposite and parallel to them — between these opposed sides there are placed four men whose duty it is to keep time by beating drums. The drums are made by scooping the interior from a piece of wood and stretching a shark skin over it, which is tightened by cords made of cocoa-nut fibre. The musicians produce on them only discordant notes — but the rest of the people somewhat improve the effect by clapping their hands and singing.

Near the musicians the recently tattooed youths are placed "yellowed off," said Daniel, "with curry and cocoa nut, till they shine

like burnished mahogany." They take no active part in the proceedings. The dancers are women, who are chosen for their good looks from amongst the wives and maidens indiscriminately; they are usually six in number, and are dressed very handsomely; their head-dress consists of tortoiseshell, pearl, and feathers; their other clothing is a long robe of tappa cloth, open in front, and reaching to the ankles like a dressing gown. It is ornamented as far down as the hips, with bright feathers, hair, &c. The fingers of the women when they dance are ornamented with long feathers, which are fastened to them in such a way as to give to the hands somewhat the appearance of wings. The motions are not by any means vivacious; the women move their hands, pretending to be birds; they wriggle their bodies about also in imitation of eels, and approach each other gradually in this way on one heel. Successive sets of dancers thus present themselves, and the feast is kept up usually for three days; pork and potatoes being eaten, and cava drunk; the singing of native songs is often added to increase and vary the enjoyment.

All the natives of the Marquesas have numerous names. Daniel himself had thirty, which belonged, in fact, to a graver class of nicknames. His most common title (I write it from the sound), was Touannahheematehoi, or (Tou-an-â-e-mâ-te-o-ey), which meant "the great chief."

There was no lack of food. The people cultivated the (sweet) potato with success, and had plenty of yams and bread-fruit. They caught numbers of fish, and kept a great many swine.

The savages were very fond of talking. When he knew their language, a number of them would come to Daniel, set him in the midst, and call upon him to tell them stories, to which they would sit and listen quietly for hours. "They wanted to know all about America, and white people; whether he had a wife at home, and the like." On one occasion they asked whether he would take them with him to America. "Yes," he said, "but you would cry if I did." "Ah, yes," they answered, "that is true; we should cry after our fathers and mothers—we should cry to come back to our lands. The whites," they said, "must surely think very little of their fathers and mothers; or must leave them when they are very young, or they never could go sailing all over the world as they do. If we attempted it, we should be always crying either after our parents or our children."

Such conversations made the young white chief a great favorite with his tribe, and he obtained such influence among them, that he believes he could have prevented them from again attacking other whites. He never went to war with them, however; "he had too much

respect for his own safety; he never knew what might happen." His wives "thought a very great deal about him, and if they fancied he had ever thought of going out to fight, they would have set on him, and bound him fast in his own house." He always told them, that if he went away, he would come back again; and he believes, therefore, that they are still expecting him. He lived very happily with his house-full of wives, dividing his attentions very equally among them, and allowing due rank to "the princess." He was well treated by the men.

The natives do a little trading among themselves; the articles of barter being chiefly pigs and tappa cloth, fish-hooks, muskets, powder, and things of that kind. Their surgical skill is small; but they have good constitutions upon which to practise, and seem to have learned certain good principles. The chief demand for the doctor's art is in the cure of musket-wounds, in which the treatment is to keep the track of the ball as clean as possible.

The tribe with which Daniel herded was, if I recollect rightly, named the Cauachas, and his residence was on the island called by the natives Motâni. He gave me, however, the names of the surrounding islands at the same time, and I am not quite sure that I have retained the proper one; but it was either Mat or Magdalena. The others are Magdalena, Fatuiva, Toowata, Dominique, Rahuga, and Nukuhiva.

In answer to a question as to the possibility of civilizing his old friends, he said that the French had established a settlement on Rahuga (I think), where they had remained during five years. They built a small fort, European houses, and churches; but finding the place too expensive, or for some other reason, they then abandoned it. During the night after their departure, all the natives who had been friendly with the French were either killed or taken prisoners, and on the next day all the houses and other edifices that could be destroyed were pulled to pieces, and the prisoners were landed on another island; so the place became again as wild as it was before the French had it in charge. There are some French still in Rhuiva, and some French missionaries in Ruapo.

Having in my remembrance Herman Melville's story of adventures in the Marquesas, I asked my patient about Typee or Happar. He informed me that there was a Typee Bay in Nukiva (Nukuhiva), where the people were very savage, and that he had heard of Happa in Dominique. He had heard also of Hanapa Bay, where a white man named Brown had been killed who had left his vessel there.

After Daniel had been on the island about six years, he and another white from another

island began, with the assistance of the natives, to build a schooner, with which they hoped to trade with California, and the west coast of America. When they had been at work for about six months, Daniel, attacked with dysentery, became very low and weak. At that time an American ship passed the island, and a boat came ashore (the men being well armed) in search of wood and water. Daniel went on board the ship, telling the natives that he should return. Had they thought him anxious to escape from them they would, no doubt, have kept him prisoner until the ship was gone. He went on board, the captain promised fair to him, and so he left the island; not, he says, without some regret. It is now nineteen months since he escaped.

The man is a well-looking fellow (barring the marks upon his face), and it is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that he has a peculiarly soft voice; which, I cannot help thinking, must have been formed or improved by his long residence amongst a people whose language is without harsh sounds or gutturals.

From Punch.

THE PALMERSTONIAN CATECHISMS. — Lord Palmerston having announced that it would, in his opinion, be a most desirable thing that all candidates for Diplomatic Offices should be duly educated for their work, and should, from time to time, undergo Examinations, in order to prove that they are properly qualified, *Mr. Punch* and his lordship have framed a series of questions, with which Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Secretary, has instructed our representatives to provide themselves, and to which they are to be prepared to reply. The following are addressed to the young gentlemen who call themselves *Attachés* :—

1. Can you understand French when it is spoken to you?

2. Do you ordinarily comprehend an epigram, or, if not, can you look as if you did?

3. Have you made yourself master of the great doctrines of Cookery, of the lives of its professors and martyrs, and of the principal points in culinary polemics?

4. Can you copy a despatch, without its contents leaving the slightest impression on your mind?

5. Give specimens of the properly contemptuous tone in which an *Attaché* speaks of his Ambassador behind the back of the latter.

6. Give imitations of the Ambassador's, or of any other member of the Ambassador's establishment.

7. By what excuses do you chiefly evade duty when you want to ride, pay a visit, or go to the Opera, instead of completing the papers entrusted to you, and how do you establish a good understanding with the physician to the Embassy?

8. Suppose, by some unhappy accident, you were made *Chargé d'affaires* in the absence of your chief, and naturally wished to show your

zeal and talent, in what way would you try to get up a misunderstanding?

9. Write a despatch acknowledging the receipt of documents.

10. Now, revise that despatch, and correct the grammar and the spelling.

11. Revise it again, and try and make it say what you mean.

12. Copy it, without leaving out the principal word.

13. State your chief reasons for hating the Secretary.

14. State whether, in society, you assume the extreme butterfly, or the profound diplomat, and whether you talk *entr'acte* or protocol. Give specimens of each style.

15. State, upon oath, whether you ever reported yourself to have rather mystified Princess L—. If not, what do you think of the diplomatic chances of the Honorable Carnaby Spoonbill, who, at 22, boasted to that effect in Carlton Gardens?

16. What, do you suppose, is the use of you?

From the Ladies' Companion.

TO ONE AFAR.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

O strong and pure of soul! — O earnest-hearted!

Like stranger pilgrims at some wayside shrine
Have we two met, and mingled faith, and parted,
Thy pathway leading far away from mine.

The soul of ancient song is round thee swelling,
To triumph—marches leading on the hours;
Thy life hath Tempe shades, where gods are dwelling,

Where founts Castalian play among the flowers.

But faintly may the voices of the ages

Come to my yearning but imperfect sense —
The strength of heroes and the lore of sages,
The fire of song, the storm of eloquence.

Thy thoughts, their grand vibrations far out-flinging

Like church-tower bells ring out the morning chime,

While flow my numbers like the gleeful singing
Of peasant maidens at the vintage time.

Grandeur and power are shrined within thy spirit;

It moves in deeps and joys, in storm and night —

While mine, of simpler mould, may but inherit
The love of all things beautiful and bright.

Truth's earnest seeker, thou — I Fancy's rover:

Thy life is like a river deep and wide:

I but the light-winged wild bird passing over,
One moment mirrored in the rushing tide.

Thus were we parted — thou still onward hastening,

Pouring the great flood of that life along;

While I on sunny slopes am careless wasting
The little summer of my time of song.

THE SCULPTOR'S CAREER.

III. — RUINED FOR AN ARTIST.

FLAXMAN had been married but a few weeks, when one day he returned home to his young wife, full of sadness at heart. There was a cloud on his brow, so unusual, that she at once proceeded to inquire into the cause. Flaxman sat down beside her, took her hand, and said, with a smile —

"Ann, I am *ruined for an artist!*"

"How so, John? How has it happened, and who has done it?"

"It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it! I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he told me, point-blank, that marriage had ruined me in my profession."

"Nonsense, John; it is only one of Sir Joshua's theories. He is a bachelor himself, and cannot understand nor judge of the quiet satisfaction and happiness of married life."

"Oh! he firmly believes it, I can assure you. Sir Joshua thinks no man can be a *great* artist, unless he visits Rome, and educates his taste by a contemplation of the great models of antiquity. He is constantly telling the students at the Academy that if they would excel, they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art, from the moment they rise until they go to bed."

"What! and leave no room, no corner, for the affections? Don't believe him, John; don't be cast down. You are a true artist, and you will be a great one."

"But he says no man can be a *great* artist unless he studies the grand style of art in the magnificent works of Michael Angelo and Raffaele, in the Vatican. Now, I," drawing up his small figure to its full height — "I would be a great artist."

"And you *shall* be! You, too, if that be necessary, shall study at Rome, in the Vatican. I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined you for an artist."

"But how?" asked Flaxman — "how to get to Rome?"

"I will tell you how. Work and economize. If you will leave the latter to me, we shall soon be able to spare the means for a visit to Rome — and *together*, mind! Ann Denham must go and look after her ruined artist."

And she shook her curls, and gave one of her bright, hearty laughs.

"Ann," said he — and Flaxman took his wife's hand in his — "what Reynolds has said to-day, and what you have said now, have determined me. I will go to Rome, and show the president that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm, and you shall accompany me."

She was a noble, true-hearted woman this

wife of Flaxman's. The artist was, in the course of his life, fortunate beyond most men in the friendships which he formed with estimable women; but his wife stood higher than them all in his estimation; for she was friend, fellow-student, companion, comforter, and wife, all in one. Like him, Ann Flaxman had a fine taste for art; she also knew something of Greek, and was well skilled in French and Italian. Withal, she was a frugal, well-managing wife; and could keep her own kitchen and parlor as tidy as she did her husband's studio. She could knit and mend as well as draw, and cook a Yorkshire pudding as deftly as she could read a passage from Racine or Anastasio. Her household was a model of neatness and taste, and there always seemed to reign within it a devout quiet and perfect tranquillity.

Patiently and happily this loving couple plodded on during five years in that humble little home in Wardour Street; always with the long journey to Rome before them. It was never lost sight of for a moment, and not a penny was uselessly spent that could be saved towards the expenses of the visit. They said no word to any one about their project; solicited no aid from the Academy; but trusted only to their own patient labor and love to pursue and achieve their object. During this time, Flaxman exhibited but few works. He could not afford marble to experiment on original works; but he obtained occasional commissions for monuments, by the profits of which he maintained himself. One of his first works of this kind was the monument in memory of Collins the poet, now placed in Chichester Cathedral. His monument to Mrs. Morley, for Gloucester Cathedral, was greatly admired, and tended to increase his reputation and extend his business. He also continued to supply the Messrs. Wedgwood, of Etruria, with designs for pottery-ware, many of which have since been revived, and a considerable number of them were exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851. About this time, Flaxman executed for the same gentleman a set of designs of chessmen, of exquisite beauty, which are worthy of being more extensively known.

Five years passed, and Flaxman set out, in company of his wife, for the Eternal City. Like all other artists who visit Rome, he was astonished by the splendor of the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, and the surpassing beauty and grandeur of the works which they contained. He could not fail greatly to profit by his visit. He applied himself eagerly to study, laboring meanwhile, like most other poor artists who visit Rome, to maintain himself by his daily labor. It was at this time that he composed his beautiful designs illustrative of Homer, Æschylus, and Dante, for English purchasers; and we rejoice to see that

the illustrations of Homer have recently been accessible to all classes of purchasers.* He was, doubtless, greatly aided in the composition of these designs by the numerous antique bas-reliefs on Greek and Etruscan vases and sarcophagi, which he had now an opportunity of studying. But though he thus satiated his fancy with the spirit of the days of old, he threw his own inventive genius into his works. He created, and did not copy. The one was to him far easier and infinitely more delightful than the other.

What does the reader think were Flaxman's terms for executing these rare and beautiful illustrations of Homer? Fifteen shillings apiece! This was the price paid for them by Mrs. Hare Naylor. But Flaxman needed the money, and he worked for art's sake as well. The money earned by the sale of his designs enabled him meanwhile to find bread and raiment for himself and wife, and to go onward in the prosecution of his darling studies. But the Homeric designs brought him more than money. They brought him fame and *éclat*, and friends and patrons began to flock to his studio. The munificent Thomas Hope commissioned him to execute the group of Cephalus and Aurora, which now adorns the fine collection of his son in Piccadilly. About the same time the Bishop of Derry (Earl of Bristol) ordered of him a group from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, representing the fury of Athamos; but the price paid for it was such as to leave the artist a loser. The Countess Spencer commissioned the set of designs after *Æschylus*, at a guinea each, and Mr. Hope took the set illustrative of Dante at the same price. These works brought more fame than money; still Flaxman could live, his loving wife ever by his side.

Some years thus passed, when Flaxman resolved to return to England, to show that wedlock had not "ruined him for an artist." Bonaparte had struck one or two of his terrible blows on the further side of the Alps, and the English were all crowding home. But before he left Italy the academies of Florence and Carrara recognized Flaxman's merits by electing him a member.

Soon after his return to England, and almost before he had settled down into full employment as a sculptor, he paid one of the most tender and delicate tributes to his wife that artist ever paid. It was his own way of acknowledging the love and the admirable qualities of his wife, and proud indeed she must have been with the gift as of the giver. He got a quarto book made, containing some score of leaves, and on the first page he drew the design of a dove with an olive-branch in her mouth, guardian angels on either side, with the words written underneath—"To

Ann Flaxman." Beneath this was the representation of two hands clasped as at an altar, and a garland borne by two cherubs carried the following inscription—"The anniversary of your birthday calls on me to be grateful for fourteen happy years passed in your society. Accept the tribute of these sketches, which, under the allegory of a knight-errant's adventures, indicate the trials of virtue and the conquest of vice, preparatory to a happier state of existence. John Flaxman, Oct. 2, 1796." The designs in the book were forty in number, two on each page. They are still preserved, and are so full of grace and beauty—they tell the story of trial, endurance, faith, hope, and courage, so well, that we wish some adventurous publisher would undertake now to give them to the world. We are of opinion that Flaxman's remarkable genius—his imaginative and artistic qualities—are more vividly exhibited in these and others of his designs than even in his most elaborate sculptured works.

Flaxman often used to say in jest before his friends—"Well, Sir Joshua was wrong in his prophecy, after all. You see wedlock did *not* ruin me for an artist. Did it, Ann!" Ann's reply may easily be imagined.

IV. — SUCCESS.

The sculptor, on his return from Rome, took up his abode at No. 7, Fitzroy Square, Buckingham Street, and he remained there until his death, thirty years after. His small studio, in which so many noble works were elaborated, still exists. His fame had preceded him to England, and he found no want of lucrative employment now. While at Rome, he had been commissioned to execute his famous monument in memory of Lord Mansfield, and it was erected in the north transept of Westminster Abbey shortly after his return. It stands there in majestic grandeur, a monument to the genius of Flaxman himself—calm, simple, and severe. No wonder that Banks, the sculptor, then in the heyday of his fame, exclaimed when he saw it—"This little man cuts us all out!"

When the bigwigs of the Royal Academy heard of Flaxman's return, and especially when they had an opportunity of seeing and admiring his noble portrait-statue of Mansfield, they were eager to have him enrolled among their number. The Royal Academy has always had the art of "running to the help of the strongest," and when an artist has proved that he can achieve a reputation without the Academy, then is the Academy most anxious to "patronize" him. The Academy, it will be remembered, had given its gold medal to his unworthy competitor, Engleheart, passing by his own far superior work. He had then felt bitterly vexed, but determined that the next time he modelled

* In the *National Illustrated Library*. Ingram, Cooke, and Co.

for the Academy it should be as a master—he would deserve and he would command their applause. Perhaps, too, he had not forgotten the president's cruel cut when Flaxman told him he had married—"You are ruined for life as an artist." Well! he had got over both these slights. The wounds had healed kindly, and he had no desire to keep alive the grievance. He allowed his name to be proposed in the candidates' list of associates, and was immediately elected. In the course of the same year (1797) he exhibited his monument of Sir William Jones, and several bas-reliefs from the New Testament, which were greatly admired.

His progress was now rapid, and he was constantly employed. Perseverance and study had made him great, and he went on from triumph to triumph.

In the heyday of his fame, some years after his return to England, Flaxman conceived the design of a colossal statue to the naval power of Britain, which he proposed should be erected, two hundred feet in height, on Greenwich Hill. The idea was a grand one—that of a majestic landmark for mariners, overlooking the tide of British commerce, on which the wealth of all lands was borne upon the busy Thames into the lap of England, and standing, as it were, sentinel over the last retreat of British naval heroes. But the design was too grand for his age, and though a committee deliberated upon it, they treated it as the dream of a poet, and dismissed it as unworthy of further notice. Some future generation may, however, yet embody Flaxman's noble idea of a colossal Britannia on Greenwich Hill. Surely the power of Britain might as well be exhibited in some such enduring national work of art, as that of the kingdom of Bavaria in the now world-famous statue at Munich!

Flaxman's monuments are known nearly all over England. Their mute poetry beautifies most of our cathedrals and many of our rural churches. Whatever work of this kind he executed, he threw a soul and meaning into it, embodying some high Christian idea of charity, of love, of resignation, of affection, or of kindness. In monuments such as these his peculiar genius preëminently shone. There is a tenderness and grace about them which no other artist has been able to surpass or even to equal. His rapid sketches illustrative of the Lord's Prayer, published in lithograph some years ago, exhibit this peculiar quality of his genius in a striking light. In historical monuments, again, he was less successful, though his monuments to Reynolds and Nelson, in St. Paul's Cathedral, are noble works, which will always be admired.

At the Peace of Amiens, Flaxman formed one of the crowd of Englishmen who flocked over to Paris to admire the treasures of the

Louvre, which had been plundered from nearly all European countries. Flaxman entertained a hearty English dislike to Napoleon. When at Rome, some young French officers showed him a medal of Bonaparte, then only a general officer. Flaxman looked at the head, and said: "This citizen Bonaparte of yours is the very image of Augustus Cæsar!" The sculptor never got over his dislike to the man; and though, when at Paris, the First Consul wished to be introduced to him, Flaxman refused. Still greater was his repugnance to the French Republican painter and sculptor David, in whom Flaxman saw an atrocious Jacobin and a declared atheist; and he turned from his proffered civilities with only half-concealed disgust. Flaxman was himself so pure of heart, so simple and so gentle, that the very idea of such a man set him a-loathing.

He returned to England, and continued his great career; pursuing at the same time his life of quiet affection at home, in the company of his wife and in the frequent evening society of the poetic Blake and the gifted Stothard, who continued among his most intimate friends. He would often amuse those gathered about him in his family circle by composing little stories in sketches, serious and burlesque—an art in which he himself found great pleasure. In this spirit he composed his story and illustrations of *The Casket*, encouraged to do so by his poetic friend the sculptor Banks. The story runs in rhyme of Flaxman's making, and there is often a good deal of quiet humor in his fancies.

In 1810, our hero came out in a new character. The little boy who had begun his studies behind the poor plaster-cast-seller's shop-counter in New Street, Covent Garden, was now a man of high intellect and recognized supremacy in art, to instruct aspiring students, in the character of Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy! And no man better deserved to fill that distinguished office; for no man is better able to instruct others than he who, for himself and by his own almost unaided efforts, has overcome all difficulties. The witty and caustic Fuseli used to talk of the lectures as "sermons by the Reverend John Flaxman;" for the sculptor was a very religious man, which Fuseli was not, and was a zealous Swedenborgian in the latter part of his life. But Flaxman acquitted himself well in the professorial chair, as any one who reads his instructive *Lectures on Sculpture*, now published, may ascertain for himself. His literary talents were further called into requisition in supplying articles on subjects connected with sculpture to *Rees' Encyclopedia*.

We must now draw our sketch to a close. After a long, peaceful, and happy life, Flaxman found himself growing old. The loss

which he sustained by the death of his affectionate wife, Ann, was a severe shock to him; but he survived her several years, during which he executed his celebrated "Shield of Achilles" and his noble "Archangel Michael vanquishing Satan," — perhaps his two greatest works. He also executed some beautiful statuettes for Mr. Rogers, the poet, now to be found in his celebrated collection.

His early friends were now all dead; his home was comparatively desolate — and it is sad for an old man, however full of fame, to be left in the world alone. One day a stranger entered his room. "Sir," said the visitor, presenting to him a book, "this work was sent to me by the author, an Italian artist, to present to you, and, at the same time, to apologize to you for its extraordinary dedication. It was so generally believed in Italy that you were dead, that my friend determined to show the world how much he esteemed your genius; and having this book ready for publication, he had inscribed it *To the shade of Flaxman*. No sooner was the book published than the story of your death was contradicted; and the author, affected by his mistake, which, nevertheless, he rejoices at, begs you will receive his work and his apology."

A remarkable circumstance of a somewhat similar character is recorded in the *Life of Mozart*, and in this case it proved equally prophetic. On the very next day he was seized by fatal illness, and in less than a week he breathed his last; — the most gifted genius in sculpture that England has yet produced.

From the N. Y. Times, 5th April.

ANOTHER GONE OVER TO THE SPIRITS.

THE spirits have rapped another famous man's knuckles, and he confesses he thinks them no humbug. The marvellous tidings come by way of yesterday's Washington *Intelligencer*. An article in that paper, entitled "Impostures and Delusions," names the Rochester Knockings, with their kindred train of rascalities and abominations, as within the category of disorders which it may become necessary to suppress by the strong hand of the law. This and like statements are sufficient to draw out from Hon. N. P. Tallmadge a letter vindicating himself from the aspersions cast on him (though not on him particularly), in which he professes full faith in the new spiritual philosophy. It was the abuse of his old friend, Judge Edmonds, that first directed his attention to the subject, and, in passing, he paused to say of the judge, that "he unites the qualities of two of the highest

luminaries of the English bench, namely, the profundity of Bacon with the intuition of Mansfield." The rappists may well plume themselves on the acquisition of such a luminary to their circles.

But the senator gives us a further exposition of his views and his growth in wisdom through a letter which he wrote to Senator James F. Simmons. Having determined to investigate the matter, and fancying that he could bring to it a reasonable talent of investigation and a pretty good share of common sense, he sits down to question the medium. And not in the vulgar way that others do did he put their questions, but he propounded all of them *mentally*, which prevented any imposition upon him by the medium, and possibly might serve another purpose also. Nothing weak or frivolous either were the messages received from the spirit-world. They were lofty and elevated, characteristic of the honorable individuals who despatched them. "I have had frequent communications," he says, "purporting to come from my old friend, John C. Calhoun, which his intimate friends would pronounce perfectly characteristic of him; and some of them, both in style and sentiment, worthy of him in his palmist days in the Senate of the United States. I have had similar ones, purporting to come from Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, of the same elevated order, and peculiarly characteristic of the individual. I have seen rapping mediums, writing mediums, and speaking mediums, and have received communications through all of them. I have witnessed physical manifestations, such as the movement of tables, without any visible agency. These *physical* manifestations are more satisfactory to the mass of mankind, because they appeal directly to the senses. I am better pleased myself with the *moral*, if I may so call them, than the physical manifestations."

He is disposed to think that Reicharbach's *odic force* may enter somewhat into these physical manifestations; but, if so, it is only the medium through which minds may communicate, just as the electric fluid *conveys* but does not *make* the despatch which one in New York receives from his friend in Washington.

He has received from Mr. Calhoun a message, wherein he says: "We [spirits] by our united will acting in flesh, influence them to perform duties which benefit mankind." Out of these mystic words the ex-senator extracts confirmation of the belief which, he says, is general among all Christian denominations, that spirits visit the earth, attend us, impress us, and afford us protection from dangers seen and unseen. Now, he asks, is it any great stretch of that belief to suppose that a mode may have been discovered by which spirits can communicate with us in addition to at-

* Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters*.

tending and impressing us, and that they are permitted to do so! Since the spirit-world is a world of "everlasting progression," the conclusion is to his mind perfectly rational and philosophical. It will be seen, then, that the senator is fairly in for the rappings. He does not cease now from his investigations, but promises if hereafter the preponderance of evidence shall incline to the other side, to announce that result as readily. Such a document as these letters constitute, would once have been deemed astonishing; but now they only strike us as additional evidences of the lamentable depths to which credulity will cast down the strongest minds when circumstances favor the fall. As to the mental questioning and the characteristic answers, we have all seen children amusing themselves with putting questions to their dolls—their mediums—to which perfectly characteristic answers never failed to respond; but we were not wont to fancy that the spirits of dead babes answered for the little waxen images, nor that their baby talk should be quoted in evidence of a spiritual theory. When men who have been busy with the world, who have spent years in grappling its stern actualities, retire to their closets and encourage their lively imaginations to go out on exploring expeditions, they are not often destitute of very fanciful reports from the dream-land of their ramblings. We opine moreover that the old nursery rule would not work badly for the intelligence of this generation, which required that the dreamer should keep his dream to himself, as telling it bred a wilder one for the succeeding night. The ridiculers of the spiritual nonsense, sometimes by courtesy called philosophy, have given great weight to the fact that every age has its share of charlatans, mountebanks and deceivers. They have almost taken it for granted that those who plunged first into this stream that gushed out of Rochester were imposters. They might have been so, indeed. But, of these later converts, no sane man can entertain such a thought. There is no imposture possible in them. They are men of integrity. We know them to be honest. They believe what they say. They think they see the visions they tell us of. They think they hear the voices that resound only to their own ears. Alas! the more's the pity! When men come to start at sounds never uttered—to smile rapturously at sights not vouchsafed to others' eyes—pity is the only emotion we experience. In their superior knowledge, we cannot envy them. Their more transcendent enjoyments we cannot coax ourselves to covet.

THE WASHINGTON AND REED LETTERS.—The little literary drama, which has been in progress

for a few years on this subject, may be considered as now at an end. On the authority of Mr. William B. Reed's reprint of his grandfather's letters from Washington, certain critics, known and unknown, attacked Mr. Sparks.

1. For altering the text of Washington, in his edition.
2. For attempting to conceal opinions of Washington.
3. For varying from Judge Marshall's rule about passages omitted.

Mr. Sparks has replied on general grounds before. The publication now of an exact transcript of Mr. Reed's MSS. enables him to show further, in a pamphlet just published,

1. That Mr. Reed's own edition of those MSS. was less accurate than his.
2. That the most important passage of the alleged concealment, where "Connecticut" was printed by Mr. Sparks instead of "Continental," was Mr. Sparks' accuracy, and Mr. Reed's inaccuracy.—That "Cobweb Scheme"—one of Mr. Sparks' supposed additions—was in the original, and omitted by Mr. Reed.
3. That Judge Marshall's habit in making omissions was exactly the same as Mr. Sparks'.

The curious reader finds also, in some hundred instances, specimens of the sort of variations between the "letter books"—Mr. Sparks' chief authority—and the letters sent by Washington. But the instances above spoken of, on which so much of the controversy has hinged, are from MSS. not copied in the letter books.

Mr. Sparks' last pamphlet has been called forth by Mr. William B. Reed's reprint of the original letters from Washington to Joseph Reed. It is a very thorough demolition of the whole case against him; his single authority being the chief witness called by his critics.—*Daily Advertiser*.

A History of England. By John Lingard, D. D. Boston: for sale by Burnham & Brothers.

Volume one of this standard work is just out. The whole, reprinted from the last revised London copy, will be embraced in thirteen volumes. Dr. Lingard is noted as the Catholic historian of England. He was always a conscientious member of the Romish church, although he never had any concern with its dignities or government. To some portions of English history, of course, he gives a different coloring from that of the other celebrated historians. His work, therefore, is valuable as presenting one side of certain mooted questions, while it is generally held to be eminently reliable wherever religious prejudices had no chance to intervene. The present edition is a cheap one—the paper and type are poor, but the general appearance is quite neat.—*Post*.

LITTLE AND BAD.—Lord Campbell has intimated that the civic parasites of Louis Napoleon have been guilty of high treason. Considering the littleness of the whole affair, we think petty treason would be the more appropriate name for it.—*Punch*.

From Household Words.

HOME FOR HOMELESS WOMEN.

FIVE years and a half ago certain ladies, grieved to think that numbers of their own sex were wandering about the streets in degradation, passing through and through the prisons all their lives, or hopelessly perishing in other ways, resolved to try the experiment on a limited scale of a Home for the reclamation and emigration of women. As it was clear to them that there could be little or no hope in this country for the greater part of those who might become the objects of their charity, they determined to receive into their Home, only those who distinctly accepted this condition: That they came there to be ultimately sent abroad (whither, was at the discretion of the ladies); and that they also came there, to remain for such length of time as might, according to the circumstances of each individual case, be considered necessary as a term of probation, and for instruction in the means of obtaining an honest livelihood. The object of the Home was two-fold. First, to replace young women who had already lost their characters and lapsed into guilt, in a situation of hope. Secondly, to save other young women who were in danger of falling into the like condition, and give them an opportunity of flying from crime when they and it stood face to face.

The projectors of this establishment, in undertaking it, were sustained by nothing but the high object of making some unhappy women a blessing to themselves and others instead of a curse, and raising up among the solitudes of a new world some virtuous homes, much needed there, from the sorrow and ruin of the old. They had no romantic visions or extravagant expectations. They were prepared for many failures and disappointments, and to consider their enterprise rewarded, if they in time succeeded with one third or one half the cases they received.

As the experience of this small Institution, even under the many disadvantages of a beginning may be useful and interesting, this paper will contain an exact account of its progress and results.

It was (and is) established in a detached house with a garden. The house was never designed for any such purpose, and is only adapted to it, in being retired and not immediately overlooked. It is capable of containing thirteen inmates besides two Superintendents. Excluding from consideration ten young women now in the house, there have been received in all, since November eighteen hundred and forty-seven, fifty-six inmates. They have belonged to no particular class, but have been starving needlewomen of good character, poor needlewomen who have robbed their furnished lodgings, violent girls com-

mitted to prison for disturbances in ill-conducted workhouses, poor girls from Ragged Schools, destitute girls who have applied at police offices for relief, young women from the streets; young women of the same class taken from the prisons after undergoing punishment there as disorderly characters, or for shoplifting, or for thefts from the person; domestic servants who have been seduced, and two young women held to bail for attempting suicide. No class has been favored more than another; and misfortune and distress are a sufficient introduction. It is not usual to receive women of more than five or six-and-twenty; the average age in the fifty-six cases would probably be about twenty. In some instances there have been great personal attractions; in others, the girls have been very homely and plain. The reception has been wholly irrespective of such sources of interest. Nearly all have been extremely ignorant.

Of these fifty-six cases, seven went away by their own desire during their probation; ten were sent away for misconduct in the Home; seven ran away; three emigrated and relapsed on the passage out; thirty (of whom seven are now married) on their arrival in Australia or elsewhere, entered into good service, acquired a good character, and have done so well ever since as to establish a strong prepossession in favor of others sent out from the same quarter. It will be seen from these figures that the failures are generally discovered in the Home itself, and that the amount of misconduct after the training and emigration, is remarkably small. And it is to be taken into consideration that many cases are admitted into the Home, of which there is, in the outset, very little hope, but which it is not deemed right to exclude from the experiment.

The Home is managed by two Superintendents. The second in order acts under the first, who has from day to day the supreme direction of the family. On the cheerfulness, quickness, good-temper, firmness and vigilance of these ladies, and on their never bickering, the successful working of the establishment in a great degree depends. Their position is one of high trust and responsibility, and requires not only an always accumulating experience, but an accurate observation of every character about them. The ladies who established the Home, hold little confidential communication with the inmates, thinking the system better administered when it is undisturbed by individuals. A committee, composed of a few gentlemen of experience, meets once a month to audit the accounts, receive the principal Superintendent's reports, investigate any unusual occurrence, and see all the inmates separately. None but the committee are present as they enter one by one, in order that they may be under no restraint in any-

thing they wish to say. A complaint from any of them is exceedingly uncommon. The history of every inmate, taken down from her own mouth—usually after she has been some little time in the Home—is preserved in a book. She is shown that what she relates of herself she relates in confidence, and does not even communicate to the Superintendents. She is particularly admonished by no means to communicate her history to any of the other inmates; all of whom have in their turns received a similar admonition. And she is encouraged to tell the truth, by having it explained to her that nothing in her story but falsehood can possibly affect her position in the Home after she has been once admitted.

The work of the Home is thus divided. They rise, both in summer and winter, at six o'clock. Morning prayers and Scripture reading take place at a quarter before eight. Breakfast is had immediately afterwards. Dinner at one. Tea at six. Evening prayers are said at half-past eight. The hour of going to bed is nine. Supposing the Home to be full, ten are employed upon the household work; two in the bed-rooms; two in the general living room; two in the Superintendents' rooms; two in the kitchen (who cook); two in the scullery; three at needle-work. Straw-plaiting has been occasionally taught besides. On washing-days, five are employed in the laundry, three of whom are taken from the needle-work, and two are told off from the household-work. The nature and order of each girl's work is changed every week, so that she may become practically acquainted with the whole routine of household duties. They take it in turns to bake the bread which is eaten in the house. In every room, every Monday morning, there is hung up, framed and glazed, the names of the girls who are in charge there for the week, and who are, consequently, responsible for its neat condition and the proper execution of the work belonging to it. This is found to inspire them with a greater pride in good housewifery, and a greater sense of shame in the reverse.

The book-education is of a very plain kind, as they have generally much to learn in the commonest domestic duties, and are often singularly inexpert in acquiring them. They read and write, and cipher. School is held every morning at half-past ten (Saturday excepted) for two hours. The Superintendents are the teachers. The times for recreation are half an hour between school time and dinner, and an hour after dinner; half an hour before tea, and an hour after tea. In the winter, these intervals are usually employed in light fancy work, the making of little presents for their friends, &c. In the fine summer weather they are passed in the garden, where they take exercise, and have their little flower-beds. In the afternoon and

evening, they sit all together at needlework, and some one reads aloud. The books are carefully chosen, but are always interesting.

Saturday is devoted to an extraordinary cleaning up and polishing of the whole establishment, and to the distribution of clean clothes; every inmate arranging and preparing her own. Each girl also takes a bath on Saturday.

On Sundays they go to church in the neighborhood, some to morning service, some to afternoon service, some to both. They are invariably accompanied by one of the Superintendents. Wearing no uniform and not being dressed alike, they attract little notice out of doors. Their attire is that of respectable plain servants. On Sunday evenings they receive religious instruction from the principal Superintendent. They also receive regular religious instruction from a clergyman on one day in every week, and on two days in every alternate week. They are constantly employed, and always overlooked.

They are allowed to be visited under the following restrictions; if by their parents, once in a month; if by other relatives or friends, once in three months. The principal Superintendent is present at all such interviews, and hears the conversation. It is not often found that the girls and their friends have much to say to one another; any display of feeling on these occasions is rare. It is generally observed that the inmates seem rather relieved than otherwise when the interviews are over.

They can write to relatives, or old teachers, or persons known to have been kind to them, once a month on application to the committee. It seldom happens that a girl who has any person in the world to correspond with fails to take advantage of this opportunity. All letters despatched from the Home are read and posted by the principal Superintendent. All letters received are likewise read by the Superintendent; but she does not open them. Every such letter is opened by the girl to whom it is addressed, who reads it first, in the Superintendent's presence. It never happens that they wish to reserve the contents; they are always anxious to impart them to her immediately. This seems to be one of their chief pleasures in receiving letters.

They make and mend their own clothes, but do not keep them. In many cases they are not for some time to be trusted with such a charge; in other cases, when temper is awakened, the possession of a shawl and bonnet would often lead to an abrupt departure, which the unfortunate creature would ever afterwards regret. To distinguish between these cases and others of a more promising nature, would be to make invidious distinctions, than which nothing could be more prejudicial to the Home, as the objects of its

care are invariably sensitive and jealous. For these various reasons their clothes are kept under lock and key in a wardrobe room. They have a great pride in the state of their clothes, and the neatness of their persons. Those who have no such pride on their admission, are sure to acquire it.

Formerly, when a girl accepted for admission had clothes of her own to wear, she was allowed to be admitted in them, and they were put by for her; though within the Institution she always wore the clothing it provides. It was found, however, that a girl with a hankering after old companions rather relied on these reserved clothes, and that she put them on with an air, if she went away or were dismissed. They now invariably come, therefore, in clothes belonging to the Home, and bring no other clothing with them. A suit of the commonest apparel has been provided for the next inmate who may leave during her probation, or be sent away; and it is thought that the sight of a girl departing so disgraced, will have a good effect on those who remain. Cases of dismissal or departure are becoming more rare, however, as the Home increases in experience, and no occasion for making the experiment has yet arisen.

When the Home had been opened for some time, it was resolved to adopt a modification of Captain Macconochie's mark system; so arranging the mark-table as to render it difficult for a girl to lose marks under any one of its heads, without also losing under nearly all the others. The mark-table is divided into the nine following heads. Truthfulness, Industry, Temper, Propriety of Conduct and Conversation, Temperance, Order, Punctuality, Economy, Cleanliness. The word Temperance is not used in the modern slang acceptance, but in its enlarged meaning as defined by Johnson, from the English of Spenser: Moderation, patience, calmness, sedateness, moderation of passion." A separate account for every day is kept with every girl as to each of these items. If her conduct be without objection, she is marked in each column, three — excepting the truthfulness and temperance columns in which, saving under extraordinary circumstances, she is only marked two: the temptation to err in those particulars, being considered low under the circumstances of the life she leads in the Home. If she be particularly deserving under any of the other heads, she is marked the highest number — four. If her deserts be low, she is marked only one, or not marked at all. If her conduct under any head have been, during the day, particularly objectionable, she receives a bad mark (marked in red ink, to distinguish it at a glance from the others) which destroys forty good marks. The value of the good marks is six shillings and sixpence per thousand; the earnings of each

girl are withheld until she emigrates, in order to form a little fund for her first subsistence on her disembarkation. The inmates are found without an exception to value their marks highly. A bad mark is very infrequent, and occasions great distress in the recipient and great excitement in the community. In case of dismissal or premature departure from the Home, all the previous gain in marks is forfeited. If a girl be ill through no fault of her own, she is marked, during her illness, according to her average marking. But if she is ill through her own act (as in a recent case, where a girl set herself on fire, through carelessness and a violation of the rules of the house) she is credited with no marks until she is again in a condition to earn them. The usual earnings in a year are about equal to the average wages of the commoner class of domestic servant.

They are usually brought to the Home by the principal Superintendent in a coach. From whosoever they come, they generally weep on the road, and are silent and depressed. The average term of probation is about a year; longer when the girl is very slow to learn what she is taught. When the time of her emigration arrives, the same lady accompanies her on board ship. They usually go out, three or four together, with a letter of recommendation to some influential person at their destination; sometimes they are placed under the charge of a respectable family of emigrants; sometimes they act as nurses or as servants to individual ladies with children, on board. In these capacities they have given great satisfaction. Their grief at parting from the Superintendent is always strong, and frequently of a heart-rending kind. They are also exceedingly affected by their separation from the Home; usually going round and round the garden first, as if they clung to every tree and shrub in it. Nevertheless, individual attachments among them are rare, though strong affections have arisen when they have afterwards encountered in distant solitudes. Some touching circumstances have occurred, where unexpected recognitions of this kind have taken place on Sundays in lonely churches to which the various members of the little congregations have repaired from great distances. Some of the girls now married have chosen old companions thus encountered for their bridesmaids, and in their letters have described their delight very pathetically.

A considerable part of the needle-work done in the Home is necessary to its own internal neatness, and the preparation of outfits for the emigrants; especially as many of the inmates know little or nothing of such work, and have it all to learn. But, as they become more dexterous, plain work is taken

in, and the proceeds are applied as a fund to defray the cost of outfits. The outfits are always of the simplest kind. Nothing is allowed to be wasted or thrown away in the Home. From the bones, and remnants of food, the girls are taught to make soup for the poor and sick. This at once extends their domestic knowledge, and preserves their sympathy for the distressed.

Some of the experiences, not already mentioned, that have been acquired in the management of the Home are curious, and perhaps deserving of consideration in prisons and other institutions. It has been observed, in taking the histories—especially of the more artful cases—that nothing is so likely to elicit the truth as a perfectly imperturbable face, and an avoidance of any leading question or expression of opinion. Give the narrator the least idea what tone will make her an object of interest, and she will take it directly. Give her none, and she will be driven on the truth, and in most cases will tell it. For similar reasons it is found desirable always to repress stock religious professions and religious phrases; to discourage shows of sentiment, and to make their lives practical and active. "Don't talk about it—do it!" is the motto of the place. The inmates find everywhere about them the same kind discriminating firmness, and the same determination to have no favorite subjects, or favorite objects, of interest. Girls from Ragged Schools are not generally so impressive as reduced girls who have failed to support themselves by hard work, or as women from the streets—probably, because they have suffered less. The poorest of the Ragged School condition, who are odious to approach when first picked up, invariably affect afterwards that their friends are "well off." This psychological curiosity is considered inexplicable. Most of the inmates are depressed at first. At holiday times the more doubtful part of them usually become restless and uncertain; there would also appear to be, usually, a time of considerable restlessness after six or eight months. In any little difficulty, the general feeling is invariably with the establishment and never with the offender. When a girl is discharged for misconduct, she is generally in deep distress, and goes away miserable. The rest will sometimes intercede for her with tears; but it is found that firmness on this and every point, when a decision is once taken, is the most humane course, as having a wholesome influence on the greatest number. For this reason, a mere threat of discharge is never on any account resorted to. Two points of management are extremely important; the first, to refer very sparingly to the past; the second, never to treat the inmates as children. They must never be allowed to suppose it possible

that they can get the better of the management. Judicious commendation, when it is deserved, has a very salutary influence. It is also found that a serious and urgent entreaty to a girl, to exercise her self-restraint on some point (generally temper) on which her markable shows her to be deficient, often has an excellent effect when it is accompanied with such encouragement as, "You know how changed you are since you have been here; you know we have begun to entertain great hopes of you. For God's sake consider! Do not throw away this great chance of your life, by making yourself and everybody around you unhappy—which will oblige us to send you away—but conquer this. Now, try hard for a month, and pray let us have no fault to find with you at the end of that time." Many will make great and successful efforts to control themselves, after such remonstrance. In all cases, the fewest and plainest words are the best. When new to the place, they are found to break and spoil through great carelessness. Patience, and the strictest attention to order and punctuality, will in most cases overcome these discouragements. Nothing else will. They are often rather disposed to quarrel among themselves, particularly in bad weather when their lives are necessarily monotonous and confined; but, on the whole, allowing for their different breeding, they perhaps quarrel less than the average of passengers in the state cabin on a voyage out to India.

As some of the inmates of the Home have to be saved and guarded from themselves more than from any other people, they can scarcely be defended by too many precautions. These precautions are not obtruded upon them, but are strictly observed. Keys are never left about. The garden gate is always kept locked; but the girls take it in turn to act as portress, overlooked by the second superintendent. They are proud of this trust. Any inmate missing from her usual place for ten minutes would be looked after. Any suspicious circumstance would be quickly and quietly investigated. As no girl makes her own bed, no girl has the opportunity of safely hiding any secret correspondence, or anything else, in it. Each inmate has a separate bed, but there are several beds in a room. The occupants of each room are always arranged with a reference to their several characters and counteracting influences. A girl declaring that she wishes to leave, is not allowed to do so hastily, but is locked in a chamber by herself, to consider of it until next day: when, if she still persist, she is formally discharged. It has never once happened that a girl, however excited, has refused to submit to this restraint.

One of the most remarkable effects of the Home, even in many of the cases where it does

not ultimately succeed, is the extraordinary change it produces in the appearance of its inmates. Putting out of the question their look of cleanliness and health (which may be regarded as a physical consequence of their treatment) a refining and humanizing alteration is wrought in the expression of the features, and in the whole air of the person, which can scarcely be imagined. Teachers, in Ragged Schools have made the observation in reference to young women whom they had previously known well, and for a long time. A very sagacious and observant police magistrate, visiting a girl before her emigration who had been taken from his bar, could detect no likeness in her to the girl he remembered. It is considered doubtful whether, in the majority of the worst cases, the subject would easily be known again at a year's end, among a dozen, by an old companion.

The moral influence of the Home, still applying the remark even to cases of failure, is illustrated in a no less remarkable manner. It has never had any violence done to a chair or a stool. It has never been asked to render any aid to the one lady and her assistant, who are shut up with the thirteen the year round. Bad language is so uncommon that its utterance is an event. The committee have never heard the least approach to it, or seen anything but submission; though it has often been their task to reprove and dismiss women who have been violently agitated, and unquestionably (for the time) incensed against them. Four of the fugitives have robbed the Institution of some clothes. The rest had no reason on earth for running away in preference to asking to be dismissed, but shame in not remaining.

A specimen or two of cases of success may be interesting.

Case number twenty-seven was a girl supposed to be of about eighteen, but who had none but supposititious knowledge of her age, and no knowledge at all of her birth-day. Both her parents had died in her infancy. She had been brought up in the establishment of that amiable victim of popular prejudice, the late Mr. Drouet, of Tooting. It did not appear that she was naturally stupid, but her intellect had been so dulled by neglect that she was in the Home many months before she could be imbued with a thorough understanding that Christmas Day was so called as the birthday of Jesus Christ. But when she acquired this piece of learning, she was amazingly proud of it. She had been apprenticed to a small artificial-flower-maker with three others. They were all ill-treated, and all seemed to have run away at different times; this girl last, who absconded with an old man, a hawker, who brought "combs and things" to the door for sale. She took what she called "some old clothes" of her mis-

tress with her, and was apprehended with the old man, and they were tried together. He was acquitted; she was found guilty. Her sentence was six months' imprisonment, and, on its expiration, she was received into the Home. She was appallingly ignorant, but most anxious to learn, and contended against her blunted faculties with a consciously slow perseverance. She showed a remarkable capacity for copying writing by the eye alone, without having the least idea of its sound, or what it meant. There seemed to be some analogy between her making letters and her making artificial flowers. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, about a year. On her passage out, she made artificial flowers for the ladies on board, earned money, and was much liked. She obtained a comfortable service as soon as she landed, and is happy and respected. This girl had not a friend in the world, and had never known a natural affection, or formed a natural tie, upon the face of this earth.

Case number thirteen was a half-starved girl of eighteen, whose father had died soon after her birth, and who had long eked out a miserable subsistence for herself and a sick mother by doing plain needlework. At last her mother died in a workhouse, and the needlework "falling off bit by bit," this girl suffered, for nine months, every extremity of dire distress. Being one night without any food or shelter from the weather, she went to the lodging of a woman who had once lived in the same house with herself and her mother, and asked to be allowed to lie down on the stairs. She was refused, and stole a shawl, which she sold for a penny. A fortnight afterwards, being still in a starving and houseless state, she went back to the same woman's, and preferred the same request. Again refused, she stole a Bible from her, which she sold for two-pence. The theft was immediately discovered, and she was taken as she lay asleep in the casual ward of a workhouse. These facts were distinctly proved upon her trial. She was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and was then admitted into the Home. She had never been corrupted. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, a little more than a year; emigrated; conducted herself uniformly well in a good situation; and is now married.

Case number forty-one was a pretty girl, of a quiet and good manner, aged nineteen. She came from a watering-place, where she had lived with her mother until within a couple of years, when her mother married again and she was considered an incumbrance at a very bad home. She became apprenticed to a dressmaker, who, on account of her staying out beyond the prescribed hours one night when she went with some other young people

to a Circus, positively refused to admit her or give her any shelter from the streets. The natural consequences of this unjustifiable behavior followed. She came to the Home on the recommendation of a clergyman to whom she fortunately applied, when in a state of sickness and misery too deplorable to be even suggested to the reader's imagination. She remained in the Home (with an interval of hospital treatment) upwards of a year and a half, when she was sent abroad. Her character is irreproachable, and she is industrious, happy, and full of gratitude.

Case number fifty was a very homely, clumsy, ignorant girl, supposed to be about nineteen, but who again had no knowledge of her birthday. She was taken from a Ragged School; her mother died when she was a little girl; and her father, marrying again, had turned her out of doors, though her mother-in-law had been kind to her. She had been once in prison for breaking some windows near the Mansion-house, "having nowhere as you can think of, to go to." She had never gone wrong otherwise, and particularly wished that "to be wrote down." She was in as dirty and unwholesome a condition, on her admission, as she could well be, but was inconsolable at the idea of losing her hair, until the fortunate suggestion was made that it would grow more luxuriantly after shaving. She then consented, with many tears, to that (in her case) indispensable operation. This deserted and unfortunate creature, after a short period of depression, began to brighten, uniformly showed a very honest and truthful nature, and after remaining in the Home a year, has recently emigrated; a thoroughly good plain servant, with every susceptibility for forming a faithful and affectionate attachment to her employers.

Case number fifty-eight was a girl of nineteen, all but starved through inability to live by needlework. She had never gone wrong, was gradually brought into a good bodily condition, invariably conducted herself well, and went abroad, rescued and happy.

Case number fifty-one, was a little ragged girl of sixteen or seventeen, as she said; but of very juvenile appearance. She was put to the bar at a Police Office, with two much older women, regular vagrants, for making a disturbance at the workhouse gate on the previous night on being refused relief. She had been a professed tramp for six or seven years, knew of no relation, and had no friends but one old woman, whose very name she did not appear to be sure of. Her father, a scaffold-builder, she had "lost" on London Bridge when she was ten or eleven years old. There appeared little doubt that he had purposely abandoned her, but she had no suspicion of it. She had long been hop-picking in the

hop season, and wandering about the country at all seasons, and was unaccustomed to shoes, and had seldom slept in a bed. She answered some searching questions without the least reserve, and not at all in her own favor. Her appearance of destitution was in perfect keeping with her story. This girl was received into the Home. Within a year, there was clinging round the principal Superintendent's neck, on board a ship bound for Australia—in a state of grief at parting that moved the bystanders to tears—a pretty little, neat, modest, useful girl, against whom not a moment's complaint had been made, and who had diligently learnt everything that had been set before her.

Case number fifty-four, a good-looking young woman of two-and-twenty, was first seen in prison under remand on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. Her mother had died before she was two years old, and her father had married again; but she spoke in high and affectionate terms both of her father and her mother-in-law. She had been a travelling maid with an elderly lady, and, on her mistress going to Russia, had returned home to her father's. She had stayed out late one night, in company with a "commissioner" whom she had known abroad, was afraid or ashamed to go home, and so went wrong. Falling lower, and becoming poorer, she became at last acquainted with a ticket-taker at a railway station, who tired of the acquaintance. One night when he had made an appointment (as he often had done before) and, on the plea of inability to leave his duties, had put this girl in a cab, that she might be taken safely home (she seemed to have inspired him with that much enduring regard), she pulled up the window and swallowed two shillings' worth of the essential oil of almonds which she had bought at a chemist's an hour before. The driver happened to look round when she still had the bottle to her lips, immediately made out the whole story, and had the presence of mind to drive her straight to a hospital, where she remained a month before she was cured. She was in that state of depression in the prison, that it was a matter for grave consideration whether it would be safe to take her into the Home, where, if she were bent upon committing suicide, it would be almost impossible to prevent her. After some talk with her, however, it was decided to receive her. She proved one of the best inmates it has ever had, and remained in it seven months before she emigrated. Her father, who had never seen her since the night of her staying out late, came to see her in the Home, and confirmed these particulars. It is doubtful whether any treatment but that pursued in such an institution would have restored this girl.

Case number fourteen was an extremely pretty girl of twenty, whose mother was married to a second husband—a drunken man who ill-treated his step-daughter. She had been engaged to be married, but had been deceived, and had run away from home in shame, and had been away three years. Within that period, however, she had twice returned home; the first time for six months; the second time for a few days. She had also been in a London hospital. She had also been in the Magdalen; which institution her father-in-law, with a drunkard's inconsistency, had induced her to leave, to attend her mother's funeral—and then ill-treated her as before. She had been once in prison as a disorderly character, and was received from the prison into the Home. Her health was impaired and her experience had been of a bad kind in a bad quarter at London, but she was still a girl of remarkably engaging and delicate appearance. She remained in the Home, improving rapidly, thirteen months. She was never complained of, and her general deportment was usually quiet and modest. She emigrated, and is a good, industrious, happy wife.

This paper can scarcely be better closed than by the following pretty passage from a letter of one of the married young women.

HONNOURED LADIES,

I have again taken the liberty of writing to you to let you know how I am going on since I last wrote Home for I can never forget that name that still comes fresh to my mind, Honnoured Ladies I received your most kind letter on Tuesday the 21st of May my Mistress was kind enough to bring it over to me she told me that she also had a letter from you and that she should write Home and give you a good account of us. Honnoured Ladies I cannot describe the feelings which I felt on receiving your most kind letter, I first read my letter then I cried but it was with tears of joy, to think you was so kind to write to us Honnoured Ladies I have seen Jane and I showed my letter and she is going write Home, she is living about 86 miles from where I live and her and her husband are very happy together she has been down to our Town this week and it is the first that we have seen of her since a week after they were married. My Husband is very kind to me and we live very happy and comfortable together we have a nice garden where we grow all that we want we have sown some peas turnips and I helped to do some we have three such nice pigs and we killed one last week he was so fat that he could not see out of his eyes he used to have to sit down to eat and I have got such a nice cat—she peeps over me while I am writing this. My Husband was going out one day, and he heard that cat cry and he fetched her in she was so thin. My tow little birds are gone—one died and the other flew away now I have got none, get down Cat do. My Husband has built a shed at the side of the house to do any thing for hisself when he

come home from work of a night he tells me that I shall every 9 years com Home if we live so long please God, but I think that he is only making game of me. Honnoured Ladies I can never feel grateful enough for your kindness to me and the kind indulgences which I received at my happy home, I often wish that I could come Home and see that happy place again once more and all my kind friends which I hope I may one day please God.

No comments or arguments shall be added to swell the length this account has already attained. Our readers will judge for themselves what some of these cases must have soon become, but for the timely interposition of the Home established by the Ladies whose charity is so discreet and so impartial.

Lebahn's "Faust."*

This is a useful book, and a great deal of pains must have been expended on its compilation. Goethe's *Faust*, which is selected by Dr. Lebahn as a vehicle for conveying instruction in the German language, is printed entire, and is followed by a sort of syntax. The examples of the syntax are taken from *Faust* alone; and as they are sufficiently numerous to exhaust the whole poem and are invariably translated into English, the reader may go through a complete course of *Faust*, not only with a literal translation, but also with a perpetual grammatical comment. This intellectual journey he may perform from opposite starting-points, thanks to a double system of figuration. If he takes *Faust* in hand, and yearns for a grammatical explanation, there are numbers placed against the lines to direct him to the pages of the syntax. If, on the other hand, his genius is more philological than poetical, and, starting from the grammar, he needs authority for his examples, there are numbers placed against the rules to direct him to the pages of the tragedy.

But while Dr. Lebahn thus laudably works up a classical German poem into a book of grammatical teaching, what dæmon has tempted him to limit the sphere of his popularity by the introduction of certain theological remarks that can gratify nobody and may offend a great many? Priestcraft is doubtless a very bad thing in its way, but we do not see why a German grammarian, the object of whose book is to teach Englishmen his native language, should indulge in anti-clerical orations that will surely cause his work to be shunned at Oxford. Neither do we see why the orthodox British student should be annoyed by a Voltairian scoff at the miraculous ascent of Elijah, simply because *Faust* and his familiar sail through the air on a cloak. We fear Dr. Lebahn has so identified himself with *Faust* that he has had a Mephistopheles at his elbow. — *Spectator*.

* *Faust*: a Tragedy, by J. W. von Goethe. With copious Notes, Grammatical, Philological, and Exegetical, by Falek Lebahn, Ph. Dr. Published by Longman and Co.

From the Spectator.

SMITH'S POEMS.*

ALEXANDER SMITH'S volume contains a poem in dialogue, which he entitles "A Life-Drama," some short miscellaneous poems, and a few sonnets. Most if not all of the volume has appeared within the last twelve-month in the pages of a literary London Journal, but it will probably be new to the general public. Those among this miscellaneous body who watch with interest the dawning of genius, and are able to discern in the luxuriant blossoms of the spring the golden promise of the autumn, will detect in Alexander Smith, young and undeveloped as he unquestionably is, the marks of a true poet. His senses receive from outward objects impressions finer and keener than those of ordinary men, and these impressions set him singing with enjoyment, and are reproduced in phrases and lines of singular beauty, melody, and power. Nothing is harder to predict than the course of genius, subject as it is to the accidents of fortune, physical organization, and social intercourse; but, so far as comparison can guide us, it is to the earlier works of Keats and Shelley alone that we can look for a counterpart in richness of fancy and force of expression to the Life-Drama; unless we appeal to a printed but unpublished juvenile work of Tennyson, entitled "The Lover's Bay,"—far superior, in our opinion, to anything that actually appeared in his first volume, though even in that the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights" allayed somewhat old "crusty Christopher's" storm of ridicule.

Alexander Smith has this advantage over both Keats and Shelley, that he never runs into absolute nonsense. On the other hand, he is more of a sensational poet than either of them. His sensations are so keen, so thrilling, that they seem to overpower his perceptions. He feels that something intensely beautiful is before him, but he is so drunk with the beauty that he can convey no clear impression of its details to another, only that he is delirious with enjoyment; and his descriptions, instead of impressing their object on the reader's imagination, expand into circling waves of simile, flashing and radiant with rapturous sensation. Nor are the objects with which he is familiar very numerous or various. In nature, the sea and sky in their broadest and most obvious appearances are his stock in trade for simile and description, especially the starry heavens on a cloudless night. Vastness, freedom of movement, and purity, strike most the man who is habitually confined and choked in cities; and the stars will on clear nights shine down even on such a hive as

Glasgow, and inspire thoughts and sensations for which the poet is grateful. Still, the repetition of these things fatigues, and we expect from the poet a more novel and subtle interpretation of the nature whose priest he aspires to be. Let Alexander Smith take counsel of the Pre-Raphaelites, who, by a simple exercise of their own senses, have given a new interest to the commonest scenes, and have taught us that Nature is not yet exhausted by the Academy, royal or otherwise. But the absence from the Life-Drama of any sense of the human beings among whom life is passed, of any delight in any human relation except that between young men and beautiful women, is a more serious blot; and one that in an older man would in itself be a bar to his noble ambition of setting the age to music. That man has no sound and healthy heart to whom only one phase of human life has charms, and who, when that is over, can find nothing in the world worth living and caring for; and this tendency of our new poet will require to be overcome by thought, self-control, and experience, before he can write poems that any but mere boys will read with unmixed satisfaction. If he would instruct the world, he must be wise and loving himself, and must learn that it is not the young and the lovely alone that are capable of poetic interest. We should imagine that Keats and Shelley, and poets of that class, have been too exclusively his favorites, and should recommend him to study rather the more practical and manly English poets. He is evidently an admirer of Tennyson, and has caught some of his beauties and mannerism: he should take a long, deep draught of the older poets, especially the dramatists of Elizabeth and the Stuart period, nor would the sense and terseness of Pope and Dryden be a bad study; and, like all poets, he should read the best prose writers, and learn himself to write terse and idiomatic prose. He has quite sensibility enough, quite enough impressibility to beauty, is rather too sensuous, sometimes not quite reticent enough in the matter of sensations; let him think more, learn more facts, care more about what objects are in themselves and less about the amount of pleasure they are capable of giving him, and we venture to hope that he may be among England's great names.

The title of "Life-Drama" is quite misplaced. The poem is a collection of passages purely lyrical for the most part, though in the form of dialogue. It is studded with fine lines, but it is difficult to find striking passages of any length. Our selection is rather at random, as one might gather a handful of pearls from a heap.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom ^{see}
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,

* Poems. By Alexander Smith. Published by Bogue. [Republished by Ticknor, Reed & Fields.]

And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,
Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun! Yet more I love
Than this, the shrinking day, that sometimes
comes

In Winter's front, so fair 'mong its dark peers,
It seems a straggler from the files of June,
Which in its wanderings had lost its wits,
And half its beauty; and, when it returned,
Finding its old companions gone away,
It joined November's troop, then marching past;
And so the frail thing comes, and greets the world
With a thin crazy smile, then bursts in tears,
And all the while it holds within its hand
A few half-withered flowers. I love and pity it!

My heart is beating with all things that are,
My blood is wild unrest;
With what a passion pants you eager star
Upon the water's breast!
Clasped in the air's soft arms the world doth
sleep,
Asleep its moving seas, its humming lands;
With what an hungry lip the ocean deep
Lappeth forever the white-breasted sands!
What love is in the moon's eternal eyes,
Leaning unto the earth from out the midnight
skies!

Thy large dark eyes are wide upon thy brow,
Filled with as tender light
As yon low moon doth fill the heavens now,
This mellow autumn night!
On the late flowers I linger at thy feet.
I tremble when I touch thy garment's rim,
I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
O kiss me into faintness sweet and dim!
Thou leanest to me as a swelling peach,
Full-juiced and mellow, leanest to the taker's
reach.

Thy hair is loosened by that kiss you gave,
It floods my shoulders o'er;
Another yet! Oh, as a weary wave
Subsides upon the shore,
My hungry being with its hopes, its fears,
My heart like moon-charmed waters, all un-
rest,
Yet strong as is despair, as weak as tears,
Doth faint upon thy breast!
I feel thy clasping arms, my cheek is wet
With thy rich tears. One kiss! Sweet, sweet,
another yet!

The next quotation is a proof that Alexander Smith has dramatic power in the germ. The conclusion affects one with something of the terrible beauty for which Ford is famous.

Between him and the lady of his love
There stood a wrinkled worldling ripe for hell.
When with his golden hand he plucked that flower,
And would have smelt it, lo! it paled and shrank,
And withered in his grasp. And when she died
The rivers of his heart ran all to waste;
They found no ocean, dry sands sucked them up.
Lady, he was a fool!—a pitiful fool.
She said she loved him, would be dead in spring—

She asked him but to stand beside her grave—
She said she would be daisies—and she thought
'T would give her joy to feel that he was near.
She died like music; and, would you believe 't,
He kept her foolish words within his heart
As ceremonious as a chapel keeps
A relic of a saint. And in the spring
The doting idiot went!

VIOLET.

What found he there?

WALTER.

Laugh till your sides ache! Oh, he went, poor
fool!

But he found nothing save red trampled clay
And a dull sobbing rain. Do you not laugh?
Amid the comfortless rain he stood and wept,
Bare-headed in the mocking, pelting rain.
He might have known 't was ever so on earth.

The remorse of Walter, the hero, is painted with genuine if somewhat overstrained pathos. The phraseology is strong, and less encumbered with simile than in most parts of the poem. In fact, fine promise of a true dramatic excellence is indicated in the scene from which the following extract is taken, as well as in the passage quoted above.

Good men have said
That sometimes God leaves sinners to their sin—
He has left me to mine, and I am changed;
My worst part is insurgent, and my will
Is weak and powerless as a trembling king
When millions rise up hungry. Woe is me!
My soul breeds sins as a dead body worms!
They swarm and feed upon me. Hear me, God!
Sin met me and embraced me on my way:
Methought her cheeks were red, her lips had
bloom;

I kissed her bold lips, dallied with her hair:
She sang me into slumber. I awoke—
It was a putrid corpse that clung to me,
That *clings* to me like memory to the damned,
That rots into my being. Father! God!
I cannot shake it off! it clings, it clings!—
I soon will grow as corrupt as itself. *[A pause.]*
God sends me back my prayers, as a father
Returns unopened the letters of a son
Who has dishonored him.

Have mercy, Fiend!
Thou Devil, thou wilt drag me down to hell!
O, if she had proclivity to sin
Who did appear so beauteous and so pure,
Nature may leer behind a gracious mask,
And God himself may be—I'm giddy, blind;
The world reels from beneath me.

[Catches hold of the parapet.]
[An Outcast approaches.] Wilt pray for me?

GIRL (shuddering.)

'Tis a dreadful thing to pray.

WALTER.

Why is it so?
Hast thou, like me, a spot upon thy soul,
That neither tears can cleanse, nor fires eterne?

GIRL.

But few request *my* prayers.

WALTER.

I request them.
For ne'er did a dishevelled woman cling
So earnest-pale to a stern conqueror's knees,
Pleading for a dear life, as did my prayer
Cling to the knees of God. He shook it off,
And went upon *His* way. Wilt pray for me?

GIRL.

Sin crusts me o'er as limpets crust the rocks.
I would be thrust from every human door;
I dare not knock at Heaven's.

WALTER.

Poor homeless one!

There is a door stands wide for thee and me —
The door of hell. Methinks we are well met.
I saw a little girl three years ago,
With eyes of azure and with cheeks of red,
A crowd of sunbeams hanging down her face;
Sweet laughter round her; dancing like a breeze.
I'd rather lair me with a fiend in fire
Than look on such a face as hers to-night.
But I can look on thee, and such as thee!
I'll call thee "Sister;" do thou call me "Brother."

A thousand years hence, when we both are
damned,
We'll sit like ghosts upon the wailing shore,
And read our lives by the red light of hell.
Will we not, Sister?

GIRL.

O, thou strange wild man,
Let me alone: what would you seek with me?

WALTER.

Your ear, my Sister. I have that within
Which urges me to utterance. I could accost
A pensive angel, singing to himself
Upon a hill in heaven, and leave his mind
As dark and turbid as a trampled pool,
To purify at leisure. I have none
To listen to me, save a sinful woman
Upon a midnight bridge. — She was so fair,
God's eye could rest with pleasure on her face.
O God, she was so happy! Her short life
As full of music as the crowded June
Of an unfallen orb. What is it now?
She gave me her young heart, full, full of love:
My return — was to break it. Worse, far worse;
I crept into the chambers of her soul,
Like a foul toad, polluting as I went.

GIRL.

I pity her — not you. Man trusts in God;
He is eternal. Woman trusts in man;
And he is shifting sand.

WALTER.

Poor child, poor child!

We sat in dreadful silence with our sin,
Looking each other wildly in the eyes:
Methought I heard the gates of heaven close;
She flung herself against me, burst in tears,

As a wave bursts in spray. She covered me
With her wild sorrow, as an April cloud
With dim dishevelled tresses hides the hill
On which its heart is breaking. She clung to me
With piteous arms, and shook me with her sobs;
For she had lost her world, her heaven, her God,
And now had nought but me and her great
wrong.

She did not kill me with a single word,
But once she lifted her tear-dabbled face —
Had hell gaped at my feet I would have leapt
Into its burning throat, from that pale look.
Still it pursues me like a haunting fiend:
It drives me out to the black moors at night,
Where I am smitten by the hissing rain;
And ruffian winds, dislodging from their troops,
Hustle me shrieking, then with sudden turn
Go laughing to their fellows. Merciful God!
It comes — that face again, that white, white
face,
Set in a night of hair; reproachful eyes,
That make me mad. O, save me from those
eyes!

They will torment me even in the grave,
And burn on me in Tophet.

GIRL.

Where are you going?

WALTER.

My heart's on fire by hell, and on I drive
To outer blackness, like a blazing ship.

[*He rushes away.*]

These extracts will induce every lover of
poetry to read the volume for himself; and
we do not think that after such reading any
one will be disposed to doubt that Alexander
Smith promises to be a greater poet than
any emergent genius of the last few years.

From the Critic.

A NEW POET IN GLASGOW.

DISCOVERERS are often a much-injured class
of men. Sometimes the worth of their object
is denied, sometimes their claim to the fact
of finding it out is contested, and sometimes,
in the brilliance of the star, the astronomer
who has first observed it is utterly eclipsed!
Nevertheless it is a pleasant thing, "when a
new planet swims into our ken," or when, to
pursue the quotation, we happen to resemble

— Stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Gathered around him with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

This quotation is suggested, partly by the
thought it embodies, and partly by the recol-
lection of its author, both relevant to the
subject before us. We — we first — we alone,
claim the merit of discovering a new Poet in
Glasgow, and a Poet, too, who in genius,
circumstances, and present position, is not

unlike JOHN KEATS. God forbid he should resemble him in his future destiny!

Some four months ago we received a packet of poetry from Glasgow, accompanied with a very modest note, signed "ALEX. SMITH." Encumbered with many duties, and with an immense mass of MS., good, bad, and indifferent, we allowed the volume to lie by us for a long time, till at last, lifting it up carelessly, we lighted upon some lines that pleased us, were tempted to read on — did so — and ere the end, were all but certain we had found a Poet — a new and real star in those barren Northern skies. We told the Poet our impressions; he in reply sent us two later effusions, which completely confirmed us.

Poor fellow! at the age of ten he was sent from school to a commercial employment, where he has been engaged, ever since, ten hours a day, for the last eleven years. He is now, consequently, twenty-one. His principal, though not his best poem, was written two years ago. It is entitled a "Life Drama," and is, it seems, an attempt to set his "own life to music."

We may, without analyzing the story, quote a few extracts from this powerful though unequal, poem. These will speak for themselves, for their author, and for us! Hear this of certain books:

They mingle gloom and splendor, as I've oft
In thund'rous sunsets seen the thunder piles
Seamed with dull fire, and fiercest glory rents.
They awe him to his knees, as if he stood
In presence of a King. They give him tears,
Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed
When first they clasped a son of God, all bright
With burning plumes and splendors of the sky
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.
How few read books aright! Most souls are shut
By sense from their grandeurs, as the man who
snores,
Nightcapped and wrapt in blankets to the nose,
Is shut out from the Night, which, like a sea,
Breaketh forever on a strand of stars.

Again, of a Poet —

His was not that love
That comes on men with their beards; his soul
was rich,
And this his book unveils it, as the Night
Her *panting wealth of stars.* The world was cold,
And he went down like a lone ship at sea;
And now the fame which scorned him in life
Waits on him like a menial.
When the dark dumb Earth
*Lay on her back and watched the shining
stars. &c.*

Hear this, too, of a Song — the Song itself
we do not give: —

I'll sing it to thee, 'tis a song of one,
An image warm in his soul's caress,
Like a sweet thought within a Poet's heart,
Ere it is born in joy and golden words —

Of one, whose *naked soul stood clad in love,*
Like a pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

There is not a finer line than this last in literature! The combination of the thought, the image, and the picture formed from both, is perfect.

Let Mr. Smith be permitted again to speak of the Poet — of such as himself!

The Poet was as far 'bove common men
As a sun-steed, wild-eyed, and meteor-maned,
Neighing the reeling stars, is 'bove a dray,
With mud in its veins.
Shaken with joy or sadness, tremulous
As the soft star which in the azure East
Trembles with pity o'er bright bleeding Day.

But here is a higher voice:

The soliloquy with which God broke
The silence of the dead Eternities — At which
ancient words,
With *showery tresses like a child from sleep,*
Uprose the splendid, mooned, and long-haired
Night,
The loveliest born of God.

To this the lady well answers —

Doubtless your first chorus
Shall be the shoutings of the morning stars!
What martial music is to marching men,
Should Song be to Humanity. In bright Song
The Infant Ages born and swathed are.

Thus he opens the Second Part; and is it
not like the sound of a trumpet?

Curl not thy grand lip with that scorn, O World!
Nor men with eyes of cold and cruel blue
Withier my heart-strings with contemptuous
"Pooh!"

Alas, my spirit sails not yet unfurled,
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
Bagged Ledger men, with souls by Mammon
churled,

What need of mocks or jeers from you or yours,
Since hope of Song is by Scorn's arrow shent!
O Poesy, the glory of the lands,
Of thee no more my thirsty spirit drinks!
I seek the look of Fame! poor fool, so tries
Some lonely wand'rer 'mong the desert sands,
By shouts to *gain the notice of the Sphynx,*
Staring right on with calm eternal eyes.

This last line should have been in Hyperion.
It reminds us of

Sate gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone.

Or,

•With solemn step an awful Goddess came!

Or,

And plunged all noiseless into the deep Night;

but is, perhaps, finer than any of them. It is one of those lines which are *worlds of self-contained power and harmony!*

We give another labored and very splendid passage :

Ev'n as I write the ghost of one bright hour
Comes from its grave and stands before me now.
'T was at the close of a long summer's day,
As we were standing on a grassy slope,
The sunset hung before us like a dream
That shakes a demon in his fiery lair.
The clouds were standing round the setting sun
Like gaping caves, fantastic pinnacles ;
Wide castles throbbing in their own fierce light ;
Tall spires that went and came like spires of flame.

Cliffs quivering with fire-snow, and sunset-peaks
Of piled gorgeousness, and rocks of fire
A-tilt and poised ; bare beaches, crimson seas :
All these were huddled in that dreadful west ;
All shook and trembled in unsteadfast light,
And from the centre blazed the angry Sun,
Stern as the unlash'd eye of God, a glare
O'er ev'ning city with its boom of sin.
Dost thou remember as we journeyed home
(That dreadful sunset burnt into our brain),
With what a soothing came the naked Moon ;
She, like a swimmer that has found his ground,
Came rippling up a silver strand of clouds,
And plunged from the other side into the Night.

Here is a fine thought in a softer vein :

O my Friend,
If thy rich heart is like a palace shattered,
Stand up amid the ruins of thy heart,
And with a calm brow front the solemn stars.
'T is four o'clock already, see the Moon
Has climbed the eastern sky,
And sits and *tarries for the coming Night*.
So let thy soul be up and ready-armed,
In waiting till occasion comes like night ;
As night to moons—to souls occasion comes.

Take another sweet image (perhaps suggested by that line in *Festus*, which David Scott pronounced the best in the poem,

Friendship has passed me like a ship at sea.) —

We twain have met like ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet ;
One little hour, and then away they speed
On lonely paths through mist and cloud and foam —
To meet no more.

Again, he says —

God is a worker. He has thickly sown
Wide space with rolling grandeurs. God is Love :
He yet shall wipe away Creation's tears,
And all the worlds shall summer in his smile.
Why work I not? the *veriest note that sports*
Its one day life within the sunny beam,
Hath its *stern duties*. Wherefore have I none?

Listen, O world, to this picture of thy weary self:

Methinks our darkened world doth wander lone,
A Cain-world, outcast from her peers in light ;
Wild and curse-driven. A poor maniac world,
Homeless and sobbing, through the deep she goes.

The following passage has obvious faults of rhythm and diction, but is quite equal to anything in *Festus* on the same theme. It is a picture of the poet of the coming time :

When ages flower, ages and bards are born ;
My friend, a Poet must ere long arise,
And with a regal song sun-crown the age,
As a saint's head is with a glory crowned ;
One who shall hallow Poetry to God
And to its own high uses — for poetry is
The grandest chariot in which king-thoughts ride :
One who shall fervent grasp the sword of song,
As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade
To gain the quickest passage to the heart.
A mighty Poet, whom this age shall choose
To be its spokesman to all coming times.
In the ripe, full-blown season of his soul
He shall go forward in his spirit's strength
And grapple with the questions of all time
And wring from them their meanings. *As King Saul*

*Called up the buried prophet from his grave
To speak his doom ; so shall this Poet-King
Call up the dead Past from its awful grave
To tell him of our future.* As the air
Doth sphere the world, so shall his heart of love —
Loving mankind, not peoples. As the lake
Reflects the flower, tree, rock, and bending heav'n,
Shall he reflect our great humanity.
And as the young Spring breathes with living
breath
On a dead branch till it sprouts fragrantly,
Green leaves and sunny flowers, shall he breathe
life
Through every theme he touch, making all Beauty
And Poetry forever like the Stars.

There follows a noble rhapsody on the Stars, for which we have not room. We quote the closing passage of this " Life-Fragment."

As he wrote, his task the lovelier grew,
Like April into May, or as a child
A smile in the lap of life, by fine degrees
Orbs to a maiden walking with meek eyes
In atmosphere of beauty round her breathed,
Over his work he flushed and paled in room
Hallowed with glooms and books. *Priests which have shed*
Their makers unto Fame. Moons which have
shed
Eternal halos around England's head ;
Books dusky and thumb'd *without, within a sphere*,
Smelling of Spring, as genial, fresh, and clear,
And beautiful as is the rainbow'd air
After May showers. Within this warm lair
He spent in writing all the winter moons.
But when May came with train of sunny noons,
He chose a leafy summer house within
The greenest nook of all his garden green.
Oft a fine thought his face would flush divine,
As he had quaffed a cup of golden wine,
Which deifies the drinker : oft his face
Gleamed "like a spirit's" in that shady place.
When he saw *smiling upwards from the scroll*
The image of the thought within his soul,

As mid the waving shadows of the trees,
 Mid garden odors and the hum of bees,
 He wrote the last and closing passages.

'Tis truly a noble fragment of a "Life" this — the chip of a colossal block. We fervently trust that Mr. Smith's "life" may be long extended, his delicate health strengthened, and his circumstances so ameliorated, that he may fulfil the beautiful promise he has so unequivocally given.

We quote three fine specimens of his Sonnetting vein. The first, though "All in Honor" is perhaps a little too luxurious in tone :

Last night my cheek was wetted with warm tears,
 Each worth a world. They fell from eyes divine.
 Last night a silken lip was pressed to mine;
 And at its touch fled all the barren years.
 And golden-couched on a bosom white,
 Which came and went beneath me like a sea,
 An Emperor I lay, in empire bright,
 Lord of the beating heart ! while tenderly
 Love-words were glutting my love-greedy ears.
 Kind Love, I thank thee for that happy night ;
 Richer this cheek for those warm tears of thine,
 Than the vast midnight with its gleaming spheres ;
 Leander toiling through the midnight brine,
 Kingdomless Antony, were scarce my peers.

Like clouds or streams we wandered on at will,
 Three glorious days, when, near our journey's
 end,

As down the moorland road we straight did wend,
 To Wordsworth's "Inversneyd," talking to kill
 The cold and cheerless drizzle in the air.
 'Bove me I saw, at pointing of my friend,
 An old fort, like a ghost upon the hill,
 Stare in blank misery through the blinding rain ;
 So human-like it seemed in its despair,
 So stunned with grief, long gazed at it we twain.
 Weary and damp we reached our poor abode,
 I, warmly seated in the chimney nook,
 Still saw that old fort on the moorland road,
 Stare through the rain with strange woe-wildered
 look.

Beauty still walketh on the earth and air,
 Our present sunsets are as rich in gold
 As ere the Iliad's numbers were outrolled ;
 The roses of the spring are ever fair ;
 'Mong branches green still ring-doves coo and
 pair ;
 And the deep seas foam their music old.
 So if we are at all divinely souled,
 This Beauty will unloose our bonds of care.
 'Tis pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bend-
 ing,
 Within old starry-gated Poesy,
 To meet a soul set to no earthly tune,
 Like thine, sweet friend ! O dearer thou to me
 Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
 Or noble music with a golden ending !

We have culled the previous extracts, and even the Sonnets, almost at random, and could easily have multiplied them by dozens. But we proceed now to give some extracts

from the "Page and the Lady," which we deem his finest artistic production.

The story of the Page and the Lady is simple — A lady of high birth and great beauty, hath an Indian Page, who falls in love with her, which love is betrayed in the course of a Conversation between them. The Conversation is the Poem. This confession she is at first disposed to treat with disdain, but ultimately she finds, by a very brief process of self-inquiry, that it is but the counterpart of a feeling towards him, which has long lurked in her own bosom. Let us take first the opening of the poem :

On balcony, all summer, roofed with vines,
 A lady half-reclined amid the light,
 Golden and green, soft showering through the
 leaves,
 Silent she sat one half the silent noon ;
 At last she sank luxurious on her couch,
 Purple and golden-fringed like the sun's,
 And stretched her white arms on the warmed air,
 As if to take some object where withal
 To ease the empty aching of her heart.

She is weary, because, although she has
 plenty of rich and noble suitors she has none
 she can love ; and exclaims —

O empty heart !
 O palace ! rich and purple-chambered,
 When will thy Lord come home ?

Then she bethinks herself in her weariness
 of her Page :

My cub of Ind —
 My sweetest plaything ! He is bright and wild
 As is a gleaming panther of the hills.
 Lovely as lightning — beautiful as wild !
 His sports and laughter are with fierceness
 edged,
 As I were toying with a naked sword
 Which starts within my veins the blood of Earls.
 I fain would have the service of his voice,
 To kill with music this most languid noon.

She summons him accordingly to her presence and bids him sing a battle song, or better still —

Some hungry lay of love,
 Like that you sung me on the eve you told
 How poor our English to your Indian darks.
 Shaken from od'rous hills what tender smells
 Pass like *fine pulses* through the mellow nights ;
 Your large round Moon, more beautiful than
 ours —
 The showered stars — each hanging luminous,
 Like golden dew-drops in the Indian air.

He sings, as she bids, a very sweet love-song. At the close —

Queenly the lady lay ;
 One white hand hidden in a golden shoal
 Of ringlets, reeling down upon her couch,
 And heaving on the heavings of her breast,
The while her thoughts rose in her eyes like stars,
Rising and setting in the blue of night.

Thus luxuriously rested, she begins to tell her Page of a rhyming cousin she had once. A strange person, truly :

He went to his grave, nor told what man he was ;
He was unlanguage'd, like the earnest sea,
Which strives to gain an utterance on the shore ;
But ne'er can shape unto the listening hills
The lore it gathered in its awful age,
The crime for which 't is lashed by cruel winds,
To shrieks and spoomings to the frighted stars,
The thought, pain, grief within its lab'ring breast.

Many strange things have been said about the sea. It has been called the "far-resounding Main;" it has by an author of the day been boldly called "The Shadow and Mad Sister of the Earth." Thomson figures it as the "melancholy Main;" and well may it be both mad and melancholy, for Mr. Smith proclaims it a tongueless penitent, carrying in its bosom the memory of some Crime of Ages ; lashed for its penance by the eternal winds and yet unable to relieve itself by expressing its guilt, save in inarticulate shrieks, sobs, and "spoomings to the frighted stars." We think that we remember a similar thought in Mr. Gillfillan's "*Second Gallery of Portraits*," where he describes Mrs. Shelley, after her husband's death, wandering along the shore and asking vain questions at the sea, "which, like a dumb murderer, had done the deed, but was not able to utter the confession." Mr. Smith, however, improves upon this by making the crime a profound, old and general one, worthy of those long and fearful moanings which, even in calm, never altogether subside, and which in storm seem to express a divine desperation, as of a whole Synod of Gods plunged into Tartarus, and feeling the virgin fires on their immortal limbs.

The Lady, in her turn, condescends to sing a song, and proceeds in various measure to recount the history and character of those who in vain had loved her. She asks him, then, if he thinks that the power of Beauty is so great as is usually supposed, and he, in very glowing terms, affirms that it is.

The lady dowered him with her richest look,
Her arch head half-aside, her liquid eyes
From 'neath their dim lids drooping, slumbrous
Stood full on his, and called the wild blood up
All in a tumult to his sun-kissed cheek,
As if it wished to see her beauty too.
Then asked in dulcet tones, "Dost think me fair?"

We must omit his very eloquent reply, which is, of course, in the affirmative. She begins to suspect, from his language, that he has known by experience what love is. She asks him —

My lustrous Leopard, hast thou been in love?

What follows is admirable :

The Page's dark face flushed the hue of wine
In crystal goblet, stricken by the sun,

His soul stood like a moon within his eyes,
Suddenly orb'd, his passionate voice was shook
By trembles into music "*Thee I love!*"
"Thou!" and the lady with a cruel laugh
(Each silver thro' went through him like a sword)

Flung herself back upon her fringed couch,
From which she rose, upon him, like a queen,
She rose, and stabbed him with her angry eyes.

We do not quote what she then says in words, unknowing her own heart; her laughter's "silver throbs" (what an exquisite expression!) had said it more eloquently before. Suffice it, she dismisses the crestfallen page —

With arm sweep superb,
The light of scorn was cold within her eyes,
And withered his bloomed heart, which like a rose
Had opened timid to the noon of Love.

But mark now! After sitting alone for a season, she thus communes with her own soul, in a soliloquy worthy of any poet or dramatist :

It was my father's blood
That bore me, as a red and wrathful stream
Bears a shed leaf. I would recall my words,
And yet I would not.
Into what angry beauty rushed his face!
What lips! What splendid eyes! 't was pitiful
To see such splendors ebb in utter woe.
His eyes half won me! Tush! I am a fool;
The blood that purples in these azure veins,
Riched with its long course through an hundred
Earls,

Were fouled and muddled if I stooped to him.
My father loves him for his free wild wit,
I for his beauty and sun-lighted eyes.
— To bring him to my feet, to lip my hand,
Had I it in my gift, I'd give the world —
Its panting fire — heart, diamonds, veins of gold,
Its rich strands, oceans, belts of cedared hills,
Whence summer smells are struck by all the
winds.

But, whether I might lance him through the brain
With a proud look, or whether sternly kill
Him with a single deadly word of scorn,
Or — whether — yield me up,
And sink all tears and weakness in his arms,
And strike him blind with a strong shock of joy —
Alas! *I feel I could do each and all.*
I will be kind when next he brings me flowers,
Plucked from the shining forehead of the morn,
Ere they have ope'd their rich cores to the bee.
His wild heart with a ringlet will I chain,
And o'er him I will lean me like a heav'n,
And feed him with sweet looks and dew-soft
words,

And beauty that might make a monarch pale;
And thrill him to the heart's core with a touch —
Smile him to Paradise at close of eve,
To hang upon my lip in silver dreams.

And thus is the story "left untold;" and yet what more is needed to tell us, that Love has triumphed over Rank, that the Lady has become the "Page" to the Page, and the Page the Lord to the Lady.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE GIVING BEE.

AMONG some of the pleasantest of my reminiscences of New York state, is that of a few months' sojourn on the banks of the Croton River, the stream which supplies the great metropolis of the Union with the means of cleanliness it so much requires. The country around my residence was wild, mountainous, woody, and haunted by half-forgotten tales of love and war—traditions of the struggle between the royalist and the patriot. On one hill-side, deep in the woods, was still to be seen "Old Sarah's Cave," where for upwards of forty years the half-crazed victim of an unhappy passion had expiated her follies and sins in solitude and suffering. The old people of the neighboring town of Salem loved to tell how they remembered her coming, Sabbath after Sabbath, to their church, and how, being missed one day from her accustomed place in the middle aisle, she was sought at her dreary home, and found there dead. In a cottage, too, quite near us, dwelt a descendant of one of the three captors of poor André; and here and there, among the surrounding villages, the gray and tottering ruin of many a revolutionary hero still existed to reward the search of the curious. It was, indeed, quite romantic ground for the New World.

The "ville," on the outskirts of which we lived, had risen in a pleasant spot; straggling along the left bank of the rapid and stony-bedded river, and sheltered from the cold winter blast and the sultry summer sun by mountains wooded to their summits. At one corner of the single street, shaded by majestic sycamores, stood the smithy, that, in all lands, most picturesque of work-shops; a little beyond, the "store" claimed attention—the coach-office, post-office, and gossiping place of the neighborhood. The mill clacked and rumbled on the opposite side, and then followed a few pretty white houses, occupied by humble mechanics and laborers, of which the fringed window-curtains and precise neatness of exterior gave evidence that the inmates resembled, in some respects at least, their near neighbors—the good folks of Connecticut. A neat church, in summer almost hidden by the lofty locust-trees that grew around it, and only separated from the minister's dwelling by his garden and orchard, terminated the village street; beyond it began the heavy white lime-stone walls that in this part of Westchester county are frequently used, instead of rail fences, to divide the corn-fields and meadows, and which, with the ugly red barns and outhouses of the farms scattered on the hills around, were far from improving the charm of the landscape.

Both the owners of the comfortable home-

steads, and the poorer inhabitants of the ville, were a simple, unsophisticated race, sociable, and primitively hospitable. Many were the moon-light tea-drinkings, and quilting-frolics, and Dorcas-meetings, at which I assisted, in company with Mrs. Jones, the miller's wife, and her gossip, the blacksmith's better half. But of all the village-gatherings, the Giving Bee gave me the most pleasure, and has remained the most interesting recollection of my visit.

Our minister—"a man he was to all the country dear"—was "hired," as the native expression is, at a salary of 200 dollars a year, and a house, garden, orchard, and pasture for his horse and cow. He added somewhat to his income by preaching every other Sunday afternoon at Salem, seven miles off, and by instructing half-a-dozen children in branches of education not taught at the district school. The flock, however, did not consider their pastor yet sufficiently remunerated, and therefore held an annual "Bee," as an assembly for any kind of work is sometimes termed in the States, to supply him and his family with a portion of their yearly necessities.

It was rather late in the afternoon of the day appointed by the elders—it was a Presbyterian community—that I started with my offering for the minister's dwelling. The December day was dying, the Croton shut up beneath ice two feet thick, and the ground covered deep with snow; but the air was so still and clear, that the cold was far from being unpleasantly severe, and the rapid motion of the sleigh so exhilarating, that the drive was delightful. The ville presented a gay scene; vehicles of every shape and size, mounted on runners, drawn by horses decked profusely with tinkling bells, and laden with noisy parties from the farms, and stores of good things, were rushing in swift succession towards the place of meeting; while grouped beneath the bare locust-trees around the church, were to be seen numerous empty cars, the horses taken out, and bestowed somewhere under shelter; where all the poor animals found refuge that evening, I never discovered. On reaching the house, I was received at the door by some young ladies, farmers' daughters, who for that occasion had taken possession of the entire domicile—the master and mistress appearing in the character of guests, a delicate simulation, which put both giver and receiver much more at their ease than they could otherwise have felt. I was conducted to the company bed-chamber to unwrap, and to deposit my little gift in the adjoining room, appropriated to the reception of the "freewill-offerings." It presented an odd scene of confusion; barrels of flour and apples; bags of buckwheat and Indian meal; hams, and huge hanks of yarn for the good-

man and children's stockings; calico and homespun; pickles and preserves; a box of sugar; a jar of honey; a roll of flannel; a bundle of "comfortables;" cheese and crackers; all were heaped or scattered upon the floor, forming, it seemed to me, a year's supply of clothing, and almost of food.

"I guess it will be a kind of help," remarked one of the young ladies in answer to my exclamation of admiring surprise; "but it's amazing what a profusion of such articles is consumed in twelve months!"

On entering the parlor, I found a numerous assembly of the neighbors, rich and poor, engaged in general conversation, and awaiting the summons to tea. The ladies before mentioned were busy preparing the meal, for which they had brought every requisite from their own homes, and had taxed the house for nothing except fire, water, and a kettle. Tables were joined to form one that nearly filled the modest "keeping-room," and was yet too small to accommodate at one time all the members of the Bee; the seniors of the party, therefore, took the precedence, and were first served, the mistresses of the ceremonies attending the guests. The great staples of the entertainment were smoking-hot butter-milk rolls, and waffles—a cake inherited from the Dutch, and made of butter; it is poured into curiously-shaped iron-moulds, and baked in the midst of a glowing fire. Great plates of butter, cheese, and thinly-shaven smoked beef, accompanied these; while deep crystal dishes of various kinds of preserves gave an air of lightness and elegance to the somewhat heavy display of good things. Every one was helped to everything; and it was amusing to see the heaped-up plate of each individual surrounded by a host of satellites in the form of Lilliputian saucers, filled with preserved cherries, peaches, quince, and ginger, all to be discussed with the beef, cheese, and butter. There was no conversation during the repast, which fortunately was not a protracted one; both relays had soon finished, and the waiting-maids proceeded to make merry together; then, after restoring everything to its former order, and packing their baskets for the return-journey, they joined the rest of the party.

The evening passed pleasantly in conversation—the elderly folks discoursed on the "split" which had recently taken place among them on the subject of church government; the matrons debated domestic mysteries; and the young men and maidens talked, laughed, and even flirted; while I, as a stranger and a "Britisher," received much attention, and had to talk and listen more, it seemed to me, than was quite fair.

"You are from the old country, madam," said a Mrs. Brown; "pray now, did you ever become acquainted with my son Iliam?"

"Never, ma'am," I replied rather emphatically.

"Do tell!" exclaimed the lady; "and yet he's been there four years, and he's in public life!"

"Indeed; in what capacity?"

"He's with Major Jerry Crane, the great wild-beast speculator! They travel with a splendid caravan, as my son calls it, all over the country, and make considerable money."

"It's a remarkable good profession in the old country," observed Mr. Jones, the miller, who sat near; "I guess all the wealthiest gentlemen in this section have made their fortunes by it. That splendid hotel at Somers, 'The Elephant,' was built by one of them!"

"I opine you have no such meetings as this in England?" remarked a pleasant-looking young farmer, as he took the seat next to me.

"We have not," I replied; "but you are aware that all church matters are conducted very differently there from what they are in America."

"I hope so," said the candid gentleman; "I reckon, too, a 'giving bee' would be considerable of a help to some of those poor curates I've read about! I'll be darned if I could sit and look such a one in the face, while he preached 'Do unto others, as ye would they should do unto ye!'"

How our native land seems part of ourselves when we are far from it—I blushed as if his words were personal!

About eight o'clock, a general cessation of conversation took place, and a silence of three or four minutes was broken by the minister rising and solemnly inviting us to join him in prayer. All rose, and stood with heads bowed and eyes cast down, while he gave thanks with all the eloquence of unaffected piety for the blessings each enjoyed. When he had ended, another brief silence ensued, and then rose tremblingly, at first from a single voice, the sweet notes of a hymn of praise—soon all joined, and the sacred strain swelled full and loud. The moment it was concluded, the bustle of departure began—hands were hastily shaken, the men ran out to seek their sleighs and horses, while the women collected their baskets and wraps. The night was glorious—the moon shone with the purest, softest lustre, making the white ground sparkle, and silvering the snow-laden trees; and as each sleigh dashed off with its merry load, their ringing laughter awoke the mountain echoes.

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AN INCIDENT.

BY WILLIAM SYDNEY THAYER.

THE Spring is breathing on the earth
Its soft warm gales of scented air,
And birds and bees are singing forth
The joy of Nature everywhere.

A darker green creeps o'er the hill,
The lilac purples in the hedge,
The budding willow by the rill
Leans with young boughs beside its edge.

The bush, that in the winter long
Tapped dolefully against the pane,
Is gladdened by a golden throng
Of blossoms brimmed with evening's rain.

But here, while all is joy and hope,
In Death's mysterious slumbers bound,
Lies one, whose eyes shall never ope
To the gay scene of life around.

On the cold wrinkled face a smile
Tells that the soul, exempt from change,
Has sailed for some serener isle,
In happier fields than ours to range.

As free and light, as if the breeze
Had blown her from the odorous west,
A child, wreathed with anemones,
Glides towards the aged form at rest.

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Her fair curls toss in wild delight,
Her sweet eyes are of changeful blue,
Yet the still mystery of that sight
Has touched them with a deeper hue.

Start not, dear child, so sweet and fair !
At the calm features thou hast viewed,
For thou, with that pale sleeper there,
Art linked in strange similitude.

Both at Life's dawning ! thine is blent
Of care and mirth, of smiles and tears ;
Hers, flooded with divine content,
Unchanging through the eternal years.

From the Ladies' Companion.

OHS.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

O ! that I hearkened to each clock's advice,
What time it doles out life in tones precise—
Occasions lost shall never more avail !
O ! that I studied o'er each day's deep tale !
The same is ne'er told twice ; no more, no more
Come th' opportunities we scorned before :
No day hath ever known a second dawn :
'Tis briefly lent to us, and then withdrawn.

O ! that we might the least, light part regain
Of Time's lost treasures, proffered us in vain !

O ! that calm Memory, of our deeds and days
Might spread a map, all sunshine to our gaze !
O ! that Her voice — all music to our souls,
Could tell a tale as fair as Hope unrolls !
O ! that each hour that fades from us in night,
Might bring a star of Truth and Trust to light !

O ! that the fancies, that we see like flowers
Die in our path, in dark and wintry hours
Would yield their vacant place in aching hearts
To deathless hopes, whose freshness ne'er de-
parts !

O ! that each sigh we heave — and who but
sighs ? —

Could lift the deep heart nearer to the skies !

O ! that we read the World's great story right,
"Passing away" with all its pomp and might.

O ! that all strong affections, that have power
In feeling hearts through Life's brief, flying
hour,

Might be with noblest trusts and thoughts en-
twined —

Pure as the first dreams of an infant's mind !

O ! that our dear ones but our bliss might
share —

Lighten — but never languish with our care !

O ! that we yet may feel, may find *their* love —
All our joy here — proves half our bliss above !

GIVE ME A HOME.

GIVE a home with garden lawn around —

The sweet grass mingled with the flower-decked
ground,

Let it slope gently to the soft-breathed south,
And quaff its warm draughts with a thirsty
mouth ;

Let a green valley fair before it spread,
And through its mead a bright blue stream be
led ;

Let high hills rise beyond, and a calm sky
Bend o'er and hide the neighboring town from
eye ;

And be it roofed with thatch, or slate, or tile —
It matters not — so it has rustic style ;

Let a small wood behind it lift its leaves,

At a healthy distance — yet above its eaves ;

And let a winding path amid the trees

Lead to quaint seats and bowers of shady ease,
Where brother bards might list the cushat's coo,

And tone their thoughts to amorous accents low,
Or wander through the undergrowth of nut,

And hark the nightingale at evening shut ;

And then within let woman fair be found —

Queen of the Hearth — with household honors
crowned

The Lady of the Board — supremely sweet —

Whose daily duties sandal angels' feet !

Companion — counsellor ! a shield from strife !

Home's queen ! man's help — a loving, faithful
wife !

And let glad children play her steps beside —

Girls, gentle, graceful — boys, with noble pride ;

Tender, yet brave — gleesome, yet thoughtful
too ;

Branches whose trunk shall joy in buds that
blow ;

And then what else can heart desire in home —
What other light should aid dispelling gloom ?
Save some sweet instrument whose tunings choice —
Should sweetly mingle with the minstrel's voice —
A few fair sketches of earth, sea and sky ;
Pencillings of distant friends to bring them nigh —
A little library of spirits rare ;
Earth's great historians and sweet singers fair —
Kind saints — old sages — souls who cannot die,
But in their thoughts live on immortally ;
Home friends ! — its purifying element —
Who teach us wisdom — industry — content ;
With such a Home, O, who would envy wealth !
With such a Home, and competence and health !
O, give me such ! no marbled dome should rise
A truer temple grateful to the skies !

From Punch.

NOISELESS WHEELS.

THERE is a rumor and a talk
Of an invention that 's applied,
Not to the use of those that walk,
But to the use of those that ride.
What is it to the public ear
In loud advertisements appeals ?
What do they speak of far and near ?
What makes this noise ? The "noiseless
wheels."

A subtle meaning may be found
Where 't is not looked for by the throng —
A "noiseless wheel !" Thus, free from sound,
The wheel of Time revolves along.
No voice is heard to note its speed,
Silent and swift it onward steals ;
'T is only by its loss we heed
The flight of Time — with "noiseless wheels."

Under the sun there 's nothing new ;
Whatever is, has always been :
Invention can but bring to view
Things that would else remain unseen.
The law of Nature — far and near —
The principle at once reveals ;
The world, the seasons, year by year,
Go round and round, like "noiseless wheels."

The blood that warms the mortal frame
In circulation will be found ;
The air about us does the same,
In silent currents twirling round.
The head itself will often swim ;
The brain occasionally reels ;
And round will come the lot of him
Who 's helped by fortune's "noiseless wheels."

But science may have missed its aim,
For clattering wheels are oft preferred
By those who think that noise is fame ;
Not mute would be the vulgar herd.
Rare is the man his carriage owns,
Who modestly his state conceals ;
He'd rather rattle o'er the stones,
Than pass unheard with "noiseless wheels."

From Household Words.

ABD-EL-KADER ON HORSEBACK.

SOME curious particulars respecting Arabian horses have lately been given to the world, from no less authoritative a source than Abd-el-Kader himself. General Daumas has published a work, entitled *Les Chevaux du Sahara*, and it contains the answers furnished by the Arab chief to a list of inquiries that had been expressly addressed to him. The emir's letter was translated into French by M. Boissonnet, its original form being scrupulously retained; and many of our readers may be gratified by the sight of an English version of the document, even if it be not likely to afford them any very great practical instruction.

November 8, 1851 (the 23d of Moharrem, the first month of 1268).

Glory to the One God. His reign alone is eternal.

Health to him who equals in good qualities all the men of his time, who seeks only after good, whose heart is pure and his discourse accomplished, the wise, the intelligent Lord, General Daumas, on the part of your friend, Sid-el-Hadi Abd-el-Kader, son of Mahi-Eddin.

Behold the answer to your questions.

I. You ask how many days an Arabian horse can travel without resting, and without being made to suffer too much.

Know that a horse, who is sound in all his members, who eats barley which his stomach requires, can do whatever his rider wishes him. On this subject the Arabs say *Allef ou annef*. "Give barley and overwork." But without overworking the horse, he may be made to travel sixteen parasanges every day (a parasange is a measure of distance—originally Persian—equal to a French league and a half, or three and three quarters English miles, as near as may be); that is the distance from Mascara to Koudiah-Aghelizan, on the Oued-Mina; it has been measured in *drâa* (cubits). A horse performing this distance (of sixty miles English) daily, and eating as much barley as he likes, can go on without fatigue for three, or even for four months, without resting a single day.

II. You ask what distance a horse can travel in one day.

I cannot tell you precisely; but the distance ought to be not much less than fifty parasanges (one hundred and eighty-seven miles and a half), as from Tlemcen to Mascara. We have seen a very great number of horses perform in one day the distance from Tlemcen to Mascara. Nevertheless, a horse which has completed that journey ought to be spared the following day, and ought only to be ridden a much shorter distance. Most of our horses could go from Osran to Mascara in one day, and would perform the same

journey for two or three successive days. We started from Saïda towards eight in the morning (*au dohha*), in order to fall upon the Arbâa, who encamped at Aain-Toukria (among the Oulad-Aïad, near Taza), and we reached them by break of day (*fedjer*). You know the country, and are acquainted with the road which we had to traverse.

III. You ask me for instances of abstinence in the Arabian horse, and for proofs of his power of enduring hunger and thirst.

Know that when we were stationed at the mouth of the Mèlouïa, we made *razzias* in the Djebel-Amour, following the route of the Desert. On the day of attack, we pushed our horses on for a gallop of five or six hours without taking breath, completing our excursion thither and back in twenty, or at most in five and twenty days. During this interval of time, our horses had no barley to eat, except what their riders were able to carry with them—about eight ordinary feeds. Our horses found no straw to eat, but only *alfa* and *chiehh*, or besides that, in spring-time, grass. Notwithstanding which, on returning home again, we performed our games on horseback the day of our arrival, and we shot with a certain number of them. Many which were unable to go through with this last exercise, were still in good travelling condition. Our horses went without drinking, either for one day, or for two; once, no water was to be found for three days. The horses of the Desert do much more than that; they remain about three months without eating a single grain of barley; they have no acquaintance with straw, except on the days when they go to buy corn in the Teli, and in general have nothing to eat but *alfa* and *chiehh*, and sometimes *guetof*. *Chiehh* is better than *alfa*, and *guetof* is better than *chiehh*. The Arabs say, "*Alfa* makes a horse go, *chiehh* makes him fit for battle." And "*Guetof* is better than barley." Certain years occur in which the horses of the Desert go without tasting a single grain of barley during the whole twelvemonth, when the tribes have not been received in the Teli. They then sometimes give dates to their horses; this food fattens them. Their horses are then capable both of travelling and of going to battle.

IV. You ask me why, when the French do not mount their horses till they are four years old, the Arabs mount theirs at an early age.

Know that the Arabs say that horses, like men, can learn quickly only in their childhood. These are their proverbs on that subject: "The lessons of infancy are engraved on stone; the lessons of mature age disappear like birds' nests." They also say, "The young branch rises straight up again without great difficulty; but the timber tree never rises up again."

In the first year, the Arabs teach the horse to be led with the *résoun*, a sort of bridle. They call him then *dejeda*, and begin to bridle him and to tie him up. When he is become *teni*—that is to say in his second year—they ride him for a mile, then two, then a *para-sange*; and when he is turned of eighteen months old, they are not afraid of fatiguing him. When he is become *rebâa telata*—that is to say, when he enters his third year—they tie him up, cease to ride him, cover him with a good *djelale* (horse-cloth), and make him fat. On this subject they say: "In the first year (*djeda*) tie him up for fear any accident should happen to him. In the second year (*teni*) ride him till his back bends. In the third year (*rebâa telata*) tie him up again. Then, if he does not suit you, sell him."

If a horse is not ridden before the third year, it is certain that he will be good for nothing but for running, at most, which there is no occasion for him to learn; it is his original faculty. The Arabs thus express the thought: *El djouad idjri be aselouh*; "The *djouad* runs according to his breeding." (The noble horse has no need to be taught to run.)

V. You ask me why, if the offspring partakes more of the qualities of the male than of the female parent, the mares, notwithstanding, sell for higher prices than the horses.

The reason is this; he who purchases a mare hopes that all the while he is making use of her he will obtain from her a numerous progeny; but he who buys a horse derives from it no other benefit than its services for the saddle, as the Arabs never take money for the use of their horses, but lend them gratuitously.

VI. You ask whether the Arabs of the Desert keep registers to record the descent of their horses?

Know that the people of the Algerian Desert do not trouble themselves about such registers, any more than the people of Teli. The notoriety of the facts is quite sufficient; for the genealogy of the blood-horses is as universally known as that of their masters. I have heard say that some families had these written genealogies, but I am unable to quote them. But books of the kind are in the East, as I have mentioned in the little treatise which I am shortly about to address to you.

VII. You ask which of the Algerian tribes are the most celebrated for the purity of race of their horses.

Knew that the horses of the Hamyan are the best horses of the Desert, without exception. They have none but excellent horses, because they never employ them either for tillage or for carrying burdens. They use them only for travelling and for battle. These

are the horses which are best able to endure hunger, thirst, and fatigue. The horses of the Arbâa and of the Oulad-Nayl come next after those of the Hamyan. In the Teli, the best horses, in respect to purity of race, stature, and beauty of form, are those of the people of Chelif, particularly those of the Oulad-Sidi-Ben-Abd-Allah (Sidi-el-Aaribi), near the Mina, and also those of the Oulad-Sidi-Hassan, a branch of the Oulad-Sidi-Dahhou, who inhabit the mountains of Mascara. The most rapid in the Hippodrome, and also of beautiful shape, are of the tribe of Assusenna, in the Yakoubia. This saying is attributed to Moulaye Ismail, the celebrated Sultan of Morocco: "May my horse have been brought up in the Mâz, and led to water in the Biaz!" The Mâz is a place in the country of the Assasenna, and the Biaz is the brook, known by the name of Toufet, which runs through their territory. The horses of the Ouled-Khaled are also renowned for the same qualities. Sidi-Amed-Ben Youssef has said on the subject of this tribe, "Long tresses and long *djelais* will be seen amongst you till the day of resurrection;" praising thus at the same time both their women and their horses.

VIII. You tell me that people have assured you that the horses of Algeria are not Arabian horses, but Barbs.

This is an opinion which falls back again upon its authors. The people of Barbary are of Arab origin. A celebrated author has said: "The people of Barbary inhabit the Mogheb; they are all sons of Kaïs-Ben-Ghilan. It is also asserted that they are descended from the two great Hématries tribes, the Senahdja and the Kettama, who came into the country at the time of the invasion of Ifrikeh-el-Malik."

According to these two opinions, the people of Barbary are really Arabs. Moreover, historians have established the kindred of the majority of the tribes of Barbary, and their descent from the Senahdja and the Kettama. The arrival of these tribes is anterior to Islamism; the number of emigrated Arabs in the Mogheb is incalculable. When the Obeidin (the Fatémities) were masters of Egypt, immense tribes passed into Africa, and amongst others the Riâhh. They spread from Kairouan to Merrakech (Morocco.) It is from these tribes that are descended, in Algeria, the Douaouda, the Aïad, the Mâdid, the Oulad-Mad, the Gakad-Jakoub-Zerara, the Djendal, the Attaf, the Hamis, the Braze, the Sbêba, and many others. No one doubts that the Arabian horses have spread in the Mogheb, in the same way as the Arabian families. In the time of Ifrikeh-ben-Kaif, the empire

of the Arabs was all-powerful; it extended towards the west, as far as the boundaries of the Mogheb, as in the time of Chamar the Hémiarite, it extended towards the east as far as China, according to the statement of Ben Kouteiba in his book entitled *El Mârif*.

It is perfectly true, that if the Algerian horses are of Arab race, many of them have fallen from their nobility, because they are only too frequently employed in tillage, in carrying burdens, and in doing other similar hard work; and also because some of the mares have been associated with asses, which never happened under the Arabs of old. So much so, that according to their ideas, it is sufficient for a horse to have trodden upon ploughed land to diminish his value. On this subject the following story is told:

A man was riding upon a horse of pure race. He was met by his enemy, also mounted upon a noble courser. One pursued the other, and he who gave chase was distanced by him who fled. Despairing to reach him, he then shouted out, "I ask you, in the name of God, has your horse ever worked on the land?"

"He has worked on the land, for four days."

"Very well! mine has never worked. By the head of the Prophet, I am sure of catching you."

He continued the chase. Towards the end of the day, the fugitive began to lose ground and the pursuer to gain it. He soon succeeded in fighting with the man whom he had given up all hopes of reaching.

My father — may God receive him in mercy! — was accustomed to say, "No blessing upon our country, ever since we have changed our coursers into beasts of burden and tillage. Has not God made the horse for the race, the ox for the plough, and the camel for the transport of merchandise? There is nothing gained by changing the ways of God."

IX. You ask me, besides, for our maxims as to the manner of keeping and feeding our horses.

Know that the master of a horse gives him at first but little barley, successively increasing his ration by small quantities, and then diminishing it again a trifle, as soon as he leaves any, and continuing to supply it at that rate. The best time to give barley is the evening. Except on the road, there is no profit in giving it in the morning. On this point they say, "Morning barley is found again on the dunghill, evening barley in the group." The best way of giving barley is to offer it to the horse ready saddled and girthed; as the best way of watering a horse is to make him drink with his bridle on. On this point it is said, "The water with the bridle, and the barley with the saddle." The Arabs

especially prefer those horses which are moderate eaters, provided they are not weakened by their abstinence. "Such a one," they say, "is a priceless treasure." "To give drink at sunrise, makes the horse lean; to give him drink in the evening, makes him fat; to give him drink in the middle of the day, keeps him in his present condition."

During the great heats, which last forty days (*smaïme*), the Arabs give their horses drink only every other day. It is said that this custom has the best effects. In the summer, in the autumn, and in the winter, they give an armful of straw to their horses, but the ground-work of their diet is barley, in preference to every other sort of food. On this subject the Arabs say: "If we had not seen that horses are foaled by horses, we should say that barley produces them." They say,

Gheli ou chetreh,

Ou chair idjerrih —

(Look out for a large one, and buy him, Barley will make him run.)

They say: "Of forbidden meats, choose the lightest." That is to say, choose a light horse; the flesh of the horse is forbidden to Mussulmen.

They say: "It takes many a breakage to make a good rider."

They say: "Horses of pure race have no vice."

They say: "The horse at the halter is the honor of the master."

They say: "Horses are birds which have no wings."

"For horses, nothing is distant."

They say: "Nothing is at a distance, for horses."

They say: "He who forgets the beauty of horses for the beauty of women, will never prosper."

They say: "The horse knows his rider."

The Saint Ben-el-Abbas — may God take him into favor — has also said: —

Love horses, care for them,

Spare no trouble for them,

By them comes honor, by them comes beauty.

If horses are abandoned by men,

I make them enter into my family,

I share with them the bread of my children,

My wives dress them in their own veils,

And cover themselves with their horsecloths.

I lead them every day

On the field of adventure,

I fight with the bravest.

I have finished the letter which our brother and companion, the friend of all, the Commandant Sidi-Bou-Senna, will forward to you. — Health.

ABD-EL-KADER.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

No. I. — WASHINGTON IRVING.

Few, it may be reasonably affirmed, will demur to the judgment which assigns to Mr. Washington Irving the most distinguished place in American literature. Meaning thereby, not the distinction of incomparable genius in general, nor of preëminent superiority in any special department of authorship; but — without present reference to his personal or intrinsic claims, however great — the distinction of extrinsic, popular renown, the external evidence of long-established and world-wide recognition. Wherever America is known to have a literature at all, she is known to rejoice in one Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., as its representative. If an unreading alderman presiding at a public dinner wished to couple with a toast in honor of that literature the name of its most distinguished scion, Washington Irving's, we presume, is the name he would fix on; not, perhaps, that the alderman may have read that author much, but that he has read his brother authors less, or not at all, and, in short, proposes the toast in an easy, conventional, matter-of-fact way, as paying a compliment the legitimacy of which will be impeached by no compotator at the civic board. The alderman's private opinion, he being "no great things" as a student and critic in the *belles lettres*, may be valued at zero; but his post-prandial proposition, as the mouthpiece of public opinion, as the symbol or exponent by which society rates a name now to be toasted with all the honors, is of prime significance. There may be American writers who, either in the range, or the depth, of literary power, or in both combined, are actually the superiors of the author of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "History of New York." He may yield in picturesque reality to Fenimore Cooper — in dramatic animation to Brockden Brown — in meditative calmness to Cullen Bryant — to Longfellow in philosophic aspiration — to Holmes in epigrammatic ease — to Emerson in independent thought — to Melville in graphic intensity — to Edgar Poe in witching fancy — to Mayo in lively eccentricity — to Prescott in accurate erudition — to Hawthorne in subtle insight — to Mitchell in tender sentiment. He may, or he may not, do all this, or part of it. But, notwithstanding, his position remains, either way, at the top of the tree. Thitherwards he was elevated years ago, by popular acclamation, when as yet he stood almost alone in transatlantic literature; and thence there has been little disposition to thrust him down, in favor of the many rivals who have since sprung up, and multiplied, and covered the land. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is

of course infinitely more popular for the nonce, or, indeed,

It may be for years, and it may be forever;

but, recurring to that distinction which is traditional, conventional, and thus far "well-ordered in all things and sure," Washington Irving holds it in possession, and *that* is nine points of the law.

In effect, he is already installed on the shelf as a classic. His sweet, smooth, translucent style makes him worthy to be known, and pleasant to be read, of all men. Be his theme what it may — and in choice of themes he is comprehensive enough — whether a Dutch "tea and turnout," or a "Siege of Granada," a full-length of "Mahomet," or a crayon sketch of "Jack Tibbetts;" a biography of "Goldsmith," or of "Dolph Heyliger;" a "prairie on fire," or a "Yorkshire Christmas dinner;" a night on the "Rocky Mountains," or a morning at "Abbotsford" — to each, he brings the same *bello stile* *chc*, as he may say, and *has said*, * *m'ha fatto onore*. His style is indeed charming, so far as it goes. That is not, possibly, very far, or at least very deep. For it is not a style to compass profound or impassioned subjects, or to intone the thrilling notes which "sigh upward from the Delphic caves of human life." It has not, speaking generally and "organically," more than one set of keys, and can give little meaning to passages demanding diapason grandeur, or trumpet stop. It fluently expresses ballad and dance music; or even the mellifluous cadences of Bellini, and the gliding graces of Haydn; but beyond its range are such complex harmonies as a Sinfonia Eroica, such tumultuous movements as a Hailstone Chorus. And therefore is it not what one sometimes hears it called, a perfect style — unless the perfection be relatively interpreted, *quoad rem*, which of itself is a "pretty considerable" concession. But in its proper track it is eminently delightful, and flows on, not in serpentine, meandering curves, but straightforward, "unhasting, yet unresting," with musical ripple as of some soft inland murmur. Hence a vast proportion of the favor vouchsafed to its master, who has made it instrumental in popularizing subjects in the treatment of which he had scarcely another advantage, or even justification. Quiet humor, gentle pathos, sober judgment, healthy morality, amiable sentiment, and exemplary professional industry have done the rest.

That Mr. Irving was eminently endowed with the mytho-poetic faculty — the art of myth-making — was delightfully evident in the production of "Knickerbocker's History

* In the preface to his "Life of Goldsmith," to whose literary influence over himself he applies the address of Dante to Virgil.

of New York." In relation to the infant experiences of the city he depicts, he occupies as notable a position from the positive pole as Niebuhr does from the negative; the German's skill in the use of the *minus* sign, he emulates in dexterous management of the *plus*; whatever fame the one deserves as a destructive, the other may arrogate as a conservative, or rather a creator; the former immortalizes himself because he exhausts old worlds, the latter because he imagines new. All honor, then, to the undaunted historian of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty — being the Only Authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published; which peremptory "only," so far at least as it excludes other claimants, is a terse and tidy challenge, "which nobody can deny." Equally undeniable is it that, for a historian and chronicler, old Knickerbocker is "a jolly good fellow;" and that even Sir Robert Walpole might have been tempted to revoke and recant his slander on history at large, had he been familiar with such a dainty dish as this. Every pursuivant of useful knowledge is conciliated *in limine*, by the honest man's assurance, that if any one quality preëminently distinguishes his compilation, it is that of conscientious, severe, and faithful veracity — "carefully winnowing away the chaff of hypothesis, and discarding the tares of fable, which are too apt to spring up and choke the seeds of truth and wholesome knowledge." Inspired by this stern principle, it is beautiful to hear his disclaimer of all records assailable by scepticism, or vulnerable by critical analysis — his sublime rejection of many a pithy tale and marvellous adventure — his jealous maintenance of that fidelity, gravity, and dignity which he accounts indispensable to his order. The heroes of the New York mythological æon swagger before us in memorable guise. Good Master Hendrick Hudson, for instance, with his mastiff mouth, and his broad copper nose — supposed (the latter to wit) to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of the tobacco-pipe; a man remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and for a voice which sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet, owing to the number of hard nor'-westers swallowed by him in the course of his sea-faring. Walter the Doubter, again, so styled because the magnitude of his ideas kept him everlastingly in suspense — his head not being large enough to let him turn them over and examine them on both sides; an alleged lineal descendant of the illustrious King Log; hugely endowed with the divine faculty of silence, and loving to sit with his privy council for hours together, smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness so necessary to

deep reflection. Golden age of innocence and primitive blessedness! when tea-parties were marked with the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment — no flirting, or coquetting — no gambling of old ladies, or hoyden chattering and romping of young ones — but when the demure misses seated themselves for the evening in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings, nor ever opened their lips, unless to say "Yah, Mynheer," or "Yah, ya Vrouw," to any question that was asked them — while the gentlemen tranquilly "blew a cloud," and seemed, one and all, lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles of the fireplace, representing, perhaps, Tobit and his dog, or Haman swinging conspicuously on his gibbet, or Jonah manfully bouncing out of the whale, "like harlequin through a barrel of fire." Then comes William the Testy — that "universal genius" — who would have been a much better governor had he been a less learned man — who was perpetually experimentalizing at the expense of the state, and reducing to practice the political schemes he had gathered from Solon and Lycurgus, and the republic of Plato and the Pandects of Justinian — who introduced the art of fighting by proclamation (an art worthy of Mr. Cobden* himself), and wrought out for himself great renown by a series of mechanical inventions, such as carts that went before the horses, and patronized a race of lawyers and bum-bailiffs, and made his people exceedingly enlightened and unhappy. And, lastly, we have Peter the Headstrong — tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, leathern-sided, and wooden-legged — a hero of chivalry struck off by the hand of nature at a single heat — a beautiful relique of old-fashioned bigotry — a perfect fossil of effete notions — a peremptory and pugnacious man, who would stomp to and fro about the town, during political ferment, with a most war-betokening visage, his hands in his pockets, whistling a low Dutch psalm-tune, which bore no small resemblance to the music of a north-east wind when a storm is brewing; the very dogs, as they eyed his excellency, and heard his wooden foot-fall, skulking anywhere in dismay. It argues a significant talent for ironical composition, and easy badinage in Mr. Irving, that he has sustained to the last, in this perhaps over-long history, the

* The fellow-feeling between these two great men may be illustrated by the annexed passage from Knickerbocker: — "The great defect of William the Testy's policy was, that though no man could be more ready to stand forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was so intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he suffered the enemy to break its head; in other words, whatever precaution for public safety he adopted, he was so intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual." — "History of New York," book iv., c. 4.

quaint tone of subdued comedy and simple gravity which marks its opening. It abounds in pungent reflections profitable for later times, and likely to remain applicable until the last public quack and parliamentary humbug and official mountebank shall be no more.

"Salmagundi" belongs to the same — the earliest — stage in the author's literary career, and partakes of the same satiric features. But the satire is good-natured enough in both cases, and indeed comes from too kindly a heart to be impregnated with any very bitter stuff. What Byron calls

The royal vices of the age, demand
A keener weapon and a mightier hand.

And against such it is not Geoffrey Crayon's mission to set himself in array.

Still there are follies e'en for him to chase,
And yield, at least, amusement in the race.

So that, although it is not for him, "good easy man, full surely," to confront and apprehend gigantic vice stalking in the streets, or to extinguish the "guilty glare" blazing from what threaten to be "eternal beacons of consummate crime," yet he can speak on the hint,

Are there no follies for my pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs deserve the scourge?

And, albeit, the fools have nine lives, and kind Geoffrey's scourge, or cat, hath only one; he lays it on with what appetite he may. He certainly has the gift "d'apercevoir le ridicule, et de le peindre avec grace et gaieté." And as certainly, he has had no such "evil communications" with a mocking spirit* as to corrupt his "good mauners," or freeze his warm heart.

Hitherto Mr. Irving had catered for the New World. He was now to identify himself with the literators of the Old, by publishing "The Sketch-Book," under (to use his own words) "the kind and cordial aus-

* Speaking of the above "sense of the ridiculous," and of the art of painting it with vivacity and mirth, Madame de Staël adds: "Ce n'est pas là le genre de moquerie dont les suites sont les plus à craindre; celle qui s'attache aux idées et aux sentimens est la plus funeste de toutes, car elle s'insinue dans la source des affections fortes et dévouées." — DE L'ALLEMAGNE, IV., § ii. This "wise saw," in its warning against the perverting tendencies of satire, reminds us of a "modern instance." Thomas Moore, a man of as gay and kindly a disposition as the author of "Salmagundi," had attained a far greater renown as a satirist, and with far greater pretensions to that "bad eminence," when, apprehensive of its corroding power, as well on agent as patient, he wrote in his diary (1819): "Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire; it is a path in which one not only strews, but gathers thorns." Five years previously, Lady Donegal had urged him to take the same resolution, on the same grounds.

pices of Sir Walter Scott," and by the agency of the prince or booksellers, John Murray. This Sketch-Book he compares with that of a wayward travelling artist, who, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, copies objects in nooks, and corners, and by-places: the result being a volume crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins, but neglectful of St. Peter's, or the Colosseum, the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples, and without a single glacier or volcano in the whole collection. This absence of aught volcanic or violent removes the sketches from participation in Diderot's judgment, that "les esquisses ont communément un feu que le tableau n'a pas. C'est le moment de chaleur de l'artiste, &c." Look not in these *esquisses* for *feu* or *chaleur*. They are the placid, dreamy droppings of a limner's truant crayon, wandering over the paper at its own sweet will. Variety the collection designedly has; the collector's design being that it should contain something to suit each reader, to harmonize with every note in the gamut of taste. "Few guests," argued he, in arranging his Miscellany — "few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig; another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination; a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavor of venison and wild fowl; and a fourth, of truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knock-knacks here and there dished up for the ladies. Thus each article is condemned in its turn; and yet, amidst this variety of appetites, seldom does a dish go away from the table without being tasted and relished by some one or other of the guests." Is pathos your passion? There is "The Widow and her Son," to ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears — the affliction of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, bereaved of her last solace; and there is "The Pride of the Village," a love-tale, and a tale of sorrow unto death — a prose elegy, most musical, most melancholy, on as pretty a low-born lass as ever ran on the green sward. Is humor to you a metal more attractive (though every true taste for pathos involves a hearty relish for humor, and *vice versa*)? There is the discursive chapter on "Little Britain" — that heart's core of the city, that stronghold of John Bullism, as it seemed to Mr. Crayon, looking as usual through colored spectacles, so that he here recognized a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions, where flourish in great preservation many of the holiday games and customs of yore, and where still revisit the glimpses of the moon not a few ghosts in full-bottomed wigs and hanging sleeves, or in lap-pets, hoops and brocade. Such a Little Britain was hardly to be found in Great Britain when

Geoffrey pilgrimized amongst us ; and is now traceable, in its merest outline, only in his Sketch-Book. Then, again, there is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," recording the expedition of Ichabod Crane, and his adventure with the Goblin Horseman ; and the essay on "John Bull," from an American point of view ; and the "Christmas Dinner" at Bracebridge Hall, with boar's head and carol, with wassail bowl of "gentle lamb's wool," celebrated by Master Simon, in certain roistering staves about the "merry browne bowle" and the "merry deep canne," and followed by a Christmas mummery, superintended by a Lord of Misrule, in which Ancient Christmas duly figures away with a frostbitten nose, and Dame Mince Pie, in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. Or, if your demand be for the romantic and the superstitious, is there not "The Spectre Bridegroom," and the peerless narrative of "Rip Van Winkle !" Or, should you be of literary predilections, there are the essay on "The Art of Book-making," and the Shakspearean researches in the Boar's Head Tavern, and Stratford-on-Avon. A like miscellaneous character pertains to "Bracebridge Hall," and the same refractive medium of colored spectacles everywhere occurs. The merry England described is almost in the state of the old lady in the ballad, market-bound, egg-laden, and sleepily *recubans sub tegmine fagi*, to whom, locked in dreamland, "there came by a pedler, and his name was about ;" so that when the matron recovered her consciousness, it was (Hibernicè) not to know herself, and to infer from the new guise of her scant classic drapery that her personal *me* (Teutonicè) had evaporated, or transmigrated, or disintegrated itself in some ineffable fashion, precipitating this ineffable residuum or result. Geoffrey Crayon has played more amiable but equally revolutionary pranks on "merry England," adorning her in vestments so out of date (alas !), and so dreamily fictitious, that she fails to recognize in the glass even the general resemblance. He has painted her, not as the sun paints portraits, with harsh and unflattering fidelity, blackening every frown, deepening every furrow, indenting every crow's foot, but rather as the sentimental artist, who has a soul above accuracy, and who groups together prosy people in poetic attitudes, after the manner of the family piece in the "Vicar of Wakefield." These Yorkshire squires and villagers are but demi-somi-realities. They are mostly too good to be true. The angularities of the originals are too much smoothed down, their crooked ways made straight, and their rough places plain. Distance seems to lend enchantment to the view, and a dreamy haze to

soften the vision. Be it far from us, nevertheless, to rail at the sketcher's kindly idealism ; nor ever can his book be other than dear to us while we remember in it a Ready-Money Jack, and a Tom Slingsby the school-master, or recall that substantial, drab-breeched, top-booted mystery, the Stout Gentleman in No. 13. Nor must we omit allusion to that august widow, Lady Lillycraft, tender-hearted, romantic, and fond of ease — living on white meats and little ladylike dishes — cherishing the intimacy of pet dogs, Angola cats, and singing birds — an insatiable novel-reader, though she maintains that there are no novels now-a-days equal to "Pamela" and "Sir Charles Grandison," and that the "Castle of Otranto" is at the head of all romances. Old Christy, too, and Mrs. Hannah, merit a passing salutation — a couple as evidently formed to be linked together as ever were pepper-box and vinegar-cruet. The story of "Dolph Heyliger" glides on with sprightly ease.

Next, we come to the "Tales of a Traveller." Comparatively, it is a well-known truth, they were a failure. Mr. Irving's rambling among the forests of Germany and the plains of Italy provided him with copious *materiel* for legendary lore ; but the critics decided that of this *materiel* he did not make the most. Notwithstanding his advantages, he might have written the tales, it was averred, without being a traveller at all ; instead of spending three years on them, he might have finished the thing in three months, without stirring out of London. The ghost stories, it was alleged, were some of them old, and nearly all badly told — that is, not told seriously, but in a sort of half-witty vein, with little dancing quirks interspersed. "Good Heavens !" cried a *Blackwood* censor, "are we come to this, that men of this rank cannot even make a robbery terrific, or a love story tolerable !" The story of the Inn at Terracina, of the Beheaded Lady, of Buckthorne, &c., all were more or less found wanting ; in descriptive passages, where the traveller had taken up his rest at Venice, Florence, Naples, and other such inspiring abodes, he was declared to have produced either a blank or a blunder ; and the only meed of praise awarded him was for that section of the book devoted to "some of his old genuine stuff — the quaintnesses of the ancient Dutch heers and frows of the delicious land of the Manhattoes." He was therefore counselled to eschew European and classical subjects, and to riot once more, as Knickerbocker, in pumpkin pie, grinning negroes, smoking skippers, plump little Dutch maidens, and their grizzly-periwigged papas. If he would have honor, he was bid go seek it by prophesying and historicizing about his own country, and his father's house.

So far he followed this counsel as to write

in detail the life and the voyages of his country's immortal visitor, not to say her mortal creator, Christopher Columbus —

Who the great secret of the Deep possessed,
And, issuing through the portals of the West,
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurled,
Planted his standard on the Unknown World.*

Verily, a fascinating narrative — a strange, saddening, yet inspiring tale of the great Genoese sea-king, and of his great fight of afflictions, in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils by his adopted countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fustings often, in cold and nakedness. In narrating the story of this hero, Mr. Irving has endeavored to place him in a clear and familiar point of view; rejecting no circumstance, however trivial, which appeared to evolve some point of character; and seeking all kinds of collateral facts which might throw light upon his views and motives. In this endeavor he has succeeded. Few biographies surpass in sustained interest this memoir of the

Ἄνδρα . . . πολυτρόπον, ὃς μάλα πολλὰ
Πλευροῖτο —

a misconceived, misrepresented man — with none to sympathize with and foster his high imaginations,

Moving about in worlds not realized.

Perhaps the subject might have warranted a little more warmth of coloring — indeed, Mr. Irving is less ornate than usual in the present instance, and might easily have drawn a more impressive figure of the admiral in the waste deep waters — “around him, mutinous, discouraged souls,” to use the words of Carlyle; “behind him, disgrace and ruin; before him, the unpenetrated veil of Night.” However, apart from the intrinsic charm of the recital, there is so much of the author's wonted fluency and unaffected grace of style and clearness of method in working it out, that it leaves us sensibly his debtors, and in charity with him, if not (remembering the wrongs of Columbus) with all mankind.

The bent of his Spanish studies at this time found a new direction in the “History of the Conquest of Granada” — wherein he has fully availed himself, says Mr. Prescott, of all the picturesque and animating movements of the romantic era of Ferdinand and Isabella, and has been very slightly seduced from historic accuracy by the poetical aspect of his subject. “The fictitious and romantic dress of his work has enabled him to make it

the medium for reflecting more vividly the floating opinions and chimerical fancies of the age, while he has illuminated the picture with the dramatic brilliancy of coloring denied to sober history.”* The concoction of this modern Iliad is certainly admirable. The hand of a master is seen in the delineation of character, Christian and Moorish; in the grouping of the *dramatis personæ*; and in the evolution, act by act, and scene after scene, of the drama itself. Especially we remember with interest the portraits of Don Juan de Vera, ever dignified and chivalric, and the gallant Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz; of the daring old warrior, El Zagal, and the ill-starred Boabdill. Tenderly the historian tells the exodus of the latter, with his devoted cavaliers, from the city of the Alhambra — how they paused on the mountain side to take a farewell gaze at their beloved Granada, which a few more steps would shut from their sight forever, and which never before had appeared so lovely in their eyes — the sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighting up each tower and minaret, and resting gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra, while the vega (plain) spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil; how the proud exiles lingered with a silent agony of tenderness and grief in view of that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures — until a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem king lost forever: and how, thereupon, the heart of Boabdill softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with woe, could no longer contain itself, and the words of resignation, *Allah achbar!* died upon his lips, and tears blinded his last glance at the metropolis of his sires.

Far less satisfactory, to our thinking, is the collection of tales entitled the “Alhambra” — for we shared in the “dolorous disappointment” of an eminent reviewer, who observes that he came to it with the eager supposition that it was some real Spanish or Moorish legend connected with that romantic edifice; and behold! it was a mere Sadler's Wells travesty (before the reign of Phelps and legitimacy) applied to some slender fragments from past days. The observation applies, however, to the plan of the work, not to the execution.

But we must “hurry on” — which Mr. Irving did *à merveille*, in his rapid production of volume after volume. “A Tour on the Prairies” recalls him to his own country, in one of its most distinctive features, and is

* Rogers.

* Prescott's “History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella,” vol. ii., ch. 4.

agreeably described, without any straining at effect, or long-bow draughtmanship. "Astoria" followed — the story of a merchant-prince's commercial enterprise, from its projection to its failure; sometimes tedious, but not without moving accidents by flood and field. "Abbotsford and Newstead" is a delightful specimen of biographical-topographical gossip: the former part making up one of the most charming chapters in "Lockhart's Life of Scott;" which is giving it unstinted praise, yet praise as discreet as emphatical. "Captain Bonneville" is a kind of sequel to "Astoria," relating the expedition of a chieftain of trappers and hunters among the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. But the supply of this sort of information concerning bark canoes and wigwams, Indian swamps and Indian scamps, snowy mountains and sun-scorched prairies, beaver-skins and buffalo meat, salt weed and cotton-wood bark, was by this time beginning to exceed the demand, and the excitement kindled by Cooper's romances was becoming subject to the law of reaction. Hence these works fell comparatively flat on the public ear, and the public voice was heard to murmur that Geoffrey Crayon had written himself dry, and that his every later literary birth was a still birth — a sleep and a forgetting.

For awhile he was silent. When again his voice was heard, it was heard gladly, and the echo of response was still fraught with the music of popularity, and swelled with resonance of welcome. "Oliver Goldsmith; a Biography," was a theme a little the worse for wear; but an English public was too fond of both Geoffrey Crayon and him "for shortness called Noll,"

Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll, not to lend a willing ear to what the one had to say of the other. Prior's life was voted a pattern of industry, but left unread. Forster's was highly, widely, and deservedly admired, and remains the *Life* — being executed, as Mr. Irving himself testifies, with a spirit, a feeling, a grace, and an eloquence, that leave nothing to be desired. That Mr. Irving's biography made its appearance at all, when by its own avowal it was no desideratum, is explained by the fact that its author had already published it in a meagre and fragmentary form, which attracted slight notice; and now, in the course of revising and republishing his *opera omnia*, felt called upon to reproduce it in a more complete and satisfactory shape. He writes *con amore*, and with ever-prompt indulgence, of one to whose literary genius his own is indebted and akin. Whereas Johnson said of poor Goldsmith, "Let not his frailties be remembered; he was a very great man" — it is Mr. Irving's course to say, let them rather be remembered, since

their tendency is to endear; since he was no man's enemy but his own; since his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous and touching circumstances as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness; since there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring creature that pleads affectingly to our common nature — as being ourselves also in the body, *ὡς καὶ αὐτοὶ ὄντες ἐν σαρκαὶ*. Prudish censors may scout this sort of indulgence on the part of a critical biographer. For ourselves, we have too much fellow-feeling, with Elia's veneration for an honest obliquity of mind, to find the indulgence culpable; thinking with Elia, that the more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not bewray or overreach you. "I love the safety," protests dear, canonized Charles, "which a palpable hallucination warrants, the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition." Goldy was no fool, though; but his nature found it occasionally *dulce desipere* and not always *in loco*.

The "Life of Mahomet," like the preceding, seemed to require explanation, since it confessedly could add no new fact to those already known concerning the Arabian prophet. The author tells us it forms part of a projected series of writings illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain — most of the particulars being drawn from Spanish sources, with the addition of assistance from the elaborate work by Dr. Weil, and other recent authorities; his object in constructing it being, to digest into an easy, perspicuous, and flowing narrative (wherein so few can compete with him) the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with the leading legends and traditions connected with his creed, and a summary of the creed itself. The pretensions of this memoir are, therefore, small, as regards historical weight. It is deficient, moreover, in the matter of contemporary history, so essential to a due understanding of Mahomet's political and religious stand-point. The criticism on Mahomet's personal character is of that moderate and judicious kind which the author's antecedents might have warranted us to expect — neither condemning the prophet as an impudent impostor, juggler, and sensualist, nor exalting him to the honors of hero-worship. Mahomet is neither taxed with heartless selfishness, and ruinous imbecility, nor eulogized for "total freedom from cant," "deadly earnestness," and "annihilation of self." He is portrayed as an enthusiast

* Carlyle.

originally acting under a species of mental delusion, deeply imbued with a conviction of his being a divine agent for religious reform, but who, after his flight to Medina, became subject to wordly passions and wordly schemes — yet, throughout his career, in a great degree the creature of impulse and excitement, and very much at the mercy of circumstances. With equal impartiality Mr. Irving discusses the lives and actions of his successors.

But *New Monthly* space and patience will no farther go, and leave us only room, in anticipation of his promised life of Washington, to bid that great man's namesake a pleasant and respectful *au revoir*.

LEATHER. — The manufacture of leather has been less advanced by the application of chemical science than any other of the arts. If Simon, the tanner of Joppa, had been able to send leather to the Exhibition, no doubt he would have carried off a medal for leather as good, and made exactly by the same process, as that of our most eminent manufacturers of the present day. And yet the science of leather production is better understood now than then; but so many physical conditions are involved in the production of good leather, that scientific processes have been unable to satisfy them all. The hides, steeped in an infusion of oak-bark, absorb tannin, and are converted into leather. Good sole leather takes about a year to tan, and even calf-skins consume a month in the operation. Chemists have certainly indicated substitutes for bark, containing a greater amount of tannin, and these, as for instance, *terra japonica*, *cutch*, *catechu*, and *dividivi*, produce their effects in half the time; but the leather is said not to be so durable. With *sumach*, light skins may be tanned in twenty-four hours, and, with the aid of alum, even in one hour; but the resulting manufactures are not preferred to the old processes. Atmospheric and hydrostatic pressure have been used to hasten the absorption; the refined laws of *Endosmosis* and *Exosmosis* have been called in to accelerate the process; heavy rollers have squeezed the solution through the pores; but all these methods have had at the best but a doubtful success. Leather-manufacturers meet men of science by the well-founded assertion, that the resulting leather is too porous, too hard or too soft, or not sufficiently durable; and they revert to their old traditional modes of preparation. I allude to these failures the more especially to show that there is a wide chasm between the chemist's laboratory and the workshop — a chasm which has to be bridged over by the united aid of the philosopher and the manufacturer. One without the aid of the other does not suffice, but both, working together, may achieve great results. Yet, in bridging over this chasm, they must act on a common plan. If the manufacturer builds his half without understanding the principles of construction employed by the other, the sides of the bridge may indeed meet, but they are not constructed to receive the bind-

ing influence of the key-stone, and the arch must give way and tumble down.

Having thus shown the comparative failure of chemistry in revolutionizing this important manufacture, let me take one or two instances from it to prove that, in the details of the working, it has been of use in economizing time and labor, and in affording new uses to comparatively valueless objects. In removing the hair from the hides, previous to tanning, it was customary to shave it with a knife. This process was tedious and imperfect, and the following simple one is now used. Lime-water dissolves the bulbous root of the hair, when the hides are immersed in it for some time, and the hair may then be readily removed by a blunt instrument. By this simple process one man can remove the hair from a hundred kid-skins in about an hour. Still the immersion requires several weeks, while the addition of red orpiment to the lime, as practised by the sheep-skin manufacturers of France, reduces the time to a few hours.

When goat-skins are tanned for morocco leather, it is necessary, in order to adapt them for dyeing, to remove the lime absorbed by the last operation. A solution of *album græcum* cleanses the pores effectually, leaving them so spongelike, that air can readily be forced through them. Hence the process of tanning is rendered much easier, being in fact completed within twenty-four hours; while the leather is rendered fit to assume the colors so characteristic of morocco. About fifty persons are employed in London to collect the sweepings of dog-kennels for this purpose, and many more in applying them; and I am informed by Mr. Bevington, that the sum annually paid to the collectors and workmen employed in using this apparently worthless substance, is not less than £5000 in the metropolis alone.

The currier shaves leather to render it of equal thickness, and the shavings were treated as waste, scarcely fit for the manure-heap, but chemistry has shown that they contain much nitrogen, which renders them well adapted for the formation of the beautiful color known as Prussian blue. — *Lyon Playfair*.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE OF UTAH. — No one, without witnessing it, can form any idea of the buoyant properties of this singular water. A man may float, stretched at full length, upon his back, having his head and neck, both his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. If a sitting position be assumed, with the arms extended to preserve the equilibrium, the shoulders will remain above the surface. The water is nevertheless extremely difficult to swim in, on account of the constant tendency of the lower extremities to rise above it. The brine, too, is so strong, that the least particle of it getting into the eyes, produces the most acute pain, and if accidentally swallowed, rapid strangulation must ensue. I doubt whether the most expert swimmer could long preserve himself from drowning, if exposed to the action of a rough sea. — *Captain Slansbury's Expedition*.

From the Athenæum.

The Preacher and the King ; or, Bourdaloue in the Court of Louis XIV. Translated from the French of L. BUNGNER. With an introduction by the Rev. GEORGE POTTS, D. D., of New York. Trübner & Co.

This is a curious, able, and interesting book. M. Bungener is, we believe, a clergyman of the Protestant Church in France, and is known as the author of several works on theological and historical subjects. His "History of the Council of Trent" has been already translated into English, and was briefly noticed some time ago in our columns. The present work, which is so popular in France as to have reached its thirteenth edition in a few years, is of a very different character from the History, and far more likely to attract notice here. The translation before us seems to have been executed by some American admirer; and the excellence of the book is certified to the transatlantic public by Dr. Potts, a Presbyterian clergyman of New York, who furnishes an Introduction, somewhat heavy in style as well as sectarian in spirit.

The book, however, does not require Dr. Potts' certificate of its merits. It is only necessary to read a few pages to see that the author is a clever man, with not a little originality both in his manner of thinking and in his literary method. The main object of the work seems to be didactic:—it is a kind of treatise on pulpit eloquence, and on the relations of the preaching office to modern society. This whole subject the author seems to have studied deeply and in an earnest spirit; and we do not recollect ever seeing a book containing more just observations on oratory in general and more especially on sacred oratory. The question, for example, as to which of these methods is oratorically best—absolute extemporization, extemporization from prepared heads, memorized discourse, or discourse read from the manuscript—is discussed with a preciseness and a gusto which could come only from one to whom the whole *technic* of public speaking was a matter of personal and professional familiarity.

Were the present work, however, nothing more than a Protestant clergyman's exposition of the nature of the preacher's office and of the art of preparing and delivering sermons, we should pass it by with a brief mention, as out of the critical circle to which we confine ourselves. But it is much more than this. It is a really admirable historical novel of the time of Louis the Fourteenth; and the story is told so well, and there are such vivid character-painting and keen criticism of men and manners in it, that it might be questioned after all whether the original conception of the work was not rather historical than didactic.

The main incident of the work, and that on which the whole story turns, is this—Bourdaloue, the most eminent preacher of his age, is to deliver a sermon on Good Friday in the court chapel before Louis the Fourteenth. It so chances that at this time there is a strong desire on the part of some of the best men about the court, and particularly of the illustrious Bossuet, then Bishop of Condom, to speak decisively to the king about his manner of life, and especially to persuade him to break his connexion with Madame De Montespan. Partly by a kind of conspiracy, partly by the natural operation of an unforeseen train of circumstances, the task of completing what Bossuet has begun, and openly telling the king his duty, is devolved upon Bourdaloue. This great orator has just prepared his sermon, and is committing it to memory the night before its delivery (a process which, as well as the delivery of it from the pulpit, was always one of anguish to him), when Bossuet and others break in upon him, and compel him to alter a portion of his discourse and substitute a vehement personal oburgation of the king for the customary eulogy at the close. Bourdaloue, his own conscience going along with the design, consents; and a passage is added to the sermon of the required kind—though by another hand than that of the orator. The story closes with the delivery of the sermon in the Chapel Royal.

Now, this may seem but a very slight thread indeed for an historical fiction. In spinning it out, however, the author brings us acquainted in a most intimate and life-like manner with Louis the Fourteenth, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fénelon, Madame De Montespan, Claude, the leader of the French Protestants, and other celebrities of that day. The portraits of these characters are drawn with great skill and minuteness—and so many historical particulars are interwoven with the narrative that the whole assumes an air of reality. A great portion of the book consists of ideal conversations; but these conversations, besides being shrewd and ingenious in themselves, are constructed with true dramatic art, and seem to illustrate the characters of the various speakers. The author, though a Protestant, is extremely fair and liberal in his representations. His admiration for Bossuet and Bourdaloue is very great; and there is not the slightest display of a disposition to make the story turn to the advantage of Protestantism—unless it be, perhaps, in the noble portrait drawn of the Protestant preacher Claude, who figures very conspicuously towards the close.

Here is an account of the social position of preachers in France in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, with an appended delineation of the character of that monarch:—

A little fact in Tallemant's memoirs appears to us to contain a curious enough revelation in regard to the manner in which preaching was generally regarded about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is in the story of Le Maistre. "He intended setting to work to preach," says the author, "but he became religious by the way, and gave it up." Exactly as if it should be said, "He intended at first to become a comedian, but seeing that he could not do this without being lost, he changed his mind." The preacher was at that time but a sort of comedian; let us, however, observe, that this singular idea had not then exactly the same meaning which would be attached to it at the present day. In the first place, it was only applied to preachers by profession, those who are called at the present time in France, and improperly enough, *missionaries*; an ecclesiastic who had a stationary post, was not considered as belonging to the class of preachers, properly speaking. On the other hand, the word comedian, which we have used, does not imply that preachers were regarded in general as going against their conscience, and teaching things which they themselves did not believe; and yet they were very far from being regarded as actually following a vocation, and having sought above everything the advantage of religion and of the church. Preaching was a *trade*; a trade, doubtless, from which honesty and zeal were no more excluded than from any other, but a trade, notwithstanding. The profession of preacher was not only distinct from that of priest, it was considered, in some degree, as without the pale of piety, as incompatible with piety, so to speak. As soon as the latter had acquired a certain depth, "*He became religious by the way, and*" — went to preaching, probably? No; "*he gave up preaching.*" If, then, it was not entirely a comedy, neither was it a perfectly serious thing. It was with preaching as with poetry; it was looked upon as an art, and an art only. It was the *art of sermonizing*, just as poetry was the *art of versifying*; it was not yet comprehended that it could be or ought to be otherwise. Hence the criticisms and even pleasantries which society permitted itself to put forth against preachers, without seeming to imagine that religion could suffer from it. In our day, the boldest infidelity would scarcely venture upon that which Boileau dared to say against Cotin, without ceasing to be a religious man, and to be regarded generally as such. It was considered no more harm to deride a bad preacher, than to laugh at a bad poet. . . . However this may be — when preaching had once entered the dominion of literature, and consequently had left that higher sphere to which it belonged from its nature and its object, it found itself subjected, like everything else, to the influence of the man who was destined to impress so profoundly upon all the productions of the century the signet of his character and his manners. Whether from his great ability or his great good fortune, Louis XIV. absorbed everything; and in the same manner as all the poets came at last to glory in being poets only by him and for him, so there was at length no orator — that is to say, no preacher, since the pulpit alone was open to elo-

quence — who did not stoop beneath the same dominion, and gladly wear its livery. And this, it may be said by the way, is one of the best proofs that Louis XIV. was no common man. Let the legitimacy and morality of this influence be discussed at pleasure; let all the bases upon which it rested be made to totter one after the other (and we acknowledge that it can be done), yet the fact will still remain, that this influence was immense, and that it lasted fifty years. That circumstances prepared the way for it, is undeniable; that it was in some measure a homage to Louis XIV. himself, is also true; but, even if he had had nothing to do in order to acquire it, still it was a great deal to preserve it, and to preserve it for half a century. Put a Louis XIII. or a Louis XVI. in his place, and see if it would have lasted. . . . If it is permitted to the author of these reflections, to say once for all, what he thinks of this man, whose name recurs so often to the pen even of those who profess to despise him — here it is: — And, in the first place, *he does not like him*. It can be seen from the preceding pages, and will be seen still more plainly in those which follow, whether he is inclined to prostrate himself before his memory. But, at the moment when he is most disposed to be severe, he stops, he reflects, he fears to be unjust. Having already several times altered his opinion of Louis XIV., he does not wish to venture again, save in good earnest; so much the more, because, since he has seriously taken up the study of the seventeenth century, this prince has rather gained than lost in his esteem. As much interested as any one can be in execrating the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he is not one of those who fancy they have said everything in regard to one of the longest of reigns, in mentioning a deed of which the author was rather misled than cruel. He has been led to separate the *man* from the *king*. The man he likes less every day; the king he does not admire, much less like; but every day he learns "to respect him." If it be one of the characteristics of genius to take possession of his age, and personify it in himself, what foundation can we have for refusing to Louis XIV. this title? It is precisely because this prince was neither a Bossuet, nor a Condé, nor a Bourdaloue, that we are unable to attribute to accident the empire which he had over these men. When it is to be proved that man is the chief of created beings, what is generally done? The grandeur, ferocity and power of the animals which he has subdued, and whose master he is, are described. Well, if the obedience of animals stronger than myself, proves me to be a reasonable being, what does the obedience of men who surpass me in talent, in learning, in a thousand things — what does it prove, if not that there is one thing, at least, in which I have no equal? This thing, in Louis XIV., was the art of reigning. "He is the most kingly of all kings," wrote Leibnitz. "His suitable province was to be a king," said also Duclos, more than thirty years after his death. He was then neither a *great* king in reality, since true greatness possesses qualities of which he was destitute; much less a *good* king, and he cared very little to be this; he was a *king*, in all the extent and force

of the appellation — such a king as his father had not been, as his successors were not to be — a king whose like we scarcely find two or three times in all the world's history — where there is nevertheless no lack of those men who are called kings.

It is against this awful personage, before whose frown the boldest cowered, that the little club of preachers introduced in these pages contrive that plot of which Bourdaloue's Good Friday sermon was to be the explosion. Bossuet, as we have said, calls on Bourdaloue the night before the delivery of the sermon — and succeeds in persuading him to cut out the prepared peroration, which is an eulogium on the king, beginning with the words, "*I have nevertheless reason to console myself*," and to substitute for it another, taking the king severely to task. This other peroration, curiously enough, is supplied by Claude, who dictates it to Bourdaloue (in circumstances, however, which take away the appearance of improbability attaching to such an incident). With his sermon committed to memory in its thus altered condition, Bourdaloue, the next day, mounts the pulpit of the Royal Chapel, where the king and his court are assembled. The king has been forewarned that he is going to "catch it" in the sermon; and hence, he and the preacher, the one in his chair of state and the other in the pulpit, eye each other from the first like two combatants. The following is the description of the sermon: —

Bourdaloue had not yet ascended the pulpit, before everybody was certain that he was going to strike a great blow; if some had doubted it before he made his appearance, his agitation, his paleness could no longer leave them in doubt. It was not that he was still afraid. So long as the uncertainty had remained, and he had been obliged to struggle against the unfortunate desire — entirely mechanical — not to be obliged to preach before the king — he had suffered horribly; the king once arrived, he felt himself quite another person. Who has not felt this? When the danger is uncertain, the bravest are uneasy; if it is there — visible, palpable, and all escape is impossible, the most timid will become bold. And besides, this word timid did not apply to Bourdaloue; it had required a peculiar combination of circumstances to throw him into the distress in which we have seen him. But he seemed destined to experience on this day all the possible alternations of weakness and strength, courage and hesitation. Although accustomed to command an audience eight or ten times as numerous, he found himself at this moment the object of too lively, too piercing an attention, not to be confounded by it. If he had suspected nothing, perhaps he would have perceived nothing, or would have attributed this to an increased interest in himself, in his discourse; but how could he deceive himself? He could not even

take upon him to have recourse to the method which he ordinarily used with success against the treacheries of his memory — that of closing his eyes. In spite of himself, he sought to read in those of the king the effect of his slightest words, and as the king on his side only listened with uneasiness and distrust, it was impossible that a little of his agitation should not pierce through the usual impassibility of his features. It was a curious sight to observe these two men, both so skilful in impressing others, thus mutually impressing and fascinating each other. The king was very nearly vanquished — Bourdaloue was still in his exordium, when a desperate temptation, a bewildering idea took possession of his mind. Here he is in the pulpit; he has no more counsels or orders to receive; he is his own master. What is to hinder him from not delivering this horrible peroration, the cause of all his distraction? He will not take up his former one again, O, no! That is decidedly too inadmissible, and more so at this time than ever. "*I have reason for consolation*" — for shame! Never, no, never will he say to the king anything like that or approaching it. He will not recite that, then, it is settled. He will be able to find a few words to replace it; he will improvise, if he must; he will finish as he best can — and everybody will be satisfied. And every time that he arrived at this conclusion he seemed to hear sounding from the depths of his heart these words of Claude: "Except God!" "Yes," he thought, "except God — and Bossuet, and Montausier, and the queen, and my conscience — and some from piety, and some from curiosity — and the king himself — the king. Ashamed of having trembled, he will console himself only by despising him who made him tremble — for nothing — and who did not dare to go on —" And the sermon went on its way; and all this was whirling through the head of the orator; and the nearer the moment drew when he would be forced to decide, the more terrified he was — not to know which side to take. Twenty times he was on the point of losing the thread of his discourse; twenty times he would have lost it had his memory been less tenacious; if, like a circus-rider standing upon a galloping horse, the very rapidity of his course had not tended to preserve his equilibrium. But at the least shock, the least phrase omitted or changed, all would have been broken, upset, lost. He felt this, and it gave only the more vehemence to his utterance. Never had he been in reality so absent in mind, never in appearance so devout. In the arts, a power once discovered, you may apply it to everything; in eloquence, once agitated, all your words receive from this fact a new life, even when the subject of which you speak has nothing, or scarcely anything in common with the primitive cause of this agitation. Agitated, alarmed, so long as emotion and terror do not go so far as to seal your lips, you are eloquent. And thus, he was most eloquent. Since the close of the exordium the greater part of the hearers were his own; but he was still making vain efforts to be theirs. The events of the day — the pre-occupations of the next day — the sublime thought of the passion, began to ab-

sorb all, and he, who knew so well how to discover all the miseries in the obscurest folds of these hearts which opened at his voice — he allowed these miseries to fill and gnaw his own. O for a moment of solitude ! For a corner to pray in ! to place his insupportable burden at the foot of the Cross ! But no, he must go on ; he must drag it to the end. He is in the middle of his discourse. He draws near the close — and he does not yet know what he shall do. Another page, and hesitation will no longer be possible. Another phrase only — two words more. His head grows dizzy, his knees totter beneath him. He dashes on blindly ; with a concentrated violence he lets go the first words which come into his mouth. All is lost ! It is not the peroration of Claude ; it is his own ; the one over which he has groaned ; the one which he wished to efface with his tears and his blood. It is as if the devil had whispered in his ear. But suddenly he stops and grows pale. As he turned his head, in order at least to spare himself the shame of pronouncing, before the king's very face, these praises which seem like burning coals upon his lips — what does he see there, in that corner ? A grave, motionless, majestic countenance, which is distinctly defined against the long folds of a black mantle. It is he — the Protestant ! It is Claude ! Bourdaloue is annihilated. He slowly bows his head ; he claps his hands. But, O wonder ! he rises again. The fire of his eyes breaks forth again ; his head is upright and steady ; his voice vibrates. It is your turn, Louis le Grand ! No one save Claude had perceived the motive of the interruption, no one imagined it to be anything else but an oratorical ruse ; but the movement had been too natural, too true, too terrible, not to have a prodigious effect. The orator had perceived, as by the ray of a flash of lightning, all the advantages he was going to derive from it. "*I have, nevertheless, reason to console myself*" — It was at these words that Bourdaloue had perceived Claude, and that he had risen to fall no more. "To console myself," he repeated slowly. "Ah, my brethren, what was I about to say ?"

Then comes the thunder. The preacher has got upon the right rail — and he "gives it" to the king soundly.

Such is the story : — a pure fabrication, of course, of the author ; who uses for his purpose one of the actual sermons of Bourdaloue, in the printed copies of which, however, we still read the eulogistic peroration which the fiction discards. Nothing but this incident, however, is fabricated : — all else is true to the manners of the time and to the character of Bourdaloue. Altogether, we should say that M. Bungeuer has shown himself qualified to take a high place either in historical literature or in the literature of historic fiction. The short sketch appended to the main story of the present volume, under the title of "Two Evenings at the Hôtel de Rambouillet," is equally conclusive of the author's vocation for the practice of historical portrait-painting.

[Some persons elected as members to the House of Commons have lost their seats on proof of bribery at the elections. Punch makes *Cherubim* of them, through some confusion of ideas.]

ST. STEPHEN AND HIS CHERUBS.

ST. STEPHEN sat late at his new chapel gate,
In a state of resigned expectation
Of the winding up of a lengthy debate,
Not the least affecting the nation.

When, up in the air, the saint is aware
Of a sound as of wings and of voices,
And he lifts up his eyes in pious surprise,
To see what the cause of the noise is.

It comes from a rout of cherubim stout —
Parliamentary apotheoses —
Their cheeks once so chubby, beslubbered and
grubby
With the tears that have run down their noses.

With agonized swings of their poor little wings
They try vainly to wipe their fat faces,
With bitter complaint, o'er the head of the saint,
Flying out from their late pleasant places.

"What means this wild grieving ?" said holy St.
Stephen.

Quoth they, "We are victims to law, sir."

"Won't you sit and explain ?" But they answered again,

"How sit ? when we hav n't *de quoi*, sir !

"The seats are all gone that we late sat upon —
Ta'en away by our hard-hearted brothers ; —
And the worst of the ill is, that, do what we will,
There's no chance of our meeting with others.

"Here's the cherub of Clitheroe, whither, oh
whither, oh,
Is he to go look for a borough ?

Here's the cherub of Chatham, they all went in
at him,

Though they'd play just the same tricks to-morrow.

"And the Lancaster cherub'll feel his loss terrible,

As his seat to get warm was beginnin' ;
And the Hull cherubs twain must go canvass
again,

With the cherub of Rye, young Mackinnon.

"They who over the same bridge of gold in for
Cambridge

Walked triumphant — one rich and one clever,
Before they can meet with as cosy a seat,
May go wand'ring the kingdom forever !

"And what adds aggravation to our sad situation,
Is the fact — which all folks must admit, sir —
That the few thus ill-treated by being unseated,
Are no worse than the many who sit, sir !"

Then the saint with a grin stroked the beard on
his chin,

And with voice, than which none could be
blander,

Said, "In my house, you see, the proverb should be,

'Sauce for goose is not quite sauce for gander.'"

From the *Athenæum*.

L. E. L. AND THE GOLD COAST.*

If there exists anywhere outside the boundaries of romantic fable a land which is at once "a beauty and a mystery," it is probably the Gold Coast of Africa. A sky of unclouded brightness—a luxuriant Flora, yielding in the garden the most tempting fruits and rising in the forest into the grandest forms of vegetable life—birds of the most gorgeous plumage—animals and insects of almost infinite variety—give to the external appearance of this coast an extraordinary charm and gayety. The outward sparkle—the voluptuous sense of easy and relaxed enjoyment—though common in their degree in all tropical countries, become intensified in Africa, from the luminous mists which hang over the earth. The story of the land is also singularly in harmony with its outward aspects. Its dismal forests offer themselves as appropriate scenes for those superstitious rites and cruel customs in which the natives are known to indulge. Itself a land of outrage, it is also the fringe of a district which is the slave estate of the vilest of our race. Altogether, there is a lurid harmony of tones and colors on that coast, at once moral and physical. The white cottages of the European residents, which appear from the sea as if about to be swallowed up in the luxuriant vegetation, are but the types of a human story. How weak and wasted seem the white population of the Coast in contrast with the abounding nature—how few the houses—how numerous the tombs!

Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, a member of the Legislative Council of Cape Coast Castle, has here given us in two small volumes the story of his eighteen years' residence at this beautiful but insalubrious point of Africa. It is for the most part a weary and monotonous record of petty wars, miserable intrigues and barbarian customs:—a record of minute incidents, which, should the capital of an Anglo-African empire ever rise on the site of the Castle, will doubtless be interesting to the antiquary of that country. There is, however, one chapter in Mr. Cruickshank's narrative which has a present interest—that in which he describes the arrival, colonial life, mysterious death, and sudden burial of Mrs. Maclean. This chapter adds some new particulars to the painful and romantic story of L. E. L.

Few passages in the personal history of modern literature have been more discussed than the various circumstances connected with the sudden and mysterious death of this

popular favorite—and, as the published information on the subject before the public is neither ample in amount nor unimpeachable in character, we avail ourselves of such new lights as Mr. Cruickshank may afford us. His means of knowledge were, in any case, first-rate. He speaks of himself—

as one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady upon the coast, who enjoyed and keenly felt the fascinations of her society, who only ten hours before her death had sat and listened with a rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling, who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death, whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence, and who, with a sorrowful heart, saw her consigned to her narrow resting-place. . . I will endeavor to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa.

When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement—and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the Castle. —

I sent in my name by the servant, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Maclean came to the hall and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery: "You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure you, it is not every one that is admitted here." I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensation for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experiences of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good-humor and delight, upon what struck her as the oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a temporary bed which had been made for her upon the floor, and said, Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the Castle, but promised to call daily during my stay in Cape Coast to pass a few hours with them.

We pass the daily record of social intercourse. Mr. Cruickshank was about to return to England for his health; Mrs. Maclean was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines for the "Book of Beauty,"—and as she sometimes found it difficult to fix her thoughts on a particular subject, "she seemed to have some alarm that the climate was affecting her." Mr. Cruickshank writes—

* Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast of Africa, including an Account of the Native Tribes, and their Intercourse with Europeans. By Brodie Cruickshank. Hurst & Blackett.

As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 16th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. . . . At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half-an-hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlor. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that her heart wished to express. "But you must not," she said, "think me a foolish, moonstruck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell Mr. F —, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken." We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning, to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again.

At breakfast next day Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons — "You are wanted at the Castle — Mr. Maclean is dead," said the messenger. Hurrying to the Castle, he found that it was not Mr. but *Mrs.* Maclean — whom he had left the previous night so well — who was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance." —

We entered the room, where all that was mortal of poor L. E. L. was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding.

An inquest was immediately held; —

All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this: It appeared that she had risen, and left her husband's bedroom about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bedroom. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes.

When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptom of life. Mrs. Bailey farther asserted that she found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated, that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she had found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England, to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife. — Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a *post-mortem* examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved, that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan, upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript — the last words she ever wrote — she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict, therefore, was, that she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid taken inadvertently.

Mr. Cruickshank concurred in this verdict at the time — but since his arrival in England

he has found reason "to doubt of its correctness." He now entertains the opinion, that death was caused by "some sudden affection of the heart." We refrain from any comment on either facts or opinions — and will content ourselves with adding a picture of the last scene of all from the narrative of this eye-witness:—

In those warm latitudes interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers only known in tropical climates suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the rain. Night had come on before the paving stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as, wrapped up in my cloak, I stood beside the grave of L. E. L., under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and of that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same time I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now, O, how very — very sad the change!

The second volume of this work contains a good account of the manners and customs of the native tribes of the Gold Coast — but these have not sufficient interest to warrant extract.

Part of an Article in the Spectator.

MR. CRUICKSHANK has passed the last eighteen years of his life at Cape Coast Castle, or the settlements under its influence, engaged for a considerable portion of the time in the discharge of public duties which brought him into constant connection with the natives in matters of law and custom. His book is the result of his long opportunities and experience; and it contains the most thorough and complete account of the character, customs, superstitions, laws, and social state of the Western Negroes, that we have seen. To this survey Mr. Cruickshank has added a history of our settlements on the Gold Coast, with a geographical sketch of the region.

The book is full of stories or cases illustrative of the topics in hand, but it is rather a series of essays upon classes of subjects than anything approaching to what is understood by travels. Here and there the author throws in a description, and an evidently living

knowledge pervades the whole; but personal incidents or the results of particular observation are rarely met with. This mode of composition perhaps imparts value as an instructive exposition, but rather detracts from the popular character. Mr. Cruickshank, moreover, is rather too prone to reflection or discussion, which often gives to his pages the air of a sermon or lecture. In spite of these drawbacks, the book is a full and lifelike picture of a people whose hardships as plantation-slaves have brought them more fully before the world than their own importance or deeds would have accomplished; whose character and condition at home has been the subject of much dispute; and whose social position is well worth study. The institutions and civil state of the Negroes seem to bear a closer resemblance to that of the Germanic tribes than might have been expected; while some of their customs and laws are counterparts of those of the Hebrews as recorded in the Mosaic writings.

The subjects Mr. Cruickshank most fully discusses are Fetish — their religion or superstition; laws, and usages having the effect of laws; slavery, and the results of missionary teaching, with the future prospects of this part of Africa. The system of Fetish has often been handled before, but never so fully or so philosophically, with such a complete exposure of the arts of Fetish men, or so fair an estimate of its results. Bad and fraudulent as is the system, it was held by the principal and best-informed natives that its abolition, without something to put in its place, would be dangerous, since it still exercised a control over the conduct of the people by means of fear. Circumstances, however, have lately enabled the government to thoroughly expose the fraud, and they have done so, without apparent evil consequences. On the contrary, it has extended a nominal Christianity, and led to the building of chapels.

The extent of African slavery, the tyranny which the native master can exercise over his slave, and very often does, except when checked by British influence, give some countenance to the planter's argument, ridiculous as it sounds, that the Negro is worse off at home. Slavery is interwoven with the whole system of life. Almost every man is born a slave, or is liable to become a slave. In the case of captured, purchased, or slaves born of slaves, the case is intelligible enough. The peculiarities of African law render almost every one a slave, or so deeply indebted that his freedom is unsubstantial. By a singular and rather complex system of marriage-laws, children are not often born free; but besides, the father or mother may belong to the father's or mother's family. As in many other nations, a debt which cannot be discharged reduces a man to slavery. There is also a

system of pawning. The head of a family may pawn his relations to raise money; and though they may have an option on some occasions, the point of honor prevents its being enforced. Till the debt is repaid with fifty per cent. interest, the pawned are practically slaves, and so are the children unless they are redeemed; while the pawnee seems to possess a summary sort of foreclosing power, by which he may sell them all. This state of things renders our direct interference on the subject of slavery a ticklish affair, especially as we have no political rights in the country either by conquest or cession; in fact, we are truly no more than tenants of the factories we occupy. The Colonial Office could not be made to understand this; and at a more fanatical period, or perhaps when the anti-slavery party were supposed to be more powerful than they now are, it directed proceedings that would have inevitably ended in war, had they been carried out by the authorities at Cape Coast Castle. Even now the office persists in "ignoring" the subject.

The Negro mind is litigious and casuistical. Few persons are found without a knowledge of the laws, or the power of conducting a case; for a man's fortune or freedom may depend upon his skill. Mr. Cruickshank gives a very bad account of their law and practice. Abstractedly such may be the fact; but it does not strike us that Negro jurisprudence is much worse than law in other places. The case of Quansah *versus* Oboo, which our author adduces as an instance of African judicial iniquity, is not without parallel at home in its main features. The plaintiff, Quansah, was jealous of his cousin and family head, Oboo, though on no better grounds than some superstitious notions. He proceeded against the suspected; but in lieu of going before his proper chief, Ottoo, he carried his case before the Pynins, or assembly of headmen — the Collective Wisdom.

The decision of the Pynins conveys to the mind of the Fantee a species of abstract necessity, an irresponsible kind of fatality, which admits neither of resistance nor redress.

When the day arrived for the hearing of Quansah's charge, a large space was cleanly swept in the market-place for the accommodation of the assembly: for this a charge of ten shillings was made and paid. When the Pynins had taken their seats, surrounded by their followers, who squatted upon the ground, a consultation took place as to the amount which they ought to charge for the occupation of their valuable time; and, after duly considering the plaintiff's means, with the view of extracting from him as much as they could, they valued their intended services at 4*l.* 15*s.*; which he was in like manner called upon to pay. Another charge of 2*l.* 5*s.* was made in the name of tribute to the chief, and as an acknowledgment of gratitude for his presence upon the occasion; 1*l.* 10*s.* was then ordered to

be paid to purchase rum for the judges, 1*l.* for the gratification of the followers, ten shillings to the man who took the trouble to weigh out these different sums, and five shillings to the court-criers. Thus Quansah had to pay 12*l.* 15*s.* to bring his case before this august court; the members of which during the trial carried on a pleasant carouse of rum and palm wine.

The preliminaries having been thus arranged to their satisfaction, the defendant Oboo was then brought before them; and, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, he was compelled to pay 12*l.* 15*s.* as Quansah had done. An investigation then took place amid the wanton jokes and obscene ribaldry of the crowd, who prolonged the entertainment while the drink lasted.

Quansah had nothing to ground his charge upon but his own suspicions, drawn from several inconclusive circumstances not deserving of consideration. His wife was examined, and declared her innocence; and the charge altogether remained unsupported by a single iota of evidence.

As Quansah, however, insisted that both Oboo and his wife should take the oath of purgation, the Pynins were not allowed to declare their innocence until this ceremony was concluded. But even this oath did not satisfy Quansah; he represented that the Fetish by which they had sworn was not sufficiently powerful to reveal their guilt, and that he would not be satisfied until they had made a journey to the Braffoo Fetish at Man-kassim, and taken the oath of purgation before the priests there. This being considered the principal Fetish of the country, an appeal of this kind is not made without considerable expense; but the Pynins declared themselves satisfied of Oboo's innocence without the confirmation of the Braffoo Fetish, whom they made it optional for him and the woman to consult or not as they thought fit.

This finding made Quansah liable for the payment of Oboo's expenses; but there was little compensation to be found in this, for to raise the funds to enable him to begin this prosecution, Quansah had pawned his services to one of the head men who assisted at this mockery of justice; and, unless by any extraordinary good fortune he was enabled to repay the loan, he would very probably pass the remainder of his life in servitude.

But the evil consequences of this iniquitous transaction did not stop short here. Oboo and his family were simple tillers of the ground, whose entire riches consist for the most part in their periodical crops of corn, yams, plantain, and cassada, which barely suffice to support the family, and to supply them with funds to purchase a few articles of clothing and a little rum for the performance of their annual customs; upon any sudden demand for money, they have no other resource than that of selling or pawning themselves and their relations. On the occasion which we have been describing, Oboo was obliged to pledge two of his nephews to obtain the 12*l.* 15*s.*, which was shared among the head men and their myrmidons. Thus we have seen, in this brief history, with what a fatal facility the corrupt nature of the native tribunals becomes instrumental in gratifying the passions of vindic-

tive men. The instance here cited is far from being a solitary one, either in its criminality or in the injuriousness of its consequences, and it has been selected as of late occurrence, and as having come under the official notice of the writer; who had the pleasure of being able to restore to freedom the nephews of Oboe, by means of a process of disgorging to which he compelled Oboe and his head men to submit.

Twelve pounds fifteen shillings is undoubtedly a large sum for the Gold Coast; but if the costs of each litigant in our courts on a somewhat similar occasion were reduced to African value, they doubtless would amount to as much at least. The plaintiff failing in his suit, and not being worth the cost, of the defendant, sometimes occurs in happy England, where men are also occasionally ruined by law or its charges. The decision was sound enough; and from all the cost, anxiety, and wearing suspense of the law's delay the litigants were freed. The job was settled out of hand and finally. Had Mr. Quansah been a British litigant, he probably might have been able to carry his case before a British court which should be analogous "to the Braccio Fetish at Mankassim."

From the Athenæum.

LORD BYRON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WE expressed, our readers will remember, last week, a doubt as to whether the property in the manuscript of the Byron Memoirs was legally in Mr. Moore at the time of Lord Byron's death — though we argued the question of Mr. Moore's conduct in the matter on the ground of the right over the document assumed by himself. We have now had communicated to us the following letter from the late Mr. Murray, of Albemarle street, to Mr. Robert Wilmot Horton, the friend of Lord Byron's family; written, it will be seen, shortly after Byron's death, in answer to a statement made by Mr. Moore relative to the sale and destruction of the Autobiography. A limited number of copies of the letter have been printed by the present Mr. Murray for distribution among his father's friends — not so much, it is understood, in needless vindication of his father's conduct on this occasion, as in reply to certain passages in Moore's journal which Lord John Russell, after cancelling the principal entry, has, nevertheless, allowed to stand and contradict his own summary of Moore's conduct in this unfortunate affair. The letter, our readers will observe, confirms the statement which we made, that the MS. had been offered by Mr. Moore for sale to the Messrs. Longman, and refused by them, before it was offered to Mr. Murray; — and states, among other points of moment, a new and important fact — that when the MS. was de-

stroyed, Mr. Moore was not legally liable to repay the two thousand guineas to Mr. Murray: —

Albemarle Street, May 19, 1824.

Dear Sir — On my return home last night, I found your letter, dated the 27th, calling on me for a specific answer whether I acknowledged the accuracy of the statement of Mr. Moore, communicated in it. However unpleasant it is to me, your requisition of a specific answer obliges me to say that I cannot by any means admit the accuracy of that statement; and in order to explain to you how Mr. Moore's misapprehension may have arisen, and the ground upon which my assertion rests, I feel it necessary to trouble you with a statement of all the circumstances of the case, which will enable you to judge for yourself.

Lord Byron having made Mr. Moore a present of his Memoirs, Mr. Moore offered them for sale to Messrs. Longman & Co., who however declined to purchase them; Mr. Moore then made me a similar offer, which I accepted; and in November, 1821, a joint assignment of the Memoirs was made to me by Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, with all legal technicalities, in consideration of a sum of 2,000 guineas, which, on the execution of the agreement by Mr. Moore, I paid to him; Mr. Moore also covenanted, in consideration of the said sum, to act as editor of the Memoirs, and to supply an account of the subsequent events of Lord Byron's life, &c. Some months after the execution of this assignment, Mr. Moore requested me, as a great personal favor to himself and to Lord Byron, to enter into a second agreement, by which I should resign the absolute property which I had in the Memoirs, and give Mr. Moore and Lord Byron, or any of their friends, a power of redemption *during the life of Lord Byron*.

As the reason pressed upon me for this change was, that their friends thought that there were some things in the Memoirs that might be injurious to both, I did not hesitate to make this alteration at Mr. Moore's request; and, accordingly, on the 6th day of May, 1822, a second deed was executed, stating that, "Whereas, Lord Byron and Mr. Moore are now inclined to wish the said work not to be published, it is agreed that, if either of them shall, *during the life of the said Lord Byron*, repay the 2,000 guineas to Mr. Murray, the latter shall re-deliver the Memoirs; but that if the sum be not repaid, *during the lifetime of Lord Byron*, Mr. Murray shall be at full liberty to print and publish the said Memoirs within three months* after the death of the said Lord Byron." I need hardly call your particular attention to the words, carefully inserted twice over in this agreement, which limited its existence to the *lifetime of Lord Byron*; the reason of such limitation was obvious and natural, namely, that although I consented to restore the work *while Lord Byron should be alive*, to di-

* To this passage the present Mr. Murray has added this note: — The words "within Three Months," were substituted for "immediately," at Mr. Moore's request — and they appear in pencil, in his own handwriting, upon the original draft of the Deed, which is still in existence.

rect the ulterior disposal of it, I should by no means consent to place it after his death at the disposal of any other person.

I must now observe, that I had never been able to obtain possession of the original assignment which was my sole lien on this property; although I had made repeated applications to Mr. Moore to put me in the possession of the deed, which was stated to be in the hands of Lord Byron's banker.

Feeling, I confess, in some degree alarmed at the withholding the deed, and dissatisfied at Mr. Moore's inattention to my interests in this particular, I wrote urgently to him in March, 1823, to procure me the deed, and at the same time expressed my wish that the second agreement should either be cancelled or *at once executed*.

Finding this application unavailing, and becoming by the greater lapse of time still more doubtful as to what the intentions of the parties might be, I, in March, 1824, repeated my demand to Mr. Moore in a more peremptory manner, and was in consequence at length put into possession of the original deed. But not being at all satisfied with the course that had been pursued towards me, I repeated to Mr. Moore my uneasiness at the terms on which I stood under the second agreement, and renewed my request to him that he would either cancel it, or execute its provisions by the immediate redemption of the work, in order that I might exactly know what my rights in the property were. He requested time to consider of this proposition. In a day or two he called and told me that he would adopt the latter alternative, namely, the redemption of the Memoirs, as he had found persons who were ready to advance the money on *his insuring his life*, and he promised to conclude the business on the first day of his return to town, by paying the money and giving up the agreement. Mr. Moore did return to town, but did not, that I have heard of, take any proceedings for insuring his life; he positively neither wrote, nor called upon me, as he had promised to do (though he was generally accustomed to make mine one of his first houses of call), nor did he take any other step, that I am aware of, to show that he had any recollection of the conversation which had passed between us previous to his leaving town, until the death of Lord Byron had, *ipso facto*, cancelled the agreement in question, and completely restored my absolute rights over the property of the Memoirs.

You will therefore perceive that there was no verbal agreement in existence between Mr. Moore and me, at the time I made a verbal agreement with you to deliver the Memoirs to be destroyed. Mr. Moore might undoubtedly, during Lord Byron's life, have obtained possession of the Memoirs, if he had pleased to do so; he, however, neglected or delayed to give effect to our verbal agreement, which, as well as the written instrument to which it related, were cancelled by the death of Lord Byron, and there was no reason whatsoever why I was not at that instant perfectly at liberty to dispose of the MS. as I thought proper. Had I considered only my own interest as a tradesman, I would have announced the work for immediate publication, and I cannot

doubt that, under all the circumstances, the public curiosity about these Memoirs would have given me a very considerable profit beyond the large sum I originally paid for them; but you yourself are, I think, able to do me the justice of bearing witness that I looked at the case with no such feelings, and that my regard for Lord Byron's memory, and my respect for his surviving family, made me more anxious that the Memoirs should be immediately destroyed, since it was surmised that the publication might be injurious to the former and painful to the latter.

As I myself scrupulously refrained from looking into the Memoirs, I cannot from my own knowledge say whether such an opinion of the contents was correct or not; it was enough for me that the friends of Lord and Lady Byron united in wishing for their destruction. Why Mr. Moore should have wished to preserve them, I did not nor will inquire; but having satisfied myself that he had no right whatever in them, I was happy in having an opportunity of making, by a pecuniary sacrifice on my part, some return for the honor, and, I must add, the profit, which I had derived from Lord Byron's patronage and friendship. You will also be able to bear witness that, although I could not presume to impose an obligation on the friends of Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, by refusing to receive the repayment of the 2,000 guineas advanced by me, yet that I had determined on the destruction of the Memoirs, without any previous agreement for such repayment, and you know the Memoirs were actually destroyed without any stipulation on my part, but even with a declaration that I had destroyed my own private property, and I therefore had no claim upon any party for remuneration. I remain, Dear Sir, your faithful servant,
(Signed) JOHN MURRAY.

To Robert Wilmot Horton, Esq.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROB ROY. — His death-bed was in character with his life; when confined to bed, a person with whom he was at enmity proposed to visit him. "Raise me up," said Rob Roy to his attendants, "dress me in my best clothes, tie on my arms, place me in my chair. It shall never be said that Rob Roy Macgregor was seen defenceless and unarmed by an enemy." His wishes were executed; and he received his guest with haughty courtesy. When he had departed, the dying chief exclaimed: "It is all over now — put me to bed — call in the piper; let him play '*Ha til mi tulidh*' [we return no more] as long as I breathe." He was obeyed — he died, it is said, before the dirge was finished. His tempestuous life was closed at the farm of Inverlochlarigbeg (the scene, afterwards, of his son's frightful crimes), in the Braes of Balquhider. He died in 1735, and his remains repose in the parish churchyard, beneath a stone upon which some admirer of this extraordinary man has carved a sword. His funeral is said to have been attended by all ranks of people, and a deep regret was expressed for one whose character had much to recommend it to the regard of Highlanders. — *Memoirs of the Jacobites.*

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

ROBERT OWEN having done us the honor to send us a copy of his Manifesto to All Nations, touching the new light which has beamed upon his understanding through the medium of spiritual rappings, we lose no time in laying it before our readers, together with his "Narrative" of the ways and means by which he became converted to the new delusion. In this Narrative he states that he has had numerous interviews with the spirits; that all his questions relating to the past and present have been answered by them promptly and truly except one (the result of his own error), and that he has received "very rational replies as to the future." One of the questions which he states to have been answered promptly and truly, is as follows:—

Q. Have I (Owen) been assisted in my writings for the public by any particular spirit?

Ans. "Yes."

Q. What spirit? Ans. "God."

This last answer, Owen tells us, was made in such a manner as to create "a peculiarly awful impression on those present." We should think so. For a veteran infidel, who through a long life has been diffusing his pernicious doctrines far and wide, to be told that he has been specially assisted in these writings by *God*, or the Spirit of God, is indeed awful—horrible—blasphemous. And this answer he supposes to have been given by the spirit of Benjamin Franklin! Much more likely by the Spirit of Darkness. But we will let the old gentleman (Owen) tell his own story in his own way.

MANIFESTO OF ROBERT OWEN TO ALL GOVERNMENTS AND PEOPLES.

Peace, Charity, Love, Union, and Progress, to all the Inhabitants of the Earth.

A great moral revolution is about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle.

Strange and incredible as it will at first appear, communications, most important and gratifying, have been made in great numbers in America, and to many in this country, through manifestations, by invisible but audible powers, purporting to be from departed spirits, and to me especially from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, my first and most enlightened disciple, and many members of my own family, Welsh and Scotch.

No one who knows me will attribute superstition to me, or want of moral courage to investigate truth, and to follow it wherever it may lead.

I have honestly and fearlessly applied my best faculties to examine the religions, laws, governments, institutions, and classifications, of all nations and peoples, and I have found them to be based on a fundamental principle of error,

which pervades the whole, and which, in consequence, produces, in each of these divisions of society, evil instead of good.

I have applied all my powers of mind as honestly and fearlessly to investigate these new manifestations, said to be made by departed spirits, from another advanced state of our existence.

Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in combinations and their results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

By investigating the history of these manifestations in America, and subsequently, as will be narrated, through the proceedings of an American medium, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life, existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state. And that, from the natural progress of creation, these departed spirits have attained the power to communicate their feelings and knowledge to us living upon the earth, by various means.

From the communications which have been made to me, through the aid of this American medium,* from Jefferson, Franklin, Grace Fletcher, and the father of our present sovereign, I am informed that these new manifestations, or revelations, from the spiritual, or, more truly, the refined material world, are made for the purpose of changing the present false, disunited, and miserable state of human existence, for a true, united, and happy state, to arise from a new universal education, or formation of character, from birth, to be based on truth, and conducted in accordance with the established laws of human nature.

A change which, with the concurrence of the existing authorities in Europe and America, disregarding all old prejudices, may be now easily effected, to the lasting benefit of all upon earth.

To delay the public announcement of these all-important truths, now that they are known to me, would be to delay unnecessarily the change from ignorance to knowledge, from poverty to wealth, from disunion to union, from falsehood to truth, from deception to honesty, from evil to good, and from general misery to universal happiness.

The means to effect this change in all countries are known.

The means by which the evils enumerated are created have become obvious.

The means by which the good may be secured

* The medium referred to is Mrs. Hayden, residing at No. 22 Queen Anne street, Cavendish Square. All who have had opportunities of becoming well acquainted with Mrs. Hayden will testify to her simplicity of mind, to the kindness and benevolence of her disposition, and to the truthfulness of her professional statements, as well as to her extreme sensitiveness when her voracity is doubted.

can be now peacefully and with wise foresight introduced and gradually extended over the world.

The obstacles to be removed, to prepare the way for these changes, are the errors of all religions, and the uncharitable feelings which each necessarily creates against the members of all other religions.

And the error of all existing governments, respecting the fundamental principle which can alone cultivate and stimulate the natural faculties of man, to unity, charity, truth, love or real goodness, among the human race, from the birth to the death of each.

These obstacles are to be now removed, not by violence, or abusive language, or in an unkind spirit; but with patience, forbearance, perseverance, and love for mankind, regardless of color, clime, country, class, sect, or party, or difference of race or condition.

All are to be made happy, or none can be made to be substantially and permanently so.

The means by which to effect this, the greatest of all changes in human existence, are, like all the operations of nature to attain general important results, simple in principle and easy in practice.

All that is requisite is, to supersede, without violence, the false fundamental principle on which alone human affairs have been until now constructed and governed, and the characters of all have been cultivated and formed from birth. And in practice, to abandon the evil course of creating inferior and injurious conditions, now universal throughout all countries, necessarily making those within them inferior and injurious to themselves and others. And, instead of these evil proceedings, to commence the practice of creating good and superior conditions only, in which from birth to place all of the human race. And then, from necessity, all will become good and superior, and gradually, by this new education, *very* good and *very* superior.

Were it not for these new and most extraordinary manifestations, there would arise a conflict between the evil spirits of democracy and aristocracy, which would deluge the world with blood, and would create universal violence and slaughter among all nations. But these manifestations appear to be made at this period, to prepare the world for universal peace, and to infuse into all the spirit of charity, forbearance and love.

These new and extraordinary manifestations have not changed my confidence in the truth of the principles which I have so long advocated, nor my assurance of the benefits to be derived from their universal application to practice. On the contrary, the certainty of the immense permanent advantages to be insured by the adoption of this system by the human race, has been confirmed to me by the spirits of Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, the Duke of Kent, and Grace Fletcher.

Those who are wise, and who are not opposed to the universal happiness of mankind, will mark, learn, and inwardly digest these things.

ROBERT OWEN.

London, March 30th, 1853.

THE NARRATIVE.

Many would-be-philosophers, and some who forget their own difficulties in their first attempts to introduce a knowledge of electricity, magnetism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance, as well as those of others in introducing any new great improvements — who do not know what has been attained and proved in other countries, and who have not calmly and perseveringly investigated the facts long since ascertained as undeniable — will hastily decide that these new manifestations, although apparently mere extensions of animal magnetism, are cunningly devised deceptions.

Against any such crude and premature conclusions I strongly protest, knowing how long these same objectors have opposed the introduction of the system which I have for half a century advocated — a system based solely on self-evident facts, and built up on self-evident deductions from those facts — a system having in view solely the permanent good of all from birth to death — a system, and the only system, calculated to compel all from their birth to become gradually as *good*, *wise* and *happy*, as their organization, given to them by the Great Creating Power of the universe, or God, will admit.

I protest against the conclusions of these would-be-thought wise philosophers, because I have patiently, with first impressions strongly against the truthfulness of these manifestations, investigated their history and the proceedings connected with them in the United States — have read the most authenticated works for and against them, with much desire to disbelieve those in their favor — and, although against strong evidence, I long continued to doubt, and thought the whole a delusion (but in many cases I was obliged to admit it must be an honest delusion), I have been compelled to come to a very different conclusion.

While in doubt upon this subject I heard of the media in this country, and was casually introduced to Mrs. Hayden, an American medium, without having any intention to ask a question respecting the spirits; my object being to purchase a book which Mrs. Hayden had for sale, written by a valued and most truthful friend of mine in America — Adin Ballou, who has written a plain, practical, common-sense history of this new revelation to the human race.

While conversing with Mrs. Hayden, and while we were both standing before the fire, and talking of our mutual friends, suddenly raps were heard on a table at some distance from us, no one being near to it. I was surprised, and as the raps continued and appeared to indicate a strong desire to attract attention, I asked what was the meaning of the sounds. Mrs. Hayden said they were spirits anxious to communicate with some one, and she would inquire who they were. They replied to her, by the alphabet, that they were friends of mine who were desirous to communicate with me. Mrs. Hayden then gave me the alphabet and pencil, and I found, according to *their own* statements, that the spirits were those of my Mother and Father. I tested their truth by various ques-

tions, and their answers, all correct, surprised me exceedingly. I have since had twelve seances, some of long continuance, and during which I have asked a considerable number of questions; to all of which, with one exception, I have had prompt and true answers so far as the past, and present, and very rational replies as to the future; but these last have to be tested by time. The exception was my own afterwards discovered error.

In mixed societies, with conflicting minds, I have seen very confused answers given; but I believe, in all these cases, the errors have arisen from the state of mind of the inquirer.

The following are some of the answers which I have had from the invisible agents, said by themselves to be the spirits of departed friends, and from others whom I never saw, but whom I wished to consult.

At one Sitting.

Q. Are there many spirits present? A. "No."

Q. How many? A. "Two."

Q. Who are they, and will you name them by the alphabet? A. "Wife," and "Mary Owen" (my youngest daughter).

Q. What object have the spirits at this period, in thus manifesting themselves to us? A. "To reform the world."

Q. Can I materially promote this object? A. "You can assist in promoting it."

Q. Shall I be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed? A. "Yes."

Q. Shall I devote the remainder of my life to this mission? A. "Yes."

Q. Shall I hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings, or shall they be made known through the British Parliament? A. "Through the British Parliament."

Q. Shall I also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States? A. "Yes."

Q. Through the present American ambassador? A. "Yes."

Q. When shall I next hear from my family in America? A. "Next week." This answer has proved to be correct.

At another sitting, soon after its commencement, Mr. Smith, Editor of the "Family Herald," and a gentleman unknown to me, came in, and I was about to desist in my inquiries and to leave them; but Mr. Smith, whom I had long known, was very urgent that I should proceed in asking the questions I intended, and I therefore proceeded.

Previous to their entrance, on its being announced that a spirit was present, I had asked—

Q. What spirit is present? A. By the Alphabet, "Benjamin Franklin."

Q. How shall I know you from other spirits, or that you are truly the spirit of Benjamin Franklin? A. "I will give three distinct raps." And three very distinct raps were given.

Q. Is it true that conditions can be created, through man's agency, by which all may be made to become good, wise, and happy? A. "Yes."

Q. Are the conditions which I have had so long in my mind for this purpose, those which

are the best calculated to make all good, wise and happy? A. "Yes."

Q. What spirit, or spirits, can and will assist and advise me in accomplishing this change? A. "All will."

At this period of the sitting, as I found Mr. Smith could hear the raps more easily than I could, I gave him the pencil, and requested he would take down the answers. And the following are copied from his notes.

Q. Have I, as has been said, some particular guardian angels? A. "Yes."

Q. Will you name them by the Alphabet? A. "Mary Owen," "Anne Caroline Owen" (my daughters deceased); "Robert Owen" (my father's name); "Anne Williams" (my mother's maiden name).

Q. Have I been assisted in my writings for the public by any particular spirit? A. "Yes"

Q. What spirit? A. "God."

[This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.]

Q. Shall I continue to be assisted by the same spirit? A. "Yes."

Space will not admit of more in this number; but I have had twelve or thirteen other sittings, and some of them of deep interest; especially with the declared spirit of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent and Strathearn. But he has requested me not to publish his communications until a time which he will state to me.

ROBERT OWEN.

London, 5th April, 1853.

*Browne's Ascent of Mont Blanc.**

This large paper-bound folio is the work of Mr. J. D. H. Browne, one of the gentlemen who achieved last summer the most recent ascent of Mont Blanc. It is a curiosity, and an interesting one. The designs are not mere reminiscences, but are completed from sketches made on the spot; the author having enjoyed exemption to an unusual degree from the knocking-up effects of the adventure. Here we follow the two Englishmen and their nine guides in their ladder-ascent of the glaciers before the Grands Mulets; their encampment on the Grands Mulets; their searching for the passage of the Crevasse du Dôme, by lantern-light amid fathomless precipices, ghost-white glaciers, and black night; their perilous crossing of the crevasse; their breakfast on the Grand Plateau, within view of the summit; the first use of the axe in hewing away the higher ice; the view of the Italian side of the mountain; the scaling of la Côte; the final rest upon the loftiest peak of Mont Blanc; and the stumbling, slipping, precipitating descent. Spite of some artistic deficiencies, the designs are characteristic and life-like; and the verbal narrative is graphic enough to atone for occasional flightiness. — *Spectator*.

* Ten Scenes of the last Ascent of Mont Blanc, including Five Views from the Summit. Published by M'Lean.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE DEAD, AS DESCRIBED BY HOMER :

COLLECTED FROM DR. JORTIN'S SIXTH DISSERTATION. WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE SEVERAL PASSAGES.

THE subject of the condition of the human soul after death forms with us a part of the domain of religion; and it is very rarely that theology permits the intrusion of poetry within the limits which she calls her own. Among the Greeks, the poets were the oldest and most accepted theologians. It was the opinion of Herodotus, that the objects of Greek worship owed their forms and their very names to Homer and Hesiod. "These were they (he says) who made the Greeks a theogony, and gave names to the gods, distinguished their honors and occupations, and determined their forms."* The state of the disembodied spirit in that future world to which mankind instinctively looks forward, though with shrinking and half-averted gaze, was a subject which could not but exercise a mysterious influence upon the imagination of men who were looked upon not only as poets but as seers, and upon whose rhapsodies their countrymen depended for all their notions upon the most mysterious and important matters. The subject was an attractive one, not only as presenting a wide and suggestive field to the imagination, but also as involving questions in the solution of which every human being was personally and vitally interested. In what way did the Greek poets satisfy the cravings of their countrymen for information concerning the spiritual world? We have thought it would not be uninteresting, taking Dr. Jortin's Dissertation for our text, to collect some passages from ancient writers upon this topic.

I.

The Soul of Man, separated from the body, is material, or clothed with a material covering or vehicle, but of so thin a texture that it cannot be felt or handled; it resembles a shadow or a dream. — (Dissert., p. 216.)

This was the ancient Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy: τὴν ἀμείραν ψυχὴν τίς μιν σῶμα καταλείπειν, οἱ πάντες δὲ ἔξω σώματος νοσθεύειν — our soul, though it leave this body, yet shall never be disunited from all body. (See Cudworth's Intell. System, ii. 784.) This future body was supposed to be a sort of airy or vaporous body, σῶμα αἰρῶδες, αἰθέριον, αἰθήριον, a luciform, celestial, ethereal body. The Rabbins also ascribe to the soul, after its separation from the present body, another subtle one, which they call the *scabbard of the soul*. This is all agreeable to the Christian doctrine. St. Paul says, there is the σῶμα ψυχῶν, a

* Herodotus, ii. 53.

natural or animal body, and the σῶμα πνευματικόν, a spiritual body; (1 Cor. xv.) and the same thing is implied in other passages of Scripture. (See Dan. xii. 23. Wisdom, iii. 7.)

II.

It retains the lineaments of the man, and appears in the same dress that the man wore in his lifetime. — (Dissert., p. 217.)

In proof of this Dr. Jortin cites a passage from the eleventh Odyssey, but there is one in the twenty-third Iliad singularly apposite.

* Χαθὲ δὲ ἐνὶ ψυχῇ Πατρόκληος διαιεῖσθαι
Πλὴν αὐτῷ, κ. τ. λ. — (Line 65.)

When, lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
Of sad Patroclus rose, or seemed to rise;
In the same robe he living wore he came,
In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same.
(Pope.)

Jeremias is described when he appeared to Judas as "a man with gray hairs and excellent majesty." (2 Maccab. xv. 13.) The belief has been universal; so the ghost in "Hamlet."

MARCELLUS.

Look where it comes again.

BERNARDO.

In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

HORATIO.

Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once. . . .

And of his beard,

It was as I have seen it in his lifetime,
A sable, silvered.

It is obvious to observe that a spirit's assuming the likeness of its former bodily shape seems a necessary consequence of its appearing at all.

III.

It retains the passions, affections, sentiments, and dispositions that it had in the body. — (Dissert., p. 218.)

There is a fine passage in the eleventh Odyssey illustrative of the above, where the shade of Achilles exults on hearing of his son's military glory,

— ψυχὴ δὲ
Φοῖτα, μακρὰ βεβῶσα, κατ' ἀσπιδόλον λαιμάϊνα,
Γυβούνη, ὅ οἱ υἱὸν ἴφην ὀξυδακτύον εἶπας.
(L. 587.)

— The shade with transport glowed,
Rose in his majesty and nobler trod. — (Pope.)

That the same affections and sentiments are continued in another state, was taught by our Saviour in the story of Dives and Lazarus;

for, although it should only be regarded as a parable, it still necessarily shadowed forth the true state of things.

IV.

Although it cannot be handled, it may be seen and heard, and it can converse with other shades and with men. — (Dissert., p. 218.)

The spirit, however, could only reappear during the interval between death and the rites of sepulture, in the hundred years in which the unburied wandered on the banks of the Styx. Thus Patroclus,

Θάπτε με ὅττι τάχιστα πύλας ἰδὼς παρῶσα.

Ταύέ με εἰργάσῃ ψυχῇ. α. τ. λ.

(Il. xxiii. 71.)

Which Pope translates, somewhat paraphrastically,

Let my pale corse the rites of burial know ;
And give me entrance to the realms below ;
Till then the spirit finds no resting place ;
But here and there th' unburied spectres chase
The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Fated to cross th' irremovable flood,
Now give thy hand ; for to the farther shore
When once we pass the soul returns no more.
When once the last funereal flames ascend,
No more shall meet Achilles and his friend.

V.

It may be raised with proper sacrifices and evocations, by permission of the deities who preside over the dead. But it is a dangerous thing to have recourse to these methods ; for, if those surly gods should be offended, they may send a Gorgon, a formidable monster, to terrify and perhaps destroy the bold adventurer. — (Dissert., p. 218.)

The subject of necromancy is curious. It was practised before the time of Moses ; for one of his laws is directed against it. *There shall not be found among you — a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.* (Deut. xviii. 10.) Diodorus Siculus mentions an oracle near Lake Avernus, where the dead were raised, as having been in existence before the age of Hercules. (Liv. iv. c. 22.) Plutarch, in his life of *Cimon*, relates that Pausanias, in his distress, applied to the Psychagogi or Dead-evokers, at Heraclea, to call up the spirit of *Cleonice* (whose injured apparition haunted him incessantly), in order that he might entreat her forgiveness. She appeared accordingly, and informed him that, on his return to Sparta, he would be delivered from all his sorrows ; meaning by death. This was five hundred years before Christ ; and the story resembles that of the apparition of Samuel — *To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.* (1 Sam. xxxviii.) The appear-

ance of Samuel was regarded as a real transaction by the author of Ecclesiasticus, for he says, "By his faithfulness he was found a true prophet, and by his word he was known to be faithful in vision ; for after his death he showed the king his end, and lift up his voice from the earth in prophecy." (Eccles. xlv.) The Rabbins say that the woman was the mother of Abner ; she is said to have had the spirit of *Ob*, which, Dean Milman has remarked, is singularly similar in sound to the name of the *Obeah* women in the West Indies. Herodotus also mentions *Thesprotia*, in Epirus, as the place where Periander evoked the spirit of his wife Melissa, whom he had murdered (Lib. v. c. 92.)

It was a very general opinion that demons had power over the souls of the dead, until Christ descended into Hades, and delivered them from the thrall of the Prince of Darkness. The dead were sometimes raised by those who did not possess a familiar spirit. These consulters repaired to the grave at night, and there lying down repeated certain words in a low, muttering tone, and the spirit thus summoned appeared : "And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust." (Isaiah xxix. 4. See also Id. viii. 19.) *Euripides* refers also to necromancy.

ADMETUS.

ἔξ γὰρ μὲν τί φάσμα νεκρῶν τίς ἔσθ' ;

HERCULES.

ὦ ψυχάζωνός τινός' ἡποικισσέ σ' ἔγωγ.

(*Alceste*, 1127.)

AD. — See ! is not this some spectre from the dead ?

HER. — No dead-invoker for thy guest hast thou.

Seneca describes the spirits of the dead as being evoked by the Psychagogos in a cave, rendered gloomy and as dark as night by the cypress, laurel, and other like trees. (Æd. Act iii. 530.) The passage will recall to the recollection the incantation scene in "Macbeth," where the apparition of the armed head, &c. is evoked in a dark cave, with characteristic ceremonies. (Act iv. sc. 1.) *Claudian* refers to the same superstition, (See *Rufin.* i. 155.) And *Lucan* (*Phars.* vi. 670), where *Erichtho* recalls a spirit to animate the body it had left, by horrid ceremonies, much in accordance with the taste of that writer. So *Tibullus*,

Hæc cantu finditque solum, manesque sepulchris
Elicit, et tepido devocat ossa toro.

(Lib. i., El. ii. 45.)

A good account of necromancy may be found in the learned and curious work of L. Ch. Frid. Garmannus, "De Miraculis Mortuorum;" see the tenth chapter of the Second Book, which treats *De Spectris Cadaverum*. He also speaks of another kind of invocation, that of calling back to their own country the souls of those who died abroad. He says that the dead were also sometimes invoked, that the surviving relatives might be assured of their still living in the other world. *Julian the Apostate* secretly practised this art, in a retired part of his palace, cutting up for the purpose the bodies of virgins and boys — if we may credit two Christian bishops (Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom), who, we are told, could relate such tales "without a smile, and without a blush." *Bodinus* mentions similar ceremonies. (See *De Magorum Dæmonomania*, Lib. ii., c. ii. iii.) Evocation was practised by the northern nations, as may be seen in Gray's translation of the Ode from the Norse tongue, preserved in the Latin version by *Bartholinus*, entitled "The descent of Odin," that is, to the drear abode of *Helas*, the goddess of death. The answers of the prophetic maid are with difficulty extorted from her.

FATIDICA.

Quisnam Hominum,
Mihi ignotorum
Mihi facere præsument
Tristem animum?

Invita hæc dixi,
Jamque silebo.

And in the poem from the *Hervara Saga*, published by Olaus Verelius, *Hervor* calls up by enchantments the apparition of her father *Angantyr* —

Hervor! daughter!
Full of spells to raise the dead,
Why dost thou call me thus?
(MS. translation.)

He then predicts her future fate. The apparition of *Samuel* complains also. *Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?* The Druids claimed the same power; and *Picart*, on the religion of the Banians, states that the *Tunquinæ* believe their witches maintain a correspondence with the evil spirit, and have a perfect knowledge of the state of the soul in the other world; and that they evoke the spirit with the sound of drums, which appears, and gives the answers demanded. (Relig. Ceremon., vol. ii. 108.)

With respect to the danger attending the raising of the dead, as noticed by Dr. Jortin, lest a formidable monster should be sent to terrify or destroy the adventurer, the superstition seems alluded to by *Shakspeare*, in "Hamlet."

HORAT.

What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness. (Act 1, sc. 4.)

Constantine, by one of his laws, made penal such magic arts as were calculated to injure others, but permitted those which might be beneficial. In James the First's time persons practising magic were hanged.

VI.

The ghost likes to approach the sacrifices, and drink of the blood of the victims. — (Dissert., p. 220.)

Porphyry, who wrote in the early part of the third century, speaking of dæmons, says, οἱ αὖτε αἱ χεῖρες αὐτῶν τε, κηρὸν τε δὲ ὅν αὐτῶν τὸ σωματικὸν καὶ πνευματικὸν πιάνεται: ζῆ γὰρ τοῦτο ἄτμοις καὶ ἀναθυμίασι. These are they who take pleasure in incense, fumes, and nidours of sacrifices, wherewith their corporeal and spiritual part is fattened. *Celsus* and *St. Basil* mention the same thing. (See *Cudworth*, vol. ii., p. 810, 811.) *Milton* has an allusion to this,

—— the night-hag, when called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured by the smell of infants' blood, to dance
With Lapland witches. (P. L.)

Garmannus observes that the Egyptian hieroglyphic for the soul was a hawk, because it never drinks water, but only blood, with which the Egyptians believed the spirits of the departed were nourished. (Lib. ii., Tit. x. c. 60, 61.) It appears from *Homer* also that before the spirit tasted the sacrificial blood, it had no recollection of its former life; and sometimes did not speak, or possess the prophetic power. *Tiresias* says to *Ulysses*,

ἀλλ' ἀπεχέσσεο βέβηκεν ἄπιστος δὲ φ' ὀργάνοι ἔξῃ,
αἵματος ὄρεα πίω, καὶ τοὶ θυμῶντα σίτω.
(Od. xi. 94.)

Remove from the fess, and sheathe your sharp sword, that I may quaff the blood, and utter true words. The sense of which passage, it may be observed, is entirely lost in *Pope's* translation. As soon as *Ulysses* obeyed, the ghost,

—— πίω αἶμα καλῶν,
καὶ τότε δαμ' ἰώσσει προσηύδα μῆντι θυμῶν.
(Id.)

Eager he quaffed the gore, and then expressed
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast.
(Pope.)

It was for this reason that the shade of his mother stood in silence before him, without

even looking at or speaking to him; but as soon as she had drank the blood she immediately recognized him, informed him of what had occurred at her death, and of many things relating to his family. This, however, would seem to be confined chiefly to the dead in Homer; for when the apparition of Darius was called up by Atossa, there was no sacrifice, and the libations consisted only of honey, milk, flowers, &c., yet the spirit, immediately on its appearance, recognized his wife and the attendant Persians, and addressed them. (See the Persæ of Æschylus, l. 677.)

VII.

It is afraid of a drawn sword, and will not approach the man who threatens it. — (Dissert., p. 220.)

This fear is very consistent with the notion entertained by the ancients, that the departed spirit retained a material body. Hence the ghosts of the Greek chiefs and Macedonian phalanx fled at the sight of Æneas and his glittering weapons. (Æn. vi. 490.) When Marcellus, in "Hamlet," inquires whether he shall strike the ghost with his partisan, Shakespeare makes him add immediately,

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
(Act. 1, sc. i.)

VIII.

It glides along like a shadow, and moves or flies with the utmost rapidity, and when the man dies, and it departs from the body, it soon gets to the region of the dead. — (Dissert., p. 220.)

This too is in accordance with the Scripture doctrine: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke xxiii. 43.)

IX.

When a man dies, the soul quits the beloved body with much reluctance. — (Dissert., p. 220.)

Which is alluded to by Dryden in a fine passage on the death of Charles II.

God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without a motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image now of death.
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.

Once more the fleeting soul came back
T' inspire the mortal frame;
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering, like expiring flame
That mounts and falls by turns and trembles
o'er the brand.
(Threnod. August.)

X.

It cannot enter *Hades* till the body be buried, or funeral rites have been performed in honor to

it, but roves about at the gates, in a restless condition. — (Dissert., p. 221.)

Long before the time of Homer the being deprived of sepulture was regarded as the greatest misfortune. The author of Ecclesiastes says that *an untimely birth* (meaning never to have been born) is better for a man than to have no burial. (c. vi. 3.) And among the instances recorded of *Tobit's* devotion, one is, that if he saw any of his kindred dead, or cast about the walls of Nineveh, he buried them. (c. i. 17.) And when he confesses his fear of death, he adds this reason, "lest I should bring my father's and my mother's life, because of me, to the grave with sorrow: for they have no other son to bury them." (vi. 14.)

XI.

The account which Homer gives of Hercules, amongst the dead, is remarkable. Ulysses converses, not with him, but with his *image* or *shade*. — (Dissert., p. 222.)

Dr. Jortin adds, "it does not appear that Homer thought other men to consist, like him, of the *σῶμα*, *ψυχή*, and *εἶδωλον*, but that in them the *ψυχή* and *εἶδωλον* were the same;" yet Achilles, in the twenty-third Iliad, says,

ὦ πόποι, ἦρά τις ἴσῃ καὶ ἐν αἶδαν δέμοισι
ψυχὴ καὶ εἶδωλον, ὅτις φέρεται ὡς ἐν πίμπαν.
(L. 103.)

As heaven attests, there is then in the mansions of the dead the SPIRIT, and its IMAGE, but the INTELLECTUAL PART of man is not with it. It must be observed again that nothing of this is expressed in Pope's translation. Plutarch says, that the *φῆν*, or intellectual part of man, is a part of the *ψυχή* or soul, but superior to it, and separable from it. He makes the living man consist of three parts, *σῶμα*, *ψυχή*, *φῆν*; that, by the first death, he becomes two out of three, viz., *ψυχή* and *φῆν*; and by the second death, he becomes one out of two, viz. *φῆν*. The *εἶδωλον* or image of Iphthima was raised by Minerva, even during her lifetime. (Od. iv. 795.) And Ulysses feared that Persephone had sent the mere *image* of his mother to delude and distress him. (Od. xi. 212.) This *εἶδωλον*, or spectral appearance, seems to resemble the *wraith* of the Scottish superstition, which is believed to be sometimes the messenger of good and sometimes the presager of death. Apollo raised the *image* of Æneas' dead body to deceive the Greeks (Il. v. 449); and a belief is still prevalent in the west of England that, as an omen of death, an individual will sometimes see the spectral appearance of his own corpse.

XII.

The shades form themselves into little socie-

ties, and keep company with their countrymen, friends and acquaintances. — (Dissert., p. 223.)

So the ghosts of the departed monarchs of the earth are described as being assembled together in the realms of death, and as rising up from their thrones to receive the King of Babylon; to receive and insult him: "Art thou become like unto us? Is thy pride brought down to the grave? Is the vermin become thy couch, and the earth-worm thy covering! How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning!" (Is. xix. 10. Bp. Lowth.)

XIII.

This earth which we inhabit is a wide-extended plain, all hollow underneath, and there is Aides, or the region of the dead. — (Dissert., p. 224.)

Bishop Horsley held the opinion that the place of the dead, in the intermediate state between death and the resurrection, was in the hollow of the earth. (See a remarkable sermon of his on the subject, from 1 Pet. iii. 18, 19, 20.)

XIV.

Aides, or the region of the dead, is represented by Homer, as a gloomy, melancholy place where there is no joy and contentment, and where even the heroes are disconsolate, and out of humor with their condition. — (Dissert., p. 231.)

It is so represented by Job: *Before I go whence I shall not return, to the land of darkness; and the shadow of death; — where the light is darkness.* (ch. x. 21, 22.)

XV.

As deep beneath these mansions as the earth is beneath the heavens, lies Tartarus, where Saturn, Japetus, and other ancient gods are confined, and never see the cheerful light of the sun, or feel the refreshing breezes of the air. — (Dissert., p. 225.)

Homer's idea of Tartarus is said to have been derived from the Egyptians, who are supposed to have possessed by tradition a knowledge of the fall of the angels, and the punishment of the condemned.

XVI.

They who are punished there, as Tantalus, Tityus, Sisyphus, are persons who had been guilty of particular impieties against the gods. — (Dissert., p. 229.)

XVII.

There is only one crime specified in Homer for which men would be punished hereafter, and that crime is perjury. — (Dissert., p. 230.)

XVIII.

The office of punishing perjury is given to the Furies. — (Dissert., p. 230.)

XIX.

In Homer we find punishments expressly threatened only to the perjured, and indirectly to the wicked, and rewards promised to none; unless, perhaps, by way of inference, we should allow to his virtuous shades the poor negative rewards of not being tormented with Tantalus and Tityus. — (Dissert., p. 236.)

By the Mosaic Law the sin of wilful perjury was not to be expiated by sacrifice (Lev. v. 1), *he shall bear his punishment*, being so understood.

XX.

They, (the gods) can at pleasure assume an human shape and body, and then they can eat and drink like human creatures, and perform *τα ἀνθρώπινα*. — (Dissert., p. 235.)

The heavenly messengers that appeared to Abraham, eat in his presence (Gen. xviii. 8), but the angel refused the kid offered by Manoah (Judges xiii. 15, 16); and the angel that appeared to Tobit, reminded him, *All these days did I appear unto you; but I did neither eat nor drink.* (ch. xii. 19.)

Ovid makes Jupiter say,

*Contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures;
Quam cupiens falsam, summo delabor Olympo,
Et Deus humanâ lustris sub imagine terras.*

Met. i. 211.

The wickedness of the age has reached me; in the hope that it may be untrue, I will descend from Olympus, and although a god, will traverse the earth under the human form; which, it has been observed, is very like the circumstance recorded in Genesis. "Because their sin is very grievous; I will go down now, and see whether they have done altogether according to the cry of it which has come unto me." (ch. xviii. 20, 21.) The Egyptians believed that the gods assumed the form of men. (Diod. Siculus, Lib. i. c. 12.) In the Odyssey, Minerva descends no less than nine times under different forms; *seven under the human form, once as an eagle, and once as light.* Plato reprobates the superstition, and on this account passes a severe censure on Homer. Homer, however, described theology, in all likelihood, very much as he found it, and exhibits therefore the opinions which were common in Greece and the neighboring nations at that early period; these opinions were probably derived from still more ancient nations, and originated possibly in corrupt tradition from the histories of the Old Testament. The gods of Homer resemble mankind in their passions and feelings, and certainly to a gross excess; but still, it may be remarked, that in every religion under heaven, even the Christian, mankind, in forming their idea of the Deity, are very prone to transfer to him their own peculiar passions, and ascribe to Him such attributes as are in sympathy with their own dis-

positions ; and which are grounded, therefore, it may be presumed, in many cases, rather on the character of the individual than on reason and religion. Persons of a tender and compassionate temper dwell chiefly on the mercy and benevolence of God ; those of a sterner nature, on his inflexible justice, and consequent severity : the latter attach themselves to Calvinism, the former class with Arminians. Men of a philosophic turn and disciplined habits of thought, look upon purity of heart and the exercise of moral virtue as what can alone be acceptable to a perfect Being. Those of an uninformed and contracted mind think to merit His approbation and conciliate His favor by fervid expressions of homage, and the punctilious observance of ceremonies and form. National character will be found always to exert its influence on national religions. The Northern Indians, it has been observed, whose lives, from habit and necessity, are devoted to activity and fortitude believe their gods to be characterized by precisely the same qualities ; while the *Siamse*, whose hot climate and despotic government induce the idea that happiness consists in ease and safety, believe the Supreme Being to live forever in a state of indolence and security.

In Homer every quality and attribute of man is represented by a deity, implying that the godhead is everywhere present : all is conceived in the spirit of poetry and wisdom ; and even in those parts which appear least rational, there are shadowed forth many mysteries of natural and religious philosophy. *Diodorus* remarks that Homer obtained his learning and theology from Egypt. Mr. Howell, in his "Interesting Historical Events," refers the Egyptian philosophy to the doctrines of the *Shastah* ; and whatever age may be assigned to *Zoroaster* and the Magian doctrines, there can be no doubt of their very great antiquity : according to *Aristotle*, as quoted by Bryant, the Magi were prior to the Egyptians. (Anc. Myth. ii. 390.) It is therefore no matter of surprise that there should be so many resemblances between the notions of the Hebrews, and those of Homer and the Greeks.

With respect to the gross superstition noticed in the above passage by Dr. Jortin, this may also be traced to the earliest history of mankind. It was spoken of in the apocryphal book of Enoch, and possibly originated in the misinterpreted passage in Genesis (vi. 2). The Rabbinists held that when Adam was expelled from Paradise, he continued a hundred and thirty years under excommunication, and during that time maintained an intercourse with female angels, and thence originated *dæmons*. Augustine speaks of the sin alluded to as being so well known that no rational person would deny it. The belief in such in-

tercourse was prevalent in Europe in the middle ages ; which is apparent in the fabliaux of the *Troubadours*. *Guy de Lusignan* is related to have had several children by Melusina, the elf ; and it was generally credited in Scotland that Geoffrey Plantagenet, the ancestor of the English sovereigns, had married a demon. (See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 183.) Shakspeare alludes to the superstition in his "Tempest," in which Prospero addresses Caliban :

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam.

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Had grown into a hoop,
The blere-eyed hag was hither brought with child.

Meyer, the historian of Flanders, relates that in 1459 many persons of both sexes were condemned for this offence on THEIR OWN CONFESSION, and burnt at Artois ; and Bodin, who was chief justice in eyre, wrote his work on *Dæmonomania* in consequence of having had to try a female named *Harcilleria* of Compeign for the same thing. The poor being at last confessed that she had permitted such intercourse from an early age ; and her enlightened judges debated the question whether she should be burnt alive, or in mercy strangled first ; the burning her alive was ultimately determined on, and the sentence carried into execution on the third of April, 1578. The confession she made before and after her condemnation sufficiently betrays the real cause of her calamities, and which, no doubt, in this and most other instances, arose from that "heaviest of human afflictions," the frequent and the natural result of superstition. (See Bodinus De Magorum Dæmonomania, præf. ; and also Lib. ii. c. 8.)

XXI.

The Elysian fields were situated beyond the sea, and bounded by the sea, and separated from the earth in which others dwell. But we are not told who were the inhabitants of these happy regions ; only we find that they were men and not ghosts. — (Dissert., p. 239.)

XXII.

Homer hath not affirmed directly, and in so many words, that the soul is immortal ; but this doctrine seems manifestly deducible from his system and connected with it. — (Dissert., p. 245.)

Hercules is described by Homer as being in heaven and united to *Hebe*. (Od. xi. 603.) Perhaps the moral of the fable was intended to show that his soul possessed *immortal youth*.

Although it did not fall within Dr. Jortin's plan to enter upon the subject, it may be also

collected from Homer that *dæmons* attend upon mankind to seduce them to evil, and involve them in sufferings. When Ulysses returned to the isle of *Æolus*, he was asked,

Πῶς ἄλκις, Ὀδυσσεύ; τίς τοι κακὸς ἔχρη δαίμων.
(Od. x. 64.)

— What *dæmon* could'st thou meet
To thwart thy passage, and repel thy feet?
(Pope.)

And, in excuse for *Helen*, *Menelaus* says,

ἄλκις ἔπειτα σὺ κῆϊος καλοσύμηναι δὲ σ' ἑμάλω
δαίμων ὅς Τρώεσσι βέλυντο κῶδος ὀρέται.
(Od. iv. 275.)

Some *dæmon*, anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urged you with great *Deiphobus* to come.
(Pope.)

In the *Aulularia* of *Plautus*, *Lyconides* pleads the same influence in excuse for having seduced the daughter of *Euclio*,

Deus impulsor mihi fuit; is me ad illam illexit.
(Line 691.)

The doctrine is also taught in the Scriptures: evil spirits were sent among the Egyptians. "He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, wrath, &c., by sending evil angels among them." (Ps. lxxviii. 49.) See also the Book of Wisdom, xvii. 3, 4.

The *Siamese* impute many of their diseases to the influence of evil spirits. (Picart's Relig. Ceremon.) So the sick father in the *Odyssey*,

— κῆϊται κρατὶ' ἀλκιος πύσωνι,
δερὸν τανύμοις, στήθεός δ' εἰ ἔχρη δαίμων.
(Lib. v. 395.)

Which is very similar to the passage in St. Luke's Gospel, of the sick woman "Whom *Satan hath bound*, lo, these eighteen years." (Luke xiii. 16.)

It was no doubt through the agency of evil spirits that it was believed persons had the power to curse armies and individuals. When *Aterus*, the tribune, could not prevent *Crassus* from leaving Rome, being about to attack the Parthians, as a last resource he ran before the gate of the city, and placing a censer there with fire in it he sprinkled incense, and offered libations, and as *Crassus* approached uttered the most fearful imprecations. (Plutarch, *Crass.* 19.) Thus *Balaam* prepared sacrifices previous to his cursing the Israelites. (Numbers xxii.)

In *Lesinky's Voyage* round the World there is an account of a religious sect in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogate the power of praying people to death. The sufferer receives notice when the litany of death is about to commence, and such is the power of imagination that it seldom fails, it is said, of producing the effect.

Animals had the power of perceiving the presence of inhabitants of the other world. When *Minerva* assumed the form of a beautiful matron, the dogs of *Eumæus* forbore to bark, and retreated whining. (Od. xvi. 157.) Dogs are still believed to detect the presence of death before he is manifest to others, a superstition which may have originated in the above.

Sometimes the eyes of man were opened so that they could see spiritual agents.

Ἀλλὰν δ' αὖ τοι ἀπ' ἐθελμῶν ἔλόν, ἢ πρὶν ἴππαι,
Ὅφρ' αὖ γινώσκαι ἡμῖν βουὴ ἰδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
(Il., v. 127.)

Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thine eyes,
And set to view the warring deities. (Pope.)

So the eyes of the young man were opened by *Elisha*: "And *Elisha* prayed — and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about *Elisha*." (2 Kings vi. 17.) C.

NICKNAMES.

THE *Débats* has had an agreeable article on the nicknames given by the Americans to their great men. Some of these names are even more graphic and descriptive in French than in English. *Dan-le-Noir* is a little softer than *Black Dan*, which, I think, needed softening. *Le Divin* is hardly equal to the Godlike, and *Le Grand Explicateur* is certainly inferior to the Great Expounder — just as explaining is subordinate to expounding. *Le Garçon de Charrette* is a fair rendering of the Wagon Boy, and Mr. Corwin may be as proud of one as the other. Old Rough and Ready is translated by *Vieux Rude et Pret-a-tout*. This is energetic and suggestive, but has the misfortune to resemble the slang sobriquets of the Paris desperadoes and of the more flashy swell-mob. Van Buren is to be known in France as *Le Petit Sorcier*, which is as good as the original. Benton is Frenchified into *Vieux Lingot*. I frankly confess I cannot put this back again into any English which strikes me as the true original. I never heard Benton called Old Ingot in my life. That is what you get by staying away from home. You do not recognize your countrymen when you hear them called by name. Old Ingot, Old Junk of Gold, Old Bullion; none of these affect me like old acquaintances. Scott's immortal hasty plate of soup is so disfigured that it means quite another thing. It is rendered by *Vite, une assiette-de-soup*: Quick! a plate of soup here — as if the general was calling to the suttler for his dinner on a drum-head, in the midst of a raking fire. The *Débats* states, indeed, that this is the meaning — "descriptive of a battle, interrupted by an improvised repast." The French are not particularly good at nicknames. The Little Corporal is perhaps their triumph in this line of invention. — Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

From Chambers' Journal.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORICAL WORK.

THE *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France*, just completed, may be called Lamartine's greatest work;* we should be glad to learn, that it has also, been the most successful. As an account of the transactions which closed the Bonaparteian wars, and placed the Bourbons on the throne of France, it has to drag its way through numberless party intrigues and squabbles, and to discuss various measures of state policy; yet, like its lively and fascinating writer, it is never dull, and may, for the most part, be read as pleasantly as a romance. The work, however, has other merits. While undoubtedly rhetorical, Lamartine is candid and impartial. Sometimes he falls into error; but it is chiefly in details. As a Frenchman, his observations on England and Englishmen are surprisingly correct. His own countrymen have the most reason to blush under his strictures.

Originally a legitimist, and now a republican, Lamartine is prepared to be strictly impartial towards Bonaparte. Rising above the illusions which obscure the understanding of so many, he speaks of the great Napoleon exactly as he deserves — an ambitious and selfish man, who caused the death of millions of human beings to promote what he called the glory of France, but which was, in reality, the glory only of the army, with himself at its head. Beyond this barren bequest, Napoleon left little but his name; yet, as he at least did not retrograde into antiquated imbecilities, or conduct his administration through palace intrigues, he has in late times been identified with liberalism and progress. A perusal of M. Lamartine's amusing work will, we think, satisfy the most sceptical, that the permanent reign of the Bourbons was an impossibility. The fault was less in the family itself than in its immediate followers. From the day that Louis XVIII. arrived at the Tuileries, all the affairs of the government were managed or deranged by courtiers, as the case might be. The best intentions of the king were continually upset by coteries of meddlesome old ladies and gentlemen, secretly working for some rival interest. One can see that, with the form of a constitution under the charter, no party knew what a constitution was. In Great Britain ministers hold their place in virtue of possessing parliamentary majorities; and the consequence is, that court intrigue, to install this or that officer of the crown, is totally unknown. In France, under the Bourbons, this great and safe principle was reversed. All was made to depend on court manoeuvre. Lamartine gives an account of the strange and underhand means adopted to

remove M. Decazes from the confidence of Louis XVIII. This most able minister, sagacious, moderate, and practical, had the misfortune not to be of noble birth, and the whole influence of the old royalists was accordingly employed to ruin him. Princes and priests, decayed noblemen and titled ladies, conspired to destroy his fame by the most unscrupulous calumnies. Every plan failing in its aim, a plot was at length devised to sap the king's confidence in the favorite. It consisted in employing a lady of beauty and accomplishments to ingratiate herself with the king; and having done so, she was gradually to whisper malignant untruths into the royal ear. This base scheme was partially successful in its operation; but what really ruined Decazes, was the industriously-circulated and greedily-believed falsehood, that he was concerned in the assassination of the unfortunate Duke de Berry. The account of this sad tragedy may be taken as a specimen of the work before us.

For a number of years, a fanatic named Louvel, by trade a working-saddler, had meditated the murder of the Bourbons, by killing them off one by one, as circumstances favored the enterprise. With this terrible crime constantly before him, he purchased two daggers, and frequently left his employment to wait for his victims. At balls, operas, hunting-parties, did this man, for years, lurk about in the expectation of getting near a Bourbon — the king, Count d'Artois, Duke d'Angoulême, Duke de Berry — it was all the same which. No one knew his intentions.

"In the mean time, the Duke and Duchess de Berry, solely occupied with their happiness, and strangers to all political factions, gave themselves up, with all the eagerness of their youth and natural dispositions, to the pleasures and fêtes which the carnival multiplied, during the last days of the theatrical season at Paris. Beloved and popular amidst that world of art, of music and the dance, which prolongs the opera-nights till day, they delighted in the enjoyments of this popularity. On the 13th February (1820), they purposed going to the Royal Theatre, where they had not been for some days before. . Being both eager and curious in pursuit of amusements, it might be supposed that they would not allow this festive season to pass without making their appearance there. While they were enjoying the prospect of the evening's pleasure, and were occupied with their toilet and with the costumes for the night, the assassin, who watched their door, and almost read their very thoughts, conjectured on his part that the attraction of pleasure was about to deliver his prey into his hands."

He had already, for two evenings before, been watching the doors of the opera-house, and now he attended to execute his purpose.

* London. 4 vols. Vizetelly. 1853.
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In patience he waited the hour when the company should depart.

"Meanwhile the prince and princess, only separated by a wall from the man who was numbering the minutes of their existence, were enjoying in their box, without any presentiment of evil, the pleasures of the performance, and of conversation between the acts. The Duke and Duchess of Orleans were present that evening in a neighboring box, with their children. The two families, who were very intimate, owing to the relationship of the two duchesses, saluted each other with smiles of recognition. During an interval between the performances, the Duke and Duchess de Berry paid their cousins a visit in their box. The duke embraced the children, and played with the little Duke de Chartres, who was also doomed to a tragical death in the flower of his age. On passing through the lobby to return to their box, the duchess was struck in the breast by a box-door, which was violently thrown open at the moment she was passing. She was then *enceinte* a few weeks; and fearful that the blow, the fright, and fatigue might be injurious, she expressed a wish to retire before the end of the opera, and the *bal masqué* which was to follow it. The duke rose to conduct her himself to the carriage, intending to return to his box to enjoy the remaining pleasures of the night.

"On the summons of the prince's attendants, the royal carriage drove up to the door. The young duchess, supported on one side by her husband's hand, and on the other by that of her equerry, Count de Mesnard, entered the carriage; the Countess de Béthisy, her lady-in-waiting, following her. 'Adieu!' said her husband smiling to her, 'we shall meet again.' The footmen folded up the steps of the carriage, and the prince turned round to enter the vestibule from the street. At this moment, Louvel, who had approached like an inoffensive spectator, or a servant who was waiting for his master, sprang, with all the vigor of his resolution, between the sentinel who was presenting arms, and the footman who was closing the carriage-door, and, seizing the left shoulder of the Duke de Berry with his left hand, as if to secure his victim under the knife, he struck him with the poniard in the right side, and left the weapon in the wound. The rapidity of the act, the confusion of the bystanders, the uncertain light afforded by the torches, and the staggering of the prince under the blow, prevented the Count de Choiseul and the Count de Mesnard at the moment from discerning the murderous act and gesture of the unknown. He fled unpursued towards the Rue de Richelieu; and, having turned the corner of the street, walked with a careless pace towards the Boulevard.

"The Duke de Berry, struck by an invisi-

ble hand, and thrown by the force of the blow against the Count de Mesnard, had only, as it always happens, felt the shock and not the wound. On recovering himself, he put his hand on the place where he had been struck, and it there fell upon the hilt of a dagger. A horrible light broke in upon him. 'I am assassinated! I am a dead man!' he cried. 'I feel the dagger: that man has killed me!' At this exclamation, the Duchess de Berry, whose carriage had not yet departed, uttered a piercing scream. 'Open the door! open the door!' she cried to the footman, who still had his hand upon it: without waiting for the step to be lowered, she sprang out, and threw her arms round her husband, who had just extracted the poniard, which covered her dress with his blood. They seated the fainting prince upon a bench in the outer hall, where the servants wait for their masters. They tore open his dress, and the blood flowing from the wound, indicated the spot where the blow had been struck, upon the right breast. 'I am killed,' he repeated on recovering his senses; 'send for a priest: come here, my dear wife, that I may die in your arms!'

"During this momentary pause in the vestibule, the sentinel, the footmen, and three gendarmes, horror-struck at the deed, ran in pursuit of the assassin. He had already passed the façade of the opera-house, in the Rue de Richelieu, and had concealed himself in the shadow of an arcade, which runs from this street under the broad arches of the Bibliothèque. A waiter of a café, named Paulnier, there seized him round the body, struggled with him, and, assisted by the sentinel and the gendarmes, brought him back to the place where he had committed the murder. He had nearly fallen a victim to the fury of the spectators, who collared and dragged him towards the vestibule; but the officers of the prince, trembling lest they should destroy with the criminal the secret of the plot of the crime, saved him, and had him conducted to the opera guard-house. M. de Clermont-Lodève followed him there to witness his first examination. They found upon him the second dagger, and the sheath of the one which he had left in the bosom of the prince. M. de Clermont returned with this weapon, and these evidences of the crime, to the vestibule.

"The Duke de Berry was no longer there. He had recovered his senses, and had been removed in the arms of his servants to a small saloon behind his box, where he was surrounded by medical men, who were probing his wound. 'Alas!' said he, on learning the apprehension and name of the criminal, 'what a cruel fate, that I should die by the hand of a Frenchman!' A ray of hope for a moment inspired the princess and the medi-

cal men: he did not, however, partake of it, nor wished he to flatter his wife with an illusion which must only redouble her affliction. 'No,' said he, with a cool, firm, and incredulous tone; 'I will not delude myself; the poniard entered up to the very hilt, I can assure you.' His sight was now becoming dim from failing strength, occasioned by loss of blood, and he felt about for his wife, stretching his arms in all directions. 'Are you there, Caroline?' he demanded. 'Yes,' the princess tenderly replied; 'I am here, and I shall never quit you.' The surgeon of his household, the companion of his exile, shocked at the rumor of the crime, had hastened to the side of the dying prince; and the blood having ceased to flow, he sucked the wound. 'What are you doing, Bougon?' eagerly demanded the dying prince; 'perhaps the poniard was poisoned!'

"His first word had been to ask not for a doctor but a priest. Struck in the very noontide of youth and of pleasure, there had been in his mind no transition between the thoughts of time and the thoughts of eternity. He had passed in one second from the spectacle of a fête to the contemplation of his end, like those men who, by a sudden immersion in cold water, are snatched from the burning delirium of intoxication. The priest came at length; and members of the royal family hurried to the place on learning the dreadful intelligence. Surgeons, the most celebrated in Paris, also attended; but the case was beyond their aid. Life was fast ebbing. His wife did not quit him for a moment. He put his fingers on her head, as if to exhibit one last act of tenderness by caressing her beautiful hair. 'Caroline,' he said to her, 'take care of yourself, for the sake of the child you bear.' This was the first revelation of the birth of a son who escaped the crime, but not the evil fortune of his race. He recommended his servants with tears to his father; and expressed a wish to see his assassin, to demand of him the cause of his hatred, to reproach him for his injustice, and pardon him for his death. 'Who is this man?' he murmured; 'what have I done to him? It is perhaps some person that I have unknowingly offended.' The Count d'Artois assured him that the assassin had no personal animosity against him. 'It must be some maniac, then,' said the duke. 'Ah! that I would live until the king arrives, that he may grant me the pardon of this man! Promise me, father — promise me, brother — promise me all of you, to ask the king to spare this man's life!'

"They all promised him this, to calm the ardor of generosity and pardon which preyed upon his mind. His natural goodness displayed itself at the price of his own blood."

The king apprized of the disaster, arrived

at day-break. "The clattering of the horses of the escort on the pavement of the street made the dying prince start with joy. 'Uncle!' he exclaimed, as soon as he saw the king, 'give me your hand that I may kiss it for the last time!' Louis XVIII. held out his hand, and grasped that of his nephew. 'Uncle,' resumed the prince anxiously, 'I beg of you, as my dying prayer, to spare the life of my assassin!' 'My dear nephew,' replied the king, 'you are not in such danger as you imagine — we will speak of it another time.' 'Ah! you do not consent,' replied the duke, with an accent of doubt and sorrow. 'Oh! say yes, say yes, that I may die in peace. Pardon, pardon for the man!' As the king, however, was silent, or endeavored to divert his nephew's thoughts to other subjects; 'Ah! the pardon of this man,' murmured the duke, with an expression of bitterness upon his lips, 'would at least have consoled me in my last moments! If,' he persisted, 'I could only have the gratification of knowing that this man's blood would not be shed for me after my death!'

"A few moments after, he expired, still articulating in his delirium the ungratified wish of his heart. He died in the act of pardoning; a great soul, obscured in life, shining forth in death; a hero of clemency, having at the first effort accomplished the most difficult and most meritorious act of humanity — that of dying well.

"The deep sobs, which had hitherto been repressed, gushed forth at his last sigh. His wife, in a state of delirium, cut off her hair, as a last token of affection, and laid it upon his body; then wildly cursing the country in which her husband had been murdered, she demanded of the king, in angry accents, permission to retire forever to Sicily. The king knelt down beside the bed, and closed with his own hand the lips and eyelids of the last living hope of his race."

While the Parisians were horror-struck with this unforeseen crime, and lamented it as an irreparable disaster, the ultra-royalists of the palace hailed it as an opportunity of ruining Decazes, by accusing him of being an accomplice of Louvel. With the view of aiding the surgeons in their consultations, Decazes had thought of ascertaining whether the dagger was poisoned, and he accordingly, in an under-tone of voice, asked the question of Louvel. This whisper, reported to the courtiers, was held up as a proof of complicity; and before any inquiry was made, the minister was denounced in the Chamber of Deputies as being an accomplice in the assassination. On the trial, and at the execution of Louvel, the wretched murderer declared that no one had conspired with him, and that the deed was entirely his own. The world at large acknowledged the truth of the declaration; but

not so the court, and, greatly against the will of Louis XVIII., he was under the necessity of dismissing by far the best minister of the Restoration. The whole transaction, as faithfully and graphically detailed by Lamartine — the honest indignation of Decazes, the distress of the king, and the meanness of the Count d'Artois, the Duke and Duchess of Angoulême, and the Duchess of Berry, in pledging themselves to a falsehood — forms one of the most instructive facts in modern history.

From the Spectator.

VON ROCHAU'S WANDERINGS THROUGH THE CITIES OF ITALY.*

LIVELINESS and plenty, with independent common sense, are the characteristics of this tour in Italy. Von Rochau is more French or English than German. He has the vivacity and felicitous expression of the Gaul, without his flippancy or exaggeration; nature or cosmopolitan training has banished the pedantry and phlegm of the Germans. These characteristics, coupled with a large experience and the present state of Italy, have given to his "Wanderings" a freshness and interest hardly to be expected from so thoroughly beaten a field.

The good qualities of the tourist are accompanied, almost of necessity, by corresponding drawbacks: "maxima pars vatum — decipimur specie recti." The author's vivacity sometimes leads him to aim at imparting attraction to subjects of such trifling import as a criticism on a bad opera to which his ill fortune carried him. His independence of judgment and opposition to humbug occasionally lead him into artistic heresy. The Sistine Chapel finds no favor with him, and he boldly records the impressions produced; in which numbers who take a slighter and more superficial view than he avowedly did would probably agree with him if they told the truth; for the art of seeing an old painting, especially when the colors have faded, is a faculty, as Reynolds intimates, of difficult acquirement. Raphael finds less favor in Von Rochau's eyes than Michael Angelo (whose great genius and whose services to art are admitted); but the critic gives reasons for the faith that is in him.

"How, in Heaven's name, does it happen that your artists make so much of Raphael?" I asked, a short time ago, in a state of semi-despair, addressing an Italian painter. "The reason is, that Raphael makes fewer mistakes than any one else," was the answer I received.

* Wanderings through the Cities of Italy in 1850 and 1851. By A. L. Von Rochau. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

At these words a sudden flush of light came across my view of the matter, and the longer I thought about it the clearer did it become. These few words contain the whole enigma. Raphael makes no mistakes; his drawing is true, his colors well chosen and well treated, neither out of keeping with each other nor with the subject; his grouping is thoroughly considered; he observes the proportion and relation of every part; in one word, he is a *correct* painter. On this account he is admired by all those who are acquainted with the enormous difficulties of the technical part of painting; and it is therefore that those who are anxious themselves to overcome these difficulties study him with such persevering zeal. Raphael is a master of the *handicraft* of painting; and he must himself understand this craft who would thoroughly appreciate his perfection in this respect.

This handicraft, however, is still only the *body* of art; what of the soul thereof? is the question. To make no mistakes is but a negative merit; and, however hard it may be to accomplish, can no more constitute an artist than to have no vices will make a man virtuous.

The poetic fire must gleam through these colors and these lines, if they are to become living art. Does Raphael possess this creative power? Is there in him that inspiration, that soaring fancy, that bears us unconsciously heavenward on the mighty wings of genius? Do we read in his pictures the eloquence of an ardent soul; any passionate love, any fervent piety; deep, powerful feeling of any kind whatever? — No, and forever no! The composition of Raphael is throughout cold, feeble, conventional, inexpressive; the composition, however, is that which constitutes the work of art.

The law is truly laid down, but is it truly applied? Is there no composition, no dramatic expression, in Elymas struck with blindness? or the Preaching at Athens? or the Beautiful Gate? or Paul and Barnabas at Lystra?

Art may not have been Von Rochau's object in visiting Italy; but art ancient or modern — painting, sculpture, architecture, or remains, occupies a considerable share of his attention. Sometimes his opinions may be extreme or questionable, but there is always a reason given; the judgment is always clever, if not always sound; the criticism is lively and descriptive in a high degree, though, like most descriptive criticism, conveying the opinion which the piece *suggests* to the individual, rather than what it will universally convey. Here is an example, distinct, striking, in harmony with history; but who can say, reader, whether you or anybody else would see all this if it were not pointed out! There may be more of the tangible in Nero.

In the face of Tiberius, on the other hand, every feature is eloquent. An uncommon amount of understanding and strength of will may be read in the broad forehead and firmly

closing mouth; the whole form of the head speaks of intellectual capacity, and the face is the mirror of a rich and cultivated mind; but the eye is that of a crouching tiger. Nero looks like a talented gentleman, whose vices have not yet reacted on his originally pleasing countenance; there is a something of primness in it, perhaps the effect of the smooth chin and upper lip and the formal whiskers, which I have not noticed in any other antique head.

Entertaining and often solid as are the criticisms on art, and lively as are the descriptions of Italian nature and manners, the great interest of this book lies in its view of the condition of the people and the present state of opinion. Extensive travel and varied observation have shaken Von Rochau's patriotic estimation of Vaterland, but have confirmed his liberal opinions and love of progress. Such indications as are visible to a passing traveller of the tyranny under which Italy is groaning, or the feelings of the people towards their tyrants, did not escape him. And his opinion coincides with that of the latest travellers, that nearly the whole of Italy is a smouldering fire, ready to burst forth on the first opportunity. Venice seems to be the principal exception; where the easy good-nature of the people, and the extraordinary clemency of the governor (for though the terms of capitulation were favorable, their spirit might easily have been violated), have induced content. We all know the intense hatred of the Milanese towards the Austrians, even before the late outbreak and its accompanying confiscations. The hatred of the Romans to the priests and the French seems fiercer than that of the Milanese to the Austrians. Even in Florence there is a feeling against the latter power, whatever there may be of loyalty to the duke.

The influence of English and French manners and customs, of which there are no traces beyond the Apennines, is perceptible enough in Florence. Without noticing such things as may be meant for the use of travellers — of hotels, English doctors, French cooks, &c., or of the abundance of foreign faces and foreign tongues in the streets — it may be boldly asserted that foreign habits and fashions reign in the Florentine homes.

The many similarities with German customs, however, which you meet with in the North of Italy, disappear almost entirely in Florence; and but for the Austrian possession one would only be reminded of Germany by the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*."

That the Austrian troops are here in a perfectly strange country and stand completely isolated, may be seen in a multitude of slight circumstances. They have no connection with the Florentine troops, not even that footing of military courtesy on which the officers of hostile armies often meet.

These are examples of the spirit at Rome.

The intercourse between the Romans and the French, however, is not always carried on in this harmless manner; and even during this carnival very violent scenes took place. That the French soldiers should make their appearance in crowds on the Corso was already an occasion of bitter annoyance to the people, and the occasional military rudeness of their unwelcome guests in handling the Shrove-Tuesday weapons was a ground of just complaint. On the other hand, the soldiers were exposed to many attacks, in which, sportive as they were supposed to be, a bitter hostile feeling was sufficiently obvious. The French officers came only in plain clothes, and, in general, the moment they are off duty they hasten to get rid of their uniform; an infallible sign of their unfavorable position.

The relations between the foreign garrison and the inhabitants of Rome have in part by no means improved by the lapse of time. There is, indeed, less of actual bloody strife, but these things do happen from time to time, and the murder of single Frenchmen is an incident continually recurring.

The bitter feeling against them is universal; all the sins of the Papal government are laid on their shoulders; and in all things, great and small, the common sentiment is manifested.

When on Sundays there is a grand parade held on the Spanish Piazza, there cannot, out of the curious and spectacle-loving populace of Rome, be a hundred people got together to listen to the excellent military music, nor contemplate the fine military spectacle, such as assuredly neither the Pope's soldiers nor those of the Civic Republic could have offered anything to approach.

In the first days of my arrival, when I was looking about for a private lodging, I went into a house which had a great number of rooms empty. But when I had explained my wishes to the housewife, she turned suddenly to her daughter, with the question, put in an anxious tone, "But the gentleman is perhaps a Frenchman?"

The daughter, who, I suppose understood national physiognomy and accent too well to mistake me for a Frenchman, laughed, and gave the required assurance to the contrary; which had an immediately tranquillizing effect on the elder.

"And if I had been a Frenchman?" I inquired.

"Then I would not have let my rooms to you, sir," she replied: "I have had enough of the French."

One may hear every day the wish uttered, "Would that the Germans were here instead of the French!" But it would be a great weakness to place any reliance on such expressions, however sincerely they may be meant at the time. Were the Germans really here, they would be no greater favorites probably than the present occupants; and in Bologna the people say, "Would that we had the French instead of the Germans!" — the Austrians, *videlicet*. The rest of Germany may thank Heaven that no such task has been laid upon her; a task in which there is absolutely nothing to win — nothing in

the world — no credit, no gratitude, and least of all any agreeable self-approval.

As for the French troops, they are far from being proud of the part they are playing here; nor is France precisely, as we all know. But I am nevertheless convinced that the *French will never leave Rome of their own accord*. The Ecclesiastical State will never more stand on its own legs.

In Naples, the external signs of feeling are not so obvious, and the support of the foreigner is not so visible, though just as real. But for the Swiss troops the Bourbon would not long occupy his throne. So much is this the case, that the grave military offence of open drunkenness is passed over as a matter of course.

In Piedmont, Von Rochau found opinion very different, as well as such parts of government as the traveller comes in contact with — the police and the custom-house officials. Even the Roman Catholic religion seems to flourish under freedom of opinion, although the attacks of the press upon the Papacy are numerous.

What struck me, however, as more remarkable than anything in the architecture, was the great number of young men, whom, contrary to the usual custom of Italian and non-Italian towns, I found in the churches of Genoa.

Can it be, that, in spite of this wicked constitution that it possesses, Genoa is rather a religiously-disposed town; whilst in Rome, under the happy rule of the successors of St. Peter, the employment of all the spiritual and temporal means at its command has not enabled the Pope's government to check the tendency to infidelity, or what is, of course, worse, to Protestantism?

Rome is swarming with crows and frocks and shaven crowns. In Genoa, on the contrary, you see few priests, still fewer monks; and of the Jesuits' scholars, with their clerical-looking vestments, none at all. Yet the Genoese are, to all appearance, good Catholics; whilst the Romans scarcely have any other religion than that of hatred and revenge; of which religion of theirs there will, probably, someday be a notable revelation.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE PINE-APPLE.

THE stately Pine-Apple, fair as it is, with its regular diamond-cut surface and elevated green crown, is very barren of reminiscences. The Archigallus, or chief priest of Cybele, was represented bearing in one hand a pine-apple in a cup. At Kensington is a picture of Charles II. receiving a pine-apple from his gardener, Rose, on his knees. This fruit, on account of its large and handsome crown of leaves, has been considered the emblem of royalty. Wherefore its companion shall be a royal poem, the composition of the eccentric daughter and successor of the brave Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and written at Rome

after she had abdicated her crown and renounced her religion — the faith for which her father died in battle : —

TIME.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.*

(Io son il Tempo alato, &c.)

"I am Time, winged Time,
Fate's minister sublime:
The universe shall feel my power,
And in an awful hour
Shall sink into annihilation.
I will spare naught in wide creation,
Save the abyss — the abyss profound;
And darkness thick to reign around."
"Ha, Time! hear thou thy fate:
Thou threat'nest to annihilate;
But thou shalt lose thy sway.
Soon as this world has passed away,
Thy rule, O Time! is o'er,
And thou thyself shalt be no more."

LIFE WITHOUT AN AIM. — We would now speak of the *aimless existence* — that strange anomaly in creation, a human being with nothing to do. Most miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being. The most insignificant object in nature becomes a source of envy; the birds warble on every spray, in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. O, plant! O, stream! — worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of — faculties divine, eternal; a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away — wasted as water poured forth in the desert. O, birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life! Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence, the yearning for an object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity, and the fearful consciousness of deadening life — of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests — when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far-off sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal helplessness and desolation? O! happier far is the toiling drudge who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation; he has a hope unceasingly to light him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that cannot die; and wretched, weary, unhuman, as his life may be, it is of royal worth — it is separated by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor, perhaps pampered wretch, who is cursed for having no work to do. — *Elizabeth Blackwell.*

* She died at Rome, 1619.

From Chambers' Journal.

POETRY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

We suspect that the poetry of Mr. Landor is very little known to general readers; and that, even among the studious and most cultivated classes of his countrymen, there are few who can be said to be thoroughly acquainted with it. We remember De Quincey saying, that for many years he believed he was the only man in England who had read *Gebir*; and that, after some inquiry among his friends, he found Southey to be the only other person who had accomplished the same feat. To say the truth, it is not an easy matter to get through *Gebir*; and perhaps it is still more difficult, even after a deliberate perusal, to give an intelligible account of its meaning and intention. A dim and misty fable, wherein the supernatural is incongruously mingled with the natural, and brief glimmerings of poetry alternate with heavy passages of vague description and turgidity — the work presents next to no attractions on the surface, and, with the most laborious efforts to understand it, yields at the utmost but inadequate results. We cannot recommend *Gebir* to anybody as a pleasant entertainment, but we are still prepared to say, that none but a man of genius could have written it. It has an undoubted originality, which, while it gives no attraction to the poem, proves the author to be at least a man of power. The great defect is a certain crudeness of the judgment, implied in the selection of the subject-matter, and a further want of skill and perspicuity in the treatment. *Gebir* possesses some interest as a poetical curiosity, but, except in a few passages, it has none of those peculiar graces of style and sentiment which render the writings of our more prominent modern authors so generally delightful. Such passages as we speak of can never convey any accurate notion of a poem, but, as illustrations of the poetic faculty of the writer, they may, in such a case as Mr. Landor's, be easily detached and cited, without occasioning either misapprehension of his genius or injury to his reputation. One or two we shall here accordingly present, by way of showing the kind of gems which, at wide intervals, are imbedded in the otherwise dark and dreary caves of *Gebir*. Let us begin with some lines containing an image which Wordsworth afterwards expanded, in a famous passage of the *Excursion*. A river-nymph is described as saying to a shepherd:

I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,

*And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.*

Readers of Wordsworth will remember the lines beginning, "I have seen a curious child," &c., and notice their resemblance to the above. Among other striking and extractable passages, the following has seemed to us deserving of quotation. It will be seen that it expresses a pagan sentiment on the holiness and efficacy of prayer: —

For earth contains no nation where abounds
The generous horse and not the warlike man.
But neither soldier now nor steed avails,
Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods,
Nor is there aught above like Jove himself,
Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixed,
Aught but, with supplicating knee, the prayers.
Swifter than light are they, and every face,
Though different, glows with beauty; at the
throne
Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,
They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove
Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice
The thunder from his hand.

Stray lines of pithy sense and wisdom are frequently occurring in the poem. Thus, of brave men it is said: —

The brave,
When they no longer doubt, no longer fear.

Again, in regard to the lessons of experience, we have this —

From our own wisdom less is to be reaped
Than from the barest folly of our friend.

In the way of description, in which Mr. Landor is sometimes, but not always happy, the following representation of an Eastern morning displays a rich and pleasing fancy: —

Now to Aurora, borne by dappled steeds,
The sacred gate of Orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strains of harmony;
The waves beneath, in purpling rows, like doves
Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,
Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves
When from her sleepy lover's downy cheek,
To which so warily her own she brings
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth
Of coming kisses fanned by playful dreams.
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee,
For 't was the morning pointed out by Fate,
When an immortal maid and mortal man
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.

Gebir is a sort of epic, in seven books, and is luckily the only long poem which Mr. Landor seems to have attempted. Without offence to him, or to anybody else, we think it may be said, that there is no description of poetry for which his talent is so unsuited. In dramatic writing, he has succeeded better, though he has given us nothing that can be

properly styled a drama; indeed, he calls his pieces of this sort simply "acts and scenes;" and informs us, that although in a dramatic form, they "were never offered to the stage, being no better than *Imaginary Conversations* in metre." As such they are not by any means uninteresting, though they mostly refer to scenes and circumstances so remote from the studies of the general reader as to offer few attractions to him; and, except here and there in pointed thoughts and fine expressions, they manifest no extraordinary ability. It is chiefly in his collection of *Miscellaneous Pieces*—short occasional poems, written to express some fitting thought or pensive fancy—that Mr. Landor is likely to find any considerable body of readers. Many of these pieces are purely personal, but are not on that account deficient either in grace or sterling excellence. As it is the vocation of the poet to reflect the mental states of other men, and be the interpreter of their aspirations and emotions, whatsoever affects, interests, or perplexes him, will serve in the representation to excite the sympathies, and more perfectly express the sense of all who any way partake of kindred thoughts and feelings. So considered, these brief and unpretending poems of Mr. Landor seem to be calculated to impart a fine intellectual pleasure, and yield matter for meditation in moments when the heart is inclined to be still and commune with itself. The merit of this poetry lies mainly in its tone of calm reflectiveness, in a certain suggestive power which sets the mind of the reader thinking, and engages him for the time in the serious contemplation of some striking and peculiar view of human life. Such pieces as we have selected for quotation may be not unsuitably introduced by the following lines on the outlooks of middle-age:—

When we have panted past life's middle space,
And stand and breathe a moment from the race,
These graver thoughts the heaving breast annoy:
Of all our fields, how very few are green!
And ah! what brakes, moors, quagmires, lie
 between
Tired age and childhood ramping wild with joy.

It will be seen that, in this little poem, there is nothing gorgeous or particularly felicitous in the language—not a word of imagery or sentimental softness—yet the thought is eminently poetical, and, simply as it is set forth, suggests a great deal more than is expressed—the whole throng of cares and pent-up sadness which the tried and weary soul conceals, even while they press on him as the inner burden of his life. Our next extract is of a more imaginative aspect, and shows how admirable a picture the author can delineate in words. One seems to see the

majestically-attired Evening moving slowly over the landscape, and covering all things as she advances with the folds of her misty drapery:—

From yonder wood mark blue-eyed Eve proceed:
First through the deep and warm and secret glens,
Through the pale-glimmering privet scented lane,
And through those alders by the river-side:
Now the soft dust impedes her, which the sheep
Have hollowed out beneath their hawthorn shade.
But, ah! look yonder! see a misty tide
Rise up the hill, lay low the frowning grove,
Enwrap the gay white mansion, sap its sides,
Until they sing and melt away like chalk;
Now it comes down against our village-tower,
Covers its base, floats o'er its arches, tears
The clinging ivy from the battlements,
Mingles in broad embrace the obdurate stone
(All one vast ocean), and goes swelling on
In slow and silent, dim and deepening waves.

We quote next a somewhat longer poem, wherein the influences of wrath and gentleness are very beautifully contrasted:—

Look thou yonder, look and tremble,
Thou whose passions swell so high;
See those ruins that resemble
Flocks of camels as they lie.
'T was a fair but froward city,
Bidding tribes and chiefs obey,
Till he came who, deaf to pity,
Tost the imploring arm away.
Spoiled and prostrate, she lamented
What her pride and folly wrought:
But was ever Pride contented,
Or would Folly e'er be taught?
Strong are cities; Rage o'erthrows 'em;
Rage o'erswells the gallant ship;
Stains it not the cloud-white bosom,
Flaws it not the ruby lip?
All that shields us, all that charms us,
Brow of ivory, tower of stone,
Yield to Wrath; another's harms us,
But we perish by our own.
Night may send to rave and ravage
Panther and hyæna fell;
But their manners, harsh and savage,
Little suit the mild gazelle.
When the waves of life surround thee,
Quenching oft the light of love—
When the clouds of doubt confound thee,
Drive not from thy breast the dove.

The following, as the reader will perceive, contains a consoling and excellent suggestion in regard to the transitoriness of earthly sorrows:—

The wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what is must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.

Meanwhile the sun on high, although
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power,
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

From another point of view it is shown how the most brilliant spirits are the most susceptible of suffering and depression: —

The brightest mind, when sorrow sweeps across,
Becomes the gloomiest ; so the stream, that ran
Clear as the light of heaven ere autumn closed,
When wintry storm and snow and sleet descend
Is darker than the mountain or the moor.

In the next quotation, the reader will get a glimpse of Mr. Landor's views concerning the poetic art: —

Pleasant it is to wink and sniff the fumes
The little dainty poet blows for us,
Kneeling in his soft cushion at the hearth,
And patted on the head by passing maids.
Who would discourage him? who bid him off,
Invidious or morose? Enough, to say
(Perhaps too much, unless 't is mildly said)
That slender twigs send forth the fiercest flame,
Not without noise, but ashes soon succeed ;
While the broad chump leans back against the
stones,
Strong with internal fire, sedately breathed,
And heats the chamber round from morn till
night.

Some further ideas on this subject are presented to us in some lines addressed to Southey, between whom and Mr. Landor, notwithstanding the widest difference in their political and social views, there existed a close and uninterrupted friendship. A good deal of sound criticism is here condensed into a small compass. Pope's celebrated Essay contains nothing of equal merit, either in point of judgment or in the graces of expression: —

There are who teach us that the depths of thought
Engulf the poet ; that irregular
Is every greater one. Go, Southey, mount
Up to those teachers ; ask, submissively,
Who so proportioned as the lord of day?
Yet mortals see his steadfast, stately course,
And lower their eyes before him. Fools gaze up
Amazed at daring flights. Does Homer soar
As hawks and kites and weaker swallows do?
He knows the swineheard ; he plants apple-trees
Amid Alcinous' cypresses ;
He covers with his aged, black-veined hand,
The plumed crest that frightened and made cling
To its fond mother the ill-fated child ;
He walks along Olympus with the gods,
Complacently and calmly, as along
The sands where Simois glides into the sea.
They who step high and swing their arms soon
tire.

The glorious Theban then ?

The sage from Thebes,
Who sang his wisdom when the strife of cars
And combatants had paused, deserves more praise

Than this untrue one, fitter for the weak.
Who by the lightest breezes are borne up,
And with the dust and straws are swept away ;
Who fancy they are carried far aloft,
When nothing quite distinctly they descry,
Having lost all self-guidance. But strong men
Are strongest with their feet upon the ground.
Light bodied-Fancy — Fancy plover-winged,
Draws some away from culture to dry downs,
Where none but insects find their nutriment ;
There let us leave them to their sleep and dreams.
Great is that poet — great is he alone,
Who rises o'er the creatures of the earth,
Yet only where his eye may well discern
The various movements of the human heart,
And how each mortal differs from the rest.
Although he struggled hard with poverty,
He dares assert his just prerogative
To stand above all perishable things,
Proclaiming *this* shall live, and *this* shall die.

From these extracts, the character of Mr. Landor's minor poems will be partially perceived ; readers hitherto unacquainted with them must now consider for themselves, whether they possess attractions of a kind likely to be acceptable to their particular tastes and temperaments. It will be seen that the poetry is mostly of a contemplative cast ; not remarkably imaginative, nor imbued to any great degree with the graces or charms of fancy ; nowise stately or magnificent in diction, or particularly polished or exquisite in style ; but, in modest and simple guise, wisely thoughtful and reflective ; full of hints and intimations of a peculiar experience, and rich in that quiet wisdom which a man of fine gifts and extensive knowledge has constantly in store, and the utterance of which is to him as natural and easy as is the delivery of commonplaces to ordinary persons. No one can read these poems without observing their unelaborate and simple structure. They have all the air of spontaneous effusions. They seem to be the little sparks of light which the revolving mind casts off in token of a latent heat which cannot be contained or all concentrated in that subtle and vast activity, whose product in other forms of literature has been so admirable and magnificent. They have taken shape without premeditation, and without labor, and have the appearance of being almost involuntary utterances. Indeed, they might have been in some instances improved by a little more care and manual painstaking in the versification ; but for this mechanical excellence Mr. Landor appears to have no regard. He says once, in addressing Wordsworth :

That other men should work for me
In the rich mines of Poesie,
Pleases me better than the toil
Of smoothing under hardened hand
With attic emery and oil
The shining point for wisdom's wand.

Accordingly, what poetry he is in the habit of writing, he throws off from him with an easy carelessness, satisfied if the words and images he uses be such as will just serve as a body to the thought which it is his purpose to express. It is always rather the substance than the form which constitutes the merit of these productions; and though they cannot be said to present any very lofty views of human life and destiny, any grand conceptions of man's relations and vocation in the universe, they yet contain many excellent and consolatory reflections, many just and pure sentiments, much of that solemn and pensive beauty which, like the rays of moonlight about ruins and lonely places, gives a charm and a quiet glory to the sobered sadness that haunts the chambers of a soul deeply learned in manifold experiences. One suggestion may be given as to what seems the proper way of reading them; they yield most pleasure when perused deliberately, one at a time, following out the thought with its various suggestiveness, until its full meaning is gathered up and taken in. They will, most of them, be found to have a wonderful completeness, and each of them a separate and definite signification. They are not endless repetitions of a few fixed ideas and feelings, but they express a multitude of intellectual and emotional conditions; they are records of all the moods and phases which the author's mind has undergone, in the course of a life now considerably advanced, and bear witness to his large devotion to the interests of truth and beauty. For all men anyway like-minded, they cannot fail to prove pleasant and congenial reading; and to such of these as may not yet have been attracted to them, we here take the opportunity of recommending them. We hold them to be worthy of careful and deliberate study, and can testify that a prolonged acquaintance with them increases the gratification which they are calculated to afford.

TOO MUCH READING.—The following letter of the editor of the "Tribune," in reply to a subscriber, who complains that he has "too much reading" furnished to him in these double sheets, is too good to be overlooked; the correspondent may be imaginary, but the hit is nevertheless a palpable one. John H. Smith is the gentleman who writes, and here is the answer: "Dear John—Your case is distressing, but it is by no means so peculiar as you seem to imagine. It is not in the 'Tribune' alone, nor even in reading generally, that people labor under a difficulty akin to yours. For instance, your brother Baxter Smith came down here from the country the other day, and stopped at the Astor House, but had to quit—the living was too much for him. The food was very good and abundant—in fact, too much so—and that did him up. He did n't eat more than half way down the bill of fare,

while he saw others on every side who had got very near the bottom of it, and were still working away when he left the dinner-table, so full that he could hardly stand or walk. He had a touch of the cholera the second day, and was threatened with apoplexy, so he had to quit the Astor abruptly, and to take board at a chop-house, where he only ate what he called and paid for, plate by plate. Had he stayed, the coffin-maker would have taken his measure before this time. Then there was your cousin, John Z. Smith, who came down and bought a ticket to Barnum's Museum, and found it a regular gouge. He thought he was going to see every curious object in the world, and perhaps he might have done so; but, after looking his eyes almost out of his head for nine or ten hours, and giving himself a torturing headache, he had to give up, leaving half the objects unseen, because the attendants began to blow out the lights, and told him it was time to shut up and go home. And there your nephew, John Wilkins Smith, who came down with a sloop-load of turnips, sold them satisfactorily, and thereupon resolved to treat himself to a salt-water bath, which he did; but staying in two hours, in order to get the full worth of his money, he came out with an ague, and is now suffering severely from rheumatic debility. His case is even harder than yours; for you *can* stop the 'Tribune,' and he has been trying to stop the ague, and *can't*. There are more such cases, but let them pass. We will stop your paper very cheerfully, but we can't stop putting in more than any one patron will be likely to peruse. In fact, we can't give each reader what he wants of the news of the day, without giving his neighbor a great deal that he *don't* want. Nor can we give any one just what he needs to-day, without inserting many things that he probably would *not* want to-morrow. So we must try to present a bill of fare from which various appetites may be satisfied, though each may leave a good deal untouched."—*Hogg's Instructor*.

HARMONIC RAPPING.—If spirits can rap upon a table, it stands to reason that they are also able to strike the keys of a piano. The rappers should therefore extend the range of their entertainments by adding a Broadwood to their mahogany, and by combining the harmonic meeting with the spiritual *siance*. Weber, who was such a capital hand at supernatural effects, and whose amiable character during life renders it probable that his disposition is accommodating after death, would doubtless willingly oblige the company with an air or two from *Der Freischütz*, or *Oberon*, or perform the overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*. The ears of the visitors might also be gratified with a genuine "Ghost Melody;" the effect whereof upon those organs would probably be to add, in a preternatural degree, to their natural elongation. — *Punch*.

THE face of the corpse seems as if it suddenly knew everything, and was profoundly at peace in consequence.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LOST MESSMATE.

WHEN we lived at Greenwich, long ago, the scene of my greatest earthly delight was the park, and my chosen society the superannuated seamen who strolled down there from Greenwich Hospital. Better company than some of them might have been found for a boy of thirteen, but in those days the sea filled my imagination. Readers, I am a respectable draper in the Blackfriars' Road, and the crossing of St George's Channel, in which I was terribly sick, has been the utmost limit of my voyages; but the interest now given to water-twist and fast-colors, then hung about double-reefed topsails, land on the lee-bow, and a strange craft hearing down. Great store was therefore set by the old mariners, who would talk and tell stories. Queer tales some of them had to tell, and few were slow to communicate; but the most satisfactory acquaintance I found among them was Tom Patterson. Tom said he was the last man that ever lost an arm by Bonaparte. How he came to the exact knowledge of his own distinction in that respect, I never discovered, but his right arm had been carried off by a cannon-ball, in action with a French vessel, almost at the close of what it is to be hoped we shall long continue to call the "last war."

It is my belief that Tom had come from Scotland in his day. His education was certainly better than that of foretop-men in general: he could read and write well; there were even traces of the Latin grammar about him; and at times Tom let out recollections of an old manse, which stood somewhere on the Firth of Clyde, and a wild, graceless lad, who ran away to sea. That part of the past was reserved for his memory's private domain. I cannot tell what ruins might be in it. Tom spoke little on the subject, and was never explicit; but if he had been the wild, graceless lad, there was a good work done by Time, the changer; for when I knew him he was a grave, quiet man, religious withal, after a discreet, sober fashion, and more thoughtful and intelligent than the majority of Greenwich pensioners. Whether Tom patronized me or I him, is still an open question. Half at least of my pocket-money (and that fund was not large) went in good-will offerings of tobacco and pipes for his behoof and benefit; and he talked with me about ships and sea-adventures under the park's old chestnut-trees on summer evenings. Noble trees are they, those said chestnuts, with the circular benches round their roots, on which so many have rested. There is one, in particular, said to have been planted by Henry VII., soon after Bosworth Field had made him King of England. I go to see it yet sometimes, though not now to see Tom Patterson. His cruise on this side

the stars has been long finished; but the bench below, overlooking the broad walk and the busy river, was the evening resort of my sailor-friend. On that seat, Tom appeared to me profoundly edifying, as he described the bombardment of Copenhagen, drew a parallel between Nelson and Collingwood (by the way, the latter was his crack-man), or explained how Acre was defended; but none of his historical essays ever made such an impression on my mind as a story he told me once, while we sat together in an April sunset. It was the Easter holidays, and Easter had n't come early that year. The chestnut-trees were in full blossom, and the park in full green. Half London had come out, as usual, to trample it down; but the crowd was growing thin for the sun was setting, and we sat on our accustomed seat, watching its diminution, when the great attraction of the day passed by. This was a Chinese — whether real or fictitious I know not; but he sold paper-lanterns, wore a loose cotton gown, a pair of flannel shoes, and an enormous pig-tail. I was admiring that weapon of his warfare, and Tom, with the pipe between his teeth, watching him with a look of indefinite suspicion, till he was fairly out of sight, when the old man turned to me and said, in his own sedate fashion, "Master Harry, I don't like them there Chinamen!"

"Why, Tom?" said I, having by this time picked up his prejudices. "Are they as bad as the French?"

"They're worse, Master Harry, by several chalks," said Tom. "No Christian can ever be up to them. They're as deep as the South Sea, and I'll tell you what first made me think so. When I served on board the *Rattlesnake*, in 1809, our ship was ordered to the China Sea, where the pirates had grown brisk from the scarcity of cruisers. Our captain was a jewel for conduct and consideration, though maybe too young for such a command. Most of our officers had seen service; there was n't a lubber in the crew, nor a troublesome soul on board but Dick Spanker. We gave him that surname unanimously — for Dick had none of his own that ever I knew — when he throw a somersault in the rigging off Formosa. Where he was born appeared to be a puzzle to himself. Sometimes he said he was a Yorkshire, and sometimes a Cornish man; but one thing was plain to everybody — Dick was no beauty. Low-set, strong, and square of build, he had a dark complexion, very red hair, and a nose broken out of all shape by some blow or accident; but the most remarkable particular about him was an enormous right thumb. It was positively half the breadth of an ordinary hand; and just below the nail was a double x in deep blue. Dick said he put on that mark among the South-sea whalers, with whom such things are in

fashion. A wild life it must be among far seas and savage isles; but Dick had spent years in it, and quite became his schooling. He swore hard, and drank harder when he got it; would have ventured on anything, with either tongue or hands; and was never known to keep out of a scrape or quarrel when he could get into one.

"I can't say that any of us liked Dick, for he had a raw nature—maybe there was a crack somewhere in his brain; but we would have missed him as the odd man of the ship. With some sorts of captains, Dick would have had hard times; as it was, his grog was stopped now and then; but things went quietly on in our ship. The voyage out was prosperous. We never lost a man or saw an enemy. The Malays, too, had got wind of our coming, and kept well out of sight. Sail where we would, there was not a prow to be seen; but after beating about Fokien and Formosa for nearly a month, the East India Company's packet, *Maharajah*, from Canton to Madras, hailed us one morning; and her captain came on board with a long story of something that had happened between the tea-merchants and the mandarins. It wasn't much of a matter either. The Chinamen wanted more bucksheesh than the merchants were willing to give; but our captain thought the sight of an English schooner in the river might help to settle things; so the helm was put about, and the *Rattlesnake* steered for Canton. After we dropped anchor in the river, the bucksheesh somehow became satisfactory. The tea-merchants and the mandarins grew good friends again; and the Chinamen came by scores about us, offering to sell everything, and do any work at all. Master Harry, it would take me a fortnight to tell you what rogues they were—how they cheated us in silks and tobacco, in pigs and in tea. The main-deck was never clear of a row while that trade lasted; but nobody dealt or squabbled more with the Chinamen than Dick Spanker.

"Dick bought everything while he had a fraction—Nankeen pantaloons, crape cravats, tobacco-stoppers of sandal-wood, besides two fans, a scarlet shawl, and a set of small china, for a sweetheart he said he had at Deptford; of course, the Chinamen cheated him in every bargain, and the rows between them were terrible. Dick came across the discipline two or three times himself in consequence; and officers and men were glad when his money was done. By and by, we all began to wonder what made our captain lie so long in the river. Some said, it was to get a lot of uncommon grand crapes for his lady—a fine woman I'm told she was, living at Woolwich; some, that he was only on the look-out for shawls and tea-pots; and some, that the cards and dice were rather plenty at the Com-

pany's factory. The captain and most of our officers went there every day. Fine rooms they had, lined with china and looking-glasses, I can tell you. But we seamen were restricted to the boat-town, having a general order not to go on shore, on account of the Chinese laws against foreigners. There were forty thousand junks anchored in the river, in long lines, with streets of water between, through which the ships of all nations came and went. In these boats, all manner of trade and shop-keeping was carried on, and people had lived and died for I know not how many generations. However, there was nothing to be seen but eternal flocks of ducks, with dirty men and boys among them. Just think, Master Harry, what a dull spot it must be where a woman's face is never visible, though I'm sure I heard some of them scolding inside! That's done everywhere, you see; but it was our belief, that the boat-people were neither so smart at their work, nor so clever in cheating, as the men who came down from Canton.

"They told us such fine things about their town, that we grew tired of the river, particularly Dick, who latterly got in a manner wild for the shore, and used to grumble to himself by hours at the general order. Among the Canton-men there was one called Loo Chin, who dealt in all sorts of things, from pigs to porcelain; doing a little private trade in arrack and opium also. There was not a language heard at the port of Canton Loo Chin could not speak—English, French, Dutch, and Portuguese, besides the Malay and Tartar tongues. He boasted that his uncle was gate-keeper to the governor, and his brother the first player in the province; but I don't think a greater knave than himself came down the river. Loo Chin was small, squat, and dirty; he had a pair of narrow, slit-like eyes, whose very light was cunning; a pigtail that nearly touched the ground; and the blackest teeth I ever saw. That Chinamen had got Dick's last cash; but he didn't know it; and it was laughable to see him offering our messmate whatever nobody else would buy, at a price considerably raised for his special benefit. Many a furious squabble they had; but Loo Chin always came off safe, for when falsehoods failed him, he fell to flattery; and, rough as Dick was, that smoothed him down. He praised his beauty and his manners, his riches and his generosity, always rising higher in the strain the more he intended to cheat, till Dick half-believed him, but nevertheless reserved for his own entertainment the fact that his money was done, and none of our crew would spoil sport by mentioning it to the Chinaman. Loo Chin was by far the grandest describer of Canton and its wonders. He told us of a great fish-pond, with a tame dolphin in it; of a temple to their god of the wind,

where holy hogs, with golden collars round their necks, were kept; and, above all, of his brother's playhouse.

"I had always remarked that Dick had a singular turn for play-going. There was n't a single house of the kind in all England in whose galleries he had not been; and the establishment of Loo Chin's brother appeared to take his mind's-eye completely.

"Do you think one could get inside?" he inquired one day, when the Chinaman had been doing his best to sell him a yellow silk jacket full of holes, and describe the blue paint and gilding which decorated the said playhouse.

"Most sure," said Loo Chin, looking doubly cunning.

"Would one get safe back, I mean?" said Dick.

"With no doubt," said the Chinaman bolting down the ship's side into his own trading-junk, on the bulwarks of which he balanced himself for a minute, made a queer motion with his yellow hands, as if to tie up something in a bundle, gave a short wicked laugh, and dived below among his goods. I meant to keep a watch on Loo Chin after that; but whether it was his ill-success with the yellow jacket, or the coming of an American ship, that kept him from the *Rattlesnake*, we saw no more of the Chinaman. However, all hands were river-sick by this time, and a public meeting was held on the fore-castle, to petition Captain Paget for leave to go on shore. The boatswain's mate, who had been the son of a schoolmaster, and once saw his father sign a petition to Parliament against the hearth-tax, drew up our memorial in the same form which he said was the thing furthest off mutiny, and commenced, 'May it please your Honorable Cabin.' Captain Paget favorably considered our petition, as he did all the complaints of his men; but to keep the Chinamen's minds at rest, we were allowed to go only in parties of a dozen strong, every man taking his turn, with strict orders not to lose sight of each other, and to return to the ship an hour before the shutting of Canton gates, which took place at sunset. We gave three cheers that astonished the boat-town when the captain told us all that in a speech from the quarter-deck. The boatswain's mate said, if we had been in a Christian country, it should be printed in the newspapers; but the part that made most impression on us, was what the captain said in his wind-up—that he hoped we would justify the confidence our officers placed in us, by a prudent and orderly course of conduct, as became British seamen.

"The captain was not entirely mistaken in that hope. We took a general resolution to behave well; even Dick looked settled; and for some time, the parties came and went without disturbance, strict to orders, and punctual to time. We saw the Company's

factory, and the governor's palace—at least the outsides of them—the narrow streets, the queer houses, and queerer shops of Canton. The Chinamen stared at us, and called us 'Fanqui'; the children fled before, and the dogs barked after us; but our honor being concerned, not to speak of the going on shore, we took no notice.

"A party to which I belonged were getting the boat ready one day, and I was brushing my best jacket over the bulwark when Dick Spanker came to me, and said, 'Tom, can you lend me a few cash?'

"The Chinamen had n't left me much, but I knew Dick was going with us, and might want a trifle; so, having some in my pocket (Master Harry, it was the only loan ever I regretted), I gave him the half, and we started. The day was spent, as usual, strolling through the town, and being called Fanquits. We bought water-melons and some arrack—not much, for all hands were sober. The time of return was drawing near, when we got into a new street, and saw a great wooden-house without windows, with a Chinaman at the door beating a little drum. As we came nearer, Dick knew him to be his old acquaintance, Loo Chin. 'What sort of a pigeon is this you have got?' said he, running up to him (pigeon is the Chinaman's word for business).

"Calling people to the play," said Loo Chin.

"Is this your brother's playhouse then?" cried Dick.

"Be certain it is," said the Chinaman.

"Messmates, we'll all go in and see the play. When does it begin?"

"I don't know, and there's too many of you," said Loo Chin; and he fell to his drum faster than ever.

"Come along, Dick," said I, not liking the fellow's look; 'it's time we were homeward bound.'

"Dick did come; and we had got on a few steps, when, glancing back, I saw Loo Chin making signs to him. Just then, there came a great sound of gongs and bagpipes, which, they say, is the height of Chinese music, and down the street ran a crowd, making all sorts of noise for joy, because they were taking home a bride shut up in a covered chair like a great boy, painted blue. We ranged ourselves along the wall, to let them pass quietly, and the capers they cut took my attention completely; but when all was over, and we had marched almost to the river, Dick Spanker was nowhere to be seen. We could not go to the ship without him, and a terrible search we had for the street. By the time it was found, the playhouse was as full as it could hold, with bands of men at the door—who drew knives and clubs, and roared at us as we tried to get in—but Loo Chin was n't among them. If

our cutlasses had n't been left in the *Rattlesnake*, I'm not sure that the captain's orders to keep peace at all hazards would have been obeyed; but unarmed as we were, there was no chance. The crowd was thickening about us every minute; the bars with which they close the streets were getting ready; we called on Dick with all the strength of our voices, but got no answer; and as the gates would be shut in another minute, we had a strong run for it to our boat. Of course, the captain was told the moment we got on board. He sent the first-lieutenant up in the cutter by day-break, to make a report to the governor. That great Chinaman promised that Dick would be inquired for throughout the province; but the end of all was, that nothing of our messmate was seen or heard of after.

"Captain Puget inquired, threatened, and demanded leave to search the playhouse; but the party he sent for that purpose—I was one of them—were taken to the street; shown the spot where the house had stood; told that the players had taken it with them on their journey to the northern provinces, which they made once a year, all theatres in China being movable; and also that no stranger would be admitted to a Chinese playhouse. Loo Chin's whereabouts nobody knew; and the captain at length concluded that Dick had gone with him to see some bargain or other, got into a quarrel, and perhaps met with foul play. Gradually we all became of that opinion; but no one cared for going on shore again; and as the time of the *Rattlesnake's* cruise shortly expired, we sailed home to Chatham. There it was found out that the ship wanted sundry repairs; her hands were accordingly drafted off to different vessels, and I, with some score of comrades, sent on board the *Thunderer*.

"There is no use in going over all that happened there; but the service was n't so easy as it had been in the *Rattlesnake*—we had fighting in the Mediterranean, fever at Fernando Po, and a storm in the Western Pacific, that made us glad to run into Manilla. The Spanish governor there held fast by King Ferdinand; and as England's armies were doing some tight work for him in Spain, Manilla was a friendly port for an English vessel. I remember it was just three years since we sailed from Canton—actions, fevers, and drafts had n't left one of the *Rattlesnake's* men on board the *Thunderer* but myself. The new messmates weren't quite up to the old; and though our captain was a good officer, he had a spice of pride in him that taught the whole ship their distance. There were no meetings in the fore-castle, no petitioning of his Honorable Cabin, I can tell you; but going on shore was no trouble at Manilla.

"It is a dirty town, and the worst part of it is the Chinese quarter. I had strolled in there one evening with three comrades, quiet

smoking fellows, who knew the place, and would have me to see a Chinese play. I thought of the old story at Canton, but they said it was uncommon curious, and Chinamen abroad have no such hatred to strangers as at home. The playhouse stood in an unpaved street, narrow and very dark, with old Spanish houses, which the Chinese had got hold of, and set up their shops and trades in. It was like the one I had seen at Canton—wooden and windowless—but very full of the Chinamen, standing thick and close round a railed space in the middle, lighted by great torches, with a trap-door in it, by which all the wonders came up. I can't say what the play was about, though I and my comrades got places quite near the rail. There was a man with a tame lion; another with two serpents twined about his arms; and last of all, the glory of the house, a great dragon, which the Chinamen said could talk all the tongues in the world, and had been brought from Peking. It came up like a huge crocodile, only covered with a hairy skin. It had a long tail, a pair of fiery eyes that seemed far sunk in its head, and a mouth with great tusks in it. There was a boy on its back, and the performance consisted in his riding round the stage in a very gaudy dress, with a large China cup on his head, full of tea, of which a grain was n't to be spilled. The dragon went round twice, and the cup kept steady, to the Chinamen's great delight; but, by way of gaining more applause, the boy began to strike it with a bamboo to hasten the motion. At the first blow, the creature stopped, and, to my amazement, began in a smothered, snuffing voice, to swear hard in good English. The boy struck it again, and it tried to throw him. He kept his seat wonderfully; but the dragon kicked and plunged, flinging its feet about, and trying to turn over. Strange paddles the feet were, covered with the same hairy skin to the toes; but somehow it had got split on one of them, and through the rent I saw, as the torch-light fell on it, a great thumb marked with a double x in blue below the nail. The next minute its rider had got the dragon hauled near enough the trap-door, and with some help from below, he rode it down. I did n't stay five seconds after in the house. My comrades laughed at my story; but I flew to the ship, craved to see our captain, and told him all about it. The proud, cold man bade me go to my duty, and he would inquire into the matter. Next morning, an officer did go on shore, but the Chinamen's governor said it was all a mistake, and sent a present of imperial tea to the captain. We sailed for Acapulco three days after. The hands on board sometimes made jokes to themselves about the grog being too strong for me at Manilla; but, Master Harry, I'll never believe that that swearing dragon was not my lost messmate!"

PART II. — CHAPTER V.

THE next morning, Bagot, who was, when in the country, a tolerably early riser, issued forth from the house before breakfast, on his way to the stables.

The sun had been up two hours before, and was now looking warmly over some tall drooping ash-trees on to the southern entrance. Bagot stood and basked for a minute there.

It was a fresh, still morning. There had been a shower in the night, and a rustling might be heard amid the grass of the lawn, as of drops penetrating. Thrushes were piping busily in the shrubbery, May-flies were on the wing amid the grass, butterflies hovered above the old-fashioned flowers, heart's-ease, stocks, lilacs, and gillyflowers, whose mingled fragrance came fresh and cool upon the sense. Bagot contributed his mite to the general perfume by smoking a cigar, and exhaling with the smoke an odor of brandy; for he was very shaky in the morning until he got his dram, and would sometimes cut his chin dreadfully in shaving.

The beauty of the morning was in great measure thrown away upon Bagot. He knew no more about the witchery of the soft blue sky than Peter Bell. The verdure that gave him most pleasure, next to that of the race-course, was the green cloth of the billiard-table. The voice of the marker calling, "Red plays on yellow," was more musical to him than the carol of all the thrushes that ever piped. He stood there in the sunlight like a nightlamp that had been left unextinguished, murky and red, in the eye of golden and scented morning.

He glanced around him as he stood smoking, with his hands in his flapped skirt-pockets — looked upward at the brick front of the house, with its projecting turrets, its deep diamond-paned, stone-framed windows, and balustraded parapet — looked around at the thick shrubbery, where the uppermost laurel-leaves glanced yellow amid their dark-green, glossy brethren, as the morning light slanted in — and followed some outward-bound rooks in their flight over the lawn, and across the river, where a solitary fly-fisher was wading to his middle, till they reached the village, where other rooks of congenial temperament came out from the trees and joined them. And, having looked thus with his outward eyes, without seeing much of it with his inner — for his busy head was now, as generally, occupied with other matters — he walked along two sides of the house, and through the shrubbery, to the stables.

Harry Noble and a boy were busy here about the horses; and Kitty Fillett had stolen away from her mistress to try and soften Mr. Noble, whom she had found steeled against

all her wiles and attempts at mollification on the previous evening.

Bagot caught Kitty by the chin, as she started at his footstep, and attempted to make off; and, holding the chin between his finger and thumb, he stood looking at her simpering face, not saying anything to her at first, by reason of his continuing to retain his cigar between his teeth, while his lips separated in an approving smile.

"Baggage!" quoth the colonel, presently, taking his left hand from his coat-pocket, and removing the obstructive cigar without relinquishing his hold of the chin with the right — "how the deuce d'ye think men are to do their work with that handsome saucy face of yours looking at them! Can't you let the fellows alone for five minutes together! — ha, slut!"

"Indeed, sir, I don't want no fellows," said Miss Fillett, primly; "I merely kim to look at the horses."

"Horses!" roared Bagot, with a laugh; "you never looked at a horse in your life if he had n't a man on his back — you know you did n't. By the by, I saw you yesterday at the fair, Kitty — here's a fairing for you — something to buy ribbons with."

Kitty dropt a curtsy as she pocketed the brace of half-crowns.

"How does your mistress pass the time now?" asked Bagot. "What's the new dodge? Is she chemical, or botanical, or geological, or what?"

"We've been a little astromical lately," said Miss Fillett. "But my lady's a deal more lively now since the two young ladies kim. They're always together."

"Always together!" thought Bagot; "that won't do. How am I ever to get in a word if she always has these others at her elbow to back her up? That won't do at all;" (then aloud), "What are the young ladies like, Kitty?"

"Very nice young ladies," said Kitty. "Miss Payne gave me a beautiful silk dress last week, as good as new; and, o'-Wednesday, Miss Rosa —"

"Hang your dresses!" quoth Bagot; "I did n't ask what they'd given you, but what they were like. Have they got any fun in 'em?"

"Indeed they have plenty," said Miss Fillett, nodding her head four distinct times. "They're as lively as kittens, and that's the truth."

"Does your mistress ride now?" asked Bagot.

"Not since the young ladies have been here, sir. They don't ride, and my lady stays with 'em for company."

"I must look to this," said Bagot to himself, as, resuming his cigar, and releasing Miss Fillett, he entered the stable. "And,

Oh!" (calling after Kitty) "tell her ladyship that, with her permission, I'll have the honor of breakfasting with her."

The stable was not so well filled now as it had been in Sir Joseph's days. Bagot cared little for hunting. Stalls labelled "Valiant," "Coverley," "Bob," and "Bullfrog," were vacant, and the place of those hunters knew them no more. But the brown carriage-horses, Duke and Dandy, still stood side by side; Lady Lee's gray thoroughbred, Diana, turned her broad front and taper muzzle to look at the comer, and several others were ranged beyond.

Noble was polishing some harness, and a boy near was removing a bucket from a stall, where he had been washing the feet of a brown cob.

"Who's that?" inquired Bagot of Noble, pointing at the boy.

"The gardener's son, sir," said Noble, pausing in his occupation to touch his cap; "he's been here these three weeks."

"Lift that near hind-leg, boy," said Bagot, pointing at the cob. The boy obeyed.

"D'y'e call that dry?" said the colonel. "Don't you know it's enough to give greasy heels to a horse to leave him in that way, you careless young villain? Now look you," pursued the colonel sternly, but quite calmly, "I'm a good deal about the stables, and if ever I see you leave a horse that way again, I'll lick your life out. How's her ladyship's mare, Noble?"

"She's a little sore in the mouth, from the boy taking her out with a twisted snaffle," said Noble, "but she'll be all right to-morrow. The boy's getting on—he'll do better soon, sir," said Noble, good-naturedly, seeing the colonel's eye fixed fiercely on the boy.

"He'd better," said the colonel, grimly. "I'll put a twisted snaffle in his mouth." And here I may remark that Bagot, in his care and affection for that noble animal, the horse, regarded stable-boys generally as a race of Yahoos, upon whom any neglect towards the superior creature they tended was to be instantly visited with unsparring severity. Accordingly, this morning saw the commencement of a series of precepts, threats, and veterinary aphorisms, which continued during Bagot's stay, and nearly drove the unfortunate boy out of his senses, but which, it is justice to add, had the effect of improving the economy of the stable wonderfully.

"And this is the filly, eh?" said Bagot, strolling up to a loose-box, and looking at a well-bred, handsome, somewhat leggy bay, that stood therein. "How does she go?"

"Rather hot and fidgety," said Noble, "but her paces first-rate, sir. Canters like an armchair, and walks fast, when you can get her to walk."

"Wants a light hand, eh?" said the colonel.

"Yes, sir," said Noble, "I should say she'd go well with a lady."

"Put the saddle on her and bring her out," said Bagot, casting away the end of his cigar. "I'll try her now. It wants half an hour to breakfast."

Lady Lee and her friends assembled at the usual hour in the breakfast room.

"We must wait for Colonel Lee," said her ladyship; "he is going to join us this morning."

"Why was n't he at dinner, yesterday?" inquired Rosa.

"You must n't expect to see much of him," said Lady Lee; "that is, unless you are anxious for gentlemen's society, and tell him so."

"And if we are," said Orelia putting out her lip, "what would he be among so many?"

"His coming down to the Heronry never makes much difference to me," said Lady Lee. "The colonel cares as little for flowers and literature as I do for race-horses and Cuba cigars, so that we have n't much in common. But here he comes."

Bagot entered with his usual swaggering bow and betting-ring courtesy.

"Ladies, I salute you," said Bagot, putting his fingers to his lips and waving them in the air, as a salutation general. Bagot tinselled over his natural groundwork of coarse humor with scraps of theatrical politeness, when in ladies' society. "Gad," he continued, as he drew a chair to the breakfast-table, "I'm reminded at this moment of a nunnery I once visited in Spain; the lady abbess was young, and not unlike Hester—but, by Jove, the nuns could n't boast so much beauty among the whole sisterhood as I see before me" (bowing to Orelia and Rosa, with his hand on his left waistcoat-pocket). "Luckily, I miss here, too, the dolefulness of aspect that characterized the poor things."

"Dear me!" said the sympathetic Rosa, "why did they look unhappy?"

"Probably for the love of Heaven," said Orelia sarcastically.

"Yes, the elderly ones, my dear Miss Payne; but the young ones, probably, for the love of man," returned Bagot, with a nod and a chuckle. "Ah! young ladies, 't is the same all the world over; you may shut yourselves up in convents or in country houses, but you can't keep out the small boy with wings—he's about somewhere at this moment, I've no doubt," lifting the lid of the mustard-pot, as if he expected to find a Cupid hidden there, but it was only to make his devilled bone a little hotter.

"You'll hardly believe us," said Lady

Lee, "when we tell you that the subject of love has scarcely once been mentioned among us."

"God bless me!—how silent you must have been!" said the facetious colonel. "But that's wrong; you should always tell one another your love secrets; bottled affection is apt to turn sour."

"Now what *can* you know of the tender passion, colonel!" said Lady Lee; "and yet, my dears, you hear how he philosophizes about it, as if he were really acquainted with the sentiment."

Bagot reddened. He always suspected her ladyship of feeling for him a disdain which she did not care to conceal, and which, perhaps, really did exist, though the display of it was unintentional. It oozed out so unconsciously to herself, that, in a less clever person than her ladyship, he would probably have failed to notice it; but believing that she possessed satirical power, and feeling that there was no great congeniality between them, he frequently detected a latent disparagement in speeches which, coming from any one else, he would have taken either in a playful or a literal sense. So, after a minute's silence, during which he was struggling with choler, which he felt it would be unprofitable to exhibit, he changed the subject.

"I'm sorry to find you've left off riding lately, Hester," said he. "Diana is getting as fat as a Smithfield prize pig, and I wonder you're not just the same. What exercise do you take?"

"We walk," said Lady Lee, "and drive."

"Walk and drive!" quoth Bagot. "Women crawl like spavined snails along the terrace, and get into a carriage that goes as easy as an arm-chair, and call that exercise. Riding is the only thing to keep ladies in health and condition. Besides, there are lots of places worth seeing around here too far to walk to, and inaccessible to a carriage; but how pleasant it would be to ride there!"

"But Orelia and Rosa have never ridden in their lives," said Lady Lee.

"Time they should begin," answered Bagot. "I've been trying the bay filly this morning, and I'm convinced she would carry Miss Payne (who, I'm sure, has capital nerve) to admiration. I'm going over to Doddington to-day to see Tindal, the major of the dragoons there, an old friend of mine, and I'll ask him to let his rough-rider come over and give your young friends a lesson. What d'ye say to that, young ladies?"

Both Rosa and Orelia were charmed at the prospect, and began to think Colonel Lee a very pleasant person. So it was agreed they should all drive over to Doddington, where the ladies had some shopping to do, and that the colonel should then arrange with the major about their riding lessons.

CHAPTER VI.

The detachment of dragoons stationed in Doddington was assembled at a dismounted parade that morning, to listen to an oration from the commanding officer, Major Tindal.

Other people were assembled there besides the troops. The yard of the principal hotel, where the parade was held, was thronged with admiring spectators. A week's familiarity with the cavalry had by no means bred contempt in the minds of the inhabitants of Doddington. Their hearts still thrilled to the sound of the stable-trumpet; at the march of the squadron through the streets, on its way to exercise, customers were neglected and business at a stand-still, until the last horse-tail had disappeared round the corner of the Butter-market; and soldiers, appearing singly in the town, became each the nucleus of a small reverential crowd, swelling in magnitude like a snowball as it advanced. Their spurs, their mustaches, the stripes of their trousers, were objects with the sight of which the populace found it impossible to satiate itself.

Accordingly, the troops were now the centre of a large circle, formed by apprentices who had deserted their trades; master-workmen, who, coming to look for them with fell intent, had forgotten their wrath, and "those who came to scold remained to see;" servant maids, who, running out on errands, with injunctions to be quick, had heard the trumpet, and been drawn as by magical power within its influence; ostlers and waiters, utterly reckless of their duty towards their neighbor; truant schoolboys in corduroys, with Latin grammars, geographies, and books of arithmetic slung at their backs, and whose pockets bulged with tops and green apples; young milliners, all curls and titter and blush; and paupers receiving out-door relief, who, quitting the spots where they usually basked away their time, like Lazaroni, came up, some with crutches, some without, and having a blind man in their company, to satisfy their military ardor.

The major came slowly on parade, his hands crossed behind him, his spurs and scabbard clanking, his face stern. The crowd made a larger circle, and some little boys fled from his path—one or two, who stumbled in their haste, not pausing to rise again, but grovelling out of reach upon their hands and knees, expecting nothing else than to be immediately decapitated or run through the body. The spectators were prepared for anything of a martial nature, and when he called the parade in a short sharp voice to "Attention," they half-expected to see him draw his sword, and go through the cuts and guards—a proceeding, which, far from appearing singular to them, would greatly have

enhanced their respect. However, the major did n't do anything of the sort. Standing in front of the line, with his left hand on his sword-hilt, he commenced his address, which may be considered a pretty fair specimen of military oratory.

"Men," said he (and as he spoke you might have heard a pin drop), "you — that is, some of you — have been acting disgracefully. You were sent here to preserve order, and you have been the first to set an example of disorder. You have abused my indulgence in allowing you to partake of the amusements of yesterday, and you have brought infernal discredit on the king's service in the eyes of the inhabitants. If I can discover who began the affray yesterday, in the fair, let them look out! — I'll make an example of them! If I can't discover them, I'll punish the whole detachment — I will, by G—d!"

There was a momentary pause, and the major was about to recommence, when the corporal, of whom we have made mention, stepped to the front.

"I was the man, sir," said the corporal, with military brevity.

"I'm sorry to hear it, Corporal Onslow. You are under an arrest — fall in, sir. Officers," said the major, touching his cap, and the officers, touching theirs, fell out; — "Serjeant-major, dismiss the parade."

The corporal saluted, and fell back. A whisper passed about among the populace — they were about as well-informed as civilians generally are on points of military justice; and if the corporal had been forthwith blindfolded with a handkerchief, caused to go on his knees, and then and there shot, it would perhaps have excited more awe than surprise.

During this scene, the party from the Heronry had been looking on from the balcony of the inn; and Bagot Lee, seeing the parade was over, chose this time to go up and greet his friend the major.

Rosa Young had recognized the corporal immediately as Orelia's defender, and heard the major's words with horror. Orelia, however, was much too magnificent a personage to recognize a man in the corporal's station of life, however good-looking he might chance to be.

"Orelia, did you hear — did you hear?" cried Rosa; "you're not going to allow them to punish him, are you, Orelia?"

"What did he say?" asked Orelia, who had been surveying the scene with a superb air, as if all the soldiers were hers, and brought there to be reviewed by her, before marching away to die in her cause.

"Why, they're going to punish him because he beat the man who wanted to dance with you yesterday, in the fair. Oh, if you don't stop them, I shall go myself," cried Rosa, preparing to rush down into the yard.

"Stop!" cried Orelia, "this mustn't be — I'll go myself. Of course, it must be explained and stopt," and she marched off.

Rosa watched her as she walked across the yard, and noticed the look of surprise on the major's face, as his conversation with Bagot was interrupted by the approach of the stately young lady. He listened courteously to her for a minute, and then called out, "Corporal Onslow!"

The corporal came up with the same unconcerned air as before, and saluted.

"I'm glad," said the major, "to find that your good character, far from being forfeited, is rather heightened, by the circumstance that took place: the lady you protected desires to thank you — you are released, of course."

"And, with my thanks, may I beg you to accept this?" said Orelia, holding out a hand in which gold was heard to clink.

The corporal bowed low over the hand, but did not offer to touch it. "It was enough reward for him," he said, "to have been of the slightest service."

Orelia pressed it on him without effect. "I must study how to reward you in some other way," she said at length.

"It would be easy," the gullant corporal replied; "a single word —;" and then, as if remembering the major's presence, he drew himself up, saluted and walked off, leaving his reply unfinished.

"A strange sort of fellow that," said the major as he departed; "we can make nothing of him. A capital soldier, and the best rider, by far, in the regiment — but queer, very queer. He has nothing to say to the rest of the men, when off duty — never had a comrade — and the fellow's language and manners are really deuced good, and quite above his station."

"Rides well, does he?" said Bagot; "perhaps he would suit my book. I was going to presume on our old acquaintance to prefer a request, in behalf of this and another fair young lady, for your men to give them a little instruction in riding."

"The very man," said the major; "and he'll be glad enough of the employment," he added, in a low tone, to Bagot; "for, between you and me, I believe the fellow is some wild slip of good family, and he'll be delighted to get away from the barrack-yard, which does n't suit him at all."

"That sort of thing is more frequent than people fancy," returned Bagot. "I remember, when I was in the Guards, we enlisted a sprig of nobility once; but our honorable friend turned out a shocking vagabond, and we were under the painful necessity of flogging him. Your corporal is certainly rather a striking-looking fellow."

"I saw him just after he was enlisted," said the major. "He looked uncommonly gentlemanlike, and wore deuced well-made clothes, though, I fancy, there was n't much in the pockets of them. He shall attend the ladies whenever you think proper. And, upon my honor," added the gallant major, turning to Orelia, "I envy the fellow his employment. I wish I was a rough-rider myself, Lee" — whereat Bagot chuckled.

These few words of the major's served to invest the corporal with a sudden romantic interest in the eyes of Orelia. The service he had done her the day before, little thought of when supposed to have been rendered by an inferior, and capable of being rewarded by money, appeared in a new and graceful light as the act of an unfortunate gentleman. And the difficulty of expressing her gratitude, in a manner suitable either to his apparent or his supposed quality, made her rate the favor above its value, and caused her thoughts frequently to recur to him.

Meanwhile the dragon officers looked on, envying Tindal, who, in this infernal stupid hole of a country quarter, had made the acquaintance of such a splendid-looking girl. They followed her with their eyes as she walked away, and watched her as she came out on the balcony and rejoined Rosa and Lady Lee there; and, while they stroked their mustaches, they uttered opinions on the party much warmer and more favorable than the customary *nonchalance* and *poco-currantism* of military criticism would have sanctioned.

"Magnificent girl, certainly," said Captain Sloperton, a handsome exquisite; "but I prefer that pale one, with the chestnut hair — so deuced thorough-bred, you know."

"Oh, deuced thorough-bred!" echoed Cornet Suckling, who, in his eagerness to propitiate, would agree with anybody.

"Fine points about them, no doubt," said Lieutenant Wyldes Oates, "but they're in too grand a style for me. Hang me if I should know what to say to either of 'em. Give me that plump, little, rosy beauty, for my taste."

"Right, old fellow," said Harry Bruce, Mr. Oates' particular associate; "she's a charming little thing — but there, they're going — you may put away your eye-glass, Sloperton. By Jove! I feel as if the drop-scene had fallen at the opera."

Though the parade had broken up, the crowd still lingered. Some sanguine spirits, perhaps, were yet of opinion that justice was about to be done on the offending corporal. Some were unable to tear themselves away from the contemplation of the officers, as they remained chatting in a group. Nobody thought of leaving, so long as a vestige of gold lace or a single spur was to be seen.

The royal mail had driven up to the hotel, and stopt to change horses, but the ostlers had decamped to look at the military, and the guard was obliged to harness the abandoned team with his own august hands; while the stout coachman, instead of finding an obsequious stable-boy ready to catch the reins, and an admiring mob of idlers waiting on each oracular word that fell from his inspired mouth, stood actually alone, in his top-boots and broad-brimmed hat, in the porch of the hotel, bursting with suppressed wrath. During the next stage he touched up a lazy wheeler with the double thought so effectually, that the astonished animal took the whole draught of the coach upon itself for a league or two; but he never uttered a word for five-and-forty miles. At the end of that space, being nearly through the next county, he turned his head half round, and said to the guard —

"Here's a pretty go, Jim! — what the blazes shall we come to next?" after which, he uttered a short derisive laugh; and the guard, who, from long travelling that road, was better acquainted with his character and trains of thought than most people, knew that he was referring to the desertion of the ostlers and loungers at Doddington, and expressing his contempt for their military enthusiasm, and pity for their vulgar taste.

CHAPTER VII.

Before noon, on the day of the first riding lesson, Bagot came into the drawing-room, and announced the arrival of the corporal. In expectation of him, Rosa and Orelia were already equipped for the saddle.

"By Jove!" said Bagot, "either that riding-habit, Miss Payne, or the hat and plume, or both, are amazingly becoming to you. Stick to the costume, Miss Payne, stick to it by all means, whenever you are bent on conquest."

The opinion was just. Orelia certainly looked magnificent as she descended the oak staircase, holding her whip and the folds of her gathered skirt in her left hand. The hat and plume suited well the style of her face, and made her look like a graceful, brilliant cavalier.

The steeds were ready in front of the house, the bay filly fretting a little, and impatient of the bit. The corporal had dismounted, and was holding his troop-horse by the bridle. As the ladies appeared, he took off his forage-cap and bowed with a great deal of grace.

"Now, then, Miss Payne," said Bagot, going up to the filly and patting her, "don't be frightened."

Frightened! — frightened, indeed! as if she ever could be frightened! Such was the meaning conveyed in the scornful look that Bagot got in reply to his speech of intended

encouragement. She placed her foot in Bagot's right palm, as if she had been treading on the neck of her man Friday. The filly snorted, backed, trod on Noble's toe, but Orelia, with a spring and a lift, was in the saddle; and the filly, her nose compressed by Noble's hand, stood fast while the stirrup was being adjusted — an operation that afforded desultory glimpses to the lower world of a perfectly enchanting leg, and gave Bagot such satisfaction that he needlessly prolonged it (not the leg, nor the stirrup, but the operation).

Rosa had mounted Lady Lee's favorite, Diana, without difficulty, though the little lady was somewhat nervous. Then the corporal was about to vault on his trooper, when Bagot called out to stay him. "We'll find you a better horse than that, corporal," said he; then whispering Orelia — "'tis just as well, before intrusting him with so valuable a charge, to find out if he's qualified to take care of it. Fetch out the Doctor, boy. Did you put the curb on him?" said he to Noble.

"All right, sir," said Noble; "you could n't push a straw under it, 'tis so tight. He'll be a good un, sir, if he sits him," said Noble, grinning somewhat maliciously at the thought of seeing his rival unhorsed.

The Doctor, a somewhat cross-made but powerful chestnut, made his appearance from the stables at a smart trot, lifting the boy, who ran beside him hanging at the reins, nearly off his legs, and switching his tail and snorting.

"Now then, corporal!" said the colonel.

The corporal glanced at the curb, which he saw the horse would n't endure, and put his finger on it.

"Up with you!" cried Bagot, with an impatient jerk of the head.

Without a word, the corporal was in the saddle — not through the medium of the stirrup, but by a light vault that placed him at once in his seat; the stirrups had purposely been left too short.

"Quit his head, boy!" said Bagot.

The boy let go, and swiftly retreated several paces, for he anticipated mischief. The Doctor had such a notorious prejudice against a curb, that nobody at all acquainted with him ever thought of even showing him any other bridle than a snaffle. In a moment he was in the air, executing a great variety of feats, of a nature much more curious to a spectator than gratifying to riders in general; but the dragoon was "demi-corpsed" with his steed, and sat him, though without stirrups, as if on parade.

Presently the brute paused, with his fore-legs out and his ears back; then, without warning, he rose in the air, on his hind-legs. For a moment he stood poised, perpendicular-

ly; and the corporal employed that critical moment to slip his left foot in the stirrup, and to throw back his right leg over the saddle, thus standing upright, side by side, with the horse in the air, holding by the cheek of the bridle. For a moment it was doubtful which way they would fall. Rosa shrieked, and even Orelia turned a little pale; while a shrill scream was emitted by Miss Fillett, who was looking on privily, from behind a window-curtain; then, after a paw or two, the Doctor sunk forward on his fore-legs, and at the same moment the corporal, recrossing his saddle, was in his seat before the animal's feet touched the ground.

"He'll do!" cried Bagot. "Off with the curb, boy."

The boy sprang forward, and unhooked the links of the offending chain. In a moment the Doctor stood like a lamb.

In his excitement at the scene, Noble had quitted the bay filly; and the filly, in emulation of the Doctor's proceedings, became unruly. Bagot jumped to catch her head; but she bounded out of his reach, and, feeling no check from the loose reins, made off at half speed down the lawn.

Orelia did not scream in this, to her, novel predicament, nor lose her own head, though she had lost the filly's. She sat far steadier than could have been expected, and even succeeded in catching her reins. But the filly was away; and in front was a ha-ha — a broad ditch faced with brick, dividing the shrubbery from the lawn — and for this she made.

"Curse the brute!" cried Bagot, making two frantic steps after the runaway; and then stopping short in despair, "She'll fall — she'll fall, as sure as fate!" — a prophecy that was dismally echoed by a shriek from Rosa.

But a potent auxiliary was at hand. The corporal, gathering up his reins, had struck his long-rowelled dragoon spurs into the Doctor, and gone off at speed. Orelia was close by the ditch when he reached her; he had hoped to catch her rein, and turn her steed from the dangerous obstacle — but it was too late. The filly sprang, and cleared the ditch, but the shock unseated her inexperienced rider, who, thrown on her horse's neck, must evidently, at the next stride, have come violently to the ground. But the strong arm of the corporal was, at that critical moment, passed round her waist, and restored her to her seat. He had cleared the ditch almost at the same moment as herself; and, now, catching the filly's rein, before she had recovered from her own astonishment at performing such a feat, he checked her pace to a walk.

"Bravo!" roared Bagot; "the fellow's a Centaur. Tip-top riding, by Jove! Boy, open the gate, and let 'em back. One jump of that sort's enough."

Orelia was a little pale when they rode back, but kept her nerve unshaken.

"Dear Reley," said the trembling Rosa, "you mustn't ride that creature—O, you mustn't! Get off, my dearest Reley."

"Don't be silly," said Orelia, coldly. "Come sir" (to the corporal), "shall we begin our ride?"

"Game, by gad!" said the admiring Bagot. "Game to the backbone. Yes, yes, go on—we can trust you with him. Take up the martingale rein—so!—show her how, corporal. A pleasant ride to you." And Bagot flourished his white hat after them, as they all three went down the road, and then returned to the house, to have a little talk with Lady Lee.

She was seated at the piano, playing and singing a song of her own writing and composition. Bagot had not much ear for music, nor was his soul tuned particularly to harmony; but he felt a sort of pleasure, at first, in hearing her magnificent voice pour forth the melody, and considerably waited near till it was finished; not very patiently, however, for he cleared his throat several times loudly, and shuffled with his feet impatiently on the hearthrug.

Having finished her song, Lady Lee did not sing any more, but went on playing. This sort of unconscious disregard of him ("treating him, begad," he said, "as if he was nobody") had frequently annoyed Bagot, and the irritation he felt gave his thoughts a somewhat bilious hue.

In the conversation which he presently opened, he had two objects in view, both suggested by his late successful interview with Mr. Dubbley.

He wanted to induce Lady Lee to receive that gentleman's visits, with so much toleration as should suffice to impress the squire with a belief that he might eventually succeed in his suit. At the same time, he did not wish her to give Mr. Dubbley enough encouragement to elicit a proposal from him, as it would certainly be followed by a refusal, and consequent loosening of Bagot's influence with that gentleman, when thus reduced to despair.

Secondly, Bagot considered that Dubbley was not the only man in the world who might be inclined to give value for his countenance in the matter; that it would, therefore, be necessary, as a preliminary to the forming of such lucrative acquaintances, to induce her ladyship to go into society. Lovers would, no doubt, appear—would be given to understand that Bagot's consent was necessary, and would, of course, as men of the world, see the necessity of propitiating him. If she should take a fancy to a man who was not disposed to be liberal, Bagot might always withhold his consent, and thus, in the event of her marriage, richly indemnify himself.

This may seem to many persons who are unused to the society of knowing men, trained to sharpness in the same school as Bagot, a somewhat heartless calculation. But Bagot was so imbued with the spirit of p. p. bets and Jockey Club rules, that, though far from an ill-natured man, he looked on all matters in which he had any interest in a sort of turf and billiard-room light. If he held honors, why should n't he count them? If his adversaries played badly, or did n't know the game, that was their look-out. His business was to win if he could.

Such certainly was, in plain language, the substance of the thoughts that influenced him. But nobody thinks in plain language, and hence comes half the error and misconduct in the world. If we could but think in words, how many a shadowy plausibility would fade to nothing—how many a veiled iniquity take shape repulsive and shameful! Bagot, accustomed to look straight at his own interest, which he could always see a long way off, dropt out of sight the dirty roads that led to it.

"You look paler, Hester," said he, "than when I was down last. You shut yourself up too much. How do you pass your time?—pleasantly?"

"O, very pleasantly," said Lady Lee, in a half-absent way, as was natural to her of late, when not conversing on topics, or with people, that much interested her. "That is" (waking up), "just as usual."

"And when is this seclusion to end? As I said, you shut yourself up too much. To be sure, I'm not a woman—thank goodness, no" (*sotto voce*); "but I can only say, a month of this sort of life would play the very deuce with me. Suppose, now, you were to begin to see a little company. What d'ye say to a ball—or a fête in the grounds—or some way of collecting your friends about you?"

Lady Lee elevated her shoulders wearily, and put out her lip at the idea.

"You really ought," said Bagot, "to make an effort to break through these quiet habits. Hang me, if you mightn't as well be a fly, and stick to the ceiling, as live in this way. What's the use of your accomplishments, if nobody knows them? What's the use of your reading, if you bottle it all up? Besides, there are those two young friends of yours dying, I daresay, poor things, for a little society and amusement. 'Pon my soul, I really don't think it hospitable to keep the unfortunate girls here, and allow them no diversion."

"I am much mistaken," said Lady Lee, "if more society would make them any happier here, or if the wish for it ever enters their heads. You have no idea how pleasantly the time passes with us. I only wish I had

half their faculties of enjoyment, and freshness of feeling."

"Extraordinary!" said Bagot. "As I said before, I'm not a woman; but, 'pon my life, what you can find to do here—what earthly excitement there is for you, is beyond my conception."

"Tiresome man!" thought Lady Lee, executing a difficult run on the keys; "how can I stop him!"—"Would you have us excite ourselves," said she, "with betting, and with brandy and water and cigars!"

"O, curse your sneers!" thought Bagot, an additional flush stealing over his nose; then aloud, "Women have their excitements, I suppose, as well as men. They can try, at least, to be sociable, and so give more pleasure to themselves and their friends."

"They can," said Lady Lee, leaving the piano and coming up to him—"they can be sociable in congenial society, but the difficulty is to get it. People's tastes differ so, and then some are so hard to please. You, I fancy, colonel, are not fastidious. You should be more indulgent to those who are."

Again Bagot reddened, suspecting sarcasm, though Lady Lee did not intend just then to be sarcastic, but was only expressing her thoughts.

"I choose my society, as I've a right to do, according to my own pleasure," said Bagot; "and 'gad, madam, though it may n't suit your high notions, I think it better than moping."

"I did n't mean to offend," said Lady Lee, laying her finger on Bagot's arm, but immediately removing it, afraid of a tobacco taint. "Fastidiousness, far from being a merit, or a thing to be proud of, is a positive curse. I would give the world to be able to take people for what they are worth, and to be blind to spots, which catch my eye sooner, unfortunately, than merits. Insight, believe me, may mislead one more than dulness."

Bagot did n't understand her in the least, for he was by no means of a metaphysical turn.

"I know some clever women," said the still unmollified colonel, "as clever, perhaps, as any of my acquaintance—yes, any—but who don't think themselves above the rest of the world. They show their cleverness in surpassing their friends, not in shunning them."

Lady Lee looked quietly up at him. "Excellent," said she; "a good thought well expressed. You improve, colonel."

"Yes," said Bagot, exhilarated by this unaccustomed applause, "women who have head enough for prime-ministers, and yet have some life in 'em, madam. Why, the wife of a friend of mine carried an election last year by her canvassing. Never was such a popular woman; and I've seen her make points at whist that 't would puzzle Talleyrand

or Major A. to beat. That's what I call a clever woman, now," said Bagot, looking triumphantly at Lady Lee, as he finished this clinching illustration, and rather surprised that she did n't seem to appreciate it. "And besides the advantage to yourself," Bagot went on, "don't you think it might be as well for me to have some little civility shown to my friends!—for I've got friends here, though you may n't have any. But you never think of that," he added bitterly.

"Now, my dear colonel, I really must be pardoned for not knowing that we had any friends in common." ("Ah, another fling, madam!" thought Bagot.) "But you are right, and I have been very wrong not to think of that. Are there any in particular with whom my mediation might be of service? I can hardly think so."

"How do you know?" returned Bagot; "why should you hardly think so! My interests may be different from yours—you don't seem to have any, for that matter. The family interests, too, are all going to the deuce; and when the boy comes of age, he'll find himself, at this rate, a stranger, begad, in the land of his fathers." And Bagot paused for a moment, to let the pathos of this image take effect. "There's Dubbley, now, over at Monkstone (a good fellow as ever breathed, and one that I'm under obligations to); a little attention to him would be very acceptable to me, and useful too. But no! you'd see me at Jericho first! I know that—I know that!"

"O heavens!" said Lady Lee; "you know the man's a hopeless noodle, positively silly. You would n't ask me, surely, to encourage his visits. Consider the tax it would be on any rational creature. Besides, the poor man always seems so confused and bashful whenever I meet him, that he would certainly rather be let alone."

"No, he would n't," said Bagot. "He may n't be very bright, perhaps, but he's fond of ladies' society. Why, for all you know, he might take a fancy to Miss Payne or the other one; and he's rich enough to be a good match; you can't deny that." Lady Lee smiled at the thought of Mr. Dubbley's chance of success with either of them. "At any rate, as I said, I shall be obliged to you to be civil to him when he comes."

Lady Lee was anxious to atone to Bagot for the unintentional offence she had given him, and from which his manner showed him to be still smarting. So she at once promised to tolerate Mr. Dubbley, and to be as agreeable to him as she possibly could, whenever he came to the Heronry.

CHAPTER VIII.

Meanwhile, the riding party had passed through the lodge-gates out into the lane that

ran in front of them. The corporal rode between the two ladies, initiating them into the minor mysteries of the *ménage*.

"Little finger dividing the reins, if you please, Miss Payne. Feel the filly's mouth gently. Sit a little more upright, Miss Young, but not stiffly; you lean forward rather too much; and pray don't touch the reins with your right hand."

"Dear me," said Rosa, "how very stupid of me! you told me that twice before. I'm afraid you find me very troublesome, Mr. Corporal."

"Impossible!" said the gallant rough-rider; "I wish to Heaven my other duties were half as much to my mind."

"I'm sorry you don't like them," said Rosa, "but I had always imagined — (you'll excuse me, Mr. Corporal, for I'm quite ignorant of military matters, and the idea was certainly ridiculous) — I had always imagined that corporals were taken from among the common soldiers."

"So they are," said Onslow.

"And do you mean to say," said Orelia, fixing her eyes on him with surprise, "that you were once a common soldier?"

"I feel honored by your doubting it," said the corporal, bowing, with a smile; "but I certainly was."

"Dear me," thought Orelia, "the officers in this regiment must be princes of the blood at the very least!"

"But the common soldiers in the cavalry are not all gentlemen, are they?" asked Rosa.

"Gentlemen! — no," said the corporal, "nothing of the kind. Have the goodness to slacken your off rein a little — you are pulling your horse round."

For some little time they rode on in silence. How were they to treat this gentlemanly corporal? Both glanced at him — Rosa shyly, Orelia steadily. There was as little of the trooper in his face as in his manners. A handsome aquiline nose, short upper lip, round chin, wavy black hair, and somewhat dissipated look (as before mentioned), were the components of a very thoroughbred countenance. But whatever embarrassment they might have experienced, he certainly felt none, but wore precisely the air of a gentleman in the company of his equals; and such Orelia did not in the least doubt him to be. Nay, not content with coming to that conclusion, she mentally decided that he was a much finer gentleman than any of her acquaintance; and how far she may have been influenced in this opinion by his good looks, his prowess, and the danger from which he had so gallantly rescued her, I leave my lady readers to determine.

Presently the strangeness of the situation wore off, and, forgetting his uniform and the stripes on his arm, they found it very agree-

able to have a companion in their riding-master. They observed that he never volunteered a remark or opinion, avoiding all appearance of presuming on his position with them; but whenever he was appealed to on any subject, he replied with perfect ease, good breeding, and correctness of expression. And so they rode on, the two young ladies chatting unreservedly, and the dragoon occasionally joining in the conversation, till he began to forget his character of instructor, and, not troubling them with many hints or equestrian precepts, seemed to enjoy the ride as much as they.

Not far from the park gates, on their return homeward, they overtook a yellow caravan, travelling from Doddington fair to some other scene of festivity. On nearing it, Rosa recognized in the driver, who walked beside it, the venerable merry-andrew who had invited them up to his stage out of the tumult. It struck Rosa that she might at once requite his civility, and afford the highest pleasure to her friend Julius, by inviting the old gentleman to favor them with a private performance at the Heronry, and she resolved to accost him accordingly.

Mr. Holmes (that was the merry-andrew's name) appeared to entertain some delusive conceits respecting the appearance of his legs; for, not content with exhibiting them to the public in the tight-fitting hose already spoken of (which might have been justified on professional grounds), he wore in private life black velvet breeches and worsted stockings, with laced half-boots. He had also a calf-skin waistcoat, with long flaps, worn rather bald in some parts, and fastened with a row of blue glass buttons; a green shooting-jacket, with brass buttons; and a hat, with the narrowest brim ever seen on human head, except that of the Duke of Wellington, as represented in the authentic portraits of Mr. Punch. The venerable man walked beside his horse with all the alacrity that might be expected from so experienced a tumbler, while his family travelled inside the yellow caravan.

"Good morning to you," said Rosa, as they passed him. "Are you going far?"

Mr. Holmes turned round, and, seeing the young ladies, he stopped, brought his stockings together, till they formed but one perpendicular line, with the half-boots diverging in opposite directions at the bottom of it, and taking off his narrow-brimmed hat, he made a very flexible and elastic bow, without much apparent effort, though Orelia afterwards declared she heard his spine creak.

"Young ladies, your most obedient," said Mr. Holmes, in a thin, reedy voice, cracked partly with age, partly with continual playing Punch. "We are going, *Deo volente*, to Brixham, which is seven miles off."

"And are you in a great hurry?" asked Rosa.

"Now, what earthly business can that be of yours, you little gossip?" said the austere Orelia. "Can't you let the good man alone?"

"Why, he might come and perform to us, now he's so close," whispered Rosa, "and Juley would like it so much. Don't you think, Mr. Showman, you could stop at this house you see between the trees here, and favor us with a performance? and we'll endeavor to repay your trouble."

"Time," said the gallant though aged comedian, "is only valuable to me for the purpose of obliging the ladies."

"And you are sure it won't put you out of your way?" asked Rosa.

"Not at all," said Mr. Holmes; "I am accustomed to perform to the aristocracy, and I always prefer a discriminating audience. I shall attend you with pleasure, ladies."

"There now, Reley," said Rosa, triumphantly; "you see I'm not always wrong. Please to follow us, Mr. Showman."

"I expect to see you a Columbine yet," said Orelia, as they rode on.

So it came to pass that Lady Lee, looking out of her window to see them arrive, beheld with surprise the yellow caravan with the green door, and Mr. Holmes marching with a feeble stateliness of gait beside it, approaching her residence, and asked Mr. Dubbley—who, encouraged by his conversation with Bagot, had taken an early opportunity of coming to call—what could be the meaning of it? The squire, thus appealed to, left his seat in the background, and came to the window with such nervous haste, that her ladyship expected to see him go head foremost through the panes into a laurustinus bush on the lawn; but he was unable, though he rubbed his bald forehead till it shone again, to account for the phenomenon, otherwise than by considering it to be a piece of most particular impudence on the part of the tramps, entitling them to pains and penalties, which he, as a magistrate, was ready, in his ardor to oblige Lady Lee, forthwith to inflict. But Rosa's entrance cut short these hostile designs; for, at her explanation, Lady Lee confided Mr. Holmes and his family to the hospitality of the housekeeper, and decided that the performance should take place immediately after lunch, which was now waiting for the equestrians.

While the two girls were slipping off their riding-dresses, they had a debate, principally conducted by Rosa, on the subject of the puzzling, mysterious, gentlemanly corporal. Rosa was of opinion that he could be nothing short of a disguised nobleman, though she did not settle his precise rank in the peerage. Orelia said little, but, like the silent parrot, perhaps she thought the more.

Mr. Dubbley was attired in his choicest raiment for the visit, and smiled incessantly, frequently beginning sentences, and then leaving off in the middle, thus destroying any small chance his hearers might otherwise have had of divining his meaning, and hurriedly rubbing the bald part of his head, as if he were very hot, which indeed he seemed to be. But after a glass or two of wine he became more confident and coherent.

"Fine day for riding," said he to Orelia; "uncommon fine—never saw a finer. Southerly winds and a cloudy sky. They say, you know, that when the wind is in the south it blows the bait into the fish's mouth."

"And, therefore, 't is a favorable day for riding, eh, Dubbley?" quoth Bagot, smiling on the ladies. "My friend Dubbley's allusions are, perhaps, a little obscure sometimes."

The squire, though he didn't understand Bagot's speech, perceived the intention to make fun of him, and rubbed his forehead with a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, till, between friction and the moisture produced by nervous agitation, it attained a very high degree of polish.

"How can people say Mr. Dubbley's not bright?" whispered Orelia to Lady Lee. "I can see my own reflection in his forehead as plainly as in that dish-cover before him."

"Are you going on with your improvements at Monkstone, Mr. Dubbley?" asked Lady Lee.

Mr. Dubbley, at the moment the question was put, happened to be drinking some bottled ale, and, in his hurry to make reply, the fluid went the wrong way, and ran out again, partially, through his nose.

"Going on capital well, my lady," answered the squire, as soon as he had done choking. "There's one thing I think you'd like most particular—a summer-house on the plan of a Grecian pagoda, with a turpentine walk leading up to it, that takes you all round by the cabbage-beds, and along by the back of the stables."

"Are all your improvements confined to the exterior of Monkstone?" asked Lady Lee.

"By no means," answered the squire; "some of them are going on in the shrubbery. Your ladyship's no conception what money I've spent on plants and bushes lately. I got a good many hints from Dixon, Sir Christopher's head-gardener. There's no better agriculturist than Dixon; and if ever he leaves Sir Christopher, I'll get him to come to me. I'm no great hand myself at fancy gardening, though I'll grow marrowfat peas and early cabbages against any man for a ten-pound note."

"We're going to have a little conjuring

presently, Mr. Dubbley," said Rosa. "Are you fond of that kind of amusement?"

"Mr. Dubbley can't do any juggling, I know," said Julius, who was perched on a chair by his friend Rosa, with his eyebrows on a level with his plate.

"How do you know that?" asked the squire, smiling on him.

"Because I heard Uncle Bag say yesterday that you were no conjurer," said Julius.

"Silence, you villain!" said Bagot, shaking his fist at him. "Little boys should be seen, and not heard." But Mr. Dubbley took the insinuation quite literally.

"Very true," said he, "I've no turn for that sort of thing; I'm all plain and above-board. But I don't mind seeing jugglers, though some of their tricks do make one think that they've sold themselves to the—to the old gentleman," said the squire, adopting the most elegant periphrasis he could think of for the unmentionable word he had blundered on.

"Come," said Rosa, "as we've all finished, we'll go to see the performance."

Accordingly, they adjourned to another room, having a curtain drawn across one end, which, being lifted, revealed the venerable conjurer attired in the same magical costume he was accustomed to appear in at fairs. Before him stood a box covered with a cloth, and, the audience being seated, Mr. Holmes proceeded to execute sundry feats of legerdemain. But first he made a speech, cautioning them by no means to allow their attention to be withdrawn by any conversation he might address to them while executing his sleight-of-hand, as his remarks would be all made with a view of more easily deceiving their eyes, while their minds were thus distracted by his eloquence. This charming candor had a great effect on the audience, impressing them with a profound idea of the magician's perfect faith, and disposing them to be alert for the detection of his tricks, while they were more than ever convinced that their alertness must be baffled.

There was nothing particularly new, or especially marvellous, in the performance, the feats being the same that Mr. Holmes had been in the habit of exhibiting for the last half-century; nevertheless, seldom had he performed to a more attentive or interested audience. The only people inclined to make any disturbance were Julius, who, seated in Rosa's lap, broke out into shouts of delight, and struggled to rush behind the curtain after each feat that took his fancy; and Miss Fillett, who, being nervous and somewhat superstitious, occasionally shrieked, as she stood behind among the other servants, and then giggled hysterically.

Among other feats, he borrowed a shilling from Mr. Dubbley, and also his hat, which the squire surrendered not without misgiv-

ings; and, putting the shilling under the hat, requested that gentleman to remove the hat, when a guinea-pig appeared, to his great surprise and pleasure. Then the conjurer pretended not to know what had become of the shilling, till, perceiving that Mr. Dubbley was getting uneasy at the non-appearance of the coin, he directed him to look in the heel of his shoe, where it was found. "'Pon my life," said Mr. Dubbley, "'t is quite incredulous! I could n't have believed it if I had n't seen it."

Afterwards he drew a circle on the floor with a bit of chalk, and requested Mr. Dubbley—whom he appeared to consider a suitable neophyte—to place himself within it. But the squire stood secretly in great awe of witchcraft, and had once seen *Der Freyschutz*, at the London opera; consequently, he hung back, dimly expecting that, in the event of his compliance, the room might suddenly be darkened, and himself surrounded by evil genii, summoning him to surrender his soul to the enemy of mankind.

"No, hang it, no!" said the squire, wiping his forehead, and affecting to laugh knowingly, as the magician solemnly beckoned to him; "no, no, none of those tricks—one never knows what those fellows may be at." But looking round, and seeing a half-smile on Lady Lee's face, while Julius at the same time nearly struggled himself out of Rosa's arms, in his eagerness to be subjected to the magical influence, the squire, saying "Eh! well, never, mind; but are you sure 't is all right!—no humbug, you know," advanced lingeringly, and took up the position assigned him, with one foot at a time, amidst a suppressed chuckle from the servants; while Orelia, with her under lip a little protruded, and her mouth and nostril curved, looked at him with superb scorn. The only person who seemed to sympathize with him was Miss Fillett, who uttered two little shrieks as he entered the magic ring. Then the necromancer desired him to drink some wine-and-water from a charmed goblet, which he at first declined to do, till Mr. Holmes himself sipped a little of it, assuring him 't was veritable wine-and-water, such as he had drunk at luncheon, when he was persuaded to take it; and muttering, "No tricks! damme, I'm a justice of the peace," swallowed the contents. Then Mr. Holmes took a bit of wood like a ruler, which he handed round for inspection. "No deception, ladies," said he; and, applying it to various parts of the squire's person, proceeded to draw from his ear, his elbow, and the bald part of his head, as if he had been a barrel, the wine-and-water they had just seen him drink, receiving it in the goblet, and subsequently offering it to any person inclined to be sceptical. He was proceeding with some more tricks when Mr. Dub-

bley darted out of the circle, feeling his ear, and looking at the elbow of his coat, while exclaiming—"No, hang it, 't is somebody else's turn now—one of you try!"

After some more feats, Mr. Holmes set up Punch's theatre, and performed the drama of that personage's life, with some variations invented by himself. The dog Toby, a small grizzled cur with a white face, misbehaved on this occasion, attacking Pick, Julius' cat, who had followed his master into the room; but the valiant Pick, accustomed to lord it supreme over all the dogs of the household, received him with such a scientific one, two, on the nose and eyes, that the dog Toby retreated howling, but presently returned to the charge, notwithstanding the formidable appearance of his antagonist, who suddenly swelled, tail and all, to double his ordinary size; whereupon Julius, slipping out of Rosa's arms, rushed to the rescue, and administered a kick that caused Toby to relinquish his hostile intent of reprisal.

The last part of the performance was the introduction of Mr. Holmes' little grandchild, about Julius' age, who was brought in by his mother, a slatternly, resigned-looking woman. The child, who was of a pale and serious aspect, was dressed in short drawers, pink hose, rosettes in his shoes, and a spangled doublet and girdle. He commenced by letting his legs slide out under him till they formed but one horizontal line, touching the floor; next, resting on his heels and hands, he bent backwards, and picked up pins with his eyelids; shouldered one leg like a musket, and, turning both over his back, hopped on his hands like a frog—all with much sadness and solemnity. Julius was enchanted, and whispered to Rosa that he should like to be able to do that, and to wear a spangled coat; but Rosa said she thought he had better stick to his own line, which was the legitimate drama; for Julius could repeat, "My name is Norval," "To be or not to be," and "Is it a dagger?" with good emphasis and discretion, and with appropriate gestures—accomplishments which Rosa seized the opportunity to cause him at once to exhibit, while Mr. Holmes looked on with a patronizing air. Then Lady Lee, calling Julius to her, desired him to fetch some of his playthings, which, together with a large plum-cake, he was to bestow on the little boy—the poor little boy who had nobody to give him playthings; and Julius forthwith endowed his young friend with the same, who received them without a smile, and handed them to his mother, who placed them under her shawl, and told him to thank the little gentleman.

"I suppose that's your daughter?" said Lady Lee to Mr. Holmes.

"My daughter-in-law," said Mr. Holmes, bowing.

"Does she perform in any way?" inquired Lady Lee.

Mr. Holmes shrugged his shoulders with a somewhat contemptuous grimace. "No talent," said he; "we tried her as a Columbine at one time; but the dress—'t isn't every one that can dress in tights" (looking down with great pride on his own drumsticks), and then added in a whisper, laying his finger on his nose, "Thick, beefy, clumsy!"

"And the poor little boy?" said Lady Lee; "he looks sickly. Isn't he well?"

"Not strong enough for the profession, I'm afraid," said Mr. Holmes; "talent, but no stamina." The pale mother sighed, and pressed the boy's hand. Rosa noticed the action.

"Why do you allow him to do these tricks, if he is not able?" said Rosa to the mother; "it seems quite cruel." But the woman gave her to understand it was quite against her wishes and prayers that the despotic Mr. Holmes persisted in training the boy, notwithstanding a child of hers had previously died under the discipline.

"Dear, how dreadful!—and such an old man too! How old are you?" asked Rosa aloud of Mr. Holmes. The woman hastily whispered to her that he did n't like to be reminded of his age; and Mr. Holmes affecting not to hear the question, the subject dropped.

Mr. Holmes, having now been rewarded so liberally as to call forth his very finest bow, and thanks in a set speech, prepared to depart. But first he was taken aside by the squire, who had conceived the idea that some insight into the art of conjuring might raise him greatly in the estimation of society in general, and particularly in that of Lady Lee.

"Is it pretty easy, now?" said the squire, taking Mr. Holmes confidentially by the lapel of his coat—"is it pretty easy, now, to learn those tricks of yours?"

"That," returned Mr. Holmes, "depends very much on the natural capacity of the pupil."

"Oh!" said the squire, who was somewhat doubtful of his own talents for acquiring anything not of a sporting nature; "and did you ever teach anybody?"

"Did I ever teach anybody?" repeated Mr. Holmes, gravely. "You are not then aware, sir, that legerdemain is an extremely fashionable pursuit?"

"Never heard of it before," said the squire, baffled by the long word. "I'm talking of those tricks you've been showing us."

"That is legerdemain," said Mr. Holmes, loftily. "I have had the honor, sir, of instructing some of the first noblemen in the land in the art."

"God bless me!" cried the squire; "who would have thought it? And are your terms pretty reasonable?"

Mr. Holmes rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and his nose also, for he could not easily rub one without the other. "Lord Thoroughpin" (a nobleman well-known in sporting and fashionable circles) "was my last pupil, and he paid me two guineas a lesson," said he.

"And did he learn it all in one lesson?" asked the squire.

"In three lessons, and with a good deal of practice, he mastered one trick," answered the showman.

"Six guineas for one trick!" cried the squire; "but you'd do it cheaper in the country, wouldn't you? Hang it, no. I'll give up the idea," he thought — "too expensive."

Bagot stepped out, when the performance was over, to have a little talk with Miss Fillett, whose coöperation he was anxious to secure in his design upon Mr. Dubbley.

"Come here, Kitty," quoth Bagot, beckoning her into the breakfast-room; "you can be a sharp girl, if you like — deuced sharp. Now, if you'll just follow my advice, and say nothing about it to any of your gossips (the tongue, by Jove, is a devilish deal the worst part about you women) — if you'll be mum, and do as you're told, I'll make it worth your while. This shall be the first instalment, Kitty," displaying a five-pound note.

Kitty stood before him primly, with her hands in the pockets of her apron.

"I wish to ask one question, if you please, Colonel Lee," said Miss Fillett. "Is it anything that's not proper for a respectable young female to do?"

"Bother!" said Bagot; "you know Mr. Dubbley of Monkstone, who's upstairs now?"

"I should think I did," said Miss Fillett, "and a saucy gentleman he is. I shall tell him a piece of my mind the next time he winks his eye upon me."

"No, don't mind him," said the colonel, grinning; "he don't mean any harm: he comes here to make love to your mistress."

"Ho, ho!" said Kitty, scornfully tossing up her head; "what'll he take for his chance, I wonder! Dubbley, indeed! Ho, ho! — the idea's perdisterous, colonel."

"Of course it is," returned the colonel; "but I don't want him to know that. For certain reasons of my own, which don't matter to you — perhaps I've got a bet about it, perhaps I haven't — but, for reasons of my own, I want him to think he's got a chance; and he'll never think so if you don't put it in his head. You can do that if you like."

Kitty nodded. "I could persuade him anything," said she; "why, he ain't got the wit of a child in some things."

"Of course you could," said Bagot. "Well, just you put it in his head, every now and then, that his courtship is going on swimmingly."

"Hexcellent!" exclaimed Miss Fillett; "I'll engage to puff up his conceit so, that he will make a hoffer in a week, if necessary."

"Ah, but it's not necessary," said Bagot; "don't you see, he'd get such a reply as would prevent him from trying his luck here any more, and there would be an end of the business. No; you must tell him to wait for your instructions, Kitty, as to the proper time for doing that. Play with him, Kitty. Tell him of remarks her ladyship has passed upon him, and make them warm or cold, as required; and the deuce is in it if you don't make something handsome out of him, besides what I shall give you; to say nothing of the fun of the thing. You love a little bit of mischief, Kitty, eh?"

Miss Fillett did not disown the soft impeachment, but rather confirmed it by at once entering into Bagot's views, and accepting the bank-note as a retaining-fee, promising herself diversion as well as profit in the business.

Mr. Holmes, having resumed the costume of ordinary life, and packed his stage-property into his caravan, together with his relations, now left the grounds, to disappear for some time both from the neighborhood and from our story.

CHAPTER IX.

Bagot having, as he considered, done penance the greater part of the day in ladies' society, resolved to indemnify himself by a snug dinner in his own quarters.

These were situated at the back of one of the wings of the house, and were fitted up in conformity with the taste of the inhabitant. The furniture was comfortable, and adapted for lounging; no infernal humbug about it, Bagot said. You might throw your leg over the arm of the chair when you chose to adopt that position, without fear of a crash; and the legs of the table were not likely to give way if any one sat on it, or even if a convivial gentleman performed a war-dance thereon after dinner, as had happened once or twice during Bagot's occupancy. Some wine-glasses and tumblers stood on a shelf against the wall, together with a case of bottles, so that there was no necessity to summon a servant whenever he wanted a dram, which was fortunate for the servant. There were some pictures on the wall, recording various racing events, on one of which Bagot had made what he called a "pot of money." Whips and spurs were plentifully scattered about, with here and there a stray running-rein, bit, or martingale. For literature, there were a sporting newspaper and a scurrilous one, and two or three volumes, one of which contained the memoirs of an illustrious woman, who has confided her love affairs to the public, and who, though never included in the list of

popular authoresses, may justly be considered as belonging to the number. Bagot had known this Messalina in his youth, and used to hint that he considered himself deuced lucky in not having his name stuck in the memoirs, though it is difficult to see how that could have affected his character.

To this retreat Bagot had directed a snug dinner to be conveyed — mullagatawny soup, grilled turkey, and a saddle of mutton — intending to get through the evening as well as he could in his own society, which was to him, of an evening, a dreadful affliction. He used to say that, though Bagot Lee was a deuced good fellow, he didn't know a more infernal bore to be alone with after dinner. On opening the door he was, therefore, pleased as well as surprised to see a figure seated in an easy attitude before the fire.

This unexpected visitor was a thin, wiry, rather tall man; he had hollow cheeks, an aquiline nose, and a bronze complexion. His eye was greenish in color, small, and open, so that you saw the full circle — and was unsoftened by eyelashes, for he had none. The thin lips, being habitually drawn back, had created in his cheeks two rigid lines, reaching from his nostrils to below his mouth, and more strongly chiseled than his age, which was about thirty, warranted. He had a thin crop of hair, and a prominent skull-like forehead. The expression was one of indomitable assurance, self-confidence, and recklessness, giving one the idea that he was excellently well-pleased with himself, without having any great reason to be so.

Mr. Seager — that was his name — was a fast man; so fast, that he had long ago outrun the constable, that functionary having for many years toiled after him in vain. He betted a good deal, and generally won; but his winnings, like the winnings of most knowing men, never seemed to enrich him. He lived altogether in public — at clubs, billiard-tables, and race-meetings — and thus possessed an enormous circle of acquaintance, at least two thirds of whom were rather shy of him. But this state of social difficulty, where he had, as it were, to hold on to the edge of society with both hands to keep himself in position, gave him far more pleasure, by employing his prevailing qualities of impudence and vigilance, than he possibly could have found in a life of ease and popularity.

However, there were some who considered him not a bad fellow in general, and, moreover, to be respected for his knowing qualities. "Cool hand, that fellow!" "Devilish hard to get over him!" such was the style of encomium passed on him by his panegyrists, of whom Bagot was one, though without any great reason; for if among the numerous mischievous spirits that accompanied poor Bagot in his career through life, any one was

especially entitled to be called his evil genius, that one was Mr. Seager.

Bagot looked up to Seager for the same reason that Dubbley looked up to Bagot — on account of his superior sagacity in sporting matters. Not but that Bagot's intellect was just as acute as Seager's, but he had drawbacks which Seager had not. For instance, Bagot was fond of the society he frequented for his own sake. He was rather popular in it, and would have been sorry to risk his popularity by any act likely to lower him in the estimation of the world he lived in. In fact, though he had no very strong sense of honor, he had the fear of public opinion, which is perhaps, with the majority, its not inefficient substitute. Seager was careless of the good opinion of his associates, and only required their toleration, thus widening considerably his field of action; for there are numerous acts on which the world, whether the sporting, the fashionable, or any other world belonging to our social system, may see fit to express a negative disapprobation, without passing positive sentence on the offender. Bagot would sometimes lend money to a needy acquaintance who applied to him, not so much because he was really good-natured, as because he wished to possess the reputation of being so. Nobody ever detected Seager in the commission of any such error. In fact, Bagot, in all his transactions and habits, was under an influence that Seager, going among his fellow-men antagonistically, as a spy enters an enemy's camp, did not acknowledge; and so it was that the latter, strong in his concentrated selfishness, seldom met with his match in his own peculiar walk.

"Hillo! where did you come from, old chap? What the deuce brought you here?" was Bagot's greeting.

"I thought I should astonish your weak mind," said Mr. Seager, holding out his left hand, without rising. "'Tis rather a good joke, my coming to a place like this. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. Don't give yourself any trouble. I told them to lay the table for two."

"Well, never mind telling me what brought you here now," said Bagot; "keep it till after dinner. I hate any bother just before dinner; here you are, and that's enough. Gad, Seager, I thought I was in for a solitary evening."

Mr. Seager laughed a little hard, grim laugh, and after a pause repeated it.

"Excuse me, Lee, but I was thinking what you would do if you ever had the misfortune to be clapt into jail at any time — (and not so very unlikely, you know). Four bare walls, a bed, and your own society. Damme, Lee, you'd go stark staring mad in a fortnight's solitary. I'll take you seven to four you'd be a lunatic in thirteen days."

"Stop that!" said Bagot, from the inner room, where he had gone to wash his hands: "I shall be obliged to you to find something pleasant to talk about;" and he growled out something not very flattering to Mr. Seager's tact in his choice of topics in general, but which was lost in the noise he made in the washing-basin. "What sort of a book have you made for the next event?"

"Capital!" said Seager, with another little hard laugh. "I may win seven thousand, and I can't lose more than a pony, let things go as bad as they like. Good men, too—Broughton gave me fifty to one in twenties against Titbury when he was an outsider."

"Lucky beggar!" said Bagot, arranging his coat and sitting down, as the dinner was placed on the table. "If I could afford it, I'd give you a thousand a year to make my book for me—and I don't consider myself a bad hand either. And how about the match with my lord?"

"Beat him, of course," said Seager; "'t was the best of eleven games, you know. Now, I think, out of the eleven I could have won nine if I chose, but I let him run away with five, and only won the match by a run of thirteen off the balls; consequence is, he's all anxiety for another trial."

"In which, of course, you won't gratify him, on any account," said Bagot, chuckling.

"I'm affecting shy at present," said Seager. "Told him 't was all luck, and he could give me points. I really should'n't wonder if I got odds from him in the end. His conceit of his own play is ridiculous, you know."

"If you don't take that out of him, he's incurable," said Bagot. "Did you make a pretty good thing of it?"

"Pretty well," returned Seager. "He paid up like a trump, and not before 't was wanted, I can tell you, for I was precious hard up. By the by, Lee, I'm afraid I must dun you for that hundred and fifty."

"Can't you be quiet till after dinner?" growled Bagot, laying down his knife and fork, highly disgusted. "I vow to gad 't is enough to convert one's victuals into poison, to be reminded of such infernal matters just when one is beginning to feel a little comfortable."

"Quite right, old fellow—I apologize. We will, as you say, postpone the subject, especially as that was n't the only cause of my coming. You must know I was considering the other night, at the club, what part of the country I should favor with my presence for a few weeks; for, owing to certain reasons, town was getting too hot for me; and, happening to take up the paper, I stumbled on a paragraph stating that the —th dra-

goons were coming to Doddington. Now, I knew the regiment some years back, when they used to shake their elbows a little" (imitating the motion of rattling a dice-box), "and it struck me I might live at free quarters with you, and perhaps do a little business with the bones" (*Anglice*, dice), "at the same time. So here I am for a day or two, at any rate—and to-morrow we'll knock up those fellows' quarters."

"A deuced good move," said Bagot, "and one I was intending to make myself. I dine with them to-morrow, and so shall you. Take some sherry, my boy!"

When dinner was removed, both drew their chairs up to the fire, and helped themselves to a few glasses of wine, by way of formality, before setting into serious drinking. Both lit their cigars; but first Bagot rose, and, unlocking a drawer, came back with a bundle of notes, some of which he selected, and handed them across to his companion, saying—"There's your money; now let's have no more cursed dunning."

Mr. Seager was pleasantly surprised, for he had not expected such prompt and satisfactory payment. His inquiries drew from Bagot (who was rather proud of his own shrewdness, and anxious for the approbation of so good a judge as Seager) an account of the mode in which he had obtained the supply.

Seager sat for a little while silent, smoking vigorously. Bagot had presented him with a congenial subject for thought. Presently he asked—"Is this the only time you've tried the dodge?"

"Why, 't is the only chance I've had," answered Bagot. "One does n't meet with rich greenhorns like Dubbley every day."

"You must trot her ladyship out a little," quoth Seager. "By Jove, old fellow, with such cards in your hand, you ought to make a good thing of it; but you'll want a friend to help you. A man like Dubbley may be managed single-handed, but two will be better another time. I'm your man. In the first place, there must be a little puffing—rich widow, great beauty, and all that sort of thing, in the George Robins style—which you could n't do yourself with decency. As I said, I'm your man, and you must do as much for me another time. When I want a man to pull the strings and set the machinery going, I shall look to you."

Bagot made no direct reply, not caring to entertain the subject, which (though Seager's suggestions harmonized exactly with his own ideas on it) wore, certainly, rather a dirty aspect, when deliberately discussed. However, he thought there was, after all, no greater harm in borrowing money on these grounds than on any other; for Bagot—like all men living beyond their means, who are

not downright swindlers — in all his borrowings and extravagance, had some dim, hazy notion of a grand settling day, when everything was to be made square, though he never succeeded in realizing very distinctly the mode in which it was to be done.

"What sort of a woman is this Lady Lee?" asked Seager, presently.

"Why, between you and me, as friends," returned Bagot, "I may say that I dislike her confoundedly — I always did. I think I should have disliked most women in her place, but I've special objections to her."

"Why should you dislike any woman in her place?" asked Seager.

"Why?" almost scouted Bagot — "why? Because when my poor nephew, Joe, married, he cut me out of the chance of the estate. If he had n't married, he could n't have had an heir."

"Decidedly not," said Seager, with a grin. "So there's a boy, is there! Good constitution, eh?"

"Strong as a lion," said Bagot; "and I'm glad of it. He's a good little chap, and I don't wish him any harm; but you must admit 't was enough to try a fellow's temper to find one's self cut out for the sake of a mewling soft-faced thing in petticoats. 'T was done while I was in France, or I should have tried to stop it. However, Joe was so much younger than me, that I never expected to outlive him. 'T is since the poor fellow's death that I've been most vexed by the thought of what I've been done out of."

"Gad!" said Seager, "after that, you need n't trouble yourself to state your special objections to her. If she was the finest woman that ever stepped, I consider it your duty to hate her like the devil."

"Besides," said Bagot, "she's as proud as Lucifer, and deuced sarcastic. You've no idea what I've got to put up with from her. If I was n't a good-tempered fellow, I should tell her my mind pretty plainly. As it is I can hardly help flaring up sometimes."

"Don't do anything of the sort," said Seager; "you can do much better by keeping on good terms with her. If I were in your place, now, every time she offended me I'd put it in my pocket, and console myself with the thought of paying her off in a more profitable fashion than quarrelling. However, I'm glad to find that you'll be quite justified in considering your own interest only in connection with her. Damme, Lee, if I think she's entitled to the smallest consideration."

Bagot shook his head revengefully, and breathed hard. Between Seager's speeches and his own potations, he saw his wrongs through a more inflammatory medium than usual. His wrath seemed to make him thirsty, too, for his tumbler now began to be refilled with great frequency. Presently

Seager proposed a hand at *écarté* — and they accordingly commenced playing.

Bagot, when his head was quite clear — which it seldom was at this hour of the evening — played very well; but he never was a match for Seager, all whose soul, or instincts rather, were absorbed in the game. There was something feline in the expression of his hard, unwinking eye, so round and bare of eyelashes, as it darted from his own cards to those which his adversary played out on the table; while his mouth was retracted, and fixed in a grim half-smile. Winning or losing, his face wore the same watchful look — whereas Bagot's frown would deepen to a scowl over a bad hand; and, when fortune favored him, he would rap down a succession of winning cards with somewhat boisterous exultation.

At length Bagot's potations, which were not in the least interrupted by the game, rendered the cards somewhat misty and obscure to his sight. After having twice discarded his best trumps, and forgotten to mark the king, he threw down his hand, and pushed his chair away from the table.

"Come, one game more!" said Seager.

"No, sir!" said Bagot, sternly; "no, sir! I've had enough of it, sir!"

Seager perceived that Bagot had reached the turning-point in his drink, and was passing into the ferocious and quarrelsome stage, as he was always pretty sure to do after losing.

"Well, leave it alone, then!" said Seager.

"I shall leave it alone, sir, or I shall not leave it alone," said Bagot, thickly, and with increased sternness and dignity. "I shall do exactly what I see fit, sir. Understand that I shall exercise my own discretion on that point, sir! and on every other, sir — every other, sir!"

"Well, don't be savage, old fellow," said Seager.

"I shall be savage, sir, or I shall not be savage, as I shall consider best!" returned the uncompromising Bagot, letting his voice slip into falsetto at every other syllable. "You've won your money, sir, and that's enough for you! Never mind, sir!"

"You're a pleasant old boy," said Seager, settling himself comfortably in his arm-chair. "I think I'll smoke a cigar."

Bagot mixed another tumbler of grog, breathing hard all the time. Seager was accustomed to his little irregularities of temper about this hour of the night, and didn't take much notice of him. Presently Bagot commenced again.

"Old boy!" repeated Bagot, slowly, and with utterance not the most fluent; "will you have the goodness, sir, to inform me who you called old boy? Might I request information on that point, sir?" The dignity with

which this question was put was not to be surpassed.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Seager, puffing away at his cigar, "you shall be as young as you like."

"No, sir," said Bagot, rapping slowly on the table with his knuckles, and glaring at the stopper of the decanter before him as if it were the offending party. "No, sir—excuse me—I shall not be as young as I like; I shall be no younger than I am, sir, at your bidding, nor at any other person's—not an hour, sir!—not an hour, sir!" repeated Bagot, in every sentence remaining longer in the treble before descending to the bass, and slowly bringing his gaze round till it rested grimly on his guest. "Your conversation, sir, is unpleasant, and your manner is quarrelsome. I regret, sir, to be compelled to leave you;" and poor Bagot rose with difficulty, and made unsteadily towards the door of his bedroom. Having with some difficulty opened it, he paused a moment on the thresh-

hold, and glaring on Seager said—"You shall hear from me, sir, through a friend, in the morning"—after which he disappeared, and was presently heard snoring heavily.

"Shocking old fool when he's screwed," said Seager, throwing his cigar into the fire, and going off to his bedroom, where he slept comfortably and quietly; while poor Bagot, the victim of a troop of nightmares, puffed and gasped the livelong night, through his hot, parched, open mouth, in a slumber that looked not very unlike strangulation.

The next morning Bagot submitted rather sulkily to Mr. Seager's not very refined badinage on the subject of his intemperance on the previous night. They went over the stables together—afterwards rode out; and, on returning, played billiards, and drank cold brandy-and-water till it was time to dress and proceed to Doddington, to dine with the dragons—whither they went in a dog-cart, and enjoyed themselves, as will appear in the next chapter.

From Household Words.

THE SECRET OF THE STREAM.

WHEN the silver stars looked down from heaven
To smile the world to rest,
A woman, from all refuge driven,
Her little babe caressed,
And thus she sang:

"Sleep within thy mother's arms,
Folded to thy mother's heart,
Folded to the breast that warms
Only from its inward smart,
Only from the pent-up flame
Burning fiercely at its core,
Cherished by my loss and shame:
Shall I live to suffer more?
Shall I live to bear the pangs
Of the world's neglect and scorn?
Hark! the distant belfry clangs
Welcome to the coming morn.
Shall I live to see it rise?
Is't not better far to die?
Shall I gaze upon the skies—
Gaze upon them shamelessly?
Clasp me, babe, around my neck,
Do not fear me for the sobs
That I cannot, cannot check.
Oh! another moment robs
Life of all its painful breath,
Waking us from this sad dream,
E'en the wretched rest in death.
Hark! the murmur of the stream.
Nestle closely, cheek to cheek;
Let us hasten to the wave,
Where is found what we would seek,
Death, oblivion, and a grave."

And the tide rolls on forever
Of that dark and silent river;

And beneath the wave-foam sparkling,
'Mid the weeds embowered and darkling,
There they lie near one another,
Youthful child and youthful mother;
And the tide rolls on forever
Of that swift and silent river.

From the National Era.

AN APRIL RHYME.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Ir, in the sunshine of this April morn,
Thick as the furrows of the unsown corn,
I saw the grave-mounds darkening in the way
That I have come, I would not therefore lay
My brows against their shadows. Sadly brown
May fade the boughs once blowing brightly down
About my playing—never any more
May fall my knocking on the homestead door,
And never more the wild birds (pretty things)
Against my yellow primrose beds their wings
May nearly slant, as singing toward the woods
They fly in summer. Shall I hence take moods
Of moping melancholy—sobbing wild
For the blue, modest eyes, that sweetly lit
All my lost youth? Nay! though this rhyme
were writ

By funeral torches, I would yet have smiled
Betwixt the verses. God is good, I know;
And though in this bad soil a time we grow
Crooked and ugly, all the ends of things
Must be in beauty. Love can work no ill;
And though we see the shadow of its wings
Only at times, shall we not trust it still?
So, even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;
For is it not as if the rose that climbed
My garden wall, had bloomed the other side?
New York, April, 1853.

From a late Liverpool paper.

THE CHILDREN.

"Who bids for the little children —
Body and soul and brain ;
Who bids for the little children —
Young and without stain ?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb ;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear them moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them, one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons —
To lie, to skulk, to crawl ;
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine ;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'T were folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they're born ;
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes ;
And you judges shall have work,
And you lawyers wag the tongue ;
And the jailors and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame !" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame, that this should be !
I'll take the little children —
I'll take them all to me.
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod,
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're *not* the true religion,"
Said a Scot with flashing eyes ;
"Nor thou," said another scowling —
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third, with shout and yell ;

"You're antichrist and bigot —
You'd train them up for hell."

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed with voice of pity —
"Oh, friends, you do me wrong !
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling !
For till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen : —
Quoth they — "We bide our time ;"
And the bidders seized the children —
Beggary, Filth, and Crime ;
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

From Household Words

DIRGE.

A FALLEN angel here doth rest :
Deal gently with her, Memory ! lest
In after years thou com'st to know
God was more merciful than thou !

She cannot feel the timid peeping
Of loving flowers — the small moss creeping
Over her grave — the quiet weeping
Of saltless dew ;
She hears not — she that lies there sleeping —
Whoe'er accuse !

She hears not how the wild winds crave
An entrance to her sheltered grave ;
Nor heeds how they bewail and moan,
That one door closed to them alone ;

She nothing recks the cold rains' beating,
The swathed turf-sod's icy sheeting,
Nor hears, nor answers she the greeting
Of such cold friends !
Nor more, of summer suns unweaving,
To them attends.

Alas ! no season now has power
To charm her for one little hour !
Each change and chance that men oppress
Pass o'er her now impressionless.

She cannot note the gradual merging
Of Night in Day ; the Days' quick urging
To longer Weeks ; the Weeks' converging
In Months — Months, Years !
On Time's wide sea forever surging,
Till heaven nears.

The light is parted from her eye,
The moisture on her lips is dry ;
No smile can part them now ; no glow
Ever again those cheeks can know.

Harsh world ! oh, then, be not thou slow'r
The ugly Past to bury o'er !
Time yet may have some sweets in store
For our poor sister ;
Life cast her off ; that self-same hour
Death took, and kissed her !

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WITH A GUITAR.

BY SHELLEY.

THE artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The winds were in their winter sleep;
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine,
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers;
And all of love; and so this tree —
O! that such our death may be! —
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again;
From which, beneath heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved guitar,
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully,
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering, in enamored tone,
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains
And the many-voiced fountains,
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening, and it knew
That seldom heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,

As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way: —
All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it:
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions, and no more
Is heard than has been felt before,
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweepily as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest, holiest tone
For our beloved friend alone.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Flow fast, ye waves! ye burnished billows, roll!
Ye cannot flow so fast as speeds the soul;
Thought goes before you; winds, your clarion
 sound!
Waves, faster flow! ye bear the Homeward
 Bound!
Upon the deck they stand, with wistful eye —
Watching the ocean's verge which meets the sky,
And now mistaking for an island dim
Some purple rays upon the ocean's rim;
While speeds their bark as racing with the clouds,
And tired swallows drop amid its shrouds,
And land-birds' voices on the glad ears chime
Of earth and flowers — green grass and fragrant
 thyme;
And sea-weeds float in emerald lustre rare,
Like the shorn tresses of mermaid's hair —
Signs of the shore! — and now its rocks they
 see —
Its bright white cliffs! the guards of liberty!

And, bravely cheering, gladly on they come,
To anchor soon by Fatherland and Home ;
With pleasures pure their earnest bosoms blest,
The nearer home — the greater is their zest ;
As with the poet — best beloved the throes
That bring his song to its melodious close.

From the California Correspondent of the Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE "GREEN-HORNS"—A PARODY.

THE Green-horns came down, like the wolf on the fold,
To the land that was said to be teeming with gold,
And the gleam of their wash-pans, like comets or stars,
Flashed bright o'er our gulches, our canons, our bars.

Like the leaves of the forest, when summer is green,
That host in the month of October was seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest, when autumn hath blown,
That host in December was scattered and strown.

For the "Fiend of the Storm" spread his wings on the blast,
And rain, at his bidding, came sudden and fast,
And the waters were raised till each creek was a flood,
And provisions went up on account of the mud.

And there lay the tools they had bought upon trust,
Each wash-pan and crow-bar all covered with dust ;
And there lay each Green-horn coiled up in his tent —
His pork-barrel empty, his money all spent.

And the victims themselves were quite loud in their wail,
And the merchant who sold upon credit turned pale,
And those who prayed hardest for rain at the first,
Were now by their comrades most bitterly cursed.

In vain they prospected each dreary ravine —
In vain they explored where no white men had been ;
The riches they fondly expected to clasp,
Like the will-o'-the-wisp, eluded their grasp.

And some of the Green-horns resolved upon flight,
And vamoosed the ranch in desperate plight ;
While those who succeeded in reaching the town
Confessed they were done most decidedly brown.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

DAY-DREAMS.

I LOVE my day-dreams, warm and wild,
Whate'er ungentle lips may say ;
I dearly love, e'en as a child,
To sit and dream an hour away
In visions which heaven's blessed light
Makes but the holier to my sight.

'Tis well that Time, corroding Care,
And bitt'rest Ill have left me this :
Life's real sorrows who could bear,
Did not some dear imagined bliss,
Like Spring's green Footsteps, wake up flowers,
To cheer and bless Time's waste of hours ?

'Tis well at times to get one home
To childhood's birthplace, and to see
The loved — the *lost* ones — round one come,
Just as of old they used to be,
And feel that neither change nor care
Can veil the soul's communion there.

From every Ruin of the Past
An echo comes to charm mine ear.
Love woke the utterance first and last,
And love, when lost, how doubly dear !
Such concords how shall time impart,
As the first music of the heart ?

A SCULPTURED VASE.

BY KEATS.

HEARD melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on —

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
Fond youth, beneath the trees thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet do not grieve,
She cannot fade though thou hast not thy bliss ;
Forever wilt thou love and she be fair.

From the Ladies' Companion.

"NOTHING TO DO?"

"NOTHING to do?" O, pause and look around
At those oppressed with want, and sorrow too !
Look at the wrongs, the sufferings that abound,
Ere yet thou sayst there 's naught for thee to do.

"Nothing to do?" Are there no hearts that ache —

No care-worn breasts that heave an anguished sigh —

No burthens that thy hands may lighter make —
No bitter tears thy sympathy might dry ?

Are there no hungry that thy hand may feed —
No sick to aid, no naked to be clad ?

Are there no blind whose footsteps thou mayst lead —

No mourning heart that thou couldst make less sad ?

"Nothing to do?" Hast thou no store of gold —
No wealth of time that thou shouldst well employ ?

No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold —
No gift that thou shouldst use for others' joy ?

"Nothing to do?" O, look without, within !
Be to thyself and to thy duties true :
Look on the world, its troubles, and its sin,
And own that thou hast *much* indeed to do !

From the British Quarterly Review.

Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame de la Mothe Guyon; together with some account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. By THOMAS C. UPHAM, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Bowdoin College. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1851.

JEREMY TAYLOR relates, in one of his sermons, the following legend: — "Saint Lewis the king having sent Ivo, Bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fantastic, and melancholy, with fire in one hand, and water in the other. He asked what these symbols meant. She answered, My purpose is with fire to burn Paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God." This fanciful personage may be regarded as the embodiment of that religious idea to which we give the name of Quietism. It is the ambition of the Quietist to attain a state in which self shall be practically annihilated — in which nothing shall be desired, nothing feared — in which the finite nature ignores itself and all creatures, and recognizes only the Infinite — is swallowed up and hidden in the effulgence of the Divine Majesty. Quietism attempts self-transcendence by self-annihilation. It calls on man to become Nothing, that he may be dissolved in Him who is All. It has many various names to denote its beloved contrasts of self-emptiness and Divine fullness. That reduction of self to an inappreciable quantity which it inculcates, is called poverty, simplification, denudation, indifference, silence, quiet, death. That self-finding in God which is the immediate consequence of this self-loss, is termed union, transformation, perfection, pure love, immersion, absorption, deification.

Mysticism is the romance of religion. Its history is bright with stories of dazzling spiritual adventure, sombre with tragedies of the soul, stored with records of the achievements and the woes of martyrdom and sainthood. It has reconciled the most opposite extremes of theory and practice. In theory it has verged repeatedly on pantheism, ego-theism, nihilism. In practice it has produced some of the most glorious examples of humility, benevolence, and untiring self-devotion. It has commanded with its indescribable fascination the most powerful natures and the most feeble — minds lofty with a noble disdain of life, or low with a weak disgust of it. If the self-torture it exacts be terrible, the reward it holds out has been found to possess an irresistible attraction. It lays waste the soul with purgatorial pains, but it is to leave noth-

ing there on which any fire may kindle after death. It promises a perfect sanctification, a divine calm, the fruition of an absolute repose on this side the grave. It has been both persecuted and canonized by kings and pontiffs. In one age the mystic is enrolled among the saints; in another, the inquisitor burns him, or a *lettre-de-cachet* consigns him to the Bastille. But the principle is indestructible. There always have been, and probably always will be, minds whose religion assumes spontaneously a mystical character. States of society continually recur which necessarily foster this disposition. There have been periods in which all the real religion existing in a country has been found among its mystics. Then this inward contemplative devotion becomes conspicuous as a power — ventures out into public life, and attracts the eye of the historian. Then its protest is heard against literalism, formality, scholasticism, human ordinances. It reacts strenuously against the corruptions of priestcraft. But its voice is heard also discoursing concerning things unutterable. It speaks as one in a dream of the third heaven, and of celestial experiences and revelations fitter for angels than for men. Its stammering utterance, confused with excess of rapture, laboring with emotions too huge or with abstractions too spiritual for words, is utterly unintelligible. Then it is misrepresented. Mysticism becomes in turn the victim of a reaction — the delirium is dieted by persecution — it is consigned once more to secrecy and silence. There it survives, and spins in obscurity its mingled tissue of evil and of good. We must not blindly praise it in our hatred of formalism. We must not vaguely condemn it in our horror of extravagance.

Mr. Upham has contributed to the literature of America an interesting and instructive book. To write the biography of Madame Guyon has been with him a labor of love, and he makes us love him for his labor. To what external section of the Christian community he may belong we know not, but his devout spirit and large-hearted Christian charity bring him near to our hearts at once. He has availed himself conscientiously of the best materials within his reach. His style is calm and equable — almost too much so. His modest and gentle nature would seem to have been schooled in the Quietism he records. The wrongs of Madame Guyon are narrated by him with a patient forbearance equal to that with which she endured them. For uncharitableness itself he has abundant charity, and the worst malignity of persecution cannot provoke him to asperity or carry him away with indignation. In his sympathy with Madame Guyon, and in his admiration for her character as a whole, we fully agree with him. In his estimate of her Quietism and of

Quietism generally, we differ. We shall find occasion, as we proceed, to show why we think him wrong in regarding Quietism and the highest Christian spirituality as identical. In his anxiety to do justice to Madame Guyon, he has transposed and paraphrased her language, softened many expressions, and omitted others. He underrates, we think, the allowance which thoughtful readers will be disposed to make for her. It would have been more satisfactory had he represented her to us just as she was, without veiling a single extravagance. There is a nobleness in her which would survive the disclosure, and preserve for her memory a place in the affection of every liberal mind. The biographer might have appended to her exact words whatever explanation or comment he thought necessary, leaving his readers to judge for themselves. The best course would have been, to have placed occasionally side by side with her meditations some of the rhapsodies of Angela de Foligni or St. Theresa. It would then have been seen, that, in comparison with these be-praised and sainted devotees, the persecuted Madame Guyon was sobriety itself. Thus instructed, the Protestant would be placed in a position to do her full justice. But, ignorant of mysticism generally, and of the expressions to which Romanist mystical writers had long been accustomed, he would see in Madame Guyon standing alone only a monster of extravagance. Professor Upham, however, has brought much less information of this kind to his subject than could have been desired. The particular form of mysticism which goes by the name of Quietism can only be thoroughly understood by a comparison with some of the other developments of its common principle.

Jeanne Marie Bouvières de la Mothe was born on Easter-eve, April 13th, 1648, at Montargis. Her sickly childhood was distinguished by precocious imitations of that religious life which was held in honor by every one around her. She loved to be dressed in the habit of a little nun. When little more than four years old she longed for martyrdom. Her school-fellows placed her on her knees on a white cloth, flourished a sabre over her head, and told her to prepare for the stroke. A shout of triumphant laughter followed the failure of the child's courage. She was neglected by her mother, and knocked about by a spoiled brother. When not at school she was the pet or the victim of servants. She began to grow irritable from ill-treatment, and insincere from fear. When ten years old she found a Bible in her sick-room, and read it, she says, from morning to night, committing to memory the historical parts. Some of the writings of St. Francis de Sales, and the Life of Madame de Chantal, fell in her way. The latter work proved a

powerful stimulant. There she read of humiliations and austerities numberless, of charities lavished with a princely munificence, of visions enjoyed and miracles wrought in honor of those saintly virtues, and of the intrepidity with which the famous enthusiast wrote with a red-hot iron on her bosom the characters of the holy name Jesus. The girl of twelve years old was bent on copying these achievements on her little scale. She relieved, taught, and waited on the poor; and, for lack of the red-hot iron or the courage, sewed on to her breast with a large needle a piece of paper containing the name of Christ. She even forged a letter to secure her admission to a conventual establishment as a nun. The deceit was immediately detected; but the attempt shows how much more favorable was the religious atmosphere in which she grew up to the prosperity of convents than to the inculcation of truth.

With ripening years religion gave place to vanity. Her handsome person and brilliant conversational powers fitted her to shine in society. She began to love dress, and feel jealous of rival beauties. Like St. Theresa, at the same age, she sat up far into the night devouring romances. Her autobiography records her experience of the mischievous effects of those tales of chivalry and passion. When nearly sixteen, it was arranged that she should marry the wealthy M. Guyon. This gentleman, whom she had seen but three days before her marriage, was twenty-two years older than herself.

The faults she had were of no very grave description, but her husband's house was destined to prove for several years a pitiless school for their correction. He lived with his mother, a vulgar and hard-hearted woman. Her low and penurious habits were unaffected by their wealth; and in the midst of riches, she was happiest scolding in the kitchen about some farthing matter. She appears to have hated Madame Guyon with all the strength of her narrow mind. M. Guyon loved his wife after his selfish sort. If she was ill, he was inconsolable. If any one spoke against her, he flew into a passion; yet, at the instigation of his mother, he was continually treating her with harshness. An artful servant girl, who tended his gouty leg, was permitted daily to mortify and insult his wife. Madame Guyon had been accustomed at home to elegance and refinement — beneath her husband's roof she found politeness contemned and rebuked as pride. When she spoke she had been listened to with attention — now she could not open her mouth without contradiction. She was charged with presuming to show them how to talk, reproved for disputatious forwardness, and rudely silenced. She could never go to see her parents without having bitter speeches to bear

on her return. They, on their part, reproached her with unnatural indifference towards her own family for the sake of her new connexions. The ingenious malignity of her mother-in-law filled every day with fresh vexations. The high spirit of the young girl was completely broken. She had already gained a reputation for cleverness and wit — now she sat nightmared in company, nervous, stiff, and silent, the picture of stupidity. At every assemblage of their friends she was marked out for some affront, and every visitor at the house was instructed in the catalogue of her offences. Sad thoughts would come — how different might all this have been had she been suffered to select some other suitor! But it was too late. The brief romance of her life was gone indeed. There was no friend into whose heart she could pour her sorrows. Meanwhile, she was indefatigable in the discharge of every duty — she endeavored by kindness, by cheerful forbearance, by returning good for evil, to secure some kinder treatment — she was ready to cut out her tongue that she might make no passionate reply — she reproached herself bitterly for the tears she could not hide. But these coarse, hard natures were not so to be won. Her magnanimity surprised but did not soften minds to which it was utterly incomprehensible.

Her best course would have been self-assertion and war to the very utmost. She would have been justified in demanding her right to be mistress in her own house — in declaring it incompatible with the obligations binding upon either side that a third party should be permitted to sow dissension between a husband and wife — in putting her husband, finally to the choice between his wife and his mother. M. Guyon is the type of a large class of men. They stand high in the eye of the world — and not altogether undeservedly — as men of principle. But their domestic circle is the scene of cruel wrongs from want of reflection, from a selfish, passionate inconsiderateness. They would be shocked at the charge of an act of barbarity towards a stranger, but they will inflict years of mental distress on those most near to them, for want of decision, self-control, and some conscientious estimate of what their home duties truly involve. Had the obligations he neglected, the wretchedness of which he was indirectly the author, been brought fairly before the mind of M. Guyon, he would probably have determined on the side of justice, and a domestic revolution would have been the consequence. But Madame Guyon conceived herself bound to suffer in silence. Looking back on those miserable days she traced a Father's care in the discipline she endured. Providence had transplanted Self from a garden, where it expanded to love and praise, to a

highway where every passing foot might trample it in the dust.

A severe illness brought her more than once to the brink of the grave. She heard of her danger with indifference, for life had no attraction. Heavy losses befell the family — she could feel no concern. To end her days in a hospital was even an agreeable anticipation. Poverty and disgrace could bring no change which would not be more tolerable than her present suffering. She labored, with little success, to find comfort in religious exercises. She examined herself rigidly, confessed with frequency, strove to subdue all care about her personal appearance, and while her maid arranged her hair — how, she cared not — was lost in the study of Thomas à Kempis. At length she consulted a Franciscan, a holy man, who had just emerged from a five years' solitude. "Madame," said he, "you are disappointed and perplexed because you seek without what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will find him."

These words of the old Franciscan embody the response which has been uttered in every age by the oracle of mysticism. It has its truth and its falsehood, as men understand it. There is a legend of an artist, who was about to carve from a piece of costly sandal-wood an image of the Madonna; but the material was intractable — his hand seemed to have lost its skill — he could not approach his ideal. When about to relinquish his efforts in despair, a voice in a dream bade him shape the figure from the oak-block, which was about to feed his hearth. He obeyed, and produced a masterpiece. This story represents the truth which mysticism upholds when it appears as the antagonist of superstitious externalism. The materials of religious happiness lie, as it were, near at hand — among affections and desires which are homely, common, and of the fireside. Let the right direction, the heavenly influence, be received from without; and heaven is regarded with the love of home, and home sanctified by the hope of heaven. The far-fetched costliness of outward works — the restless, selfish bargaining with asceticism and with priestcraft for a priceless heaven, can never redeem and renew a soul to peace. But mysticism has not stopped here; it takes a step farther, and that step is false. It would seclude the soul too much from the external; and to free it from a snare, removes a necessary help. Like some overshadowing tree, it hides the rising plant from the force of storms, but it also intercepts the appointed sunshine — it protects, but it deprives — and beneath its boughs hardy weeds have grown more vigorously than precious grain. Removing, more or less, the counterpoise of the latter, in its zeal for the spirit, it promotes an in-

tense and morbid self-consciousness. Roger North tells us that when he and his brother stood on the top of the Monument, it was difficult for them to persuade themselves that their weight would not throw down the building. The dizzy elevation of the mystic produces a similar overweening sense of personality. Thus isolated in the air — abstracted so elaborately from earth and all its standards of comparison — his tendency has been, from the days of Plotinus downwards, to expand the Ego into the Infinite. It has been the dream of many a mystic, that he could elaborate from the depth of his own nature the whole promised land of religious truth, and perceive, by special revelation, rising from within all its green pastures and still waters — somewhat as Pindar describes the sun beholding the isle of Rhodes emerging from the bottom of the ocean — new born, yet perfect — in all the beauty of glade and fountain, of grassy upland and silver tarn, of marble crag and overhanging wood, sparkling from the brine as after a summer shower. The traditions of every nation have embellished with their utmost wealth of imagination some hidden spot upon the surface of the earth, which they have portrayed as secluded from all the tumult and the pain of time — a serene Eden — an ever-sunny Tempe — a vale of Avalon — a place beyond the sterner laws and rougher visitations of the common world — a fastness of perpetual calm, before which the tempests may blow their challenging horns in vain — they can win no entrance. Such, to the fancy of the Middle Age, was the famous temple of the Sangreal, with its dome of sapphire, its six-and-thirty towers, its crystal crosses, and its hangings of green samite — guarded by its knights, girded by impenetrable forests — glittering on the onyx summit of Mount Salvage, forever invisible to every eye impure, inaccessible to every failing or faithless heart. Such, to the Hindoo, was the Cridavana meadow, among the heights of Mount Sitanta, full of flowers, of the song of birds, the hum of bees —

Languishing winds and murmuring falls of waters.

Such was the secret mountain Kinkadulle, celebrated by Olaus Magnus, which stood in a region, now covered only by moss or snow, but luxuriant once, in less degenerate days, with the spontaneous growth of every pleasant bough and goodly fruit. What places like these have been to the popular mind — even such a refuge for the Ideal from the pursuit of the Actual — that the attainment of Ecstasy, the height of Contemplation, the bliss of Union, has been for the mystic. He aims, by painfully unclothing his nature of all the integuments of sense, of passion, of imagination, of thought, by threading back

the path of being to its Source — to reach a simplicity and a rest in which the primal essence of himself will be overshadowed by the immediate presence of the Infinite; and, lost in glory, will love and gaze and know, without the grosser appliances of visible media, beyond the laborious processes of the reason, or the phantasmagoria of the imagination, by a contact "above all means or mode," ineffable as Deity itself. But the unnatural ambition defeats itself, and the aspirant, instead of soaring to the empyrean, drifts, buffeted about, in the airy limbo of hallucination. Instead of rising above the infirmities of our nature, and the common laws of life, he becomes the sport of the idlest phantasy, the victim of the most humiliating reaction. The excited and overwrought temperament mistakes every vibration of the fevered nerves for a manifestation from without; as, in the solitude, the silence, and the glare of a great desert, travellers have seemed to hear distinctly the church bells of their native village. In such cases an extreme susceptibility of the organ, induced by peculiarities of climate, gives to a mere conception or memory the power of an actual sound; and, in a similar way, the mystic has often both tempted and enraptured himself — his own breath has made both the "airs from heaven," and the "blast from hell;" and the attempt to annihilate Self has ended at last in leaving nothing but Self behind. When the tide of enthusiasm has ebbed, and the channel has become dry, simply because humanity cannot long endure a strain so excessive, then that magician and master of legerdemain, the Fancy, is summoned to recall, to eke out, or to interpret the mystical experience; then that fantastic acrobat, Affectation, is admitted to play its tricks — just as when the waters of the Nile are withdrawn the canals of Cairo are made the stage on which the jugglers exhibit their feats of skill to the crowds on either bank.

To return to Madame Guyon. From the hour of that interview with the Franciscan she was a mystic. The secret of the interior life flashed upon her in a moment. She had been starving in the midst of fulness; God was near, not afar off; the kingdom of heaven was within her. The love of God took possession of her soul with an inexpressible happiness. Beyond question, her heart apprehended in that joy the great truth that God is love — that He is more ready to forgive, than we to ask forgiveness — that He is not an austere being whose regard is to be purchased by rich gifts, tears, and penance. This emancipating, sanctifying belief became the foundation of her religion. She raised on this basis of true spirituality a mystical superstructure, in which there was some hay and stubble, but the corner-stone had first

been rightly laid, never to be removed from its place.

Prayer, which had before been so difficult, was now delightful and indispensable; hours passed away like moments—she could scarcely cease from praying. Her trials seemed great no longer; her inward joy consumed, like a fire, the reluctance, the murmur, and the sorrow, which had their birth in self. A spirit of confiding peace, a sense of rejoicing possession, pervaded all her days. God was continually present with her, and she seemed completely yielded up to God. She appeared to feel herself, and to behold all creatures, as immersed in the gracious omnipresence of the Most High. In her adoring contemplation of the Divine presence, she found herself frequently unable to employ any words, or to pray for any particular blessings. She was then little more than twenty years of age. The ardor of her devotion would not suffer her to rest even here. It appeared to her that self was not yet sufficiently suppressed. There were some things she chose as pleasant, other things she avoided as painful. She was possessed with the notion that every choice which can be referred to self is selfish, and therefore criminal.

On this principle *Æsop's* traveller, who gathered his cloak about him in the storm, and relinquished it in the sunshine, should be stigmatized as a selfish man, because he thought only of his own comfort, and did not remember at the moment his family, his country, or his Maker. It is not regard for self which makes us selfish, but regard for self to the exclusion of due regard for others. But the zeal of Madame Guyon blinded her to distinctions such as these. She became filled with an insatiable desire of suffering. She resolved to force herself to what she disliked, and deny herself what was gratifying, that the mortified senses might at last have no choice whatever. She displayed the most astonishing power of will in her efforts to annihilate her will. Every day she took the discipline with scourges pointed with iron. She tore her flesh with brambles, thorns, and nettles. Her rest was almost destroyed by the pain she endured. She was in very delicate health, continually falling ill, and could eat scarcely anything. Yet she forced herself to eat what was most nauseous to her; she often kept wormwood in her mouth, and put coloquintida in her food, and when she walked she placed stones in her shoes. If a tooth ached she would bear it without seeking a remedy; when it ached no longer she would go and have it extracted. She imitated Madame Chantal in dressing the sores of the poor, and ministering to the wants of the sick. On one occasion she found that she could not seek the indulgence offered by her church for remitting some of the pains of

purgatory. At that time she felt no doubt concerning the power of the priest to grant such absolution, but she thought it wrong to desire to escape any suffering. She was afraid of resembling those mercenary souls who are afraid not so much of displeasing God, as of the penalties attached to sin. She was too much in earnest for visionary sentimentalism. Her efforts manifest a serious practical endeavor after that absolute disinterestedness which she erroneously thought both attainable and enjoined. She was far from attaching any expiatory value to these acts of voluntary mortification; they were a means to an end. When she believed that end attained in the entire death of self, she relinquished them. In a similar spirit, the Suabian mystic Suso, in the fourteenth century, at length abandoned a course of austerity far more severe, at the suggestion of the famous Tauler. The fact that such inflictions were discontinued, as requisite no longer, shows that their object was discipline, not atonement. Many of those mystics who carried them to the greatest length would have shrunk with horror from the idea of relying on their own sufferings for salvation, instead of, or in addition to, the merits of the Saviour. The rigid self-scrutiny of Madame Guyon was constantly discovering selfishness in what had seemed innocent, pride in what once looked praiseworthy. She was struggling through the mortification of the senses towards the higher mortification of the will. Her aim was totally to lose her own activity; to desire nothing, to do nothing, but from the prompting of the Christ formed within; to substitute God for the annihilated self in the inmost of the soul. Some mystics have carried this so far as to believe that they became themselves a revelation, almost an incarnation of Deity, every thought an inspiration, every act divine. Madame Guyon was saved from such excesses. Like the more sober Quakers, she was willing that the Outer should direct the Inner Light. But she did not escape the lesser error of frequently mistaking her own impulses for divine monitions, and endeavoring to read in the mysteries of Providence the immediate will of God. With all the mystics she interpreted too literally the language of St. Paul, "I live, yet no more I, but Christ liveth in me."

Situated as Madame Guyon now was, her mind had no resource but to collapse upon itself, and the feelings so painfully pent up became proportionately vehement. She found a friend in one *Mère Granger*, but her she could see seldom, mostly by stealth. An ignorant confessor joined her mother-in-law and husband in the attempt to hinder her from prayer and religious exercises. She endeavored in everything to please her husband, but he complained that she loved God so

much she had no love left for him. She was watched day and night; she dared not stir from her mother-in-law's chamber or her husband's bedside. If she took her work apart to the window they followed her there to see that she was not in prayer. When her husband went abroad, he forbade her to pray in his absence. The affections even of her child were taken from her, and the boy was taught to disobey and insult his mother. Thus utterly alone, Madame Guyon, while apparently engaged in ordinary matters, was constantly in a state of abstraction; her mind was elsewhere, rapt in devout contemplation. She was in company without hearing a word that was said. She went out into the garden to look at the flowers, and could bring back no account of them; the eye of her reverie could mark nothing actually visible. When playing at piquet, to oblige her husband, this "interior attraction" was often more powerfully felt than even when at church. In her Autobiography she describes her experience as follows:—

The spirit of prayer was nourished and increased from their contrivances and endeavors to disallow me any time for practising it. I loved without motive or reason for loving; for nothing passed in my head, but much in the innermost of my soul. I thought not about any recompense, gift, or favor or anything which regards the lover. The Well-beloved was the only object which attracted my heart wholly to himself. I could not contemplate his attributes. I knew nothing else but to *love* and to *suffer*. O, ignorance more truly learned than any science of the Doctors, since it so well taught me Jesus Christ crucified, and brought me to be in love with his holy cross! In its beginning I was attracted with so much force, that it seemed as if my head was going to join my heart. I found that insensibly my body bent in spite of me. I did not then comprehend from whence it came; but have learned since, that as all passed in the will, which is the sovereign of the powers, that attracted the others after it, and reunited them in God, their divine centre and sovereign happiness. And as these powers were then unaccustomed to be united, it required the more violence to effect that union. Wherefore it was the more perceived. Afterwards it became so strongly riveted as to seem to be quite natural. This was so strong that I could have wished to die, in order to be inseparably united without any interstice to Him who so powerfully attracted my heart. As all passed in the will, the imagination and the understanding being absorbed in it, in a union of enjoyment, I knew not what to say, having never read or heard of such a state as I experienced; for before this I had known nothing of the operations of God in souls. I had only read "*Philothea*" (written by St. Francis de Sales), with the "*Imitation of Christ*" (by Thomas à Kempis), and the Holy Scriptures; also the "*Spiritual Combat*," which mentions none of these things. — *The Life of Lady Guion, by Herself*; Anon. Trans. 1772, p. 87.

In this extract she describes strange physical sensations as accompanying her inward emotion. The intense excitement of the soul assumes, in her over-strained and secluded imagination, the character of a corporeal seizure. The sickly frame, so morbidly sensitive, appears to participate in the supernatural influences communicated to the spirit. On a subsequent occasion she speaks of herself as so oppressed by the fullness of the divine manifestations imparted to her, as to be compelled to loosen her dress. More than once some of those who sat next her imagined that they perceived a certain marvellous efflux of grace proceeding from her to themselves. She believed that many persons for whom she was interceding with great fervor, were sensible at the time of an extraordinary gracious influence instantaneously vouchsafed, and that her spirit communicated mysteriously, "in the Lord," with the spirits of those dear to her when far away. She traced a special intervention of Providence in the fact that she repeatedly "felt a strong draught to the door" just when it was necessary to go out to receive a secret letter from her friend, Mère Granger; that the rain should have held up precisely when she was on her road to or from mass; and that at the very intervals when she was able to steal out to hear it, some priest was always found performing, or ready to perform, the service, though at a most unusual hour.

Imaginary as all this may have been, the Church of Rome at least had no right to brand with the stigma of extravagance any such transference of the spiritual to the sensuous, of the metaphysical to the physical. The fancies of Madame Guyon in this respect are innocent enough in comparison with the monstrosities devised by Romish marvel-mongers to exalt her saints withal. St. Philip Neri was so inflamed with love to God as to be insensible to all cold, and burned with such a fire of devotion that his body, divinely feverish, could not be cooled by exposure to the wildest winter night. For two and fifty years he was the subject of a supernatural palpitation, which kept his bed and chair, and everything movable about him, in a perpetual tremble. For that space of time his breast was miraculously swollen to the thickness of a fist above his heart. On a post-mortem examination of the holy corpse, it was found that two of the ribs had been broken to allow the sacred ardor of his heart more room to play! The doctors swore solemnly that the phenomenon could be nothing less than a miracle. A divine hand had thus literally "*enlarged the heart*" of the devotee. St. Philip enjoyed, with many other saints, the privilege of being miraculously elevated into the air by the fervor of his heavenward aspirations. And this is the worthy whose worship

is revived by our Oratorians, with the famous Dr. Newman at their head, in the nineteenth century. The *Acta Sanctorum* relates how Ida of Louvain—seized with an overwhelming desire to present her gifts with the wise men to the child Jesus—received, on the eve of the Three Kings, the distinguished favor of being permitted to swell to a terrific size, and then gradually to return to her original dimensions. On another occasion, she was gratified by being thrown down in the street in an ecstasy, and enlarging so that her horror-stricken attendant had to embrace her with all her might to keep her from bursting. The noses of eminent saints have been endowed with so subtle a sense that they have detected the stench of concealed sins, and enjoyed, as a literal fragrance, the well-known odor of sanctity. St. Philip Neri was frequently obliged to hold his nose and turn away his head when confessing very wicked people. In walking the streets of some depraved Italian town, the poor man must have endured all the pains of Coleridge in Cologne, where, he says,

I counted two-and-seventy stenchbes,
All well defined, and several stinks !

Maria of Oignys received what theurgic mysticism calls the gift of jubilation. For three days and nights upon the point of death, she sang without remission her ecstatic swan-song, at the top of a voice whose hoarseness was miraculously healed. She felt as though the wing of an angel were spread upon her breast, thrilling her heart with the rapture, and pouring from her lips the praises, of the heavenly world. With the melodious modulation of an inspired recitative, she descanted on the mysteries of the Trinity and the incarnation—improvised profound expositions of the Scripture—invoked the saints, and interceded for her friends. A nun who visited Catharina Ricci in her ecstasy, saw with amazement her face transformed into the likeness of the Redeemer's countenance. St. Hildegard, in the enjoyment and description of her visions, and in the utterance of her prophecies, was inspired with a complete theological terminology hitherto unknown to mortals. A glossary of the divine tongue was long preserved among her manuscripts at Wiesbaden. It is recorded in the life of St. Veronica of Binasco, that she received the miraculous gift of tears in a measure so copious that the spot where she knelt appeared as though a jug of water had been overset there. She was obliged to have an earthen vessel ready in her cell to receive the supernatural efflux, which filled it frequently to the weight of several Milan pounds! Ida of Nivelles, when in an ecstasy one day, had it revealed to her that a dear friend was at the same moment in the same condition. The friend also was simultaneously made aware

that Ida was immersed in the same abyss of divine light with herself. Thenceforward they were as one soul in the Lord, and the Virgin Mary appeared to make a third in the saintly fellowship. Ida was frequently enabled to communicate with spiritual personages, without words, after the manner of angelic natures. On one occasion, when at a distance from a priest to whom she was much attached, both she and the holy man were entranced at the same time; and, when rapt to heaven, he beheld her in the presence of Christ, at whose command she communicated to him by a spiritual kiss a portion of the grace with which she herself had been so richly endowed. Clara of Montefaleo, a saint who died at the beginning of the fourteenth century, had in a vision given her heart to Christ, that it might be crucified. She lived thenceforward in perpetual contemplation of the passion. After death, her heart, which had enlarged to the size of a child's head, was extracted and preserved in a vessel near the altar. With trembling and with tears her sisters of the cloister ventured to open it with a knife. On the right side they found, completely formed, a little figure of Christ upon the cross, about the size of a thumb. On the left, under what resembled the bloody cloth, lay the instruments of the passion, the crown of thorns, the nails, &c. So sharp was the miniature lance, that the Vicar-General Berengarius, commissioned to assist at the examination by the Bishop of Spoleto, pricked therewith his reverend finger. This marvel was surpassed in the eighteenth century by a miracle more piquant still. Veronica Giuliani caused a drawing to be made of the many forms and letters which she declared had been supernaturally modelled within her heart. To the exultation of the faithful—and the everlasting confusion of all Jews, Protestants, and Turks—a post-mortem examination disclosed the accuracy of her description, to the minutest point. There were the sacred initials in a large and distinct Roman character, the crown of thorns, two flames, seven swords, the spear, the reed, &c.—all arranged just as in the diagram she had furnished. The diocese of Liege was edified, in the twelfth century, by seeing, in the person of the celebrated Christina Mirabilis, how completely the upward tendency of protracted devotion might vanquish the law of gravitation. So strongly was she drawn away from this gross earth, that the difficulty was to keep her on the ground. She was continually flying up to the tops of lonely towers and trees, there to enjoy a rapture with the angels, and a roost with the birds. In the frequency, the elevation, and the duration of her ascents into the air, she surpassed even the high-flown devotion of St. Peter of Alcantara, who was often seen suspended high above the fig-trees which over-

shadowed his hermitage at Badajoz — his eyes upturned, his arms outspread — while the servant, sent to summon him to dinner, gazed with open mouth, and sublimary cabbage cooled below. The limbs of Christina lost the rigidity, as her body lost the grossness, common to vulgar humanity. In her ecstasies she was contracted into the spherical form — her head was drawn inward and downward towards her breast, and she rolled up like a hedgehog. When her relatives wished to take and secure her, they had to employ a man to hunt her like a bird. Having started his game, he had a long run across country before he brought her down, in a very unsportsmanlike manner, by a stroke with his bludgeon which broke her shin. When a few miracles had been wrought to vindicate her ærostatic mission, she was allowed to fly about in peace. She has occupied, ever since, the first place in the ornithology of Roman Catholic saintship. Such are a few of the specimens which might be collected in multitudes from Romanist records, showing how that communion has bestowed its highest favor on the most coarse and materialized apprehensions of spiritual truth. Extravagant inventions, such as these — monstrous as the adventures of Baron Munchausen, without their wit — have been invested with the sanction and defended by the thunder of the Papal chair. Yet this very Church of Rome incarcerated Molinos and Madame Guyon as dangerous enthusiasts.

We have seen Madame Guyon at twenty an unconscious and self-taught adept in some of the highest doctrines of the mystical theology. When she speaks of herself as unable to contemplate any of the attributes of God — as finding the understanding and the imagination active no longer, because wholly swallowed up in the union of the will, she describes her practical experience of that exaltation which mystical divines have labored to define. Of Dionysius Areopagita, the great authority of mysticism throughout the middle age, she knew nothing. She was ignorant of Bernard's four degrees of love, of that eye of contemplation, analyzed and extolled by Hugo of St. Victor — of the six stages of contemplation, so minutely graduated by the scholasticism of his successor, Richard. With the German mystics she could have no acquaintance. Yet the ponderous tomes of the famous hierophant, Dionysius, propose nothing more than to conduct the soul of the aspirant by an elaborate process to the very point which the ardent Frenchwoman had virtually attained at once by what appeared an indescribable necessity of her devotion.

This is a fact more singular in appearance than in reality. The principle of the Mystical Theology, bequeathed to Christendom by Dionysius, was this: all creation, all revelation, is symbolical. It is only figuratively

that anything can be affirmed of God. He is above all names. He is not wise, but more than wise; not good, but more than good. Hence the paradox that all manifestation of the Infinite is at the same time a veil — that the more we deny concerning God, the more truly, in reality, do we announce him. This is the Way of Negation (*Via apophatica*). The candidate for that closest approximation to God, which is the privilege of a few select souls, is counselled to remove, one by one, these curtains of symbol, to press beyond the manifestations to the Ineffable, Nameless, One. He is to ignore all intellectual apprehensions (*τις γνοῦντος ἀριθμῆσαι*) and to lose himself in the Divine Dark.* In that holy night, gloomy from excess of glory, all the faculties of the mind are suspended; all reflex acts cease; all attributes, propositions, doctrines, are forgotten. The soul has entered within the inmost veil, is in immediate communion with the unrevealed Godhead, and is conscious only of an overwhelming sense of the Divine presence, which excludes all specific thought, all forms, all images.

This negation is easy. To attain it learned divines had to ignore at such times the enormous structure of scholastic erudition. Madame Guyon knew little of theology, had little to put off, and could speedily reduce herself to this "divine ignorance." This is the practicable part of mysticism. It confounds the indefinite with the infinite. Its great error in this respect consists in supposing that by denuding ourselves of definite apprehension, shutting out all positive notions and distinctions, we therefore rise above them. We are not higher, but lower, as the consequence. A vague consciousness of awe is not a better substitute, but a worse, for clear practical convictions resting on a given revelation. This ambitious devotion disdains the assistance which God has provided. It puts a vast wilderness of abstract being in the place of "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." The system of Dionysius is founded in great part on the pantheism of Proclus, baptized and gorgeously apparelled in sacerdotal vestments. His writings advocate, in the language of a corrupt eloquence, the principles of a corrupt philosophy and a corrupt religion. The scriptural knowledge Madame Guyon possessed, her good sense, and right feeling, prevented her from even verging in fact towards the more dangerous consequences of such a theosophy. The principle to which we have alluded is, however, common, in various degrees, to a large class of mystics. In the fourteenth century, Master Eckart announced it in startling language, when he preached to the merchants and the monks of

* Dion. Areop., *De Mystica Theologia*, cap. i., §§ 1, 3.

Cologne. He distinguished between God and the Godhead. His hearers shuddered as he cried out, "I must be quit of God!" He meant that the soul must strive to pierce beyond the revealed God—beyond his character and word—beyond the Father, the Son, the Spirit, to the Ground, the Abyss of Deity, he called the Godhead. Tauler, while tending the sick and the dying, while lifting up his voice against the Pope, while animating the patriot spirit of Germany against the intrigues of France and the anathemas of Avignon, repeated this doctrine continually, in wiser words and a more reverent spirit. He preached the great message of mercy in their own tongue to the multitude. But he called upon the few to yield themselves up—knowing nothing, and desiring nothing—to the unknown God. He spoke of a state of nature, a state of grace, and a state above grace, wherein those means and attributes, which aided and allured the soul in its earlier stage, are succeeded by a state of perfect union, and absolute, self-annihilating love. From the heart of an ancient forest in the neighborhood immortalized by Waterloo, Ruysbroek, the mystic, wrote against the excesses of mysticism. Yet he, too, inculcates, in confused and tumid phrase, a rapturous commerce with God which transcends all language, all conception, all modes, all media. The impassioned Suso, the Minnesinger of mysticism, scarred and emaciated by years of cruel austerity, wrote down, in his cell washed by the waters of the lake of Constance, the conversation of the Servant with the Everlasting Wisdom. There he describes the absorption of the soul in "the wild waste" (*die wilden wuesten*) of Deity, and how it swims and is dissolved in the fathomless abyss of the inscrutable Godhead (*in daz tief ab gründe der wiselosen gottheit*). We shall find occasion as we proceed to point out the characteristic differences between those mystics of the fourteenth century and French mysticism in the seventeenth.

Madame Guyon had still some lessons to learn. On a visit to Paris, the glittering equipages of the park, and the gayeties of St. Cloud, revived the old love of seeing and being seen. During a tour in the provinces with her husband, flattering visits and graceful compliments everywhere followed such beauty, such accomplishments, and such virtue, with a delicate and intoxicating applause. Vanity—dormant, but not dead—awoke within her for the last time. She acknowledged, with bitter self-reproach, the power of the world, the weakness of her own resolves. In the spiritual desertion which ensued, she recognized the displeasure of her Lord, and was wretched. She applied to confessors—they were miserable comforters, all of them. They praised her while she

herself was filled with self-loathing. She estimated the magnitude of her sins by the greatness of the favor which had been shown her. The bland worldliness of her religious advisers could not blind so true a heart, or pacify so wakeful a conscience. She found relief only in a repentant renewal of her self-dedication to the Saviour, in renouncing forever the last remnant of confidence in any strength of her own.

It was about this period that she had a remarkable conversation with a beggar, whom she found upon a bridge, as, followed by her footman, she was walking one day to church. This singular mendicant refused her offered alms—spoke to her of God and divine things—and then of her own state, her devotion, her trials, and her faults. He declared that God required of her not merely to labor as others did to secure their salvation, that they might escape the pains of hell, but to aim at such perfection and purity in this life, as to escape those of purgatory. She asked him who he was. He replied, that he had formerly been a beggar, but now was such no more;—mingled with the stream of people, and she never saw him afterwards.

This incident is not unimportant. It betrays the existence of perfectionist doctrine among the religious minds of the time, and indicates one great cause of the hostility with which that principle was assailed when subsequently proclaimed by Madame Guyon. She believed that God frequently visited the souls he most loved with inflictions of spiritual anguish—an inward consuming fire of distress, which was identical, both in character and object, with the purifying flame of purgatory. This interior purification was designed to chastise transgression—to cleanse away the dross of self-dependence and of worldliness—to annihilate all selfish longings after even spiritual gifts and pleasures for their own sake—and to render the soul pure and passive, a perfect sacrifice to God. Madame Guyon must have been aware that such a present and complete sanctification, if realized, would render purgatory needless. But, so far from giving any prominence to such a conclusion, she would probably have hesitated expressly to deduce it. Quietism, which aspires to a love disinterested even as regards perdition, could not dwell with satisfaction on the prospect of avoiding purgatory. Yet the mere announcement of such a perfection as possible—and possible by such a course, especially when welcomed as it was by numbers—revealed to the suspicious vigilance of priestcraft all it had to fear. If such a tenet prevailed, the lucrative traffic of indulgences was on the verge of bankruptcy. No devotee would impoverish himself to buy exemption hereafter from a purifying process which he believed himself now experiencing

in the hourly sorrows he patiently endured. The soul which struggled to escape itself—to rise, beyond the gifts of God, to God—to ascend, beyond words and means, to a repose in God, which desired only the Divine Will, feared only the Divine displeasure, and sought to ignore its own capacities and power, would attach paramount importance no longer to the powers of the priesthood and the ritual of the Church. The Quietist might believe himself sincere in orthodoxy, might bow submissively to every ecclesiastical dictate, might choose him a director, and might reverence the sacrament. But such abasement and such ambition—distress so deep, and aims so lofty—were alike beyond the reach of the ordinary confessional. The oily syllables of absolution would drop in vain on the troubled waves of a nature stirred to its inmost depths. It could receive peace only from the very hand of God. Thus priestly mediation would occupy a secondary place. The value of relics and of masses, of penances and paternosters, would everywhere fall. An absolute indifference to self-interest would induce indifference also to those priestly baits by which that self-interest was allured. Such were the anticipations which urged the Jesuits of Rome to pursue Molinos unto death with all the implacability of fear. Their craft was in danger. *Hinc ille lachrymæ.*

The beauty of Madame Guyon had cost her tender conscience many a pang. She had wept and prayed over that secret love of display which had repeatedly induced her to mingle with the thoughtless amusements of the world. At four-and-twenty the virulence of the small-pox released her from that snare. M. Guyon was laid up with the gout. She was left when the disorder seized her to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law. That inhuman woman refused to allow any but her own physician to attend her, yet for him she would not send. The disease, unchecked, had reached its height when a medical man, passing that way, happened to call at the house. Shocked at the spectacle Madame Guyon presented, he was proceeding at once to bleed her, expressing, in no measured terms, his indignation at the barbarity of such neglect. The mother-in-law would not hear of such a thing. He performed the operation in spite of her threats and invectives, leaving her almost beside herself with rage. That lancet saved the life of Madame Guyon, and disappointed the relative who had hoped to see her die. When at length she recovered, she refused to avail herself of the cosmetics generally used to conceal the ravages of the disorder. Throughout her suffering she had never uttered a murmur, or felt a fear. She had even concealed the cruelty of her mother-in-law. She said, that if God had designed her to retain her beauty, He would not have

sent the scourge to remove it. Her friends expected to find her inconsolable—they heard her speak only of thankfulness and joy. Her confessor reproached her with spiritual pride. The affection of her husband was visibly diminished. Yet the heart of Madame Guyon overflowed with joy. It appeared to her that the God to whom she longed to be wholly given up had accepted her surrender, and was removing everything that might interpose between Himself and her.

The experience of Madame Guyon, hitherto, had been such as to teach her the surrender of every earthly source of gratification or ground of confidence. Yet one more painful stage on the road of self-annihilation remained to be traversed. She must learn to give up cheerfully even spiritual pleasures. In the year 1674, according to the probable calculation of Mr. Upham, she was made to enter what she terms a state of desolation, which lasted, with little intermission, for nearly seven years. All was emptiness, darkness, sorrow. She describes herself as cast down, like Nebuchadnezzar, from a throne of enjoyment, to live among the beasts. "Alas!" she exclaimed, "is it possible that this heart, formerly all on fire, should now become like ice!" The heavens were as brass, and shut out her prayers; horror and trembling took the place of tranquillity; hopelessly oppressed with guilt, she saw herself a victim destined for hell. In vain for her did the church doors open, the holy bells ring, the deep-voiced intonations of the priest arise and fall, the chanted psalm ascend, through clouds of azure wandering incense. The power and the charm of the service had departed. Of what avail was music to a burning wilderness athirst for rain! Gladly would she have had recourse to the vow, to the pilgrimage, to the penance, to any extremity of self-torture. She felt the impotence of such remedies for such anguish. She had no ear for comfort, no eye for hope, not even a voice for complaint.

During this period the emotional element of religion in her mind appears to have suffered an almost entire suspension. Regarding the loss of certain feelings of delight as the loss of the divine favor, she naturally sank deeper and deeper in despondency. A condition by no means uncommon in ordinary Christian experience assumed, in her case, a morbid character. Our emotions may be chilled, or kindled, in ever-varying degrees, from innumerable causes. We must accustom ourselves to the habitual performance of duty whether attended or not with feelings of a pleasurable nature. It is generally found that those powerful emotions of joy which attend, at first, the new and exalting consciousness of peace with God, subside after awhile. As we grow in religious strength and knowledge, a steady principle supplies

their place. We are refreshed, from time to time, by seasons of heightened joy and confidence, but we cease to be dependent upon feeling. At the same time, there is nothing in Scripture to check our desire for retaining as constantly as possible a sober gladness, for finding duty delightful, and the "joy of the Lord" our strength. These are the truths which the one-sided and unqualified expressions of Madame Guyon at once exaggerate and obscure.

During this dark interval M. Guyon died. His widow undertook the formidable task of settling his disordered affairs. Her brother gave her no assistance; her mother-in-law harassed and hindered to her utmost; yet Madame Guyon succeeded in arranging a chaos of papers, and bringing a hopeless imbroglia of business matters into order, with an integrity and a skill which excited universal admiration. She felt it was her duty; she believed that divine assistance was vouchsafed for its discharge. Of business, she says, she knew as little as of Arabic; but she knew not what she could accomplish till she tried. Minds far more visionary than hers have evinced a still greater aptitude for practical affairs. She never imagined, like Ignatius Loyola, that the mystery of the Trinity was unfolded to the immediate gaze of her mortal eyesight, or that time, before her exalted vision, rolled away its accumulated ages, and disclosed the secrets of creation, and the marvels of the six days. She dared not to dream, with Swedenborg, that the franchise of the celestial city was already hers — its topography and its legislature — its manners and its customs, revealed for her inspection — its saints and seraphim, her familiar visitants. Yet both Loyola and Swedenborg were eminent in different ways for expertness and promptitude in action, for accurate mastery of detail, for sagacious management of mankind. Like the Knight of La Mancha, they could display an excellent judgment in every province of life unoccupied by the illusions of their spiritual knight-errantry.

The twenty-second of July, 1680, is celebrated by Madame Guyon, as the happy era of her deliverance. A letter from La Combe was the instrument of a restoration as wonderful in her eyes as the bondage. This ecclesiastic had been first introduced by Madame Guyon into the path of mystical perfection. His name is associated with her own in the early history of the Quietist movement. He subsequently became her director, but was always more her disciple than her guide. His admiration for her amounted to a passion. Incessant persecution and long solitary imprisonment, combined, with devotional extravagance, to cloud with insanity at last an intellect never powerful. This feeble and affectionate soul perished, the victim of Quiet-

ism, and perhaps of love. It should not be forgotten, that before the inward condition of Madame Guyon changed thus remarkably for the better, her outward circumstances had undergone a similar improvement. She lived now in her own house, with her children about her. That Sycorax, her mother-in-law, dropped gall no longer into her daily cup of life. Domestic tormentors, worse than the goblins which buffeted St. Antony, assailed her peace no more. An outer sky grown thus serene, an air thus purified, may well have contributed to chase away the night of the soul, and to give to a few words of kindly counsel from La Combe the brightness of the day-star. Our simple-hearted enthusiast was not so absolutely indifferent as she thought herself to the changes of this transitory world.

Madame Guyon had now triumphantly sustained the last of those trials, which, like the probation of the ancient mysteries, made the porch of mystical initiation a passage terrible with pain and peril. Henceforward she is the finished Quietist; henceforward, when she relates her own experience, she describes Quietism. At times, when the children did not require her care, she would walk out into a neighboring wood, and there, under the shade of the trees, amidst the singing of the birds, she now passed as many happy hours as she had known months of sorrow. Her own language will best indicate the thoughts which occupied this peaceful retirement, and exhibit the principle there deepened and matured. She says here in her *Autobiography* : —

When I had lost all created supports, and even divine ones, I then found myself happily necessitated to fall into the pure divine, and to fall into it through all which seemed to remove me farther from it. In losing all the gifts, with all their supports, I found the Giver. O, poor creatures, who pass along all your time in feeding on the gifts of God, and think therein to be most favored and happy, how I pity you if ye stop here, short of the true rest, and cease to go forward to God, through resignation of the same gifts! How many pass all their lives this way, and think highly of themselves therein! There are others who, being designed of God to die to themselves, yet pass all their time in a dying life, and in inward agonies, without ever entering into God, through death and total loss; because they are always willing to retain something under plausible pretexes, and so never lose *self* to the whole extent of the designs of God. Wherefore, they never enjoy God in his fullness — a loss that will not perfectly be known until another life. — *Autobiography*, vol. i., p. 168.

She describes herself as having ceased from all self-originated action and choice. To her amazement and unspeakable happiness, it appeared as though all such natural movement existed no longer — a higher power had dis-

placed and occupied its room. "I even perceived no more (she continues) the soul which He had formerly conducted by his rod and His staff, because now He alone appeared to me, my soul having given up its place to Him. It seemed to me as if it was wholly and altogether passed into its God, to make but one and the same thing with Him; even as a little drop of water cast into the sea receives the qualities of the sea." She speaks of herself as now practising the virtues no longer *as virtues* — that is, not by separate and constrained efforts. It would have required effort *not* to practise them. The soul thus united with God "has imminent in itself the essence of all Christian virtues and duties, which naturally and without effort, as if a man should have them without knowing that he had them, develop themselves on appropriate occasions by their own law of action." — *Upham*, vol. i., p. 198.

Somewhat later she expresses herself in language rendered by Mr. Upham as follows: —

The soul passing out of itself by dying to itself necessarily passes into its divine object. This is the law of its transition. When it passes out of self, which is limited, and therefore is not God, and consequently is *evil*, it necessarily passes into the unlimited and universal, which is God, and therefore is the true good. My own experience seemed to me to be a verification of this. My spirit, disenthralled from selfishness, became united with and lost in God, its Sovereign, who attracted it more and more to Himself. And this was so much the case, that I could seem to see and know God only, and not myself. . . . It was thus that my soul was lost in God, who communicated to it his qualities, having drawn it out of all that it had of its own. . . . O, happy poverty, happy loss, happy nothing, which gives no less than God himself in his own immensity — no more circumscribed to the limited manner of the creation, but always drawing it out of that to plunge it wholly into his divine Essence! Then the soul knows that all the states of self-pleasing visions, of intellectual illuminations, of ecstasies and raptures, of whatever value they might once have been, are now rather obstacles than advancements; and that they are not of service in the state of experience which is far above them; because the state which has props or supports, which is the case with the merely illuminated and ecstatic state, rests in them in some degree, and has pain to lose them. But the soul cannot arrive at the state of which I am now speaking, without the loss of all such supports and helps. . . . The soul is then so submissive, and perhaps we may say so passive — that is to say, is so disposed equally to receive from the hand of God either good or evil — as is truly astonishing. It receives both the one and the other without any selfish emotions, letting them flow and be lost as they came. — Vol. i., pp. 262, 263.

These passages convey the substance of the doctrine which, illustrated and expressed in

various ways, pervades all the writings of Madame Guyon. This is the principle, adorned by the fancy of her *Torrents* and inculcated in the practical directions of her *Short Method of Prayer*. Such is the state to which Quietism proposes to conduct its votaries. In some places, she qualifies the strength of her expressions — she admits that we are not at all times equally conscious of this absolute union of the soul with its centre — the lower nature may not be always insensible to distress. But the higher, the inmost element of the soul is all the while profoundly calm, and recollection presently imparts a similar repose to the inferior nature. There is a separation here similar to that described by Richard of St. Victor, and other mystics, as the parting asunder of the soul and spirit. When the soul has thus passed, as she phrases it, out of the Nothing into the All, when its feet are set in "a large room" (nothing less, according to her interpretation, than the compass of Infinity), "a substantial or essential word" is spoken there. It is a continuous word, potent, ineffable, ever uttered without language. It is the immediate unchecked operation of resident Deity. What it speaks, it effects. It is blissful and mysterious as the language of heaven. We border here on the almost pantheistic maxim of Eckart, that God is what he does. With Madame Guyon, the events of Providence are God, and the decisions of the sanctified judgment respecting them are nothing less than the immediate voice of God in the soul. She compares the nature thus at rest in God to a tablet on which the divine hand writes — it must be held perfectly still, else the characters traced there will be distorted or incomplete. In her very humility she verges on the audacity which arrogates inspiration. If she, passive and helpless, really acts no more, the impulses she feels, her words, her actions, must all bear the impress of an infallible divine sanction. It is easy to see that her speech and action — always well-meant, but frequently ill-judged — were her own after all, though nothing of her own seemed left. She acknowledges that she was sometimes at a loss as to the course of duty. She was guided more than once by random passages of the Bible and the casual expressions of others, somewhat after the fashion of the *sortes Virgilianæ* and the omens of ancient Rome. Her knowledge of Scripture, the native power of her intellect, and the tenderness of her conscience, preserved her from pushing the doctrine of the inward light to its worst extreme. A few steps farther in that course and we meet with the mediæval fanatics who declared themselves a manifestation of the Holy Ghost — and with the prophetic jargon and fantastic outrage of the maddest followers of George Fox.

The errors of the doctrine which Madame

Guyon was henceforward to preach with so much self-denying love, so much intrepid constancy, appear to us to lie upon the surface. Quietism tends to confound together the evil and the finite. The limited existence of man is represented as inevitably evil, and as obliterated rather than restored by salvation. German pantheism has systematically elaborated this mistake. The early German mystics adorned it with all the flowers of their florid and vehement rhetoric. Our very individuality was made a crime.

Again, the passages we have given convey, unquestionably, the idea of a practical substitution of God for the soul in the case of the perfectly sanctified. This exaggeration continually recurs in the eloquent sermons of Tauler. The soul within the soul is Deity. When all is desolate, silent, the divine Majesty arises, thinks, feels, and acts, within the transformed humanity. It is quite true that, as sanctification progresses, Christian virtue becomes more easy as the new habit gains strength. In many respects it is true, as Madame Guyon says, that effort would be requisite to neglect or violate certain duties or commands rather than to perform them. But this facility results from the constitution of our nature. We carry on the new economy within with less outcry, less labor, less confusion and resistance than we did when the revolution was recent, but we carry it on still — working, with divine assistance. God works in man, but not *instead* of man. It is one thing to harmonize, in some measure, the human will with the divine, another to substitute divine volitions for the human. Every man has within him Conscience — the judge (often bribed or clamored down); Will — the marshal; Imagination — the poet; Understanding — the student; Desire — the merchant, venturing its store of affection, and gazing out on the future in search of some home-bound argosy of happiness. But all these powers are found untrue to their allegiance. The ermine — the baton — the song — the books — the merchandise, are at the service of a usurper — sin. When the Spirit renews the mind there is no massacre — no slaughterous sword filling with dead the streets of the soul's city, and making man the ruin of his former self. These faculties are restored to loyalty, and reinstated under God. Then Conscience gives verdict, for the most part, according to the divine statute-book and is habitually obeyed. Then the lordly Will assumes again a lowly yet noble vassalage. Then the dream of Imagination is a dream no longer, for the reality of heaven transcends it. Then the Understanding burns the magic books in the market-place, and breaks the wand of its curious arts — but studies still, for eternity as well as time. The activity of Desire amasses still, according to its nature

— for *some* treasure man must have. But the treasure is on earth no longer. It is the advantage of such a religion that the very same laws of our being guide our spiritual and our natural life. The same self-control and watchful diligence which built up the worldly habits towards the summit of success, may be applied at once to those habits which ripen us for heaven. The old experience will serve. But the mystic can find no common point between himself and other men. He is cut off from them, for he believes he has another constitution of being, inconceivable by them — not merely other tastes and a higher aim. The *object* of Christian love may be inconceivable, but the affection itself is not so. It is dangerous to represent it as a mysterious and almost incomprehensible sentiment, which finds no parallel in our experience elsewhere. Our faith in Christ, as well as our love to Christ, are similar to our faith and love as exercised towards our fellow-creatures. Regeneration imparts no new faculty, it gives only a new direction to the old.

Quietism opposed to the mercenary religion of the common and consistent Romanism around it, the doctrine of disinterested love. Revolving from the coarse machinery of a corrupt system, it took refuge in an unnatural refinement. The love inculcated in Scripture is equally remote from the impracticable indifference of Quietism and the commercial principle of Superstition. Long ago, at Alexandria, Philo endeavored to escape from an effete and carnal Judaism, to a similar elevation. The Persian Sufis were animated with the same ambition in reaction against the frigid legalism of the creed of Islam. Extreme was opposed to extreme, in like manner, when Quietism, disgusted with the unblushing inconsistencies of nominal Christianity, proclaimed its doctrine of *perfection* — of complete sanctification by faith. This is not a principle peculiar to mysticism. It is of little practical importance. It is difficult to see how it can be applied to individual experience. The man who has reached such a state of purity must be the last to know it. If we do not, by some strange confusion of thought, identify ourselves with God, the nearer we approach Him the more profoundly must we be conscious of our distance. As in a still water we may see reflected the bird that sings in an overhanging tree, and the bird that soars towards the zenith — the image deepest as the ascent is highest — so is it with our approximation to the Infinite Holiness. Madame Guyon admits that she found it necessary jealously to guard humility, to watch and pray — that her state was one only of "*comparative immutability*." It appears to us that perfection is prescribed as a goal ever to be approached, but ever practically inaccessible. Whatever degree of

sanctification any one may have attained, it must always be possible to conceive of a state yet more advanced; it must always be a duty diligently to labor towards it.

Quietist as she was, few lives have been more busy than that of Madame Guyon with the activities of an indefatigable benevolence. It was only self-originated action which she strove to annihilate. In her case, Quietism contained a reformatory principle. Genuflexions and crossings were of little value in comparison with inward abasement and crucifixion. The prayers repeated by rote in the oratory were immeasurably inferior to that Prayer of Silence she so strongly commends — that prayer which, unlimited to times and seasons, unhindered by words, is a state rather than an act — a continuous sense of submission, which breathes, moment by moment, from the serene depth of the soul, "Thy will be done." But we must not suppose that all who embraced Quietism were so far enlightened as its ardent and intrepid apostle. Mysticism was not, in reality, a phenomenon new to the priesthood. They were prepared to turn that, like everything else, to their own advantage. The artful director made the doctrine of passivity very serviceable. It was attractive to feeble minds, and out of it he forged their fetters. Their passivity must be submission to *him*, who was to be to them as God.

As contrasted with the mysticism of St. Theresa, that of Madame Guyon appears to great advantage. She guards her readers against attempting to form any image of God. She aspires to an intellectual elevation — a spiritual intuition, above the sensuous region of theurgy, of visions, and of dreams. She saw no Jesuits in heaven bearing white banners among the heavenly throng of the redeemed. She beheld no devil, "like a little negro," sitting on her breviary. She did not hear the voice of Christ "like a low whistle." She did not see the Saviour in an ecstasy drawing the nail out of his hand. She felt no large white dove fluttering above her head.* But she did not spend her days in founding convents — a slave to the interests of the clergy. So they made a saint of Theresa, and a confessor of Madame Guyon.

In the summer of 1681, Madame Guyon, now thirty-four years of age, quitted Paris for Gex, a town lying at the foot of the Jura, about twelve miles from Geneva. It was arranged that she should take some part in the foundation and management of a new religious and charitable institution there. A period of five years was destined to elapse before her return to the capital. During this interval, she resided successively at Gex,

Thonon, Turin, and Grenoble. Wherever she went, she was indefatigable in works of charity, and also in the diffusion of her peculiar doctrines concerning self-abandonment and disinterested love. Strong in the persuasion of her divine mission, she could not rest without endeavoring to influence the minds around her. The singular charm of her conversation won a speedy ascendancy over nearly all with whom she came in contact. It is easy to see how a remarkable natural gift in this direction contributed both to the attempt and the success. But the Quietist had buried nature, and to nature she would owe nothing — these conversational powers could be, in her eyes, only a special gift of utterance from above. This mistake reminds us of the story of certain monks upon whose cloister garden the snow never lay, though all the country round was buried in the rigor of a northern winter. The marvellous exemption, long attributed by superstition to miracle, was discovered to arise simply from certain thermal springs which had their source within the sacred inclosure. It is thus that the warmth and vivacity of natural temperament has been commonly regarded by the mystic as nothing less than a fiery impartation from the altar of the celestial temple.

At Thonon her apartment was visited by a succession of applicants from every class, who laid bare their hearts before her, and sought from her lips spiritual guidance or consolation. She met them separately and in groups, for conference and for prayer. At Grenoble, she says, she was for some time engaged from six o'clock in the morning till eight at evening in speaking of God to all sorts of persons — "friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said." (*Upham*, vol. i., p. 357.) Her efforts among the members of the House of the Novitiate in that city were eminently successful, and she appears to have been of real service to many who had sought peace in vain by the austerities and the routine of monastic seclusion. Meanwhile, she was active, both at Thonon and Grenoble, in the establishment of hospitals. She carried on a large and continually increasing correspondence. In the former place, she wrote her *Torrents*; in the latter, she published her *Short Method of Prayer*, and commenced her *Commentaries on the Bible*.

But, alas! all this earnest, tireless toil is unauthorized. Bigotry takes the alarm, and cries, the church is in danger. Priests who were asleep — priests who were place-hunting — priests who were pleasure-hunting, awoke from their doze, or drew breath in their chase, to observe this woman whose life rebuked them — to observe and to assail her;

* *La Vida de la B. M. Theresa de Jesus*, pp. 300, 302, 310, 227. Ed. 1615.

for rebuke, in their terminology, was scandal. Persecution hemmed her in on every side; no annoyance was too petty, no calumny too gross, for priestly jealousy. The inmates of the religious community she had enriched were taught to insult her — tricks were devised to frighten her by horrible appearances and unearthly noises — her windows were broken — her letters were intercepted.* Thus, before a year had elapsed, she was driven from Gex. Some called her a sorceress; others, more malignant yet, stigmatized her as half a Protestant. She had, indeed, recommended the reading of the Scriptures to all, and spoken slightly of mere bowing and bead-counting. Monstrous contumacy — said, with one voice, spiritual slaves and spiritual slave-owners — that a woman, desired by her bishop to do one thing, should discover an inward call to do another. At Thonon, the priests burnt in the public square all they could find treating of the inner life, and went home elated with their performance. One thought may have embittered their triumph — had it only been flesh instead of paper. She inhabited a poor cottage that stood by itself in the fields, at some distance from Thonon. Attached to it was a little garden, in the management of which she took pleasure. One night a rabble from the town were incited to terrify her with their drunken riot — they trampled down and laid waste the garden, hurled stones in at the windows, and shouted their threats, insults, and curses, round the house the whole night. Then came an episcopal order to quit the diocese. When compelled subsequently, by the opposition she encountered, to withdraw secretly from Grenoble, she was advised to take refuge at Marseilles. She arrived in that city at ten o'clock in the morning, but that very afternoon all was in uproar against her, so vigilant and implacable were her enemies.

In the year 1686, Madame Guyon returned to Paris, and entered the head-quarters of persecution. Rumors reached her, doubtless, from beyond the Alps, of cruel measures taken against opinions similar to her own which had spread rapidly in Italy. But she knew not that all these severities originated with Louis XIV. and his Jesuit advisers — that her king, while revoking the Edict of Nantes, and despatching his dragoons to extirpate Protestantism in France, was sending orders to D'Etrees, his ambassador at Rome, to pursue with the utmost rigor Italian Quietism — and that the monarch, who shone and smiled at Marly and Versailles, was

crowding with victims the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition.

The leader of Quietism in Italy was one Michael de Molinos, a Spaniard, a man of blameless life, of eminent and comparatively enlightened piety. His book, entitled *The Spiritual Guide*, was published in 1675, sanctioned by five famous doctors, four of them Inquisitors, and one a Jesuit, and passed, within six years, through twenty editions in different languages. His real doctrine was probably identical in substance with that of Madame Guyon. It was openly favored by many nobles and ecclesiastics of distinguished rank; by D'Etrees among the rest. Molinos had apartments assigned him in the Vatican, and was held in high esteem by infallibility itself. But the Inquisition and the Jesuits, supported by all the influence of France, were sure of their game. The audacity of the Inquisitors went so far as to send a deputation to examine the orthodoxy of the man called Innocent XI.; for even the tiara was not to shield the patron of Molinos from suspicions of heresy. The courtier-cardinal D'Etrees found new light in the missives of his master. He stood committed to Quietism. He had not only embraced the opinions of Molinos, but had translated into Italian the book of Malaval, a French Quietist, far more extreme than Molinos himself. Yet he became, at a moment's notice, the accuser of his friend. He produced the letter of Louis rebuking the faithless sloth of the pontiff who could entertain a heretic in his palace, while he, the eldest son of the church, toiled incessantly to root out heresy from the soil of France; he read before the Inquisitorial Tribunal extracts from the papers of Molinos; he protested that he had seemed to receive, in order at the proper juncture more effectually to expose, these abominable mysteries. If these professions were false, D'Etrees was a heretic; if true, a villain. The Inquisitors, of course, deemed his testimony too valuable to be refused. In the eyes of such men the enormous crime which he pretended was natural, familiar, praiseworthy. Depths of baseness beyond the reach of ordinary iniquity are heights of virtue with the followers of Dominic and Loyola. Guilt, which even a bad man would account a blot upon his life, becomes, in the annals of their zeal, a star. The Spanish Inquisitor-General, Valdes, who raised to the highest pitch his repute for sanctity, secured the objects of his ambition, averted the dangers which threatened him, and preserved his ill-gotten wealth from the grasp of the crown, simply by his activity as a persecutor, made a practice of sending spies to mix (under pretence of being converts or inquirers) among the suspected Lutherans of Valladolid and Seville. Desmarts de St. Sorlin denounced, and caused to be burnt, a

* She appears to have attributed these alarms, in several instances, to demoniacal agency. — *Autobiog.*, vol. ii., p. 5. A colloquy of Erasmus, entitled *Virgo penitens*, satirizes, amusingly enough, these hobgoblin devices, so frequently employed by the monks.

poor, harmless madman, named Morin, who fancied himself the Holy Ghost. Counsellor by the Jesuit confessor of Louis, Father Canard, he pretended to become his disciple, and then betrayed him. This Desmarets, be it remembered, had written a book called *Les Délices de l'Esprit*, happily characterized by a French wit, when he proposed *délices* to read *délîres*. Those immoral consequences which the enemies of Madame Guyon professed to discern in her writings, are drawn openly in the sensual and blasphemous phraseology of this religious extravaganza. But because Desmarets was a useful man to the Jesuits — because he had drawn away some of the nuns of the Port Royal — because he had given the flames a victim — because he was protected by Canard — the same Archbishop of Paris who imprisoned Madame Guyon, honored with his sanction the ravings of the licentious visionary. So little had any sincere dread of spiritual extravagance to do with the hostility concentrated on the disciples of Quietism. The greater portion of the priesthood feared only lest men should learn to become religious on their own account. The leaders of the movement against Madame Guyon were animated by an additional motive. They knew they should delight His Most Christian Majesty by affording him another opportunity of manifesting his zeal for orthodoxy, and they wished to strike at the reputation of Fenelon through Madame Guyon. The fate of Molinos decided hers, and hers that of the Archbishop of Cambray.

The only crime brought home to the followers of Molinos was a preference for the religion of the heart to that of the rosary; the substitution of a devout retirement for the observance of certain superstitious forms and seasons. His condemnation was determined. After an imprisonment of two years he was exhibited in the Temple of Minerva, his hands bound, and a lighted taper between them. A plenary indulgence was granted to all who should be present; a vast concourse listened to the sentence; hired voices cried, "To the fire! to the fire!" the mob was stirred to a frenzy of fanaticism. His last gaze upon the world beheld a sea of infuriate faces, the pomp of his triumphant adversaries — then to the gloom and solitude of the dungeon in which he was to languish till death bestowed release.

At Paris, Madame Guyon became the centre of a small but illustrious circle, who listened with delight to her exposition of that Quietism to which the tender earnestness of her language and her manner lent so indescribable a charm. There were the Duke and Duchess of Beauvilliers, the Duke and Duchess of Chevreuse, the Duchess of Bethune, and the Countess of Guiche. The daughters of Colbert and of Fouquet forgot the long enmity of their fathers in a religious friendship,

whose tie was yet more closely drawn by their common admiration for Madame Guyon. But letters filled with complaints against La Combe and Madame Guyon poured in upon Harley, Archbishop of Paris. He procured the arrest of La Combe, who spent the remainder of his days in various prisons. A little calumny and a forged letter obtained from the king a *lettre de cachet* confining Madame Guyon to an apartment in the Convent of St. Marie. The sisters were strongly prejudiced against her, but her gentle patience won all hearts, and her fair jailers soon vied with each other in praises of their fascinating prisoner. An examination elicited nothing decidedly unfavorable. Not a stain could be detected in her character; she offered to submit all her papers and her writings to investigation. The intercession of Madame Miramion and other friends with Madame de Maintenon, procured her release after a captivity of eight months.

The most dangerous enemy Madame Guyon had as yet was her own half-brother, Père La Mothe. He had calumniated her in secret while in Switzerland; he was still more active now she was in Paris. He wished to become her Director, but La Combe was in the way. The artifices of La Mothe procured her arrest. He advised Madame Guyon, with hypocritical protestations of friendship, to flee to Montargis from the scandalous reports he himself had circulated, and from adversaries he himself had raised up. Then she would have been at his mercy — he would have pointed to her flight as a proof of guilt, and her own property and the guardianship of her children might have been secured for himself. He injured her as a relation only could. People said her cause must be a bad one, since her own brother was constrained, from regard to the credit of religion, to bear witness against her. A woman who had committed sacrilege at Lyons, and had run away from the convent of penitents at Dijon, was employed by him to forge letters which should damage the character of Madame Guyon; to personate one of her maids and go from confessor to confessor throughout Paris, asserting that after living sixteen or seventeen years with her mistress she had quitted her, at last, with disgust at her abominable life.

Released from the convent of St. Marie, Madame Guyon was conducted by her court friends to express her thanks to Madame de Maintenon at St. Cyr. This institution had been founded, ten years previously, for the education of the daughters of noble but impoverished families. The idea originated with Madame de Maintenon; it was executed with royal speed and magnificence by Louis, and St. Cyr became her favorite resort. In fifteen months two thousand six hundred workmen raised the structure, on a marshy soil, about half a league from Paris — the genius of

Mansard presided over the architecture — the style of the ordinances was revised by Boileau and Racine. There three hundred young ladies of rank, dressed in gowns of brown crape, with white quilted caps, tied with ribbons, whose color indicated the class to which they belonged in the school, studied geography and drawing, heard mass, sang in the choir, and listened to preachments from the lips of Madame Brinon — who discoursed, so swore some of the courtiers, as eloquently as Bourdaloue himself. Tired out with the formal splendors of Versailles, Madame de Maintenon was never so happy as when playing the part of lady-abbess at St. Cyr. Often she would be there by six in the morning, would herself assist at the toilet of the pupils, would take a class throughout the day, would give the novices lessons on spiritual experience; nothing in its routine was dull, nothing in its kitchen was mean. She hated Fontainebleau, for it tore her from her family at St. Cyr. For the private theatricals of St. Cyr, Racine wrote *Esther*, at the request of Madame de Maintenon. Happy was the courtier who could obtain permission to witness one of these representations, who could tell with triumph to envious groups of the excluded, what an admirable Ahasuerus Madame de Cnylus made, what a spirited Mordecai was Mademoiselle de Glapion, how the graceful Mademoiselle de Veillenne charmed the audience in the prayer of *Esther* — in short, how far the *Esther* surpassed the *Phedra*, and the actresses, the Raisins and the Chammelées of the Parisian boards. Louis himself drew up the list of admissions, as though it were for a journey to Marly — he was the first to enter — and stood at the door, with the catalogue of names in one hand, and his cane held across as a barrier in the other, till all the privileged had entered. But the fashion of asceticism which grew with every year of Maintenon's reign threw its gloom over St. Cyr. The absolute vows were introduced, and much of the monotonous austerity of conventual life. Religious excitement was the only resource left to the inmates if they would not die of ennui. This relief was brought them by Madame Guyon.

Madame Maintenon was touched with pity for the misfortunes of Madame Guyon, with admiration for such patience, such forgetfulness of self — she found in the freshness and fervor of her religious conversation a charm which recalled the warmer feelings of youth, which was welcome, for its elevation, after the fatigue and anxiety of state; for its sweetness, as contrasted with the barren minutiae of rigid formalism; she invited her constantly to her table — she encouraged her visits to St. Cyr — she met with her, and with Fenelon, at the Hôtels de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, where a religious coterie assem-

bled three times a week to discuss the mysteries of inward experience. Thus, during three or four years of favor with Madame de Maintenon, Madame Guyon became in effect the spiritual instructress of St. Cyr, and found herself at Paris surrounded by disciples whose numbers daily increased, and whom she withdrew from the licentious gayeties of the capital. At St. Cyr the young ladies studied her books, and listened to her as an oracle — tho thoughtless grew serious — the religious strained every faculty to imitate the attainments of one in whom they saw the ideal of devotion. In Paris, mystical terminology became the fashionable language — it was caught up and glibly uttered by wits and roudés — it melted from the lips of beauties who shot languishing glances at their admirers, while they affected to be weary of the world, and coquetted while they talked significantly of holy indifference or pure love. Libertines, like Treville, professed reform, and wrote about mysticism — atheists, turned Christians, like Corbinelli, now became Quietists, and might be seen in the salon of Madame le Maigre, where Corbinelli shone, the brilliant expositor of the new religious romanticism.

During this period, Madame Guyon became acquainted with Fenelon. At their first interview she was all admiration, he all distrust. "Her mind," she says, "had been taken up with him with much force and sweetness;" it seemed to be revealed to her that he should become one of her spiritual children. Fenelon, on his part, thought she had neglected her duty to her family for an imaginary mission. But he had inquired concerning her life at Montargis, and heard only praise. After a few conversations his doubts vanished — he had proposed objections — requested explanations — pointed out unguarded expressions in her books — she was modest, submissive, irresistible. There was a power in her language, her manner, her surviving beauty, which mysteriously dissipated prejudice, which even Nicole, Bossuet, Boileau, Gaillard, could not withstand when they conversed with her — which was only overcome when they had ceased to behold her face, when her persuasive accents sounded no longer in their ears. She recalled to the thoughts of Fenelon his youthful studies at St. Sulpice; — there he had perused the mystical divines in dusty tomes, clasped and brazen-cornered — now he beheld their buried doctrine raised to life in the busy present, animating the untalented eloquence of a woman, whom a noble enthusiasm alone had endowed with all the prerogatives of genius, and all the charms of beauty. This friendship, which events rendered afterwards so disastrous for himself, was beneficial to Madame Guyon. Fenelon taught her to moderate some of her spiritual excesses. Her

extravagance reached its culminating point at Thonon. At Paris, influenced doubtless by Fenelon, as well as by more frequent intercourse with the world, she no longer enjoys so many picturesque dreams, no more heals the sick and casts out devils with a word, and no longer — as in her solitude there — suffers inward anguish consequent on the particular religious condition of Father La Combe when he is three hundred miles off. Her Quietism becomes less fantastic, and less, in a word, mesmeric. Mr. Upham appears to us as much to overrate the influence she exercised on Fenelon, as he underrates that which he exerted over her. It is curious to observe, how the acquaintance of Fenelon with Madame Guyon began with suspicion and ripened into friendship, while that of Bossuet, commencing with approval and even admiration, ended in calumny and persecution. Bossuet declared to the Duc de Chevreuse that while examining her writings, for the first time, he was astonished by a light and unction he had never before seen, and, for three days, was made to realize the Divine Presence in a manner altogether new. Bossuet had never, like Fenelon, studied the mystics.

The two most influential Directors at St. Cyr were Godet des Marais, Bishop of Chartres, and Fenelon. These two men form a striking contrast. Godet was disgusting in person and in manners — a sour ascetic — a spiritual martinet — devoted to all the petty austerities of the most formal discipline. Fenelon was dignified and gentle, graceful as a courtier, and spotless as a saint — the most pure, the most persuasive, the most accomplished of religious guides. No wonder that most of the young inmates of St. Cyr adored Fenelon, and could not endure Godet. Madame de Maintenon wavered between her two confessors; if Fenelon was the more agreeable, Godet seemed the more safe. Godet was miserably jealous of his rival. He was not sorry to find that the new doctrines had produced a little insubordination within the quiet walls of St. Cyr — that Fenelon would be compromised by the indiscretion of some among his youthful admirers. He brought a lamentable tale to Madame Maintenon. Madame du Peron, the mistress of the novices, had complained that her pupils obeyed her no longer; they neglected regular duties for unseasonable prayers; they had illuminations and ecstasies; one, in the midst of sweeping her room, would stand, leaning on her broom, lost in contemplation; another, instead of hearing lessons, became inspired, and resigned herself to the operation of the Spirit; the under-mistress of the classes stole away the enlightened from the rest, and they were found in remote corners of the house, feasting in secret on the sweet poison of Madame Guyon's doctrine. The precise and methodi-

cal Madame Maintenon was horrified. She had hoped to realize in her institute the ideal of her church, a perfect uniformity of opinion, an unerring mechanism of obedience. We wished, said she, to promote intelligence, we have made orators; devotion, we have made Quietists; modesty, we have made pruders; elevation of sentiment, and we have pride. She commissioned Godet to reclaim the wanderers, to demand that the books of Madame Guyon should be surrendered, setting herself the example by publicly delivering into his hand her own copy of the *Short Method*; she requested Madame Guyon to refrain from visiting St. Cyr; she began to doubt the prudence or the orthodoxy of Fenelon. What would the king say, if he heard of it — he, who had never liked Fenelon — who hated nothing so much as heresy — who had but the other day extinguished the Quietism of Molinos? She had read to him some of Madame Guyon's exposition of the Canticles; and he called it dreamy stuff. Doctrines really dangerous to purity were insinuated by some designing monks under the name of Quietism. The odium fell on the innocent Madame Guyon; and her friends would necessarily share it. Malicious voices charged her with corrupting the principles of the Parisian ladies. Madame Guyon replied with justice — when they were patching, and painting, and ruining their families by gambling and by dress, not a word was said against it; now that they have withdrawn from such vanities, the cry is, that I have ruined them. Rumor grew more loud and scandalous every day: the most incredible reports were most credited; the schools, too, had taken up the question of mysticism, and argued it with heat; Nicole and Lami had dissolved an ancient friendship to quarrel about it — as Fenelon and Bossuet were soon to do — no controversy threatened to involve so many interests, to fan so many passions, to kindle so many hatreds, as this variance about disinterestedness, about indifference, about love.

The politic Madame Maintenon watched the gathering storm, and became all caution. At all costs, she must free herself from the faintest suspicion of fellowship with heresy. She questioned on the opinions of Madame Guyon, Bossuet and Noailles, Bourdaloue, Joly, Tiberge, Brisacier, and Tronson; and the replies of these esteemed divines, uniformly unfavorable, decided her. It would be necessary to disown Madame Guyon; her condemnation would become inevitable. Fenelon must be induced to disown her too, or his career was at a close; and Madame de Maintenon could smile on him no longer.

Madame Guyon, alarmed by the growing numbers and vehemence of her adversaries, had recourse to the man who afterwards became her bitterest enemy. She proposed to

Bossuet that he should examine her writings. He complied, held several private interviews with her, and expressed himself, on the whole, more favorably than could have been expected. But these conferences, which did not altogether satisfy Bossuet, could do nothing to allay the excitement of the public.

Madame Guyon now requested the appointment of commissioners, who should investigate, and pronounce finally concerning her life and doctrine. Three were chosen — Bossuet; Noailles, Bishop of Chalons; and Tronson, Superior of St. Sulpice. Noailles was a sensible, kind-hearted man; Tronson, a worthy creature, in poor health, with little opinion of his own; Bossuet, the accredited champion of the Gallican church, accustomed to move in an atmosphere of flattery — the august dictator of the ecclesiastical world — was absolute in their conferences. They met, from time to time, during some six months, at the little village of Issy, the country residence of the Superior of St. Sulpice. When Madame Guyon appeared before them, Bossuet, alone was harsh and rude: he put the worst construction on her words; he interrupted her; now he silenced her replies, now he burlesqued them; now he affected to be unable to comprehend them; now he held up his hands in contemptuous amazement at her ignorance; he would not suffer to be read the justification which had cost her so much pains; he sent away her friend, the Duke of Chevreuse. This ominous severity confused and frightened her. She readily consented to retire to a convent in the town of Meaux, there to be under the surveillance of Bossuet. She undertook this journey in the depth of the most frightful winter which had been known for many years; the coach was buried in the snow, and she narrowly escaped with life. The commissioners remained to draw up, by the fireside, certain propositions, which should determine what was, and what was not, true mysticism. These constitute the celebrated Articles of Issy.

Bossuet repeatedly visited Madame Guyon, at Meaux. The great man did not disdain to approach the sick-bed of his victim, as she lay in the last stage of exhaustion, and there endeavor to overreach and terrify her. He demanded a submission, and promised a favorable certificate; the submission he received, the certificate he withheld. He sought to force her, by threats, to sign that she did not believe in the incarnation. The more timid she appeared, the more boisterous and imperative his tone. One day, he would come with words of kindness; on another, with words of fury; yet, at the very time, this Pilate could say to some of his brethren, that he found no serious fault in her. He declared, on one occasion, that he was actuated by no dislike — he was urged to rigorous

measures by others; on another, that the submission of Madame Guyon, and the suppression of Quietism, effected by his skill and energy, would be as good as an archbishopric or a cardinal's hat to him. Justice and ambition contended within him; for a little while the battle wavered, till presently pride and jealousy brought up to the standard of the latter reinforcements so overwhelming, that justice was beaten forever from the field. After six months' residence at Meaux, Madame Guyon received from Bossuet a certificate attesting her filial submissiveness to the Catholic faith, his satisfaction with her conduct, authorizing her still to participate in the sacrament of the Church, and acquitting her of all implication in the heresy of Molinos.

Meanwhile Fenelon had been added to the number of the commissioners at Issy. He and Bossuet were still on intimate terms; but Bossuet, like all vain men, was a dangerous friend. He knew how to inspire confidence which he did not scruple to betray. Madame Guyon, conscious of the purity of her life, of the orthodoxy of her intention, persuaded that such a man must be superior to the meaner motives of her persecutors, had placed in the hands of Bossuet her most private papers, not excluding the *Autobiography*, which had not been submitted even to the eye of Fenelon. To Bossuet, Fenelon had, in letters, unfolded his most secret thoughts — the conflicts and aspirations of his spiritual history, so unbounded was his reliance on his honor, so exalted his estimate of the judgment of that powerful mind in matters of religion. The disclosures of both were distorted and abused to crush them; both had to rue the day when they trusted one who could sacrifice truth to glory. At Issy, the deference and the candor of Fenelon were met by a haughty reserve on the part of Bossuet. The meekness of Fenelon, and the timidity of Madame Guyon only inflamed his arrogance; to bow to him was to be overborne; to confront him was at once to secure respect, if not fairness. The Articles were already drawn up when the signature of Fenelon was requested. He felt that he should have been allowed his fair share in their construction; as they were, he could not sign them; he proposed modifications; they were acceded to; and the thirty-four articles of Issy appeared in March, 1695, with the name of Fenelon associated with the other three.

To any one who reads these Articles, and the letter written by Fenelon to Madame de la Maisonfort, after signing them, it will be obvious that the Quietism of Fenelon went within a very small compass. When he came to explain his meaning, the controversy is manifestly but a dispute about words. He did not, like Madame Guyon, profess to

conduct devout minds by a certain method to the attainment of perfect disinterestedness. He only maintained the possibility of realizing a love to God, thus purified from self. He was as fully aware as his opponents, that to evince our love to God by willingness to endure perdition, was the same thing as attesting our devotion to Him by our readiness to hate Him forever. This is the standing objection against the doctrine of disinterested love; our own divine, John Howe, urges it with force; it is embodied in the thirty-second of the Articles in question. But it does not touch Fenelon's position. His assertion is, that we should will our own salvation only because God wills it; that, supposing it possible for us to endure hell torments, retaining the grace of God and our consciousness that such suffering was according to his will, and conducive to His glory, the soul, animated by pure love, would embrace even such a doom. It is but the supposition of an impossible case. The Quietism of Fenelon does not preclude the reflex actions of the mind, or confine the spirit of the adept to the sphere of the immediate. It forbids only the introspection of self-complacency. It does not urge distinct acts in a continuous operation, nor discourage strenuous efforts for self-advancement in holiness, or for the benefit of others—it only teaches us to moderate that impatience which has its origin in self, and declares that our own coöperation becomes, in certain cases, unconscious—is, as it were, lost in a “divine facility.” The indefatigable benevolence of his life abundantly repudiates the slanderous conclusion of his adversaries, that the doctrine of indifference concerning the future involves indifference likewise to moral good and evil in the present. Bossuet himself is often as mystical as Fenelon. St. Francis de Sales and Madame de Chantal said the very same things, not to mention the unbridled utterances of the earlier and the mediæval mystics canonized by the Church of Rome. Could the controversy have been confined to the real question, no harm would have been done. It would have resembled the duel, in Ben Jonson's play, between Fastidious Brisk and Signor Pantarvalo, where the rapiers cut through taffeta and lace, gold embroidery and satin doublets, but nowhere enter the skin. Certain terms and certain syllogisms, a well-starched theory, or an argument trimmed with the pearls of eloquence—might have been transfixed or rent by a dextrous pen, on this side or on that, but the prize of the conqueror would not have been court favor, or the penalty of the conquered exile. Theologians might have written, for a few, the learned history of a logical campaign, but the eyes of Europe would never have been turned to a conflict for fame and fortune raging in the Vatican and at Versailles, en-

listing every religious party throughout Roman Catholic Christendom, and involving the rise or fall of some of the most illustrious names among the churchmen and nobility of France.

The writings of Madame Guyon had now been condemned, though without mention of her name; Bossuet had intimated that he required nothing further from her; she began to hope that the worst might be over, and returned with her friends from Meaux to Paris, to live there as much retired as possible. This fight, which he chose to call dishonorable, irritated Bossuet; she had suffered him to see that she could trust him no longer; he endeavored to recover the certificate he had given; an order was procured for her arrest. The police observed that a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine was always entered by a pass-key. They made their way in, and found Madame Guyon. They brought away their prisoner, ill as she was, and the king was induced, with much difficulty, to sign an order for her incarceration at Vincennes. The despot thought a convent might suffice—not so the persecutors.

Bossuet had been for some time occupied in writing a work which should demolish with a blow the doctrine of Madame Guyon, and hold her up to general odium. It consisted of ten books, and was entitled *Instructions on the States of Prayer*. He showed the manuscript to Fenelon, desiring him to append a statement, approving all it contained, which should accompany the volume when published. Fenelon refused. Six months ago he had declared that he could be no party to a personal attack on Madame Guyon; the *Instructions* contained little else. That tremendous attack was no mere exposure of unguarded expressions—no mere deduction of dangerous consequences, possibly unforeseen by a half-educated writer; it charged Madame Guyon with having for her sole design the inculcation of a false spirituality, which abandoned, as an imperfection, faith in the divine Persons and the humanity of Christ; which disowned the authority of Scripture, of tradition, of morality; which dispensed with vocal prayer and acts of worship; which established an impious and brutal indifference between vice and virtue—between everlasting hate of God and everlasting love; which forbade resistance to temptation as an interruption to repose; which taught an imaginary perfection extinguishing the nobler desires only to inflame the lower, and clothing the waywardness of self-will and passion with the authority of inspiration and of prophecy. Fenelon knew that this accusation was one mass of falsehood. If Bossuet himself believed it, why had he suffered such a monster still to commune; why had he been so faithless to his high office in the church as to give his testi-

monials declaring the purity of her purpose and the soundness of her faith, when he had not secured the formal retraction of a single error! To sign his approval of that book would be not merely a cowardly condemnation of a woman whom he knew to be innocent—it would be the condemnation of himself. His acquaintance with Madame Guyon was matter of notoriety. It would be to say that he—a student of theology, a priest, an archbishop, the preceptor of princes—had not only refrained from denouncing, but had honored with his friendship, the teacher of an abominable spiritualism which abolished the first principle of right and wrong. It would be to declare, in fact, such a prelate far more guilty than such a heretic. And Bossuet pretended to be his friend—Bossuet, who had laid the snare which might have been the triumph of the most malignant enemy. It was not a mere question of persons—Madame Guyon might die in prison—he himself might be defamed and disgraced—he did not mean to become her champion—surely that was enough, knowing what he knew—let her enemies be satisfied with his silence—he could not suffer another man to take his pen out of his hand to denounce as an emissary of Satan one whom he believed to be a child of God.

Such was Fenelon's position. He wished to be silent concerning Madame Guyon. To assent to the charges brought against her would not have been even a serviceable lie, if such a man could have desired to escape the wrath of Bossuet at so scandalous a price. Every one would have said that the Archbishop of Cambrai had denounced his accomplice out of fear. Neither was he prepared to embrace the opposite extreme, and to defend the personal cause of the accused, many of whose expressions he thought questionable, orthodox as might be her explanation, and many of whose extravagances he disapproved. His enemies wished to force him to speak, and were prepared to damage his reputation whether he appeared for or against the prisoner at Vincennes. At length it became necessary that he should break silence; and when he did, it was not to pronounce judgment concerning the oppressed or her oppressors; it was to investigate the abstract question—the teaching of the Church on the doctrine of pure love. He wrote the *Maxims of the Saints*.

This celebrated book appeared in January, 1697, while Fenelon was at Cambrai, amazing the Flemings of his diocese by affording them, in their new archbishop, the spectacle of a church dignitary who really cared for his flock, who consigned the easier duties to his vicars, and reserved the hardest for himself; who entered their cottages like a father, listened with interest to the story of their hardships or their griefs; who consoled, coun-

selled, and relieved them; who partook of their black bread as though he had never shared the banquets of Versailles, and as though Paris were to him, as to themselves, a wonderful place far away, whose streets were paved with gold. Madame Guyon was in confinement at the village of Vaugirard, whither the compassion of Noailles had transferred her from Vincennes, resigned and peaceful, writing poetry and singing hymns with her pious servant-girl, the faithful companion of her misfortunes. Bossuet was visiting St. Cyr—very busy in endeavoring to purify the theology of the young ladies from all taint of Quietism—but quite unsuccessful in reconciling Madame de la Maisonfort to the loss of her beloved Fenelon.

The *Maxims of the Saints* was an exposition and vindication of the doctrines of pure love, of mystical union, and of perfection, as handed down by some of the most illustrious and authoritative names in the Roman Catholic Church, from Dionysius, Clement, and Augustine, to John of the Cross, and Francis de Sales;—it explained their terminology—it placed in juxtaposition with every article of legitimate mysticism its false correlative—the use and the abuse—and was, in fact, though not expressly, a complete justification (on the principles of his church) of that moderate Quietism held by himself, and in substance by Madame Guyon. The book was approved by Tronson, by Fleury, by Ilébert, by Pirot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, by Père le Chaise, the King's confessor, by the Jesuits of Clermont—but it was denounced by Bossuet; it was nicknamed the Bible of the Little Church; Pontchartrain, the comptroller-general, and Maurice Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, told the king that it was fit only for knaves or fools. Louis sent for Bossuet. The Bishop of Meaux cast himself theatrically at the feet of majesty, and, with pretended tears, implored forgiveness for not earlier revealing the heresy of his unhappy brother. A compromise was yet possible, for Fenelon was ready to explain his explanations, and to suppress whatever might be pronounced dangerous in his pages. But the eagle of Meaux had seen the meek and dove-like Fenelon—once almost more his disciple than his friend—erect the standard of independence and assume the post of a rival; his pride was roused, he was resolved to reign alone on the ecclesiastical Olympus of the court, and he would not hear of a peace that might rob him of a triumph. Did Fenelon pretend to shelter himself by great names—he, Bossuet, would intrench himself within the awful sanctuary of the Church; he represented religion in France; he would resent every attack upon his own opinions as an assault on the Catholic faith; he had the ear of the king, with whom heresy and treason were identical; success

was all but assured, and, if so, war was glory. Such tactics are not peculiar to the seventeenth century. In our own day, every one implicated in religious abuses identifies himself with religion — brands every exposure of his misconduct as hostility to the cause of God — invests his miserable personality with the benign grandeur of the Gospel, and stigmatizes as troublemakers in Israel all who dare to inquire into his procedure, while innumerable dupes or cowards sleepily believe, or cautiously pretend to do so, that those who have management in a good object must themselves be good.

Fenelon now requested the royal permission to appeal to Rome; he obtained it, but was forbidden to repair thither to plead in person the cause of his book, and ordered to quit the court and confine himself to his diocese. The king went to St. Cyr, and expelled thence three young ladies, for an offence he could not comprehend — the sin of Quietism. Intrigue was active, and the Duke de Beauvilliers was nearly losing his place in the royal household because of his attachment to Fenelon. The duke — noble in spirit as in name — and worthy of such a friendship, boldly told *Le Grand Monarque* that he was ready to leave the palace rather than to forsake his friend. Six days before the banishment of Fenelon, Louis had sent to Innocent XII. a letter, drawn up by Bossuet, saying in effect that the *Maxims* had been condemned at Paris, that everything urged in its defence was futile, and that the royal authority would be exerted to the utmost to execute the decision of the pontifical chair. Bossuet naturally calculated that a missive, thus intimating the sentence of infallibility was expected by a great monarch to pronounce — arriving almost at the same time with the news of a disgrace reserved only for the most grave offences, would secure the speedy condemnation of Fenelon's book.

At Rome commenced a series of deliberations destined to extend over a space of nearly two years. Two successive bodies of adjudicators were impanelled and dissolved, unable to arrive at a decision. A new congregation of cardinals was selected, who held scores of long and wearisome debates, while rumor and intrigue alternately heightened or depressed the hopes of either party. To write the *Maxims* of the Saints was a delicate task. It was not easy to repudiate the mysticism of Molinos without impugning the mysticism of St. Theresa. But the position of these judges was more delicate yet. It was still less easy to censure Fenelon without rendering suspicious, at the least, the orthodoxy of the most shining saints in the Calendar. On the one hand, there might be a risk of a schism; on the other, pressed the urgency and the influence of a powerful party, the impatience, almost the menaces, of a great king.

The real question was simply this — is disinterested love possible? Can man love God for His own sake alone, with a love, not excluding, but subordinating all other persons and objects, so that they shall be regarded only in God who is All in All? If so, is it dangerous to assert the possibility, to commend this divine ambition, as Fenelon has done? But the discussion was complicated and inflamed by daily slander and recrimination, by treachery and insinuation, and by the honest anger they provoke; by the schemes of personal ambition, by the rivalry of religious parties, by the political intrigues of the State, and by the political intrigues of the Church; by the interests of a crew of subaltern agents, who loved to fish in muddy waters; and by the long cherished animosity between Gallican and Ultramontanist. Couriers pass and re-pass continually between Rome and Cambray, between Rome and Paris. The Abbé Bossuet writes constantly from Rome to the Bishop of Meaux; the Abbé de Chanterac from the same city to the Archbishop of Cambray. Chanterac writes like a faithful friend and a good man; he labors day and night in the cause of Fenelon; he bids him be of good cheer and put his trust in God. The letters of the Abbé Bossuet to his uncle are worthy a familiar of the Inquisition. After circulating calumnies against the character of Madame Guyon, after hinting that Fenelon was a partaker of her immoralities as well as of her heresy, and promising, with each coming post, to produce fresh confessions and new discoveries of the most revolting licentiousness, he sits down to urge Bossuet to second his efforts by procuring the banishment of every friend whom Fenelon yet has at court; and to secure, by a decisive blow in Paris, the ruin of that "wild beast" Fenelon at Rome. Bossuet lost no time in acting on the suggestion of so base an instrument.

At Paris a hot war of letters, pamphlets, and treatises, was maintained by the leaders, whose quarrel everywhere divided the city and the court into two hostile encampments. Fenelon offered a resistance Bossuet had never anticipated, and the veteran polemic was deeply mortified to see public opinion doubtful whether he or a younger rival had won the laurels in argument and eloquence. In an evil hour for his fame he resolved to crush his antagonist at all costs; he determined that the laws of honorable warfare should be regarded no more — that no confidence should be any longer sacred. In the summer of 1693 the storm burst upon the head of the exile at Cambray. Early in June, Fenelon heard that the Abbé de Beaumont, his nephew, and the Abbé de Langeron, his friend, had been dismissed in disgrace from the office of sub-preceptors to the young Duke of Burgundy; that Dupuy and de Leschelles had been banished

the court because of their attachment to him; that his brother had been expelled from the marine, and a son of Madame Guyon from the guards; that the retiring and pacific Fleury had narrowly escaped similar ignominy for a similar cause; that the Dukes of Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Guiche, were themselves menaced, and the prospect of their downfall openly discussed; and that to correspond with him was hereafter a crime against the State. Within a month, another Job's messenger brought him tidings that Bossuet had produced a book entitled *An Account of Quietism*—an attack so terrible that the dismay of his remaining friends had almost become despair. Bossuet possessed three formidable weapons—his influence as a courtier, his authority as a priest, his powers as an author. He wielded them all at once, and all of them dishonorably. If he was unfair in the first capacity, when he invoked the thunders of royalty to ruin the cause of a theological opponent—if he was unfair in the second, when he denounced forbearance and silenced intercession as sins against God—he was yet more so in the third, when he employed all his gifts to weave into a malignant tissue of falsehood and exaggeration the memoirs of Madame Guyon, the correspondence of Fenelon with Madame Maintenon, and his former confidential letters to himself—letters on spiritual matters to a spiritual guide—letters which should have been sacred as the secrecy of the confessional. The sensation created by the *Account of Quietism* was prodigious. Bossuet presented his book to the king, whose approval was for every parasite the authentication of all its slanders. Madame de Maintenon, with her own hand, distributed copies among the courtiers; in the salon of Marly nothing else was talked of; in the beautiful gardens groups of lords and ladies, such as Watteau would have loved to paint, were gathered on the grass, beside the fountains, beneath the trees, to hear it read; it was begged, borrowed, stolen, greedily snatched and delightedly devoured; its anecdotes were so piquant, its style so sparkling, its bursts of indignant eloquence so grand; gay ladies, young and old, dandies, wits, and libertines, found its scandal so delicious—Madame Guyon was so exquisitely ridiculous—La Combe, so odious a Tartuffe—Fenelon, so pitifully dispraised of all his dazzling virtues; and, what was best of all, the insinuations were worse than the charges—the book gave much and promised more—it hinted at disclosures more disgraceful yet, and gave free scope to every malicious invention and every prurient conjecture.

The generous Fenelon, more thoughtful for others than for himself, at first hesitated to reply even to such a provocation, lest he should injure the friends who yet remained to him at Versailles. But he was soon convinced that

their position, as much as his, rendered an answer imperative. He received Bossuet's book on the 8th of July, and by the 13th of August his defence had been written, printed, and arrived at Rome, to gladden the heart of poor Chanterac, to stop the mouth of the enemy, and to turn the tide once more in behalf of his failing party. This refutation, written with such rapidity, and under such disadvantages, was a masterpiece—it redeemed his character from every calumny—it raised his reputation to its height—it would have decided a fair contest completely in his favor. It was composed when his spirit was oppressed by sorrow for the ruin of his friends, and darkened by the apprehension of new injuries which his justification might provoke—by a proscribed man at Cambray, remote from the assistance and appliances most needful—without a friend to guide or to relieve the labor of arranging and transcribing documents and of verifying dates, where scrupulous accuracy was of vital importance—when it was difficult to procure correct intelligence from Paris, and hazardous to write thither lest he should compromise his correspondents—when even his letters to Chanterac were not safe from inspection—when it would be difficult to find a printer for such a book, and yet more so to secure its circulation in the metropolis. As it was, D'Argenson, the lieutenant of police—a functionary portrayed by his contemporaries as at once the ugliest and most unprincipled of men—seized a package of seven hundred copies at the gates of Paris. The *Reply* appeared, however, and was eagerly read. Even the few who were neutral, the many who were envious, the host who were prejudiced, could not withhold their admiration from that lucid and elegant style—that dignified and unaffected eloquence; numbers yielded, in secret, at least, to the force of such facts and such arguments; while all were astonished at the skill and self-command with which the author had justified his whole career without implicating a single friend; and, leaving untouched the shield of every other adversary, had concentrated all his force on exposing the contradictions, the treachery, and the falsehood of Bossuet's accusation.

The controversy now draws to a close. Bossuet published *Remarks* on the *Reply* of Fenelon, and Fenelon rejoined with *Remarks* on the *Remarks* of Bossuet. Sixty loyal doctors of the Sorbonne censured twelve propositions in the *Maxims*, while Rome was yet undecided. Towards the close of the same year (1698) Louis wrote a letter to the Pope, yet more indelicately urgent than his former one, demanding a thorough condemnation of so dangerous a book; and this epistle he seconded by depriving Fenelon, a few weeks afterwards, of the title and pension of precep-

tor—that pension which Fenelon had once nobly offered to return to a treasury exhausted by ambitious wars.

Innocent XII. had heard, with indignant sorrow, of the arbitrary measures adopted against Fenelon and his friends. He was mortified by the arrogance of Louis, by the attempts so openly made to forestall his judgment. He was accustomed to say that Cambray had erred through excess of love to God, Meaux, by want of love to his neighbor. But Louis was evidently roused, and it was not safe to provoke him too far. After a last effort at a compromise, the Pope yielded, and the cardinals pronounced a condemnation, far less complete, however, than the vehemence of the accusers had hoped to secure. Twenty-three propositions extracted from the *Maxims* were censured, but the pontiff openly declared that such censure did not extend to the explanations which the Archbishop of Cambray had given of his book. This sentence was delivered on the 12th of March, 1699. The submission of Fenelon is famous in history. He received the intelligence as he was about to ascend the pulpit; he changed his subject, and preached a sermon on the duty of submission to superiors. Bossuet endeavored, in vain, to represent the obedience which was the first to pronounce the sentence of self-condemnation as a profound hypocrisy.

Madame Guyon lingered for four years a solitary prisoner in the dungeons of the Bastille. In the same tower was confined the Man of the Iron Mask, and she may have heard, in her cell, the melancholy notes of the guitar with which her fellow-prisoner beguiled a captivity whose horrors had then lasted seven-and-thirty years. There, a constitution never strong was broken down by the stony chill of rigorous winters, and by the noxious vapors which steamed from the stagnant moat in summer. She was liberated in 1702, and sent to Blois—a picturesque old city, whose steep and narrow streets, cut into innumerable steps, overlook the Loire,—crowned on the one side by its fine church, and on the other by the royal chateau, memorable for the murder of the Guises; its massive proportions adorned by the varying tastes of successive generations, then newly beautified after the designs of Mansard, and now a ruin, the delight of every artist. There she lived in quiet, sought out from time to time by visitors from distant provinces and other lands—as patient under the infirmity of declining age as beneath the persecutions of her earlier years—finding, as she had always done, some sweet in every bitter cup, and a theme for praise in every trial, purified by her long afflictions, elevated by her hope of glory, full of charity and full of peace, resigned and happy to the last. Her latest letter is dated in 1717—Bossuet

had departed, and Fenelon—and before the close of that year, she also, the subject of such long and bitter strife, had been removed beyond all the tempests of this lower world.

In the judicial combats of ancient Germany it was the custom to place in the centre of the lists a bier, beside which stood the accuser and the accused, at the head and at the foot, leaning there for some time in solemn silence before they laid lance in rest and encountered in the deadly shock. Would that religious controversialists had oftener entered and maintained their combat as alike in view of that final appeal in the unseen world of truth—with a deeper and more abiding sense of that supreme tribunal before which so many differences vanish, and where none but he who has striven lawfully can receive a crown. Bossuet was regarded as the champion of Hope, and drew his sword, it was said, lest sacrilegious hands should remove her anchor. Fenelon girded on his arms to defend the cause of Charity. Alas! said the Pope—heart-sick of the protracted conflict—they forget that it is Faith who is in danger. Among the many witty sayings which the dispute suggested to the lookers-on, perhaps one of the most significant is that attributed to the daughter of Madame Sévigné. “M. de Cambray,” said she, “pleads well the cause of God, but M. de Meaux yet better that of religion, and cannot fail to win the day at Rome.” Fenelon undertook to show that his semi-Quietism was supported by the authority of ecclesiastical tradition, and he was unquestionably in the right. He might have sustained, on Romanist principles, a doctrine much less moderate, by the same argument. But it was his wish to render mysticism as rational and as attractive as possible; and no other advocate has exhibited it so purified from extravagance, or secured for it so general a sympathy. The principle of “holy indifference,” however, must be weighed, not by the virtues of Fenelon, but according to the standard of Scripture—and such an estimate must, we believe, pronounce it mistaken.

The attempt to make mysticism definite and intelligible must always involve more or less of inconsistency, since mysticism is the worship of the indefinite, ignores reflective and discursive acts, and is the natural enemy of logic. Nevertheless, the enterprise has been repeatedly undertaken; and it is a remarkable fact, that such efforts have almost invariably originated in France. Mysticism and scholasticism—the spirit of the cloud and the spirit of the snow—reign as rivals throughout the stormy region of the Middle Age. The reaction against the extremes of each nourished its antagonist. From beneath the cold and rigid formulas of the schools an exhaustless flow of mysticism leaped continually into life, like the torrent perpetually produced by the glacier,

which rushes out to freedom and to sunshine from under its portcullis of hanging ice. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, two Frenchmen, Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, endeavored to effect a union, and to reconcile these contending products of the heart and brain. They sought to animate the one, and to systematize the other. In that ascetic abstraction, which hides in darkness all the objects of sense, they sought to develop, from the dull and arid stem of school divinity, the most precious blossoms of the feeling; and their mysticism resembles those plants of the cactus-tribe which unfold from their lustreless and horny leaves, gorgeous flowers, that illumine, with phosphoric radiance, the darkness of the tropical night. The Victorines were succeeded in the same path by Bonaventura, a Frenchman by education, if not by birth, more a schoolman than a mystic; and, in the fifteenth century, by the celebrated Chancellor Gerson, who found time, amidst the tumult and alarm of revolted Paris and invaded France, to write a work on the theory and practice of mysticism. These are mystics who have no tales to tell of inspiration and of vision — their aim is to legitimize rapture, to define ecstasy, to explain the higher phenomena of the spirit on the basis of an elaborate psychology, to separate the delusive from the real in mysticism, and to ascertain the laws of that mystical experience, of which they acknowledged themselves to be but very partially the subjects. With this view, Gerson introduced into mysticism, strange to say, the principle of induction; and proposed, by a collection and comparison of recorded examples, to determine its theory, and decide its practice. In the *Maxims of the Saints*, Fenelon carries out the idea of Gerson, as far as was requisite for his immediate purpose. Both are involved in the same difficulty, and fall into the same contradiction. What Molinos was to Fenelon, Ruysbroek was to Gerson. Fenelon wished to stop short of the spiritualism condemned as heretical in Molinos; Gerson, to avoid the pantheism he thought he saw in Ruysbroek. Both impose checks, which, if inefficacious, amount to nothing; if effective, are fatal to the very life of mysticism — both hold doctrines to which they dare not give scope; and both are, to some extent, implicated in the consequences they repudiate by the principles they admit.

Mysticism in France contrasts strikingly, in this respect, with mysticism in Germany. Speaking generally, it may be said that France exhibits the mysticism of sentiment, Germany the mysticism of thought. The French love to generalize and to classify; an arrangement which can be expressed by a word, a principle which can be crystallized into a sparkling maxim, they will applaud. But with them conventionalism reigns paramount — society is

ever present to the mind of the individual — their sense of the ludicrous is exquisitely keen. The German loves abstractions for their own sake. In the isolation of his reverie, the whole province of reasoning and observation becomes as completely subjective as the inmost sanctuary of the feeling. The Frenchman will transform, by sentiment from within, the form of truth which he receives from without. The German mystic turns his back upon the schools, and is proud of elaborating both form and content from his own mind alone. Where the Frenchman is afraid lest his notions should be laughed at as fantastic and *bizarre*, the German revels in the monstrous, and is ambitious to amaze mankind by revolutionizing the world of thought. To secure popularity for a visionary error in France it must be lucid and elegant as their language — it must be at least an ingenious and intelligible falsehood; but in Germany, the most grotesque inversions of thought and of expression will be found no hindrance to its acceptability, and the most hopeless obscurity will be pronounced its highest merit. In this respect, the German philosophers resemble Lycophron, who was so convinced that unintelligibility was grandeur as to swear he would hang himself if a man were found capable of understanding his play of *Cassandra*. Almost every later German mystic has been a secluded student — almost every mystic of modern France has been a brilliant conversationalist. The genius of mysticism rises, in Germany, in the clouds of the solitary pipe; in France, it is a fashionable Ariel, who hovers in the drawing-room, and hangs to the pendants of the glittering chandelier. If Jacob Behmen had appeared in France, he must have counted disciples by units, where in Germany he reckoned them by hundreds. If Madame Guyon had been born in Germany, rigid Lutheranism might have given her some annoyance; but her earnestness would have redeemed her enthusiasm from ridicule, and she would have lived and died the honored precursor of modern German Pietism. The simplicity and strength of purpose which characterize so many of the German mystics appear to much advantage beside the vanity and affectation which have so frequently attended the manifestations of mysticism in France. When theosophic and theurgic mysticism arose in Germany, and attempted to construct an inspired science, which should disclose to the adept, by special revelation, the mysteries of nature and the hidden inhabitants of the fire and the waters, the air and the earth, it was associated almost everywhere with religion. Even Paracelsus was an amateur divine as well as a doctor, and dispenses, in his writings, theology and medicine together. Jacob Behmen clothes the mysteries of faith in the chemical jargon of his day, and unfolds his scientific

theories in the language of the Bible. But, with all his follies, no one who has read his letters can doubt the depth and sincerity of his religious feeling. In France, where the Reformation had been suppressed, and where superstition had been ridiculed with such success, the same love of the marvellous was most powerful with the most irreligious—it filled the antechamber of Cagliostro with impatient dandies and grantees, trembling, and yet eager to pry into the future—too enlightened to believe in Christ, yet too credulous to doubt the powers of a man before whose door fashion drew, night after night, a line of carriages which filled the street.

The fourteenth century was singularly prolific, both in the east and west, in every variety of mysticism. It is traced in Spain among the Allombrados, whose only records are the chronicles of the Inquisition. It existed in the university of Paris, among the remaining followers of Amalric of Bena and David of Dinant, the doctrinal successors of the pantheistic Erigena. It was the forerunner of the Reformation in Germany, and pervaded, under different forms, both the higher and the lower classes of society throughout Switzerland, the Rhineland, and the Netherlands. It was represented in Italy by Angela de Foligni and Catharine of Genoa, while St. Brigitta was its deputy from Sweden; in the east it was gross and material with the Hesychasts of Mount Athos, and sacerdotal with the Byzantine Cabasilas; while in Persia, Sufis like Deschelaoddin Rumi, Saadi, and Feridoddin Attar, adorned with all the luxuriant imagery of Oriental song, doctrines of mystical death, divine afflatus, and absorption in God, which constitute a pantheistic Quietism.

Under the great German mystics of that period—Eckart, Tauler, and Suso—mysticism was for the first and almost the last time thoroughly popular. It was occupied, it is true, with the most recondite speculations; its high-strained spiritualism urged the most impossible demands; but then its teachers wrote and preached in the vernacular; espoused the cause of the laity against the arrogance of the priesthood; stood up for the fatherland against French craft and papal domination; denounced judgment with a terrible prophetic fervor on the heads of robber-nobles and exacting priests; formed associations for safety and for reform throughout the great free towns, in which the layman and the clerk were on a level; and was, for many years, in many regions of Germany, the only kind of religion left to a people whose bells had been muffled, their mass-books shut, their churches barricaded, their priests silenced by the vindictive ban of a voluptuous Pope at Avignon. In the fourteenth century the range of mysticism was wide; its tendency was to idealize

the objective truths of revelation; it found a trinity and an incarnation within the heart of man; it aimed to restore men in time to the condition they were supposed to occupy before time, when they existed as thoughts in the mind of God—as archetypes within the divine word—in an everlasting *now*—without before and after; it strove to develop the divine spark, hidden in the depth of man's nature, by the gradual reduction of that nature to its nude simplicity. In the seventeenth century, and in France, this Platonic element—these aspirations after an antenatal state—these speculations concerning the perpetual incarnation of the Word in the persons of believers, drop out of sight, and mysticism concentrates itself, with Fenelon, on the inward life of disinterested love. The reformatory character of mysticism is far less prominent in the latter period; for in the fourteenth century reformation was longed for and yet afar off; in the seventeenth it had arrived, and the Gallican church, horror-stricken by Protestantism, identified every opposition to the excess of outward observance with Luther and the devil. The reforming mysticism of Germany could accomplish no reformation, because of the inherent defects of its principle. Confounding, as it did, sanctification and justification—deficient in scriptural truth, when grossly apprehended by the people it too often led to lawless excesses which disgraced it, and when retained in its purer form its refined transcendentalism could only secure the sympathies of the few.

We need not be at great pains, now-a-days, to show that mysticism is an error in *science*; that Jacob Behmen was egregiously mistaken in fancying the little room above his cobbler's shop a holy place, in which all the secrets of the universe would be revealed to him, while he sat in his chair, pen in hand; that the theosophists were wrong in imagining that their studies were like the Tower of the Universe, in which the wizard Zirfea enclosed the princes and princesses who figure in the romance of Amadis of Greece, and where all the history and mystery of the world was presented by magic to their gaze, as they reclined, spell-bound, upon enchanted seats.

Mysticism is not less an error in *religion*—an excessive subjectivity—a feverish spiritualism. It supposes the human mind to be like one of those old manuscripts called palimpsests, from which an earlier character has been effaced to make room for some later and worthless writing, and which the scholar carefully scours to remove the upper inscription and to restore the lower, which may prove some precious relic of antiquity, over-written by the barbarous Latin of a monkish scribe. Similarly the mystic proposes, by an abstraction which shall clear the mind of all that time and passion and the outer world have

written there, to discover the hidden law primarily traced by a divine hand, and to find, in the original of the soul, an exact transcript of the thought of God. The mediæval mystic, who persuaded himself that he had succeeded in this attempt, believed his mind a mirror which in its calm presented the exact reflex of the verities of the divine nature and the unseen world (*superiora invisibilia divina*)—his impressions obtained the sanction of revelation—and to look inward and to look upward was identical. Mysticism, in its higher forms, would ascend above all historic facts and sensible images—aspires to gaze immediately on the unrevealed Godhead, and to be lost in that as a drop in the ocean. It substitutes an unknown God for the known, and forgets that Scripture—adapted, not to an imaginary faculty of mystical intuition, but to the whole of our nature—is full of sensible images, of facts, of reasonings, and of appeals to that hope and fear which mysticism disdains. It forsakes the common sunshine of revelation for an extraordinary light which is, to illumine its narrow and ascetic seclusion, and would be lit only—as the Talmud says Noah was in the ark—by the radiance of pearls and diamonds. Its self-annihilation has often so completely substituted God for the ravished personality of the individual, that many of its votaries have regarded themselves as a kind of divinities, as vehicles of God, and grown as mad as the hypochondriac woman whom old Burton describes as afraid to shut her hand lest she should crush the world. Its morbid introspection and its asceticism have generally made its followers inactive and useless. Naturalists tell us there is a torpor produced by heat as well as by cold, and that the crocodile and the boa lie, in the baking mire of the tropics, as insensible as the bear while hibernating in the arctic snow. It is the same in the spiritual world, and when the fervors of the mystic have subsided into practical Quietism, his sleep is as dead as the frozen slumber of the sceptic.

It is amusing to see how egotistical are some mystics in their abjuration of the Ego. They are never weary of talking about that which they profess to annihilate—the lamentations and confessions of their spiritual disorder minister continually to display—their eloquence shines in the description of imaginary ailments, and they parade their mental affluence as they disclose their spiritual maladies—somewhat like Zoilus, who pretended to be ill that he might exhibit to his friends the new purple counterpane he had just received from Alexandria. They remind us of that picture of Affectation so finely drawn by Pope, when he describes how

Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

The mysticism which arose in Europe to resist the exclusiveness of the clergy and the formalism of the Romish sacraments, did good service in maintaining the necessity of experimental religion against the *opus operatum*. But that mysticism which has been conducted and extolled by the priesthood, was too commonly profitable only to confessors and directors, and a most miserable experiment for its subjects. When the priests had caught an enthusiast, they availed themselves, with equal art and cruelty, of his anguish, his earnestness, his self-forgetfulness, to train him for a pattern—to stimulate his extravagance to its height;—for the more monstrous his asceticism, the more portentous and unnatural the distortions of his frenzied devotion, the more would the crowd gather, money flow, and priestcraft flourish. Such specimens of mental and spiritual disease were commonly regarded with all the reverence the Russian serf pays to an intoxicated man, with all the veneration the Mohammedan feels for the idiot whose intellect he believes to be in heaven. These models of useless self-sacrifice were put forward by a corrupt clergy to hide their own self-indulgence, and their sanctity was employed in ecclesiastical tactics for much the same purpose to which Cambysses put the sacred birds of Egypt, when he posted a line of them before his invading army—aware that the Egyptians would rather surrender on the spot than harm a feather of their holy ibis. The fiery convulsions of these ardent natures was often found effective as a spectacle, to stimulate the sluggish devotion and the reluctant offerings of grosser temperaments—as chemists say, that the fires of Vesuvius and Ætna supply the air with gases which foster vegetation on the dull and quiet plains of monotonous Holland. In France, especially, mysticism was the frequent resource of men and women overwhelmed by sorrow, or disgusted with a life of dissipation. To such the most extravagant form of religion was the most attractive, as extreme begets extreme. In some cases, as they resorted to religion, disappointed by the world, so they took refuge in Quietism when disappointed by ordinary religion. Exhausted by the trying alternations of religious hope and fear, they embraced indifference—and their Quietism was less aspiration than desperation. It is sad to think of the sufferings of many a bruised heart, seeking peace in mysticism under the guidance of some Jesuit director—a religious Dousterswivel—who whose pretended art is powerless to bestow the

treasure of tranquillity which is always promised, never realized — who, instead of healing the wounds which the world has made, only creates new distresses, new perplexities, and new sins, by his vexatious and unnatural casuistry — thoughts of fear, which inflame the yet smarting sore, like those stinging insects that bite and nestle in the wounds the vampire-bat has made in the flesh of the sleeper. In place of the solid, intelligible consolation needed by man, mysticism has too generally offered its intangible refinements — its indefinable divine illapses — touches — tastes, and manifestations — which emasculate, instead of bracing the soul — which vanish, like a dream, and leave it powerless and bewildered — which would be questionable fare for the taste of angels, and are but the mockery of food to mortals in the body. How happy would many of its votaries have been could they have substituted for its ethereal exaltations a little of that simple diet — the scriptural bread of life — so kindred to that element in which man lives. As it is, however, they resemble the lamb brought into the churches on St. Agnes' day — stretched out on its cushions fringed with gold — its ears and tail decked with gay ribands — bleating to church music — petted and adorned in a manner to it most unintelligible and unsatisfying — and seeming, to the ear of the satirist, to cry all the while —

Alack, and alas !

What's all this white damask to daisies and grass !

It is a poor consolation to offer men liberty in their dreams as a recompense for the wearisome inactivity of their waking hours — to give them the wings of vision in the night as a compensation for Quiescent inertness by day — to emancipate the fancy, on condition of being suffered to lull the intellect into torpor. Few would be content, in our own day, thus to live but half their life, and to resemble in this respect that enchanted forest, which by day was a company of trees, but every night an army of warriors.

Among ourselves, of late, mysticism has appeared in opposition to scriptural religion. In England, Mr. Newman — in America, Theodore Parker and Emerson, exalt the religious sentiment above the Bible — question the possibility of a written revelation — announce the doctrine of disinterested love once more — propose to realize eternity in the present, by rising above the meanness of fear, and the selfishness of hope — and, in the name of the spirit against the letter, defend their own opinions as true spirituality, and assail those of others as a corrupt literalism.

THE life of conversation consists more in finding wit for others, than in showing a great deal yourself.

From the *Athenæum*.

Paris after Waterloo : Notes taken at the Time and hitherto unpublished ; including a revised Edition of " A Visit to Flanders and the Field." By JAMES SIMPSON, Esq., Advocate. Blackwood.

IN 1815, Mr. Simpson — who was one of the first of our countrymen who hurried over to the Continent after the Battle of Waterloo, to visit the scene of war, and to travel through France, then triumphantly thrown open to the English tourist — published a little volume entitled " A Visit to Flanders and the Field of Waterloo," which was much read at the time. Since that time he has been known to the public for his exertions and writings in behalf of popular education. The volume formerly published, it appears, " formed a part only of notes taken during his sojourn in Belgium and France." Now, however, " looking over the hitherto unpublished portion, which for thirty-seven years has reposed in a dusty corner, and finding much which he himself had forgotten, but which narrates events and describes scenes that he thinks might be interesting, as they would probably be new, to his younger countrymen — especially at the present moment, that a recent loss has recalled the public attention to the marvels of days past — he has ventured to bring it out."

There is no denying that such a publication is curiously out of date. It has singularly the air of an after-thought. Its great merit consists in the enthusiasm with which it is written — recalling vividly to mind the state of feeling which must have been prevalent all over Great Britain at the time when the victory of Waterloo had recently intoxicated the senses and bewildered the imagination of the island. Here is a spirited passage, describing the effect which the news of the victory produced in the author's own town — Edinburgh :—

Such were the first tidings of the war, received in England in four days, and in Scotland in six, which, had they then been known, electric wires would have brought in as many minutes. The author witnessed the effect of the news in Edinburgh. It met him as he entered the outer hall of the courts of law, still called the Parliament House, from having been the hall of the Scottish Parliament, before the Union. The unwonted words were passing from mouth to mouth — " Wellington is defeated ! He has retreated to a place called Waterloo ! The game is up ! The hero of a hundred fights quails before the eagles of Napoleon ! The Prussian army is annihilated ! " And thus and thus was Pandora's box emptied :—

But Hope the charmer lingered still behind.

A retreat is not necessarily a defeat, began some one to recollect — a retreat, moreover, to a named

place, most likely a previously chosen position, infers a stand at that place. A detachment only has been engaged, and necessarily fell back on the concentrated main body. The retreat of the Prussians would have exposed its flank. Wellington had yet to put forth his strength. The French had *never*, since they first met him, gained the smallest advantage over him; on the contrary, had been beaten in every action, and that so statedly, that Napoleon was known to have exclaimed pettishly to the unlucky bearer of the news of yet another Peninsular disaster — “Bah! Les Anglais toujours battent les Français!” “No! No!” said one more sanguine reasoner of the long robe, “we shall have news of victory yet; and, as it must be near at hand, one way or the other, I should be more delighted than surprised if the castle guns should wake us to-morrow morning.” Another barrister, quite as patriotic, but less sanguine, would cheerfully pay a guinea for every gun fired for a victory, to any one who would take very easy odds. The bet was taken, the taker patriotically wishing to win, the offerer still more patriotically wishing to lose. The business of the morning had scarcely proceeded two hours, when a gentleman rushed into the great hall, and, almost breathless, shouted “Victory!” He was mobbed. “How had the news come?” “By express from the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, then in London. The French completely routed, at the place called Waterloo, by one grand bayonet charge of the whole British army!” Such was the brief flourish, for a lengthened struggle of ten hours, which was first sounded by Fame’s trumpet. The bearer of the glad tidings was soon in the court where the judges were sitting; the choirs of the Outer Hall were suspended only to be renewed in the Inner. Further law proceedings were out of the question; adjournment was ruled; and judges, advocates, agents, and officers, were speedily in the streets, already crowded by their excited and exulting townsmen. Nobody could stay at home. The schools were let loose. Business was suspended, and a holiday voted by acclamation. Everybody shook hands with everybody; and as the Lord Provost’s brief express, got by heart by the whole population, could not be made longer or more particular than it was, the most restless were perforce obliged to wait, with what patience they might, for the dawn of the next day. The sun of that morning saw no “sluggard slumbering ’neath his beams.” The streets were crowded before the post arrived. The mail coach was descried approaching, adorned with laurels and flags, the guard waving his hat; and soon it dashed into the town amid cheers that made the welkin ring. The accounts were now official. All was confirmed; and, as early as seven o’clock, the Castle flag rose, and nineteen twenty-four pounders sounded in the ears and filled the eyes — for the effect was overpowering — of the excited throng. Need we say that the *nineteen guineas* were joyfully paid by the loser? or need we add, that the winner handed them over to the fund, speedily commenced for the wounded, and the widows and families of the slain?

The newly-published part of the volume — detailing what the author saw in his journey to Paris, and in his residence there after his visit to the battle-field — contains much interesting matter, though little that is new. A good many pages are occupied with his visits to the Louvre, and with his remarks on the paintings and sculptures which he there saw; and there is less of substantial information illustrating the immediate consequences of the battle than might have been expected. Some of the flying notes, however, are curious and valuable. In Paris he went about continually, and saw everything with the eyes of a young and enthusiastic stranger.

From the Economist.

The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin; presenting the Original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is Founded, together with Corroborative Statements verifying the Truth of the Work. By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of “Uncle Tom's Cabin.” Clarke, Beeton, and Co., Fleet street.

THE controversy in which Mrs. Beecher Stowe is involved with her slave-owning countrymen and their partisans has made the publication of the present work necessary. It is a collection of documents of all kinds, filling a large volume, to verify the statements of her former book. The novel, however, was infinitely more pleasing to read than the facts. We did not trouble ourselves as we read that about the evidence for its truth; but the present work is a book of facts and statements, which require to be dealt with as a basis of judgment. It must be closely scrutinized, and collateral facts taken into consideration, because it calls on us not to be amused with a tale, but to pronounce a verdict of guilt against a nation. It would have been better, perhaps, for Mrs. Stowe to have rested her case upon the general bad name of slavery. We are all willing to believe all possible horrors of that, though we may doubt the evidence she offers. A bad name will hang a dog, and it would have been as well for her to rely on the bad name of slavery. It cannot be conceded to the advocates of slavery in the South, even if we admit, as they assert, that the black race is created inferior, that this justifies the white race in reducing the black race to slavery. One consequence of the plan is, by the degradation of the whites, to create a condition of society very inferior to that of a society composed wholly of free whites. Another consequence is, to perpetuate and extend the inferior race. In contact with the superior race the Negro must, like the Indian, disappear; making him a slave preserves him. Were he not enslaved he must, in contact with the white

man, perish. Had he been found in America, as were the Indians, he would have been extirpated; and in America he can only live as the slave of the white man, whom his slavery injures. The free white States make a much more rapid progress in knowledge, skill, and power than the slave States. But for the continued growth of knowledge in the free States, the slave States would be no better than the West India Islands. Hence it may be concluded that those who advocate the superiority of the white race as a decree of Providence, counteract its consequences when they make slaves of the blacks and preserve them, instead of allowing the white race to plough them or eat them, as they have done the Indians, out of the land. On the admitted principle that there is a difference and a superiority of races, it cannot be said, as the partisans of abolition say, that the negroes should be placed on an equality with the whites. They are not placed on an equality in the Northern States, where slavery does not exist—they are not equal in England and Africa—and no laws, no institutions, no manners, can make them equal. To many people, accordingly, what Mrs. Stowe has written on the subject will appear an idle tirade. It excites ridicule in the States, and weakens her cause. She enlisted our sympathies by her novel; she will not be as successful in captivating our reason by her treatise, political, theological, and philosophical. It is undoubtedly a great storehouse of facts showing the bearings of slavery. It leaves slavery without the shadow of an excuse or defence—it lays bare its horrible cruelties and its manifold vices; but it does not inform the Americans how they are to get rid of slavery, nor satisfy us that the whites and the negroes can coexist in the same space except in that or a similar relation. In Barbadoes, where the two races do exist without nominal slavery, the bulk of the blacks are the tenants of the whites, and kept in obedience by white power. The alternatives are—slavery of the inferior race, or extirpation, or an intermingling of blood, which, with the Africans, seems not feasible. As negroes have been carried to America and allowed to increase under the protection of the white races, to extirpate them seems impossible, and therefore slavery is, and, we are afraid, must be, continued. At the same time there is no necessity to enforce that by law which exists as fact; and all laws which encourage or protect individual whites in the commission of cruelty ought to be put down. Inequality is not incompatible with kindness; it implies it, and kindness seems better than extirpation. The slaveholders must be rather encouraged to mitigate slavery than terrified into enforcing it. The question in the United States is an all-important one, not to be solved

by sympathies. With the novel of Mrs. Stowe many would agree and would sympathize, who will not agree with many of the deductions of her treatise.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC. — One Sunday afternoon, during a pause in a rain-storm which had lasted for six or seven hours, and during which the Genevieve and I had been fiddling and talking, and reading and dining together, he took occasion to remark upon my fondness for music, and said he could gratify it in an extraordinary way if he thought fit. I begged him to explain himself. He was in no hurry to do so; but, after some coquetting and delay, rose from his seat, and taking a large cloak from a peg in the wall, laid it open upon the bed, and then locking the door and closing the window-shutters, to exclude, as he said, even the slightest sound, seated me upon the cloak, sat himself down as close to me as possible, and pulled the hood over both our heads. Then placing his lips close to my ear he said: "You must not speak—you must hardly breathe. Listen!" I held my breath, and listened curiously for the best part of a minute before I was aware of any sound, and was just going to break the silence, when a small, but piercingly shrill strain seemed to traverse the very innermost chambers of my brain. I was not aware of the precise moment when it commenced, but I perceived instantly that it was accompanied by another note harmonizing with it, produced by different mechanical means, and a twelfth lower. The shrill treble ran dancing with inconceivable rapidity up and down a comprehensive gamut, in a kind of fantastic variations upon some popular air, which I could identify; while the accompanying bass, which might be compared for continuity to the drone of a bagpipe, but which, unlike that, was "musical as was Apollo's lute," though limited apparently to five or six notes, gave the successive intonations with all the precision and certainty of an instrument. The longer I listened, the more rapturous was the music, or, which was more probable, the more sensitive my perceptions became, and the better was I qualified to appreciate it. The notation of the treble, which at first hearing had seemed to glide up and down, became by degrees distinct and articulate as that of a flageolet, to which, however, it bore no sort of resemblance, and the sustained notes of the bass assumed a triumphant, pealing tone, which thrilled me with delight. When at length the strain suddenly ceased, and the Genevieve, throwing off the cloak, sprang up and opened the window-shutters, it was some time before I could recollect where I was. He laughed at my embarrassment, and, upon my complimenting him upon the beauty and delicacy of the performance I had heard, asked me whether I could show him how to turn it to account. As he confessed that, without the precautions we had taken, the music would have been inaudible, and that the hum of the smallest fly would have drowned the whole, I was forced to acknowledge that I could see no mode of making such a species of harmony marketable. — *The Working-man's Way in the World.*

PART III. — CHAPTER X.

No dragoons had been seen in Doddington within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, unless the reminiscences of that ancient and shadowy personage could extend back to Monmouth's rebellion, when Feversham's horse had marched through. And when it is remembered what a conspicuous feature her majesty's troops, especially the mounted and mustachioed portion, form in societies long habituated to their presence, it may be supposed that the sensation they created in this secluded spot was immense, and only to be paralleled by the commotion which those ancient cavalry the Centaurs caused at Pirithous' wedding.

They had been detached to Doddington from the nearest garrison town, in consequence of disturbances in the surrounding district. All the place was agog to see them march in. It happened to be a very rainy day, and instead of a splendid, dazzling spectacle, they presented to the sight a long row of bedraggled figures in red cloaks, which half-covered their splashed horses, and which quite concealed the glories of their uniform, trotting in none of the best order along the, slippery and puddled street. But two days afterwards, the weather being propitious, they shone forth unclouded on the gaze of the inhabitants, and produced a great revolution in Doddington. The town was never very important in a commercial point of view, but now you would absolutely have supposed that the only remunerative pursuit that people of any trade or profession whatsoever could engage in was looking after the dragoons. Servant-maids were discharged at a moment's warning only to be replaced by others just as love-stricken and inattentive. The millinery business, so far as making anything except love went, was at a stand-still; and the members of it went down in public estimation towards zero, exactly in the same proportion as they rose in favor with the officers. Slander was busy with the names of the prettiest, and even an ordinary countenance was no protection. Miss Bonady, who had superintended the education of young ladies in the art of bonnet-making for full twenty years, found her time-honored good name in a fair way to be blasted; for a jury of matrons had been impanelled and was now sitting on her character. Country lovers, who, up to the advent of the soldiery, had been progressing charmingly with their Dulcineas, suddenly turned green or yellow in color, and savage in disposition, and took to poaching, or enlisted for soldiers; and, between agitation and tight-lacing, a vast number of children came prematurely into the world, many of whom, of both sexes, were reported to have been born with mustachios.

The beer trade began to thrive wonderfully

in Doddington. It was not merely that the soldiers consumed a good deal themselves, but the inns where they were billeted were filled every night with those convivial operatives who came to enjoy military company and conversation; while their wives either stood resignedly, like mournful caryatides, outside the doors, waiting for their lords and masters, or else disturbed the harmony of the meetings, by entering and forcibly carrying off their truant spouses from the society that so enthralled them. Dissenting ministers grew more energetic in their denunciations of all pomps and vanities, especially such as appertain to men of the sword, as their flock diminished in number—for many of their young female disciples had of late ceased altogether to wrestle with the spirit; and many an anxious old lady might be seen, after dusk, inquiring if anybody had seen her Jenny, the said Jenny being at that time probably loitering in some shady lane, having round her waist an arm in a scarlet sleeve.

The officers had established their mess in a large room of The Bush, the principal hotel of Doddington. Here, at seven o'clock in the evening, the various individual streams of ennui, imprecation, and desire for excitement, that had meandered wearily through the congenial region during the day, were received into one pond, thus fulfilling the great object of that important military institution, the mess, where warriors, who have been all day trying unsuccessfully to kill time in single combat—attempting to ride him down—poking at him with billiard cues, and the like feeble efforts at discomfiting him—are enabled to join forces, and fall upon their enemy in a body.

First at the dinner-hour came Tindal, the major, who lived in the inn. Smart, tight-built, and standing on the hearth-rug with his legs apart, as if there were a horse between them, one could almost swear, even when seeing him on foot, that he was a good rider—an accomplishment by no means so common as might be presumed in the British cavalry. Tindal was a man who liked to live in a large garrison town, with crack regiments in it, among whom might be got up steeplechases, wherein he might distinguish himself, with a pack or two of fox-hounds within reach, a well-appointed mess, and a rubber of whist afterwards, with dollar points, and a fellow sitting by to bet about the odd tricks. These tastes, it was pretty clear, would not be gratified in Doddington, and the major accordingly cursed, in a calm, deliberate sort of way, the hour in which he was sent there.

Enter to him Cornet Suckling, who has not been long in the service, and whose upper lip looks like a fragment of the body of a young goaling. The cornet, having heard much of

the major's steeple-chasing exploits, and being (though a weak-minded youth) addicted to hero-worship, has in secret a great veneration for him, and, while speaking of him in his absence as "Tindal," or "old Tindal," or "that fellow Tindal," shows considerable uneasiness as he approaches the hearth-rug, whereon the formidable major is planted, and throws himself into wonderful and unnatural attitudes, in his attempts to appear at ease. First, he seats himself on the top rail of the back of the chair, and, tilting it over on two legs, rocks himself to and fro, in a manner nervous to behold; then he pauses, and punches the pattern of the carpet with his spur; then stooping his long, awkward form, till his elbow rests on the mantelpiece, he puts his splay foot on the fender, thereby upsetting it, and bringing all the fire-irons clattering down upon Tindal's heels, who, as he shifts his position, damns him internally for a stupid young muff. Tindal does n't like him, and seldom says much to him, except on parade, where he "pitches into" the unfortunate cornet (who has a fretting charger, and does n't know how to manage him) in a way that would render him desperate, if he had spirit enough to become so.

Presently hilarious voices are heard laughing their way up-stairs, and after a short delay, occasioned by their meeting with a chambermaid on the landing-place, Lieutenants Wylde Oates and Harry Bruce make their appearance. Without much in common, except an immense flow of spirits, these two are generally together. Both of them are sharp lads, and though their method of enjoying life is somewhat riotous, yet they do enjoy it, and will be capital fellows by and by, when the effervescence has subsided, and the liquor has got mellow. In the mean time, they are worth a grog, either of languid, irreproachable endurers of existence, or of fast men with low tastes, for they are a pair of gentlemanly scamps. Oates has a florid face, half-hidden in shirt-collar, in which he affects to imitate his deceased parent, who was a noted sporting character, and broke his neck in riding over a dining-table after dinner for a wager, leaving to Oates, junior, a sorely diminished patrimony and a sporting reputation—two things scarcely susceptible of simultaneous improvement. Bruce is handsome and dark, with brown curly hair and brown eyes, and a face expressive of good-humor and intelligence. They immediately communicate the adventures of the day to Tindal, who listens with grim approval; while Suckling, brightening up, hovers round the outskirts of the conversation, and occasionally fills up an interval with an interjection or an admiring laugh.

"There's a queer old boy coming to dine with me, major," said Bruce. "I picked him

up to-day as I was poking about an old tower in the neighborhood of the town. He had found a large fragment of stone, with an illegible inscription on it, and, being a great antiquary, was staggering home under his prize, when I offered to carry it for him. In return, he afforded me such a quantity of curious information about the antiquities of the place, that we became quite friendly on the spot.

As he spoke, Mr. Titcherly was announced, and a little old gentleman entered, in an antique suit of black, with shoe-buckles and a brown wig. Mr. Titcherly was the literary lion of Doddington; he was, as Bruce said, of the Dryadust fraternity, and had devoted his long life to collecting information regarding the antiquities of the town, diving into ancient chronicles, deciphering the inscriptions on old tombstones, and occasionally filling up gaps very ingeniously with theories of his own. In this way he had compiled a complete chronicle of Doddington, from the earliest times down to his own, statistical, descriptive, biographical, and historical, with plates, notes, and a voluminous appendix, for which he had begun to collect materials in his early youth, and had got it finished by his sixty-fifth birth-day, and of which five copies had been sold in thirteen years.

Then came Bagot, bringing with him, according to previous notice to Tindal, his friend Seager. The latter loers at each officer to whom he is introduced as if he had some secret understanding with him, and stares at little Mr. Titcherly, as if he were some curious fossil; but Tindal being a sporting man, and as there exists a free-masonry among sporting men, he and Seager understand one another at the first glance.

The soup was brought in by the head-waiter of the Bush, a man of dignified deportment and mature years—a man who had waited on peers of the realm, county members, judges, of assize, sheriffs, and the like, with perfect composure and considerable credit, but who had, within the last week, been frequently informed that he was a muff, an impostor, a precious slow old coach, with other vituperative epithets, tending greatly to stagger his self-confidence.

"We won't wait for the other fellows," said Tindal, as they sat down to table. "Fane seldom favors us with his company, and Sloperton's always late. I believe he takes a couple of hours to dress. Gad, sir, life's too short for that sort of humbug, in my opinion."

"By the Lord," said Bagot, "if I was sure of living to the age of what's-his-name (that old beggar, you know), I would n't spend a minute more in that way than I do at present, and that's not much. And yet I know some old swells (fellows a precious deal older

than me) who get regularly made up by their servants two or three times a day, and actually think they put their clocks back that way."

"Take some sherry, Lee," said Tindal; "you'll find it deuced bad, I'm afraid."

"Infernal stuff!" said Wyldes Oates.

"They say," said Bruce, "that good wine needs no bush, but the Bush is terribly in need of good wine. Shall we try a glass together, Mr. Seager?"

Here an odor of various compounded perfumes heralded the approach of Sloperton, who bowed to the strangers as he took a chair. Captain Sloperton possessed a face and figure that no young female of the middle or lower ranks could look upon without presently loving him to distraction. The first time the barmaid of the hotel set eyes on him, she put soy instead of sherry into the soda-water compound she was mixing, and handed it to a thirsty bagman, who, in consequence of drinking it, was very angry at the time, and very sick afterwards. Avenues of ringlets shot out of the doors and windows whenever the captain passed down the street, so that he might almost have fancied himself surrounded by the tendrils of a vineyard. From the number of complimentary epistles in verse and prose he received, one might have supposed that all the valentines written that year in Dodding-ton, after lying in the dead-letter office since the 14th of February, had now been forwarded to him in a body. Some of these he exhibited at mess, and thereby excited considerable envy in the bosom of Cornet Suckling, who would have given his ears for a correspondence of the kind one tenth as flattering and voluminous. However, the cornet, thanks to the prestige of his uniform, made more conquests than ever he had done before, and flattered himself he was becoming a Lothario.

"Shut the door, waiter," said Wyldes Oates, as the captain entered, "or we shall have a rush of love-stricken females after him. How did you give 'em the slip, Sloperton?"

"'Tis a wonder they didn't run into him," whispered Bruce, "for the scent's breast-high. What a bore it must be, Sloper, to be so adorable!"

Sloperton took quizzing very calmly, setting it down in general to envy. If he had not been so good-looking, it is probable he would have made a much better figure in the world, for he was by no means deficient in intellect. But the admiration so promptly accorded him by that portion of the fair sex who judge chiefly by the eye, had given a confirmed bent to his ideas, and he had sunk irrevocably into a clever trifler.

"Is Fane coming to mess?" asked Bruce of Sloperton.

"Don't know, really," said Sloperton,

pulling down his wristbands; "I'm not in his confidence."

"One of yours?" inquired Bagot.

"Yes; a captain of ours," said Oates.

"A good fellow, Fane, but infernally superior — deuced deal of reading and information, and all that sort of thing. I've been told he reads two or three hours a-day. You would n't guess it though, for he's a capital judge of a horse."

"He's a great favorite, too, with the women, if he only knew it," remarked Sloperton, speaking slowly, and with a graceful lisp. "I've known some of 'em quite spoon-ey on him. If he only took the trouble to follow up his advantages, and would bestow a little more pains in dressing himself, I don't know anybody that I should consider a more formidable rival."

"Well, sir," said Seager, impatient at the captain's conceit, and going on with a story he had begun before his entrance, "the night before the race, Tommy came to me. 'Mis'r Seager,' says he, 'you and I have done a little business together many a time, and I'd as soon do you a friendly turn as any man. Well, I ought to know something about that 'ere hoss, but I don't say nothing, only hedge! Hedge!' says Tommy, holding up his forefinger, and giving me a warning look. 'You're a trump, Tommy,' I said, 'and hedge I will, for I never knew you wrong yet;' and hedge I did. Gad, sir, 't was lucky I did so, or I should have been two thousand to the bad — as it was, I netted a hundred and fifty. The favorite was n't even placed."

"Nothing like a friend at court in these cases," said Tindal.

"Ah, you're right, major," said Seager; "and I flatter myself no man has more useful acquaintances of that sort than I have. It's astonishing what an effect a little condescension, and an occasional tip judiciously administered, has among fellows of that sort, when it comes from somebody who knows the tricks of the trade. A greenhorn, now, might give twenty pounds to an understrapper in a stable for a bit of information, and the fellow would pocket it, and put his tongue in his cheek and laugh at him for a confounded fool — while a knowing one, by bestowing five, might get a hint worth a thousand."

"You've been a good deal on the turf, eh?" said Wyldes Oates, who venerated men who had been a good deal on the turf. Seager grinned, and said he should rather think he had.

"Do you know Dakins?" asked Oates. Seager said he knew him well.

"Ah," said Oates, "he's a great friend of mine. Good fellow, Dakins."

"Splendid fellow," said Cornet Suckling, plunging head over heels into the conversation, and eager to boast his intimacy with the

redoubted Dakins. "Do you remember a bay colt of his by Cocktail?"

"Bay, with white fore-legs?" said Seager.

"Yes; I remember him."

"I bought him," said Suckling, with ill-suppressed exultation. "Deuced fine horse — dam by Orville."

"Dam by Orville," repeated Mr. Seager. "Ah, indeed; I should n't have thought he was ever worth a dam."

Mr. Suckling feebly attempted to join in the laugh that followed Mr. Seager's sally, and, muttering "Fine horse now — greatly improved since he was a colt," retired precipitately from the dialogue. When he reappeared, it was in a desperate attempt to retrieve his position in the eyes of Seager, by calling the unfortunate head-waiter a "lubber," as that hapless functionary placed a decanter before him. Then, in a reassured tone, he called out, "Seager, a glass of wine."

"Horrid beastliness!" said Suckling, setting down his glass after drinking it, and imagining he was quite safe in abusing the wine, as everybody else had already condemned it.

"I'm sorry you don't like it, young gentleman," said Bagot majestically. "It has been liked by good judges. 'Tis some I brought over from the Heronry, Tindal — hope you'll excuse the liberty, old fellow; but I knew the kind of article that was to be got here."

Snub the second for Mr. Suckling, whose forehead broke out into copious perspiration, while he felt a horrid sensation all over his body, as if his flannel waistcoat and drawers had been suddenly converted into sand-paper. Wyld Oates added to his discomfort by telling him he did n't believe he knew cider from Johannisberg.

"Superb sherry," said Sloperton, sipping it; "and rather different from the medicinal compound we've been in the habit of imbibing here. Waiter!"

"Sir," said the waiter, darting to the rear of the speaker.

"Tell the landlord," said Sloperton, "with my compliments, that his sherry ought to be labelled 'Cholera, two years in bottle.'"

The waiter attempted to smile; but, seeing the perfect gravity of Captain Sloperton's face, he coughed and said, "Very good, sir." He was frequently charged with messages of this description, but was in the habit of suppressing them.

"I hope, Tindal," said Bagot, leaning back in his chair in the intervals of dinner, with his hands stuck in the pockets of his somewhat gorgeous waistcoat — "I hope that this infusion of young blood which you've brought to Doddington will put a little life in the old town and neighborhood."

"'T would n't come before 't was wanted," responded Tindal; "for really, Lee, really, now, 'pon my life, I was prepared for something confoundedly slow, but this is too bad — too bad." And the major frowned and shook his head, as if slowness in a town was a high crime and misdemeanor, and, moreover, a personal injury.

"'T was n't always so," said Bagot. "I remember it a cheerful place enough, twenty or thirty years ago. Many a jolly dinner have I eaten in this very room, at elections or assizes, or when the militia was out. But I don't know how it is, all the people who had any life in 'em seem to have died off or left the place. I hardly ever come down now — can't stand it, by Jove!"

"How is it," remarked Bruce, "that wherever one goes — at least I find it so — the inhabitants always talk as if life and spirit had passed away from their native places! I could almost fancy a troop of aged ghosts, in pigtails, pantaloons, and hessians, mourning over the decline of any place I happen to be quartered in."

"Doddington's not what it was when I was a boy," said Mr. Titcherly, waking up and joining for the first time in the conversation on the introduction of this congenial theme. "And, when I was a boy, old people used to say the same thing; and when those old people were boys, other old people, doubtless, said so too. Perhaps the present generation will tell their grandchildren, forty years hence, that the old town has degenerated sadly since they were young."

"It almost reconciles me to the shortness of existence," said Sloperton, putting his shoulders into his ears, "to know that we probably shan't be here to participate in the regrets of the said grandchildren for the lost excitements of their dissipated ancestors."

"Doddington," said Mr. Titcherly, hastily bolting a half-masticated morsel, in his eagerness to enlarge on his favorite theme — "Doddington was once a place of consequence. It had a cathedral and many churches — it had a convent of Gray Friars — it had a priory. It had a charter granted by King John. There are parish registers here extending back to Elizabeth's time. I've read 'em all through many times, and they are worth their weight in gold."

"What a precious old maggot!" whispered Oates to Bruce. "What decayed nut did you pick him out of?"

But Bruce rather enjoyed the old gentleman's reminiscences. The roistering propensities which caused him to fraternize with Oates lay only on the surface of his nature, while far stronger and more characteristic sympathies slumbered, almost unknown to their possessor, underneath. So he encouraged Mr. Titcherly to resume the subject.

"I remember the convent I mentioned well," he went on (warming to his work, as Oates said). "It was in excellent preservation when a parcel of modernizing meddlers pulled it down, to make way for a new assize hall — a place, gentlemen, that no human being, except a lawyer, could take an interest in. While they were digging the foundation, I picked up a jawbone, which, I believe, undoubtedly belonged to Friar Treverton, who flourished in Doddington about four hundred years ago; for the spot where I found it tallies precisely with the place of his burial, mentioned in an old manuscript in my possession."

Once started on this subject, it was not easy to stop Mr. Titcherly, and he proceeded to enlarge on the antiquities of Doddington, quite unconscious that he and his topics were alike uninteresting to most of his hearers. The very last audience an antiquary should select is one composed of fast men, who have enough to do to look closely into the present, extracting therefrom all the amusement and excitement it will afford them, and mourning over that portion of it which they are debarred from enjoying, without troubling themselves about the past. Fast men, too, are extending their ranks — the term must be widened, so as to include all the most successful and notorious characters of our time. We have fast speculators, fast statesmen, fast clergymen, who have left the slow Church of England far behind — even history is written now-a-days by fast historians, only to show us how incomparably superior the fast present time is to the past, and their works are lauded by fast readers and fast reviewers accordingly. And he who does venture to look back with regret or respect is an obstructive, a dreamer, a fit object for scorn to point its slow and moving finger at. How, then, could humble Mr. Titcherly, who could find interest even in the mortal remains of a long defunct Friar Treverton, hope for attention?

The truth is, I'm afraid, that the fast men of the time don't take much interest in anything — whether it is that the objects which engross them are not such as to call for much enthusiasm, whether they think the expression of it vulgar, or whether they have n't got any to express, I leave to the observant reader to determine.

"Without going quite so far back as all that," said Bagot, "you, Mr. Titcherly, must remember when Doddington was more alive than it now is — when the society was better. You remember Squire Oldport, and General Chifney, and Parson Hardbottle, and old Jack Petrock, the little king of Doddington, who carried the corporation in his pocket, and a dozen other jolly fellows, who would have been hand-and-glove with their military visitors in two days?"

"To be sure," returned the old gentleman, chuckling and rubbing his hands. "They were my contemporaries; I was at school with 'em all, and now they are all gone — some dead, some living elsewhere. No wonder the place seems duller to me."

"I confess, Colonel Lee," said Sloperton, "I don't so much regret the absence of the excellent old persons you mention, as of their female descendants. I haven't made acquaintance with a single young lady above the rank of a postmaster's daughter. By the by, may I ask, colonel, who those ladies were that we saw with you a day or two since?" (Sloperton knew perfectly well, having made most minute inquiries on the subject from the waiter.)

"My niece-in-law, Lady Lee," answered Bagot, "and two friends of hers. Fine women, sir. She's the widow of my poor nephew, Sir Joseph Lee."

"Baronetcy of 1600," murmured Mr. Titcherly; "one of James' creation — see appendix."

"A charming trio, indeed," said the captain. "Not many of the sort down here, I'm afraid."

"Well, there's one comfort in a quarter of this sort," observed Seager to Sloperton, who sat next him — "you can wear out all your old clothes, and so get a pull upon your tailor. 'Twould be throwing pearls before swine to bring the new cuts down here."

"Yes, that's one advantage," answered the captain; "and another is, the chance of picking up some country beauty with a lot of money — something unsophisticated, you know, for one gets sick of your knowing women; one sees so plainly what they're at, you know — that is, any one who understands them. A sharp woman, with her clever designs upon one's heart, always reminds me of the what-d' ye-call-em bird — the flamingo. I think — that puts its head in the sand, and thinks the hunters can't see him. Now, one would like to have an affair with something simple and innocent, if it were only for a change; and if there was money enough with it, why, one might be induced to — a — a — sacrifice one's-self on the altar of Hymen."

"What an infernal puppy!" thought Mr. Seager. "Lucky fellow that gets Lee's niece," said he aside to the captain. "Lots of money, lots of beauty, and lots of good-breeding — no mistake about that. Lee knows what she's worth, and looks precious sharp after her, I can tell you."

"More fool he, I should think," said Sloperton. "What business has he to look after her?"

Seager winked and gave him a poke with his elbow. "I'll tell you all about it by and by," he said; "wait till we get an opportunity."

This did not offer itself till after they had left the table. But first a variety of topics were discussed, of the same nature as those decided in the answers to correspondents of sporting newspapers. Then there were some arguments conducted after the true mess fashion—that is to say, remarkable rather for confident assertion, tenacity of opinion, and bold denial, than for learning, logic, or deliberation; and in the course of which it was definitively settled by the majority, that the Prussians got deuced well thrashed at the battle of Blenheim; that Sheridan was saved from going to prison by selling his poem of the *Rambler* to his landlady for fifty pounds; that Sitwell of the Rifles won the Grand Military in an orange cap, and not in a white one; and that brandy-and-water, as hot as you could drink it, was a capital thing for gout in your stomach. This last curious medical fact was decided in the bar, where they stopt for a few moments on their way to the lodgings of Mr. Wylde Oates (Mr. Titcherly having taken his leave), to exchange a few compliments with the young lady who presided there, and to charge the waiter to follow them forthwith with a supply of wine, brandy, soda-water, and cigars.

Wylde Oates and Bruce jointly occupied apartments in the house of a dissenting grocer, somewhat disposed to asceticism in his religious views, and who was sorely troubled how to reconcile the harboring of these reprobates beneath his roof, with his allegiance to the tabernacle he frequented, and of which he was an important pillar. He partially satisfied his conscience for his toleration of them, by assuring his wife in private that the young men were workers of iniquity, and, to his certain knowledge, would eventually be broken to pieces like a potter's vessel; while the wife, who, from a natural softness of disposition, did not take the same religious pleasure in contemplating the perdition of her fellow-creatures, attempted to excuse them by saying they were "great sperits." On the first day of their taking possession, the good woman had greatly diverted the youngsters by coming up, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and asking them at what hour they would like their tea. "Gad, Bruce," said Mr. Oates, "fancy us fellows drinking tea, like a couple of old washerwomen—good idea, is n't it?" On the present occasion the grocer had caused his wife to sit up for their lodgers, and she, opening the door at their knock, was horrified at seeing the two "great sperits" attended by seven other sperits, evidently not come there for the purpose of sleeping, and making such a noise in their passage up-stairs that they woke the grocer, who, before he went to sleep again, consoled himself by a pious vision, wherein he saw the whole party undergoing the fate of Dives.

The sitting-room the youths occupied had a snug, respectable air about it, rather at variance with the character and pursuits of the occupants. The chairs and sofas were of a hardness and neatness rather calculated to mortify the flesh than to invite repose. A print of the Rev. John Styles over the mantel-piece, with no shirt-collar, a guileless face, and a collarless coat, appeared somewhat out of place between two favorite works of art belonging to Mr. Oates—"The Pet of the Ballet," and "Taking a Rasper;" and it really seemed marvellous how the reverend gentleman could preserve such a bland saintliness of aspect, with an opern-dancer of meretricious appearance, pointing her toe indelicately at him on one side, and a reprobate in a red coat riding furiously towards him on the other.

Immediately on the arrival of the waiter with a supply of liquor and a punch-bowl, Mr. Oates proceeded to compound scientifically that seductive liquor called claret-cup, after a valuable and unique receipt bequeathed to him by his departed father; while Bruce, stripping the covers from half-a-dozen packs of cards, arranged a table for whist.

"What 's this?" inquired Sloperton, taking up a pamphlet in a brown paper wrapper from a table, between his finger and thumb. "It smells confoundedly of bacon."

"That 's a tract," said Mr. Oates, with intense disgust, "left here by our precious prig of a landlord."

"He leaves 'em regularly twice a-week," said Bruce, "and they certainly do smell of the shop in a double sense. The last one was called *A Finger-Post to Heaven*, and this is *The Saintly Stoker*. I did n't wish to be rude to him, as he probably means it for civility; so I told him I was afraid I must defer the perusal of them for the present, being engaged in reading *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which book I mentioned on account of its decorous title not being likely to shock his prejudices; but he turned up his eye, and told me 'he feared that vicars were little better than whitened sepulchres.'"

"Infernal canting humbug!" said Bagot. "He took £20 for his vote last election, to my knowledge. Where do you hang out, Captain Sloperton?"

"Why," answered Sloperton, "I've had considerable bother about my lodgings. I was obliged to leave a house on the second day, after paying a week in advance, because the family were addicted to onions; and I was expelled from a second lodging, otherwise comfortable enough, by a crying baby. I give you my word, sir, 't was a perfect cherub, and continually did cry. Imagine my feelings, on getting settled a little in a third place, at detecting the servant-maid—a maid whose face and hands actually shone with grease,

and who, in fact, had a person altogether perfectly glutinous — fancy my feelings at detecting her in the very act of using my hair-brush. She did, by Jove, sir!"

Here Sloperton took Seager aside, under pretence of getting advice about some turf business, but in reality to renew the subject of Bagot's connection with Lady Lee; and Seager managed so well for Bagot's interest, that he left Sloperton impressed with a due sense of the importance of the colonel's countenance and friendship, to any one who should entertain matrimonial designs upon her ladyship, as an indispensable preliminary to success.

"Would it be easy to get an introduction there?" asked the captain, stroking his mustache.

"Ask Lee, there; he's the keeper of the seraglio. Here, Lee," called out Seager, "here's an applicant for a ticket of admission to the Heronry."

"Oh, demmit!" quoth the captain, "don't put it in that way. But really, colonel, I should take it as a great favor if you would authorize me to call."

"To be sure!" cried the colonel; "come over to lunch on Wednesday — come all of you — and I'll get up an expedition into the country somewhere. Nothing like a riding-party for making people acquainted with each other."

Tindal was delighted with the prospect of the visit, and took Bagot aside.

"That Miss Payne, now, that I saw with you, Lee," said he — "do you know much about her family and prospects, and so forth?"

"Nothing at all," said Bagot; "but I can easily find out, if it would oblige you."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself!" returned the major, affecting indifference; "I merely asked from curiosity. Splendid woman!" he went on; "I don't know when I've been so struck with the appearance and manner of any one."

"Take care!" said Bagot. "I always observe 'tis a serious thing when a man past his verdant days takes a fancy to a girl. He always thinks himself so infernally knowing, that he won't take advice, whereas a young one sometimes will. You should have seen her take her first lesson in riding yesterday, Tindal. Gad, sir, you'd have been enchanted!"

"Yes!" said Tindal, eagerly — "Yes! How did she get on?"

"Never saw such pluck in my life — *ne-ver* saw any girl so thoroughly game. By Jove, Tindal, I'm half in love with her myself!" And Bagot related with great zest, and much to the admiration of the interested major, the events which attended the commencement of Orelia's first lesson.

The claret-cup, pleasant and insidious as that of Circe, was partaken of with much devotion by all, except Bagot and Tindal, who,

being older stagers, and knowing that present nocturnal pleasure would be purchased at an exorbitant amount of morning headache in imbibing that bewitching liquor, stuck to their brandy-and-water. It was when the whist came to a conclusion, and the effects of the exhilarating bowl became evident in increased rashness in betting, desire for chicken-hazard on the part of Oates, coupled with impatience at the non-appearance of supper, that Mr. Seager took occasion to enlarge on the merits of a little English mare he had lately purchased — a perfect marvel of a trotting mare, considering, as he said, that she was English. "I don't know what she can do," said Seager, "for I forgot to time her; but I fancy she took me something like seventeen miles within the hour."

"Take care, my boy!" said Bagot. "Are you sure of that? I don't know any English mare that can trot seventeen miles an hour."

"Bet you an even fifty she won't do it again," said Wyld Oates.

"Well, it's my opinion she can," said Seager, "and I don't mind backing my opinion."

"I would n't bet about time," said Sloperton, who was somewhat flustered from drinking; "but I've a horse that I rather fancy can gallop a bit, and I don't mind making a match with you."

"No," said Seager, "she can't gallop, she's a trotting mare. But I'll back her to trot half-a-mile while your horse gallops three quarters, if you'll give me fifty yards."

This proposition was discussed in a variety of forms and modifications. Seager was secure of his mare's powers; and Sloperton, besides being somewhat excited by his share of the claret-cup, was anxious to produce a favorable impression on Bagot, by making what he fancied a judicious sporting bet. Next to his reputation as a man of fashion, Sloperton piqued himself on his judgment in betting, and luckily he was rich enough to indulge this propensity without so much imprudence as sporting men occasionally exhibit. So Wyld Oates, having risked his fifty against Seager's, and the latter being drawn, with what looked like rashness (though that was the last infirmity which Seager could ever be accused of), to offer to back his mare, for a thousand, to do one mile more — *i. e.*, eighteen in the hour — Sloperton took him up; and after some discussion the wager stood in a double form, as entered in Mr. Oates' betting-book, thus: —

"Slop. bets Seag. 500*l.* the horse Bouquet gallops three quarters of a mile before the mare Goshawk trots half-a-mile, less twenty-five yards — to come off within two months."

"Ditto bets ditto, said mare, Goshawk, does not trot eighteen miles within the hour — also within two months."

Bagot, too, made an entry to the same effect — though that was needless, for circumstances afterwards caused the bet to impress itself strongly on Bagot's memory.

After a little more betting, the waiter from the hotel was heard knocking at the door, and demanding to know when they would like supper; and Wyld Oates, putting out his head, delivered an order for a variety of stimulative delicacies forthwith, winding up with a devil and lots of broiled bones.

"Broiled bones!" ejaculated the grocer, beneath the bed-clothes — "ah, little do the poor, lost creatures think whose bones are predestined to be broiled; and a devil too — why, it's quite prophetic!" and the grocer smiled as he turned drowsily on his pillow.

It was near morning when the dog-cart was brought out, and Seager and Bagot mounted into it, the former taking the reins, for the colonel was hardly fit to drive, especially as there were some sharp turns in the road. Then, bidding their military friends good-night, they rattled off, the silent street echoing hollowly as they sped along.

"Not a bad night's business," said Seager; "I look on the fifteen hundred and fifty as safe — the mare can do it easy. In a day or two, you and I will go down quietly and have a look at her."

CHAPTER XI.

The ladies had, as Bagot knew, projected an expedition on horseback into the country. Telling them of the invitation he had given to his military friends, of their wish to be introduced at the Heronry, and reminding the ladies of the obligation they were under to Tindal in the matter of the riding-lessons, he found no difficulty in getting them to admit the dragoons to join the riding-party. Rosa's eyes sparkled at the idea — Orelia gave her imperial sanction — *le reine le veut* — and Lady Lee, though rather indisposed to the forming of new acquaintances, was unwilling to disoblige Bagot. The latter, moreover, in order, as he said, that every Jack might have his Jill, had recruited a couple of young ladies from a neighboring country-house to join the party.

These were the two Misses Clumber, daughters of Sir Christopher Clumber, Bart., and were (considering they were sisters) remarkably different in character. Trephina, the eldest, was afflicted with such a perpetual thirst for information, that she applied for it at all founts that offered, without much considering what the quality of the supply might be; and, accordingly, she had imbibed some curious facts, such as are not generally imparted to a young lady. The other, instead of improving her mind, which was naturally so weak as not to be susceptible of much improvement, devoted all her time to the adorn-

ment of her person, which was pretty, but not so pretty as she fancied it. They were to join the cavalcade as it passed their lodge gates.

The Wednesday on which the riding-party took place was one of the last days of May.

The month of May — the words are Hawthorn-scented, causing the most unimaginative reader to dream of green fields and fresh flowers and a warm sun. Poets, since first there sprang such a race in England, have conspired to deck May with sunshine and freshness, and garlands plundered from her neighbor June; and notwithstanding the too often sad realities of east wind and rain — notwithstanding the numbers of betrayed and unfortunate persons who, having, in the trustfulness of their public temperaments, been seduced into going a-Maying, return with damp dresses and shivering frames, and colds in their heads — still the people, steadfast in their illusion, blindly believe in the delights ascribed to their favorite month, and, spite of wind and weather, invest her idea with the sweets of Paradise — she is the pleasant, the merry month of May.

The fact is, the month — naturally an asthmatic, chilly month — has been padded into shape. Every succeeding writer, who has occasion to mention her name, adds his mite of a flower or a gentle breeze, and thus, insolvent as she is in pleasantness and sunshine, her credit is sustained by a paper-currency.

The May morning that shone on the riding-party was, however, one of the old poetical kind, quite restoring one's confidence in Chaucer — warm, sunny, fresh, musical. The few white clouds that floated across the blue depths were soft and vapory, melting at their edges into thin gray tissues. There was breeze enough to dissipate and convey abroad the heavy perfumes of the furze on the common and the honeysuckles in the lane, but not enough to scatter the unseen multitudes that filled the air with their humming. Voices from low-lying distant fields came with plain intonation on the ear; so did the cawing of the rooks around the elms in the village across the river, and the rumble of the wagon traversing the bridge.

Rosa, looking forth from the window of the breakfast-room, fresh as one of the roses that bloomed beside and around her, saw the cavaliers approaching, their sleek horses glistening in the sun.

Tindal and Sloperton rode first — the former with a slight *soupcçon* of the jockey in his costume; the latter, after deliberating so long over his multifarious wardrobe that the others were on the point of starting without him, had decided upon a very quiet, though exquisitely-out suit — gray trousers and waistcoat, black riding-coat and neckcloth, simply

relieved by white gloves — for the captain was fond of affecting a great sedateness both of dress and aspect; — and having thus, unassisted by foreign or adventitious aid, made the desired impression, would subsequently come forth in full radiance, and carry all before him. As he approached the house, he straightened himself in his saddle, drew his knees a little back (for he was a bad rider, and they *would* slip forward out of place), lowered his heels to riding-school trim, and, taking in the whole front of the mansion in one rapid, furtive glance, feigned to be unconscious that anybody was looking at him. His position in the saddle, he flattered himself, was admirable, and, on reaching the gravel sweep before the entrance, he rode a little in front of his companion, in order that nothing might obstruct the view of his symmetrical proportions, but was sorely disturbed in mind and seat when Bruce and Oates came dashing alongside at a gallop, and caused his horse Bouquet to curvet unpleasantly, thereby affording great delight to Mr. Oates, who whispered to Bruce that "Nobby was deuced near spilt."

Bagot was in the hall, teaching Orelia to play billiards, and, hearing their approach, he came out to the door with a cue in his hand.

"Glorious day, boys!" said he; "dis-mount and come in."

"Deuced nice house," thought Sloperton, looking round the lofty hall, which reached as high as to the second story, with a balcony round the upper part, and was so spacious that the billiard-table looked quite small in the midst of the tessellated pavement. Near the table stood the majestic Orelia, holding her cue something after the fashion of a sceptre.

"I need n't introduce Major Tindal," Bagot said to her, as the major advanced, so much abashed by Orelia's queenliness that his habitual formality stiffened into an almost awkward shyness as he greeted her; while the self-complacent assurance of Sloperton, and the too-easy confidence of Mr. Wylde Oates, rebounded from it ineffectually. "Now then, boys, what d'ye say! — heer, after your ride! — capital home-brewed — glass of sherry! — no! then come along to the drawing-room."

"I don't think I mentioned to you that I've the honor to be connected with Lady Lee," said Sloperton to Bagot, as they walked up the broad staircase — "a sort of cousinship."

In fact, Sloperton's father was her mother's first cousin; but the Sloperton family had been so much scandalized at her mother's marrying a country clergyman, that they considered it due to their own dignity, and to the demerits of the offender, to drop all intercourse with her forthwith. Sloperton had

reserved the fact of the relationship, in order that he might judge whether the style of her ladyship's house and society would render such a disclosure advisable or not; and we may safely aver that, had these matters not proved to his taste, he would have kept the "sort of cousinship" a profound secret.

"God bless me!" said Bagot, "you don't say so. I did n't know I was bringing you a relation, Hester," he continued, as they entered the drawing-room. "Your cousin, Captain Sloperton."

Lady Lee looked rather surprised. Probably, if she had met the captain anywhere but in her own house, she would not have acknowledged him, for she happened to know how affairs had stood between her mother and the Sloperton family. But as he appeared as her guest, she took the hand which the captain proffered for a cousinly shake, with sufficient civility, though without any warmth. "Ah," thought the captain, "I see — proud, and a little indignant; we'll bide our time." And, merely expressing his sense of good fortune at having made the acquaintance of such a relative, the captain, with his most bewitching bow, relinquished the hand he held, and stood aside to let his friends make their obeisances.

Perhaps the calm indifference which marked her ladyship's reception of them was as little calculated to encourage the strangers as the stateliness of Orelia. But Rosa's manner was enough of itself to set all at their ease; she never thought about herself or her own dignity, but received each in a smiling, friendly fashion that disarmed all criticism, and caused Mr. Oates to eulogize her to Bruce, in a whisper, as a "jolly little girl." Bruce and Rosa were friends at the first glance; they were both of them so open, genial, and unembarrassed, that the slight circumstance of their never having met before in their lives was altogether lost sight of within a quarter of an hour after the introduction.

"Now, then," quoth Bagot, bustling about, "we'll decide where to go, and then to horse forthwith. You must know, gentlemen, that the ladies, before they were aware they were to have the pleasure of your company, had each proposed a different point to ride to; and how they'd have settled it without us I don't know. I'll just read to you, from these slips of paper, what each had to say in favor of her own choice, and then we'll put the matter to the vote;" and, uplifting his double gold eye-glass, he took one of the three slips from the table, and stooping over it, and moving his head, like an antiquary spelling out an old tombstone, as he followed each line, read the contents slowly.

"First we have The Skyrock, one of the mountain ranges you see from the northern windows." (Here Bagot motioned with the

double eye-glass in a northerly direction, and then resumed his reading.) "It towers above the others, and from its top you look on three counties and on the sea. There are no trees except some stunted pines and a mountain-ash or two; it holds a small lake in the hollow of its hand, as it were, in whose gray, steely surface are inverted the dark beetling crags, and the sky, and the clouds. There are no small, insignificant beauties to fritter away the attention; all is grand and savage desolation."

It needed not Bagot's friendly wink to inform Tindal that this was Orelia's choice.

"Dairy," Bagot read again, from the next paper, "is the dearest little, old-fashioned farm-house in the world—as you will say, when you first catch sight of the corner of its white wall and thatched roof among the apple-blossoms. There are wide, low meadows all around, with plenty of flowers and cows, giving promise of such nice cream—and they keep their promise, I can tell you—and the river runs at the margin of them, with islands of yellow gravel parting its clear brown streams, and willows fringing the opposite bank. All round are woods, ancient enough and majestic enough to please even some of our grand and lofty-minded acquaintances." ("Personal, by Jove!" interpolated Bagot, and Orelia shook her riding-whip at Rosa, who tried to look demurely unconscious, while Bruce smiled at her intelligently.) "And it is undoubtedly a pleasanter and more cheerful scene, to anybody of proper taste and feeling, than those horrid solemn crags."

"No *ex parte* statements of that sort ought to be allowed," said Orelia.

"Certainly not," said Tindal.

"Nor such low appeals to vulgar tastes, as promises of cream," said Orelia.

"I've a particularly vulgar taste, and like cream excessively," said Bruce.

"The White Fall" (so ran the third paper) "is a cascade shooting out of the rift of a mossy rock, whose faces are all wet with its spray. It is caught in a basin bordered thickly with ferns, from which it drops successively into other basins, till it flows away out of sight. Ascending by slippery steps cut in the rock, you come suddenly on a ruined abbey, standing in front of dark massive woods. The scene unites the sentiments of the grand and antique with those of the picturesque and familiar."

"There," said Bagot, dropping his glass; "most votes carry it." Having collected them, he declared the state of the poll to be in favor of the last proposition, which had emanated from Lady Lee; and for the White Fall they started forthwith.

Bagot marshalled the cavalcade. Lady Lee, disposed to be agreeable to her compan-

ion, Captain Sloperton, glanced at him, to try and guess what style of conversation was likely to suit him. "Dear me, What a handsome man!" she thought, at the first glance; then, after a second, "what a pity the expression was forgotten when that face was designed!" Sloperton, aware he was being scrutinized, looked over his horse's head with a face preternaturally composed, as if he were sitting for his portrait, saying nothing; not because he wanted conversation, but for fear of breaking the charm. "Let her look," said Sloperton to himself; "it's only your confounded ugly fellows that are forced to go off at score with the conversation." So he sat perfectly still, except that he turned his profile a trifle to the left, so as to bring the outline of his nose into more favorable view.

Presently Lady Lee broke into a smile. "Has it no voice, I wonder!" thought she, "this military statue of Apollo?" And she waited a little longer to see what time might bring forth; but it brought forth nothing, except the removal of a speck of dust from the captain's shirt-front with the point of his little finger.

"An amusing piece of sculpture!" thought her ladyship;—"he must have escaped from some wax-work establishment."—"Captain Sloperton," she said, "I'm sure you must be fond of angling."

The captain turned towards her a face illumined with a smile ineffably sweet, which he suffered to steal gradually over the composure of his aspect. He had known that smile do him yeoman's service ere now, going right through the eyes of a hitherto obdurate lady, till it quivered in her very heart.

"Angling! Why so?" asked the captain, in his sweetest, softest tone, studying her face in return through his large, melancholy black eyes.

"Because Izaak Walton calls it 'the contemplative man's recreation,' and you appear to be a contemplative man," said Lady Lee. "Do you generally pursue your meditations in company or alone?"

"You allude to my silence," said the captain, with another smile, this time of bewitching frankness; "but the fact is, I never presume to offer any remark at the commencement of an acquaintance, unless I think it worthy of the hearer. I believe, in this instance, I might have waited till doomsday—and, in fact, I was just beginning to despair when you spoke. Confess now," said the captain, gracefully extending his right hand with the palm uppermost, and inclining his head a little to one side, interrogatively as it were, "would you not have considered it an insult to your understanding, if I had begun by remarking, it was a fine day, as if I were an almanac?"

"On the contrary, I should have agreed with the observation very heartily," said Lady Lee. "Do you suppose I expect to find mankind in general carrying the admiration of their hearers by a *coup-de-main*, instead of opening the trenches in form! — like Mr. Burke, of whom it was said, that nobody could stand with him under a door-way in a shower of rain without finding him out to be an extraordinary man."

"Burke was an extremely clever fellow," said the captain, "undoubtedly; but he labored under a great disadvantage. I believe, from a portrait I have seen of him, that his idea of dress was perfectly ridiculous; in fact, his dress was by no means equally imposing with his address; and who could listen, you know, to a sage in a disreputable coat or a cravat like a poultice! — the idea's absurd."

Lady Lee laughed heartily at the idea of an acquaintance with Stultz being indispensable to the success of a philosopher.

"It is not very long ago," continued the captain, following up the impression he considered he was making, "since I heard a person who was dining with a friend in the next box to me in a French eating-house, talk so cleverly and amusingly, that I got quite interested in him. I figured to myself, of course, a remarkably well-bred, agreeable person, dressed with unimpeachable taste. At last, after a most capital story, told with charming humor, my curiosity to see him became so great, that I got up in the middle of my dinner (the greatest bore in the world, you will admit), and made an excursion across the room to the bell, expressly to look at the clever unknown. You'll hardly believe me, Lady Lee, when I tell you he had the impudent bad taste to be witty in a — what do you think now?"

"Carter's frock and hobnailed shoes?" guessed her ladyship, chiming in with his humor.

"Nothing of the kind," said Sloperton. "He wore a brown satin waistcoat with yellow stripes, and a bright-blue coat with brass buttons, while his hands were like huge slices of beet-root, with carrots at the end for fingers. I naturally lost all interest in him at once; his jokes, after that, were all tinged, to my fancy, with the vulgarity of his attire. That, now, is a case exactly in point."

Again Lady Lee condescended to smile. The captain's foibles were new to her, and his ultra-dandyism amused her by its strong contrast with the calm melancholy of his aspect. So she continued to give him her attention — and that he always considered as the natural prelude to a woman's giving him her heart — and went on with increased confidence, till he branched off into the flattering and sentimental vein, in which she thought him decidedly tiresome, though he fancied he had been unusually brilliant.

The major, riding beside Orelia, with the corporal at her near rein, to which station she had summoned him, surveyed her with a grave and courteously critical air.

"Upon my word," he said, "either Onslow must be a capital instructor in female equestrianism, or he must have met with a singularly apt pupil. I don't know when I've seen a lady sit so easily and well."

"Pray give all the praise to Mr. Onslow," said Orelia; "and permit me, at the same time, to thank you for giving us such an excellent master."

"Allow me to hope," said Tindal, with the air of one who requests where he may command, "that to-day you will permit me to be your riding-master. We will dispense with Corporal Onslow's services, and —"

"By no means," interrupted Orelia, "I prefer the present arrangement infinitely. That is" (observing the sudden dark flush that overspread the major's countenance), "I have great confidence in Mr. Onslow — and besides, nobody, you know, can serve two masters. Your systems might clash, though both are no doubt excellent. So" (turning to Onslow), "pray remain with us."

Onslow listened to the major's proposition for dismissing him and to Orelia's detainer, with the same calm expression which he usually wore when his superiors in rank asserted at all imperiously the distinction between them, and without the slightest appearance of discomposure. It was the expression of one who, knowing well his superiority to the station he filled, felt no irritation at being reminded of it; and this demeanor appeared, in Orelia's eyes, far more dignified than the most tragical exhibitions of wrath, and most magnificent frettings on the curb, could have been. "Confound the fellow!" thought the major, glancing at his handsome, easy subordinate, "I wish he'd take himself off." But he affected to smile, as he bowed his acquiescence to Orelia, saying, "her wishes were law to him, and Corporal Onslow should certainly remain —" at all which, a smile might have been noticed, by a keen observer, to dawn on Onslow's face.

From this moment the major quite ignored the corporal's presence, trying to converse as if there were no such person within hearing, or in existence; a mode of proceeding which was rendered somewhat difficult by the frequent appeals which Orelia made to Onslow, for his opinion on matters they conversed of — deeply outraging the major's sense of military etiquette, of which few had stricter notions than himself. But of military etiquette Orelia knew but little; in fact, being, as we have elsewhere hinted, somewhat of a self-willed young lady, she did not permit etiquette of any kind to rule her conduct further than she pleased; and, accustomed to see in her

riding-master one who possessed the manners and language of a gentleman, she had almost dropt out of sight the fact of his real position.

"The filly suits you admirably," said the major presently to Orelia. "I should think her a little too hot to be pleasant to the generality of riders — but you, Miss Payne, have a particularly light hand."

"So Mr. Onslow tells me," said Orelia, "though, to say the truth, I don't exactly know what a light hand is."

The major frowned — Onslow again! and Mister too! "You've brought your sketch-book, I see," said he, after a pause — "may we hope for the pleasure of seeing it employed to-day?"

"Certainly," said Orelia. "I always sketch during my rides."

"Might I be permitted a glance?" asked Tindal, extending his hand towards the book. Orelia handed it to him.

"Beautiful!" cried the admiring major, turning the leaves as the book rested on the pommel of his saddle. "Most masterly, and evidently done with great ease and quickness. If I might venture to say which I prefer, it is this one — principally on account of that group of figures in the foreground."

"You are right, Major Tindal," returned Orelia, "those figures are excellent. I wish I could hope to rival them."

"Dear me, are they not yours?" said the major, vexed at his blunder.

"They are some that Mr. Onslow was so good as to put in," replied Orelia. "Do you not recognize his rather uncommon style?"

"Indeed! — ah, I was not aware," said the major coldly — and, muttering something about "fine distances — bold outline — warm skies," he closed the sketch-book, and returned it to the fair proprietor.

"This now," said the major, presently, pointing with the but-end of his whip at the landscape before them, "allow me to suggest, is a fine subject for a sketch. This clump of trees in the foreground — that white cottage beyond, with the river and those hills in the distance, would, in your hands, Miss Payne, make a very beautiful picture."

"So I think," said Orelia; "but Mr. Onslow prefers the same view from a point we have just passed. I'm glad to have a champion on my side — pray discuss the matter with him, Major Tindal, and I will abide by the result of the argument."

"Really," said the major, reddening and frowning, "I am — a — a — not accustomed to — a — you must excuse me, Miss Payne —" and reining suddenly back, on pretence of the narrowness of the road, he rode by himself, much chafed in temper, at some distance behind.

"Your kind notice of me is most flattering," said Onslow, in a low voice, to Orelia — "and,

believe me, I feel it deeply. But will you pardon me for saying, that I anticipate consequences which may cause me to regret the display of your goodness."

Orelia turned her face severely and scornfully upon him. "It is I," she said, "who have reason to regret that I should have bestowed any notice on one who is capable of such an anticipation as fear on his own account. I could not have imagined any one guilty of such a mean feeling. You have shown me my error, and you shall certainly have no cause to fear a repetition of it."

Most men would have been abashed at the scorn with which Orelia turned her face from him as she concluded her speech; but Onslow, smiling, said, "You mistake me, indeed. I would not weigh any consequence to myself against your lightest word. But what I do anticipate is, that the major, in his evident displeasure, may deprive me of the opportunity of further enjoying the society I have found so —" (he did not say what) — "and may thus," he added, sadly and half-absently, "close suddenly for me the brief vision of paradise that has opened on the dull reality of my life."

Orelia colored a little at this warmth of expression. "Pardon me," she said; "I was too hasty, and did you wrong. I should indeed regret to be deprived of the benefit of your instructions. We will mollify this doughty chief of yours, and cause him to forget his wrath." And accordingly reining up, and summoning the major to her, under pretence of showing him some interesting feature in the scenery, she condescended, in a somewhat haughty, indifferent way, to smooth his ruffled plumes, and, giving him no further cause for ire, except once or twice, when she forgot herself, and dragged Onslow into the conversation, succeeded to a miracle.

Bruce and Rosa rode together in great harmony, followed at a little distance by Wylde Oates and Letitia Clumber. This latter young lady, besides being naturally stupid, and a very uncongenial spirit for the rattling Mr. Oates to encounter, was now particularly indisposed to make herself agreeable, in consequence of pining after the society of Sloper-ton, for whom she had, at first sight, conceived a warm admiration, which, she was satisfied, wanted only opportunity to become mutual. So at last, Oates, after giving her a description of a steeple-chase which she scarcely even pretended to listen to, and catching her yawning while he was telling her of a wager he had lately won, wherein he had displayed great sagacity, rode on with her to join the pair in front.

"Hang it, Bruce!" he whispered, as he came alongside; "fair play, you know. Deuce take me, if I can stand that simpering doll any longer, and there are you chatting away

with that jolly little thing like a couple of magpies, and not caring a curse about me. Turn about's fair play. You let me ride with her for the rest of the way out, and you shall be her companion all the way back." And Bruce, acknowledging the justice of this arrangement, went accordingly to do penance with Miss Letitia, while Rosa cast after him a glance of regret which Mr. Outes would have thought anything but flattering to himself if he had seen it; for Rosa had discovered that Bruce's sentiments on most matters were entirely identical with her own — that they had the same tastes in pictures and books and scenery — at least, he had always agreed warmly with her expressed opinions — and, in fact, they had got on very pleasantly together.

Bagot was the most ill-matched of the party. Poor old Bagot, having paired off the others to their satisfaction, had good-naturedly undertaken Trephina Clumber, who, with her usual desire for information, had put him, as he termed it, "through his facings" on the subject of the history of horse-racing — its origin, progress, &c., with incidental questions on the feeding of horses and rules of the turf. And Bagot, who had never, even on this his favorite subject, troubled himself with any historical retrospect, was sorely puzzled to reply, and, answering at hazard, communicated to her a fund of information on these heads more curious than correct, as may be seen to this day in the pages of Miss Trephina's journal, where she was accustomed to note down at night all the treasures of knowledge acquired during the day; in which are chronicled, among others, the not generally known facts, that the first King's Plate was run for in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and that Old King Cole was one of the earliest patrons of the turf.

The cascade was reached and duly admired — not on horseback, of course, but the steeds were fastened to trees, while their riders walked along the rocky path that led to it. And the fountain below the cascade was a wishing-well, with a legend attached to it, which Lady Lee related; and afterwards they dipt their hands in it, and wished silently, and it came to pass that some of them, in the fulness of time, had their wishes granted, and some had not.

When they dismounted, the corporal prudently turned his horse's head and rode homewards.

Leaving the fountain, they ascended the steps of the rock, and found lunch, which Noble had brought in a spring-cart, awaiting them under an oak; and afterwards the lady artists produced their sketch-books. Trephina Clumber, without any natural taste or talent for drawing, practised the art with wonderful pertinacity. She had studied innumerable

books on light and shade, and color and perspective, and the human form, and the anatomy of animals, and, in fact, perhaps muddled herself with her researches in art, for they resulted in productions quite unlike anything in nature. She seated herself under a tree, and sent Bagot to fetch her some water in a tin cup, while she arranged her color-box and brushes alongside. Then she made a sketch, and all the time she was so employed she lectured the colonel so learnedly on keeping, and aerial distances, and mellowness, and warm effects, and handling, that he felt very little doubt that Trephina was a very great artist, and was somewhat ashamed of himself when, on looking at the drawing afterwards, he took a remarkable cloud in her sky for a wooded mountain — and her own horse, which she had introduced in the foreground, for a goat — mistaking the crutches of the side-saddle for the animal's horns. However, her familiarity with the terms of art quite blinded Bagot to these little defects in her practice, and caused him to regard her as a female Claude. And many greater reputations than Trephina's are constantly established on precisely similar foundations.

Lady Lee, perhaps not finding Captain Sloperton's conversation in harmony with the scene, sauntered away by herself towards the margin of the stream above the cascade. Before her lay a broad pool, where the stream, though swift, was silent, and which was crossed by large stones at irregular intervals. Between these the water poured smoothly, and flowed rippling out of sight. In the broken water below the stones a fly-fisher was planted, assiduously practising his art. Up the stream the water darkened to deepest brown, as it passed beneath overhanging willows. Lady Lee remembered that, by crossing to the other side, a new and pleasing point of view was obtained, and she accordingly began stepping from one stone to another.

When about half way across, a stone rolled over and sunk, just as she was in the act of quitting it, and a little extra agility was required to attain the next one. Congratulating herself on escaping without a dip in the water, she stood here, as on a pedestal, admiring the view, which was at this point much more expanded than on the bank she had just quitted, enabling the observer to trace the stream through many a winding, and showing new undulations in the surface of the woods. Having sufficiently enjoyed it, she turned to retrace her steps — and then, for the first time, perceived that the displacement of the stone had rendered this a difficult task. The provoking pebble lay just beneath the surface, with the sharp corner uppermost, rendering it quite unsafe as a support, and the interval to the next one was too wide to

be attempted. She was unwilling to call for assistance, partly because the situation seemed to her to involve a little absurdity; secondly, because she dreaded being the object of the gallant efforts which the cavaliers would be sure to make for her rescue. So she began plumb the stream with her riding-whip, and, after poking unsuccessfully to replace the faithless stone, gathered her dress round her, and half-meditated a spring.

She made up her mind to it seven times, and seven times her heart failed her, leaving her precisely where she was. How often the process might have been repeated is doubtful; but just then she heard a splashing in the water close at hand. The fly-fisher, perceiving her dilemma, was wading to her assistance.

This fly-fisher was by no means an ordinary kind of fly-fisher. He was a handsome, noble-looking man, about thirty, with a light mustache, and was as unmistakably a gentleman in his tweed shooting-jacket and wide-awake hat, as if he had been dressed in a coronet and robes. Now, if he had considered a moment, he might have rendered the necessary service to her ladyship by replacing the stone in its old position. Perhaps if Lady Lee, instead of appearing to him more charming than any nymph that ever haunted a stream, had been a respectable old lady with black mittens and a brown wig, he would have done so; perhaps it did not occur to him; perhaps he preferred taking his own course; however, with no other preliminaries than a bow and a few words of apology, half-lost in the murmur of the waters, he took her ladyship in his arms. One would have thought it would have been quite sufficient to carry her to the next stone, and leave her to pursue her way — and it is believed she did make a representation to that effect; but her speech, like his, was lost in the noise of the stream, and he only relinquished his fair burden (which perhaps he liked) when landed safely on the bank. Then, with a few words expressing his sense of "his own good fortune in being of the slightest service," and a rather confused offer of thanks from her ladyship, he, with another bow, went back to his fishing, and her ladyship rejoined her friends, to whom, for some reason or other, she said nothing of her adventure.

They lingered, admiring, chatting, and sketching about the wooded slopes above the cascade, until evening began to shadow the landscape, and to show the broken arches and ruined walls of the abbey strongly relieved against the sky which gleamed purply through the spaces left originally by the builder, and those made since by Time the unbuilder. Orelia looked on it in an artistic light, and admired the breadth and softness of the shadows, the still, brown depths of the river, with a gray

glassy gleam where the sky was reflected — the golden scatterings of light where the sunset still lingered on the woody hills, and the clouds just beginning to put off their evening robes of orange and crimson and gold, as the ruler of the day descended out of sight. Lady Lee looked at it in a sentimental point of view, thinking of the old monks who had seen the sun set behind those slopes, who had wandered through those woods, and had dreamed away their lives in those shattered cells; feeling a sort of sadness mixed with the beauty of the scene, as imaginative people do, when the departing day looks on the ancient abodes of departed beings. And Rosa, who was neither sentimental nor artistic, felt a pleasure she did not seek to define in the stillness and freshness and clearness of air, earth, and sky, and chirped forth her gladness unconsciously and unrestrainedly as the nightingale who was giving life to the neighboring woods.

Bagot experienced a mixed feeling, compounded of a desire for brandy-and-water and billiards, and a fear that the dewy grass was a bad thing for the gout; so he managed to get them to horse, and to proceed homeward; and when they reached the Heronry, they had a sort of meal compounded of dinner and tea — too informal for the first, and too solid for the last; and then, after some music from the ladies and Sloperton, who sung to the guitar with a clear and sad, though utterly unmodulated and inexpressive voice, the dragoons rode home, all of them well pleased.

Tindal was pleased, because he had latterly found Orelia's manner and conversation entirely to his taste; for the slight haughtiness, and occasional symptoms of imperious temper that she displayed, had of themselves a certain charm for him, harmonizing well, perhaps, with the main chords of his own character. Moreover, he purposed putting an effectual stop to the corporal's lessons immediately.

Bruce and Wylde Oates were both pleased, because they had found in Rosa exactly what her face promised, and their respective shares of her society had been apportioned on the most equitable principles.

Sloperton was pleased, because he considered he had been particularly charming. "I'm a little past thirty," said the captain to himself, "and the variety of these love affairs is getting fatiguing. I've been thinking for some time of settling down quietly whenever I could find a proper person — and yesterday I discovered a white hair in my right whisker. Gad, I may turn gray or bald, and my chances will be diminished twenty per cent." So the captain resolved to fascinate Lady Lee, and viewed the design with the calm confidence of a powerful mesmerist about to set to work upon a subject of nervous and susceptible temperament.

CHAPTER XII.

On regaining his quarters on the evening of the riding-party, Onslow, in spite of the *nonchalance* which marked his general demeanor, displayed in his manner some degree of agitation.

He was billeted at the Grapes—a cosy, snug, old-fashioned hostelry, hid away up a by-lane, which was entered from the main street of Doddington by an arch at one end, and which had no passage through at the other—a rambling old building, full of dark passages, with steps in the darkest parts, causing those who traversed them swiftly and unsuspectingly to receive shocks extending from the soles of their feet to the crowns of their heads, and making their teeth chatter violently, unless the tongue happened to be interposed between them, like the passengers' bodies between two fast trains running into each other on a railway. The kitchen was always illumined by a sort of comfortable twilight, partly the result of a high wall opposite the windows excluding the sun, partly from the steams of soups, roast meats, mulled beer, and wines, and coffee, that hovered incessantly over the hospitable region. When the eye got accustomed to the place, a stout form might generally be espied, seated in the thickest of the clouds by the fireside. This was the landlord of the Grapes, who, under the firm impression that he was diligently carrying on the business, and acting as the prop and main-stay of the establishment, spent most of his time by the fireside in an easy-chair, diversifying the somewhat limited prospect by an occasional stroll out under the archway to look at the weather. A life of this sort, though well adapted to the purposes of a *palé de foie gras*, would not, at first sight, appear favorable to the healthy operations of the animal economy; nevertheless, it seemed to agree with the host of the Grapes, if one might judge from the rosy complexion that appeared in the midst of a white fringe of hair and whisker, and the regularity and unfailing zest with which he responded to the call to dinner. That meal took place in a little glass-walled room, like a gastronomic conservatory, looking into the kitchen, presided over by a pretty young lady, the future heiress of the Grapes; for mine host, like Polonius, had "one fair daughter and no more." Her attractions, of which her reputed expectations formed perhaps not the least, drew numerous gallants to the bar of the Grapes, who vied with each other in drinking various spirituous compounds mixed by her fair hands, and seemed to imagine that their success would be proportionate to the frequency and recklessness of their orders for drink—an impression which caused all but suitors of very strong head and constitution to

retire from the contest, after probations of more or less duration.

Before the dragoon entered, two admirers were signaling their devotion to the fair spirit of the bar, the upper half of whose person only was visible, as she dispensed the potables which formed her peculiar charge through a portion of the glass frame of her shrine that slid back, leaving a space wherein the worshippers might lean their elbows and deposit their glasses. One of these was an attorney's clerk—a very dashing personage, with a bushy head of hair, and a hat stuck rakishly thereon; the other a young farmer, who had lately spent more time at the Grapes than in agricultural pursuits; he wore a white hat, a brown cut-away with basket buttons, and a blue satin stock, with a great pin sticking in the folds of it. These rivals had held a sort of wordy tilt of sarcasm on each other, in which the clerk's astuteness gave him a decided advantage over the other admirer; but the latter drank most, appending to his demand for each successive glass the words "damn the expense," indicative of wealth and a liberal spirit; and he was, moreover, the better-looking of the two. On whichever side the balance of fascination might have been, the ministering angel of the bar did not, however, betray any preference, but filled their glasses, and listened to their speeches, with the most laudable impartiality.

While she was in the act of squeezing a lemon into the rum-and-water of the incipient attorney, a clanking step was heard outside, approaching from the archway. The fair bar-maid gave a little start, and spilt some of the hot mixture on her hand. This served to excuse the blush that overspread her plump face as the corporal entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Onslow," said the pretty bar-maid, in a tone, and with a bright smile, that would have induced either of the two rivals to drink himself into insensibility on the spot, and have thought it cheap too. But the dragoon, nodding at her in an absent way, and merely replying, "How d'ye do, Susan!" strode to the fireplace, and planted himself there, with his back to the fire.

Now, the landlord did not admire the dragoon, though his wife and daughter did. The landlord was a man of great weight and consideration with those who frequented his inn, and always exacted a full measure of respect from them, never permitting even those who might be called his cronies to venture on any undue familiarity. But this dragoon, though civil enough, in a condescending sort of way, to the landlady and her daughter, showed no more respect for his portly host than if he had been a stable-boy. Accordingly, that dignitary, with a grunt indicative of displeasure and defiance, drew back his chair a foot or

two, and scowled at the dragoon over his pipe. He might have scowled at the warming-pan that glittered on the wall beyond with about as much effect. Onslow, his legs apart, his back to the fire, his look bent on the floor, thoughtfully whistled an opera-tune, as if no such person as the landlord of the Grapes were in existence.

Opposite the landlord was seated a lodger of much consideration and long standing in the Grapes. He was a bachelor, with a small annuity, which he spent principally in rum-and-water—a hard-featured, red-faced man, with a couple of marks like gashes extending from his nostrils deep down each cheek. From his long residence at the Grapes, his habits were so well known that he never had occasion to give an order; and being of taciturn habits, this was a great comfort to him. Between breakfast and dinner he always had three glasses of rum-and-water; between dinner and supper, six; and after supper his tumbler was replenished, till he was carried off to bed on the waiter's back.

This gentleman had finished his eighth tumbler about five minutes before, and the landlady—a fat, good-tempered woman, with a face and figure very like the reflection of her daughter's as seen in the convex surfaces of the shining dish-covers hanging to the wall (*i. e.*, considerably widened and shortened), glanced at the clock, and brought him his ninth, or last before supper.

"We don't see much of you now, Mr. Onslow," said the landlady, standing before him, after she had set down the lodger's glass on the table.

The landlord uttered a short derisive chuckle. He was a man of few words; but the laugh indicated that, in his opinion, it was very little matter whether they saw anything of him at all or not. The dragoon, softly whistling, twirled his mustache absently, and did not notice either the remark or the laugh.

"You're certainly in love, Mr. Onslow," said the landlady. "You used to be the politest man—and now one never gets a word from you."

There was a giggle from the daughter in the bar; but still the trooper made no answer, till the lodger, who had a chivalrous respect for the landlady, touched the dragoon's sleeve with the stem of his pipe. Onslow stared at him, and drew back from the contact, when he motioned with the pipe towards the landlady, to signify that she had done him the honor of addressing him. Then the dragoon lifted up his eyes, and, appearing to perceive the landlady for the first time, nodded to her, bid her good evening, and strode through the kitchen on his way to his own room. "He's certainly in love," said the landlady. "I never saw a man so changed."

He had scarcely disappeared, when the daughter, taking a letter from a shelf in the bar, said, "Law, mother, I forgot to give Mr. Onslow his letter—I'll just take it to him;" and, leaving the young farmer and the incipient attorney to entertain one another, she tript after the dragoon.

"Come in," said Onslow, when she tapped at the door, and she entered. The room, thanks, probably, to the young lady's partiality for the handsome lodger, was a very comfortable one—a nice little bed, with dimity curtains, washing-stand, toilet-table, all complete, with some pictures on the walls.

"Here's a letter, come since you were away," said the pretty bar-maid, handing it to him.

"Thank you, Susan," said Onslow, "much obliged," and immediately broke the seal, which was a large one, with a coat of arms.

The landlady's daughter was dying to know who the correspondent with the great seal could be, so she lingered, under pretence of brushing the dust off the furniture, till he had finished reading it.

"No bad news, I hope, Mr. Onslow?" she said, when he had refolded and laid it on the chimney-piece.

"Quite the contrary, Susan; it assures me I have still a friend, and that's good news," said Onslow, smiling.

"O, gracious! I'm sure, Mr. Onslow, you might have plenty if you liked—it's your own fault if you haven't," said the pretty bar-maid.

Onslow had relapsed into thought, and did not respond to this complimentary opinion.

"I got the book of poems" (I'm afraid the pretty bar-maid pronounced the word "pomes") "you were wishing for the other day," she said, still lingering. "I borrowed it from Miss Parkins, over the way."

"Thank you, Susan," was very kind and thoughtful of you," said Onslow, flinging his cap into a corner, and himself into a chair.

There were some flowers in a glass on the chimney-piece, which the pretty bar-maid had placed there with her own hands. "Perhaps," she said to herself, "he'll think the chamber-maid put 'em there, if I don't tell him." So she walked up to the fireplace, and, arranging them anew, said, "You like moss-roses, don't you, Mr. Onslow? I've brought you some nice ones."

"You're a good little girl, Susan, and a great deal kinder than I deserve," he replied, running his hand impatiently through his black curls without looking at the roses.

All this was rather uphill work for poor Susan;—there was so little encouragement to stay longer, that, with every wish to prolong the conversation, she turned away, and, after announcing her intended departure with

two or three little coughs, softly closed the door.

Onslow took up the letter and read it over again; then he opened a desk near, and began to write as follows:—

"MY DEAR VERNON, — Thanks for your renewed and friendly offers of assistance.

"From among all my former associates I selected you as my single confidant, when I placed my foot on the lower step of the social ladder, to the bottom of which folly and ill-fortune had hurled me. Of all, you were the only one who, I felt, could appreciate my motives, when, after enlisting as the only alternative of absolute want, I formed a firm resolve to fulfil all the irksome duties of a soldier, and to work my way upward uncomplainingly, till I could prove myself able, unaided, to retrieve my position. If I failed in this, I, at least, anticipated the pleasure and pride of knowing that I had done much to expiate my follies, and to assure myself that I possessed more firmness and perseverance than the world I lived in of old would give me credit for.

"But, ah, Vernon! who can boast himself of to-morrow? Already I am half-resolved to abandon the path I have followed, sternly enough, these three years — not because I flinch from the burden I have fastened on myself. I have carried it, let me say, with constancy, with a good heart, and even, perhaps, not without dignity. Use had lightened it, and advancement in the service promised to make it still lighter, till a commission, fairly earned, should restore me outwardly to the rank of a gentleman.

"Why, then, quit it! you say. Ah, Vernon, thou know'st my old weakness — my besetting infirmity. Already you spy the hem of a female garment in the distance. Even so — my firm resolves have melted, like the wings of Icarus, beneath the glance of a pair of black eyes. Could you but know what I have felt — thrown by chance into frequent contact with one to whom, but for my own folly, I might have aspired without presumption — one who, of all the women I have ever seen, has alone gone deeper than to touch my fancy — who, proud and high-bred as she is, condescends to recognize my native self beneath the dragoon's jacket, and to show her recognition in but too flattering fashion. By heaven, Vernon! the struggles I have had with a mad desire to throw myself at her feet, tell her who I was and am, and what I feel for her, are such as have taxed my self-restraint to the utmost!

"Knowing me as you do, you can well understand how the feeling of degradation, before but little noticed, has grown almost unbearable. Should the temptation become too strong — should I rashly betray myself —

there are two prospects before me, both simply damnable. 'Look you upon this picture, and on this;' the one shows presumption withering beneath a glance — (such an eye she has, Vernon!) — me, poor, proud, snubbed, and crushed back into my corporal's jacket. The other — is it my vanity only that draws this one more flattering to itself? — but, in any case, what a scoundrel must I be to ask the woman I love to share such fortunes as mine, or to stoop and raise me! No, no! thank God I have some of the ancient pride yet, and should forgive myself in neither case.

"But I feel the conflict yet perilous; therefore, Vernon, I adjure you, by our ancient alliance, to be ready, on getting notice from me, to put the necessary machinery in motion with the powers that be, for my release from this painted thralldom. Fear not for me — where there's a will there's a way — the world shall be mine oyster, though not to be opened with a cavalry sabre; and a word from your potent relative at the Horse Guards will again let me loose on it. So never waste advice or remonstrance, but, like a true man, let that word be spoken when I request it. 'Thine as of old.'"

This epistle Onslow folded, and addressed to "The Hon. M. Vernon, Ditting Hall, —shire," and sealed it with a seal-ring he wore on his little finger. Then he put it carefully away, and, lighting a cigar, stretched his spur-clad heels across the fender, and smoked himself into a state sufficiently calm to justify his retiring to bed with a fair prospect of sleeping.

Orelia's head was filled that night with thoughts of the mysterious dragoon. The more she meditated on the incongruity between his manners and position, the more she was puzzled, and the more her curiosity was stimulated. He was like a well-written charade. In his person violent contradictions were reconciled so smoothly, and all seemed so fair and plain, that solution appeared an easy task; yet there he was, day after day, defying her ingenuity as imperturbably as ever. As curiosity and uncertainty were feelings that this impetuous young lady suffered with extreme impatience, she resolved to endeavor, during the ride of the next morning, to lead the conversation in a direction which might tend to the solution of the riddle.

Accordingly, the next day, when the hour for the riding lesson was at hand, she descended the stairs, her head filled with cunning designs for entrapping Onslow into revelations of his early life and education, and reasons for enlisting in the army; and flattered herself that, by the exercise of these wiles, and a little imaginative skill to connect the scraps of information thus obtained, she

might succeed in "plucking out the heart of his mystery."

The horses were at the door, and Rosa was mounted, but in place of the corporal there stood a huge bulky dragoon, with high shoulders, a round face, and a wide mouth, who stared at her, as he saluted, with eyes about as expressive as his boots.

"Tindal has sent a note," said Bagot, "to say he is sorry that Onslow cannot be spared; but he thinks Sergeant Cumbermare will be found equally serviceable." In fact, Tindal

had discovered that some of his young hands were terribly in want of riding drill, and that nobody but Onslow could administer it.

Orelia bestowed on the unhappy Cumbermare a glance so full of scorn, that Rosa expected to see that warrior wither away and sink down into his boots. Then, putting out her lip, she said, "I shall not ride to-day;" and, sweeping round majestically, she reentered the house; while Rosa, in order that the sergeant's feelings might not be injured, set out upon a solitary ride.

From the Courier.

SPRING CLEANING.

BY A SUFFERER.

THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor at the children's riot;
But now the carpets are all up, and, from the staircase top,
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?
Alas! they've turned all upside down, that quiet suit of rooms,
With sops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms.
Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round, at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly about, like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped — the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper, all about, peace in its very looks —
Till fell the woman on them all, as falls the plague on men;
And they vanished all away, books, paper, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs," that they have "set to rights,"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman's on the stairs, that harbinging of ill,

He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desks or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out to sea, in a very leaky boat;
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

In a neglected spot in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol — a spot known but to few of the numerous frequenters of the celebrated adjoining church — rest the mortal remains of the father, mother, sister, and other relations of Thomas Chatterton. A gravestone was many years ago placed over them, but in the course of time it had become so dilapidated as to render the inscription partially illegible; a circumstance which made the substitution of a new stone a thing much wished for by those who were acquainted with the state of the old one. This very necessary step has been taken in the course of the last few days; and a substantial and durable stone now covers the dust of the family of

The marvellous Boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.

The following is the inscription: —

In Memory of
Thomas Chatterton, Schoolmaster, who died 7th August, 1752, aged 39 years.

Also Thomas Newton, Son-in-law of the above, who died 29th September, 1785, aged 40 years.

Also 2 of his Sons and 1 Daughter.
Also Sarah Chatterton, Widow of the above Thomas Chatterton, who died 25th December, 1791, aged 60 years.

Also Mary Newton, Widow of the above Thomas Newton, who died 23rd February, 1804, aged 63 years.

Also Mary Ann Newton, Spinster, Daughter of the above Thomas and Mary Newton, who died 7th September, 1807, aged 24 years.

The old Tombstone having fallen into decay was thus replaced

Anno Domini MDCCCLIII.

SHOLTO VERN HARE,
WILLIAM HENRY EDWARDS,
Churchwardens.

From Household Words.

THE KINGDOM OF RECONCILED IMPOSSIBILITIES.

THERE is a kingdom whose boundaries are within the reach of every man's hand, on whose frontiers no heavier entrance-tribute or import duty is exacted save that comprised in the payment of two score inflections of the eyelids—or forty winks; a kingdom into which the majority of humanity travel at least once in every twenty-four hours; though the exact time—the precise moment—at which that voyage is commenced is, and never has been, known to any man alive. Whether we are transported by some invisible agency—on the wings of spirits or in the arms of genii—whether we go to the kingdom or the kingdom comes to us, we cannot tell. Why or how or when we came there we know not; yet, almost invariably, when the tribute of the forty inflections has been duly paid, we find ourselves wandering in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities.

LOCOMOTION in this kingdom is astonishingly rapid; we run without moving and fly without wings. Time and space are counted zeros; centuries are skipped at a bound; continents and oceans are traversed without an effort. We are here, there, and everywhere. Gray-headed men, we are little boys at school, breaking windows and dreading the vindictory cane. Married and settled, we are struggling through the quickset hedges of our first love. Crippled, we race and leap; blind, we see. Unlearned, we discourse in strange tongues, and decipher the most intricate of hieroglyphics. Unmusical, we play the fiddle like Paganini. We pluck fruit from every branch of the tree of knowledge; the keys of every science hang in a careless bunch at our girdle; we are amenable to no laws; money is of no account; Jack is as good as his master; introductions are not required for entrance into polite society; the most glaring impossibilities are incessantly admitted; taken for granted and reconciled; whence the name of this kingdom.

MUCH more wondrous and full of marvels is it than the famed land of Cockaigne, than the country of Prester John, than the ground of Tom Tidler (whose occupation is now gone in consequence of the discovery of rival grounds in California and Australia), than Raleigh's Dorado, than the Arcadia of Strephon and Corydon, Celia and Sacharissa; than the fearful country where there are men

—whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders;

than even the mirabolant land that Jack saw when he had gotten to the top of the beanstalk. The only territorial kingdom that I can compare it to is one—and even the duration of *that* one is fleeting and evanescent,

appearing only for a season, like specks upon the sun or the floating islands in Windermere—visible and to be travelled in from the end of December to the end of the following February, called the Kingdom of Pantomime. This kingdom, which, at other seasons of the year, is as rigorously barred and closed against strangers as China or Japan or the Stock Exchange, offers many points of resemblance to the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities. There is a voyager therein, one Clown, who with Pantaloon, his friend and dupe, and scapegoat, dances about the streets, insults and beats respectable shopkeepers, swindles and robs ready-furnished lodgings, leers at virtuous matrons, commits burglaries and larcenies in the broad day (or lamp) light, and perpetrates child-murders by the dozen, yet goes “unwhipp'd of justice;” nay, he and his confederate are rewarded, at last, by an ovation of fireworks and revolving stars; as are also Harlequin, a lewd fellow in a spangled jerkin and hose, and a dancing girl they call Columbine; who together play such fantastic tricks before the footlights as make the gallery roar—such tricks as would be tolerated nowhere but in a Kingdom of Impossibilities. For, in all other kingdoms, theft of fish or sausage—were it even the smallest gudgeon or the most infinitesimal saveloy—is three months at least, and robbery in a dwelling-house is felony; and to force a respectable white-bearded man with a crutch stick and an impediment in his speech to cast involuntary sommersaults, and to make him sit down oftener on a hard surface than he wishes, is an assault punishable by fine or imprisonment; and the cutting up, mauling, smothering, or thrusting in a letter-box of a baby is murder.

IN all other kingdoms, likewise, as we are well aware, vice is always vanquished and virtue rewarded ultimately; but in the Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities, as well as in that of pantomime, nothing of the kind takes place. In this former one, innocent, we are frequently condemned to death, or to excruciating tortures. Masters, we are slaves; wronged and oppressed, we are always in the wrong and the oppressors. Though in the every-day kingdom we are perhaps wealthy, at least in easy circumstances, we are in the Realms of Impossibility perpetually in difficulties. Moments of inexpressible anguish we pass, from the want of some particular object or the non-remembrance of some particular word; though what the object or the word, we never have and never had the remotest idea. Spectres of duties omitted, ghosts of offences committed, sit at banquets with us; and, under circumstances of the greatest apparent gayety and joviality, we are nearly always in sore perturbation of mind and vexation of spirit.

The kingdom, indeed, is full of tribulations, impossible yet poignant. Frequently, when we attempt to sing, our voice dies away in an inarticulate murmur or a guttural gasp. If we strive to run, our legs fail under us; if we nerve our arm to strike, some malicious power paralyzes our muscles, and the gladiator's fist falls as lightly as a feather; yet, powerless as we are, and unable to beat the knave who has wronged us, we are ourselves continually getting punched on the head, beaten with staves, gashed with swords and knives. Curiously, though much blood flows, and we raise hideous lamentations, we do not suffer much from these hurts. Frequently we are killed — shot dead — decapitated; yet we walk and talk shortly afterwards, as Saint Denis is reported to have done. Innumerable as the sands of the sea are the disappointments we have to endure in the Kingdom of Impossibilities. Get up as early as we may, we are sure to miss the first train; the steamboat always sails without us. If we have a cheque to get cashed, the iron-ribbed shutters of the bank are always up, when our cab drives to the door, and somebody near us always says, without being asked, "Stopped payment!" All boats, vehicles, beasts of burden and other animals, behave in a similar tantalizing and disappointing manner; tall horses that we drive or ride, change unaccountably into little dogs, boats split in the middle, coaches rock up and down like ships. We walk for miles without advancing a step; we write for hours without getting to the end of a page; we are continually beginning and never finishing, trying and never achieving, searching and never finding, knocking and not being admitted.

The Kingdom of Impossibilities must be the home of Ixion and the Danaïdes and Sisyphus, and peculiarly of Tantalus. The number of tubs we are constantly filling, and which are never full; and the quantity of stones, which, as soon as we have rolled them to the top of a hill, roll down again; are sufficiently astonishing; but it is in a tantalizing point of view that the kingdom is chiefly remarkable. We are forever bidden to rich banquets — not Barmecide feasts, for the smoking viands and generous wines are palpable to sight and touch. But no sooner are our legs comfortably under the mahogany, than a something far more teasing and vexatious than the ebony wand of Sancho's physician, sends the meats away untasted, the wines unquaffed, changes the *venue* to a kingdom of realities. Dear me! When I think of the innumerable gratuitous dinners I have sat down to in the Land of Impossibilities; of the countless eleemosynary spreads to which, with never a *sous* in my pocket, I have been made welcome; of the real turtle, truffled turkeys, Strasburgh pies, and odoriferous pineapples,

that have tempted my appetite; and of the unhandsome manner in which I have been denied the enjoyment of the first spoonful of soup, and of the rude and cavalier process by which I have been summarily transported to a kingdom where I am usually expected to pay for my dinner — when I think of these things I could weep.

Sometimes, though rarely, the rulers of the Impossible kingdom will permit you to drink — provided always that you have tumbled (which is exactly your mode of entrance) into their domains in a desperately parched and thirsty condition. Cold water is the general beverage provided, and you are liberally allowed to drink without cessation — to empty water-jugs, pitchers, decanters, buckets, if you choose. I have known men who have sucked a pump for days, nay, have lapped gigantic quantities of the Falls of Niagara; but the Impossible king has mingled one cruel and malicious condition with his largesse. You may drink as much as you like, but you must never quench your thirst, and you must always wake — tumble out of the kingdom, I mean — more thirsty than you were before.

Travelling in this strange country is mostly accomplished in the night season — "in thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men." It is when the Kingdom of Life is hushed and quiescent, when the streets are silent, and there are none abroad but the watchers and the houseless, that the Kingdom of Impossibilities wakes up in full noise, and bustle, and activity. Yet betimes we are favored with a passport for this kingdom in the broad-day season — in the fierce summer heat, when we retire to cool rooms, there to pay the tribute of forty winks to the Monarch of the Impossible; when, as we travel, we can half-discern the green summer leaves waving through our translucent eyelids, can hear the murmuring of fountains and the singing of birds in the kingdom we have come from. Very pleasant are these day voyages, especially when we can drowsily hear the laughter of children playing on a lawn outside.

The Kingdom of Reconciled Impossibilities is a land of unfulfilled promises, of broken engagements, of trees forever blossoming but never bearing fruit, of jumbles of commencements with never a termination among them, of prefaces without finises, of dramas never played out. The unities are not observed in this kingdom. There are a great many prologues, but no epilogues. It is all as it should not and cannot be. It snows in July, and the dog-days are in January. Men sneeze with their feet and see with their thumbs, like Gargantua. The literature of the country consists of tales told by idiots, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The houses are all built without foundations;

they are baseless fabrics, which, vanishing, leave not a wreck behind. Everything in the kingdom is impossible.

Impossible, yet reconciled. In no other land, certainly, are we so convinced of the truth of the axiom that, "whatever is, is right." Against our knowledge, feelings, experience, and convictions, against all evidence, oral or ocular, against truth, justice, reason, or possibility, we smilingly confess that black is white, that clouds are whales, that the moon is cheese. We know our brother to be our brother, yet without difficulty or reluctance we admit him to be Captain Cook. With a full knowledge that what we are doing can't be, we are pleasantly convinced that it can be, and that it is, and is right. So we violate all laws of morality, decorum, international justice, honesty, and courtesy, with a comfortable self-consciousness that it is "all right," and that we are wronging no one. Quakers have been known in the Kingdom of Impossibilities to lie in wait for men and murder them; nay, to have hidden the bodies afterwards in corn-bins, or chemists' bottles. Moral men have eloped with ballet dancers. Bishops have found themselves at the Cider Cellars. Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court have created disturbances at the Casino, and have wrenched off knockers in company with jovial proctors and fast old surrogates about town. There was a cathedral verger once, in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, who refused a fee: there was an Irish member without a grievance; there was a chancery suit decided to the satisfaction of all parties.

Good men not only become rascals, but rascals turn honest men in this astonishing country. Captain MacSwindle paid me, only last night, the five pounds he has owed me for fifteen years. I saw the unjust steward render up a faultless account. All is not vexatious and disappointing in the Impossible Kingdom. If it be a kingdom of unfulfilled promises, it is one of accomplished wishes. So sorely pressed for cash in this sublunar kingdom, no sooner are we in the other than the exact sum we wished for, chinks in golden sovereigns, rustles in crisp notes, mellifluously whispers in soft-papered cheques before our eyes, within our gladsome pockets, or our rejoicing fingers. We shall be able to meet the little bill; streets are no longer stopped up; the tailor shall cringe again; Caroline shall have the velvet mantle trimmed with sable. Hurrah! But, alas! the money of the kingdom that never can be, and yet always is and will be, is as treacherous and deceitful as a will-of-the-wisp, or an Eastern mirage; no sooner do we possess it than we have it not. We wake, and the shining sovereigns and the rustling notes have turned

into dry leaves, like the money paid by the magician in the Arabian Nights.

If the kingdom (to expatiate further on its advantageous features) be one of tribulations and disappointments, it is also one of great and extended privilege. We are privileged to walk about unwashed, unshaven, and undressed, to clap kings upon the back, to salute princesses if we list, to ride blood-horses, to fly higher than the skylark, to visit foreign lands without a foreign-office passport, the reference of a banking firm, or the necessity of being personally known to the foreign secretary. We have the privilege of being a great many people and in a great places at one and the same time. We have the privilege of living our lives over again, or undoing the wrongs we have done, of reëstablishing our old companionship with the dead, and knowing their worth much better than we did before we lost them.

Yes, preëminent and radiant stands one privilege, to the enjoyment of which every traveller in the land of Reconciled Impossibilities is entitled. He is privileged to behold the Dead Alive. The King of Terrors has no power in the domains of the Impossible. The dead move and speak and laugh, as they were wont to speak and move and laugh, in the old days when they were alive, and when we loved them. They have been dead — of course — we know it and they tell us so — but they are alive now; and, thanks to the irresistible logic of the Impossible Kingdom, we slightly question how. These visitors have no grim tales to tell, no secrets of their prison-house to reveal. Here, joyful and mirthful as ever, are the old familiar faces; the life-blood courses warmly through the old friendly hands; dead babies crow and battle valorously in nurses' arms; dead sweet-hearts smile and blush; dead nuns scold; dead schoolmasters awe; dead boon companions crack the old jokes, sing the old songs, tell the old stories, till we wake into the Kingdom of the Possible; and ah, me! the eye turns to a vacant chair, a faded miniature, a lock of soft hair in crumpled tissue paper, a broken toy; while the mind's vision recurs to a green mound, and a half-effaced stone.

In the regions of the Impossible there is a population separate, apart, peculiar; possible nowhere but in a land of impossibilities. Monstrous phantasies in semi-human shape, horrible creations, deformed giants, dwarfs with the heads of beasts; shapeless phantoms, hideous life such as the Ancient Mariner saw on the rotting deep. Such things pursue us through these regions with grinning fangs, and poisonous breath; kneel on our chests; wind their sharp talons in our hair; gnaw at our throats with horrid yells. And, apart

from the every day scenes of every day life brought to the *reductio ad absurdum* in the Kingdom of Impossibilities, we tarry betimes in chambers of horrors, in howling deserts, in icy caverns, in lakes of fire, in pits of unutterable darkness. Miserable men are they who are frequent travellers through these districts of the Impossible Kingdom. They may say with the guilty Thane

—Better be with the dead
Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

If you would leave such countries unexplored, lead virtuous lives, take abundant exercise, be temperate (in the true sense of the word; not choosing in what, but in everything), and take no man's wrong to bed with thee — no, not for one single night.

From Chambers' Journal.

COAL-MINE EXPLOSIONS.

Of the many Blue Books that have recently been laid before Parliament, none is more full of matter for grave cogitation than that now to be referred to on coal-mine explosions.* This Report, only one of a series, makes known, in a very emphatic way, the terrible loss of life in coal-mines; one fact alone being sufficiently appalling — the loss of 900 lives by mine explosions within the short space of twenty-one weeks, in the year 1852.

All reports on this subject of serious concern concur in stating, that for explosions the only proper remedy is better ventilation; and they all deprecate placing too great reliance on the safety-lamp. They affirm, that while many accidents are traceable solely to the use of this instrument, it is perfectly compatible with science to reduce these melancholy occurrences to a small fraction of their present number, and that, ultimately, mines may be rendered perfectly safe. Little good, however, can be done while operative miners entertain an undue, and what may be called a superstitious confidence in their Davy-lamp, no matter how much that lamp may be out of order. With them, this useful companion is not so much a delicate scientific instrument, as a thing of talismanic power. Danger may be most imminent — the lamp completely out of trim — but all is right, provided the mine has *only* a Davy. Stories, most ludicrous but for their associations, are told in abundance respecting this childlike simplicity. We select two. The first was brought out in evidence at the investigation of an explosion which happened last year in

Staffordshire. It there appeared that the firemen, who ought to have examined the safety of the workings ere the miners entered, had, on the morning of the accident, deputed this duty to another person. The deputy went round with a lamp not closed, and was seen going into the workings closely followed by some men and boys, each with a *lighted candle* in his hand! Again, T. E. Foster, Esq., an extensive viewer, relates, that last year he visited a pit in Lancashire. "On going down, the overlooker told me: 'We work this mine entirely with safety lamps.' I said: 'Very well, Jonathan. I should like to see these lamps, that they are all right before I go in.' The first lamp he put in my hand was Clanny's, and between the gauze I could put my little finger in. I said: 'This will not do; I will take one of the others.' I examined one, and the gauze was perfect, but very dirty. We proceeded along the railway from the bottom of the shaft. And in the face of the workings every man had a Davy-lamp; but every man had the gauze out, and it was a naked light! I said: 'If you are not more particular than this, you will have a blow-up.' And next week they had it." So much for mere carelessness: but we shall by and by advance more serious charges against the lamp. Meanwhile, as to know the disease is half the cure, let us look for a moment at the dread agent of destruction.

The reader who takes his idea of a gas from the ordinary illuminating medium of our streets, will, in studying *fire-damp*, find himself not very far off the mark. Relieved from the pressure of the superincumbent strata, light carburetted hydrogen exudes in great abundance, often from almost every pore of the coal in our mines; and on examining our gas-works, we find ingenious machinery to separate and convey away the tar, ammonia, and the other chemical products of the distillation of coal from the carburetted hydrogens, the only useful ingredients for the purposes of light and heat. If so, why do we not hear of catastrophes in our streets and parlors similar to those so much dreaded underground? The reason is simple. Ask any chemist, and he will tell you, that the danger lies not in any property of the gas or gases themselves, but only when they are combined in certain proportions with the oxygen of atmospheric air. Every housewife knows, that if our ordinary coal-gas be allowed not to burn, but to escape into the atmospheric air, an explosion will follow the introduction of a light into the room, rivalling only in degree the dread catastrophes of the mines.

Though, from its small specific gravity, light carburetted hydrogen easily escapes into the atmosphere, the coal still retains a large portion of it; and this has been amply proved

* Report on Coal-mines. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 22d June, 1852.

by experiments of a most painful nature. Even coal-ships at sea have been the scenes of these demonstrations. For instance:—“On the 5th August, 1816, the ship *Flora*, of London, having just taken a cargo of coal on board in Sunderland harbor, blew up with a terrible explosion; the deck-beams were broken, and the decks torn up. On the 4th July, 1817, the *Fly*, of Ely, lying at Brandling-staith, on the Tyne, with a cargo of coal just taken in, the gas from it exploded, burned the captain in the cabin, tore up part of the deck, threw a boat from the hatches, and did other serious damage. Upon the 21st July, 1839, the sloop *Enterprise*, when at sea, with coal, from Peubroke to Newport, Isle of Wight, had an alarming explosion, which fortunately only frightened, but did not injure, the crew. And the schooner *Mermaid*, of Guernsey, upon the 29th August, this year (1842), lying at South Shields, sustained an explosion; she had been laden that day with Hilda coal, and the hatches immediately battened down, when, six hours after, the gas from the coal exploded at the fore-castle-lamp; one man was knocked down, and much burned in the face, another injured, the mate struck down in the cabin, and a hatch started.”

It is very remarkable, that it is only with a certain quantity of atmospheric air the fire-damp explodes; *minus* or *plus* that quantity, and the danger vanishes. In three or four parts of atmospheric air to one of carburetted hydrogen, there is a slight explosion; but the most terrible calamities happen when the mixture is *seven* parts of carburetted hydrogen to *one* of atmospheric air. The margin of explosive quantity appears to be from about five to thirteen; above or below these points, and there is no explosion. Hence we see the necessity for a thorough ventilation in mines; for any system by which an imperfect quantity of air is diffused, so far from diminishing, only increases the danger. Another striking anomaly is, that, dreadful and terrible as the explosion itself is, it is only the means for the elimination of an agent of destruction still more fatal. The miner may not have suffered the mechanical violence of the explosion, but frequently he escapes only to die placidly and surely by the fatal after-damp. A principal ingredient is the deadly poison, carbonic acid; and so fatal is it, the committee inform us, that it was stated in evidence, that 70 per cent. of the deaths from explosions were occasioned by this after-damp. So speedy is its action, that Mr. Mather, about two years ago, entering a pit where it preponderated, was taken out insensible in a few minutes. He says: “You are struck down, and you scarcely know how or why; you naturally sink down asleep.” Those who have suffered from its influence may easily be known from those

who have died by the explosion; as is shown in the following extract, which likewise proves that dangers, perils, and heroism are not confined to battle-fields or the raging deep. It relates to the explosion of the *St. Hilda* pit, in 1839:—“The deadly gas, the resulting product, became stronger and stronger as we approached. We encountered in one place the bodies of five men who had died from the effects of the gas, and had apparently died placidly, without one muscle of the face distorted. Then there were three more that had been destroyed by the explosion; clothes burned and torn, the hair singed off, the skin and flesh torn away in several places, with an expression as if the spirit had passed away in agony. Going with a single guide, we encountered two men, one with a light, the other bearing something on his shoulders. It was a blackened mass—a poor dead burned boy he was taking out. A little further on, we found wagons that had been loaded, overturned, bottom upwards, scattered in different directions; a horse lying dead, directly in the passage, with his head turned over his shoulder, as if, in falling, he had made a last effort to escape; he was swollen in an extraordinary manner. At one point, in another passage, we suddenly came amongst twelve or fifteen men, who, striving to reach the places where bodies or survivors might be found, had been driven back by the surcharged atmosphere of this vast common grave; their lamps were burning dim and sickly, with a dying red light, glimmering as if through a fog.”

How, then, are these dread casualties to be prevented? Firstly, the miner has been furnished with a lamp, with the flame so shielded that it cannot come in contact with the dangerous atmosphere; secondly, the foul air has been swept away by ventilation; and, lastly, it has been proposed chemically to decompose the noxious gases, and thus prevent explosion. Of the two first methods, we shall immediately speak; of the last, suffice it to say, that although Mr. Blakemore has offered, through the Royal College of Chemistry, a premium of 1000*l.* for the discovery of some simple practical means by which the explosive gases may be decomposed or neutralized, still science has as yet been unable to obtain this desirable object.

Many safety-lamps have been proposed, but, as our readers know, the favorite has been that of Sir Humphry Davy. Some practical miners, indeed, prefer the lamps of Dr. Clanny and of Stephenson; but as these are used in but few collieries, we will confine our remarks to the Davy-lamp. Its illustrious author, after a visit to the Newcastle coal-mines in 1815, began a series of beautiful experiments on the properties and structure of flame. From these he was led to conclude, that it could not pass through minute metal

lic tubes, and therefore wire-gauze, consisting of a congeries of these tubes, was a safe prison wherein to confine it: a miner, therefore, with a lamp whose flame was thus separated from the explosive atmosphere, could pursue his avocation in perfect safety. In every chemical handbook there are noted many striking experiments regarding this peculiar property of wire-gauze; and in the new calorific-engine, the heated air is cooled and conducted into the regenerator by means of this substance. Nothing can be more beautiful in theory than Sir Humphry's instrument, and in the laboratory or the lecture-room it truly seems perfect. All praise and honor to the intellect that labored so well for the service of humanity; and let the commendations of the many it has saved from destruction, and the many more it has redeemed from penury, be the everlasting monument of their noble benefactor! But let us beware of even scientific idolatry. And let us not take for perfect, that which even its inventor pronounced in some degree faulty. Be it always remembered, that the mine presents conditions often totally different from those of the quiet laboratory of the chemist. In a still atmosphere, radiation will destroy the flame ere it has time to pass through the wire-gauze. But should there be also a current of air at the time, its operations may be counterbalanced, and there is then no security. Moreover, particles of carbon, oil, dust, sulphur, are always floating about the mines, and lodge themselves on the Davy-lamps. The wire-gauze then red-hot, and the lamp in such a state, explosion is almost inevitable. So dirty are the lamps often, after being brought up from work, that one of the witnesses says "no practical man would go into an explosive mixture with them." This being the case, we can well sympathize with another witness, who thinks "it a safe lamp in cautious hands, but lately I have got a little nervous about it."

Were miners to receive proper instruction as to the nature and properties of the dangerous gases they constantly inspire — did they possess a staid, scientific deportment, instead of their noted recklessness, then we might trust them with this delicate scientific instrument. But all these they deplorably want. As it is, we must therefore believe with the committee, that "under circumstances of excitement, when danger is threatened, it is not improbably, far oftener than imagined, the very cause of the explosion which it was intended to prevent." Many instances are on record, where the explosion was alone traceable to the Davy. It was so at Wallsend, where, in 1835, 102 people were killed. For two days previous, they were working under red-hot lamps, the flame filling them to the top; and when these were afterwards ex-

amined by the coroner, they were found to be perfect — only, as if they had been intensely hot, and "had been passed through a smith's fire." The lamps found after the explosion at Haswell Mine, where 95 people were killed in 1846, were in a precisely similar state, and the catastrophe could be traced to no other source; as were also several similar, though smaller accidents happening only last year. Besides all this, we find that while, during the twenty years previous to the introduction of the Davy-lamp, 679 lives were lost, the number was increased to 744; thus leaving a balance against the safety-lamp of 65 lives. This may be accounted for by the increased extent of works, and greater number of mines; but every witness concurred in stating, that the recent fearful increase of accidents could not be thus explained.

Who can wonder, then, at the general adoption of the opinion, that to get rid of the gas altogether is preferable to guarding against it? The evidence now before us testifies, that however our leading mining engineers and capitalists may differ as to the method, they all consider ventilation as the sheet-anchor of the safety of the mines. The committee whose labors we have been considering, have principally occupied themselves in investigating the merits of the two rival systems of ventilation — the furnace and the steam-jet: we have not now the space, even had we the inclination, to follow them in their inquiries; suffice it to say, that while the furnace acts by rarefaction, the steam-jet acts in a strictly mechanical manner, propelling the air before it through the mine, like the piston of a steam-engine in the cylinder. The committee state that — "The furnace-system, under favorable circumstances — that is, of the area of the shafts being large and deep, the air-courses sufficient, the goves (or old workings) well insulated, and the mine not very fiery — appears to be capable, with strict attention, of producing a current of air that will afford reasonable security from explosion; but when the workings are fiery and numerous, as well as remote, and the intensity of the furnace or furnaces requires to be raised, in order to increase, in any particular emergency, the amount of ventilation, then the furnace not only refuses to answer the spur and to increase ventilation, but from a natural law (discovered by Mr. Gurney, and scientifically and practically confirmed before your committee) there arises a dangerous stoppage to the ventilation going on throughout the mine. . . . Your committee are unanimously of opinion, that the steam-jet is the most powerful, and at the same time least expensive, method of ventilation for the mines. Previous to 1848, when Mr. Foster introduced the steam-jet into the Seaton Delaval Mine, the fire-damp was constantly seen playing

around the face and edges of the goaves and other parts of the workings. Since that period, the mine is swept so clean, that it is never observed, and all danger of explosion seems removed in a very fiery mine. The increase of ventilation is from 53,000 cubic feet per minute under the furnace-system, to 84,000 under the steam-jet; and to double that quantity, which Mr. Foster considers sufficient, would, he says, only require the application of some extra jets. Mr. Foster states the original outlay for the steam-jet to be less than for the furnace by 39*l*. 15*s*. 6*d*.; and the annual cost to be less by 50*l*. 12*s*. 1*d*.; while the power of ventilation is increased nearly double."

Additional inspectors, increased power vested in them, a central board of control, mining-schools, a special coroner, a preliminary examination of managers and over men, and the other topics touched on, all invite comment, but we forbear; and that the more willingly, since Lord Palmerston has stated that he may perhaps be able, this session, to introduce a bill on the subject. Let us hope that he may do so, and thus a little time will be spared from polemical discussions and devoted to the cause of practical humanity.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CHERRY.

THE bright, round, shining Cherry, the favorite plaything with children (who has not loved bob-cherry!) has a pleasing reminiscence connected with it. After the early reformer, John Huss, had perished at the stake, his followers, the Hussites, or Bohemian Protestants, took up arms in their self-defence. During the prolonged war, they besieged the city of Naumburg (in Saxony) in 1482; and Procopius Nossá, their general, declared his intention to raze the place, and exterminate the inhabitants, in revenge for the people having formerly voted for the death of John Huss, at the Synod of Kernitz. The Naumburgers, seeing themselves on the verge of destruction, were in despair, when a citizen, named Wolf, proposed an experiment to mollify the fury of the general. At Wolf's suggestion, all the children from the ages of seven to fourteen, were dressed in shrouds, and each holding a green bough and a lemon (which it was customary for mourners at German funerals to carry), were sent into the Hussite camp, to intercede with the general for the safety of their relatives and their native city. Procopius was moved by the tears of the young suppliants; he granted their petition, treated them with kindness, and ordered them refreshment, and in particular regaled them with a quantity of cherries (it was then the month of July). The delighted children returned home singing and

rejoicing, and carrying branches of cherry-trees, laden with their handsome fruit, instead of the former funeral emblems. The Naumburgers, in commemoration of their deliverance, ever after celebrated a festival, called Kirschenfest, or the Feast of the Cherries, on the 20th of July, the day of the infant deputation. At the commencement of the festivities, troops of children, gayly dressed and crowned with flowers, paraded the streets in procession, carrying branches adorned with cherries.

The cherry was introduced into Ireland by Sir Walter Raleigh, and first planted at Affane, near Cappoquin, county Waterford, on lands granted to him out of the forfeiture of the Desmonds, the most celebrated house in Irish history, to one of whose most renowned ladies a cherry-tree of Sir Walter's proved fatal, according to local tradition. The famous old Countess of Desmond was born about 1465; she danced with Richard III. at court, just before the battle of Bosworth, in 1485, and lived to see the vicissitudes of the Desmonds, and the fall of their vast power and wealth in the attainder of 1586. She went to London, being then over one hundred and twenty, to plead for the preservation of her jointure, and succeeded, and returned to live at her birth-place and usual abode, Dromana (near Affane) a castle of the Desmonds, and now the seat of a noble descendant of that house, Lord Stuart de Decies. One day, when she was (according to the tradition) a hundred and forty years old, she saw some very fine cherries on one of the trees at Affane, and, having no attendant at hand to gather them, she attempted to climb up to them, but fell, and soon after died from the effects of the fall. Her picture, painted when she was extremely old, is preserved at Dromana.

Extremes meet; our ceresial reminiscences began with childhood, and end with old age. But as the cherry is especially child's fruit, we will place as its associate an

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISON.*

(Sanft wehn im Hauch der Abendluft. — U. S. W.)

The vernal grass and flowrets wave
In evening's breath, where o'er thy grave
Weeps sorrow, wan and faded;
Oh! ne'er till death has set us free
From earth, can thy sweet image be
By dim oblivion shaded.

Thou 'rt blest, though short thy opening bloom;
From worldly joys, from pride, from gloom,
From sense delusive parted;
Thou sleep'st in peace; in care and strife
We wav'ring tread the maze of life,
Too rarely tranquil-hearted.

* The Poet of Magdeburg, at the close of last century.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

No. II. — RICHARD HENRY DANA.

AMERICA is a great fact. Even the dim-eyed, bespectacled Old World can see and acknowledge *that* — crabbed and purblind as the aged witness is thought over the water. A greater fact, measured by square inches, it might be hard to find. Equally great, perhaps, if considered as the theatre of scenes of struggle and acts of enterprise, present and advent, in the drama of the world's progress, in the working out of interests, and the solution of problems, on a gigantic scale, material, moral, social, political. But one thing American there is, which we cannot yet regard as a great fact; one thing, which, at best, is only a fiction founded upon fact; and that is, its poetical literature. Hitherto the national genius has sought — or rather has found ready to hand — other modes of expressing its character and asserting its power. It has been occupied with the task of ordering the chaos of elements, colossal and crude, rich with teeming germs of promise, amid which its lot is cast; it has been too busy to sing, though not to talk; it has had too many urgent calls on its physical faculties, its bread-winning arts and money-making appliances, to "go courting" the coy muses, or to build model stables for Pegasus. The young Titan's instinct has been to exercise his muscular frame in turning prairies into parks, and forests into cities, and rivers into mill-streams, rather than haunt the pine-woods in quest of aboriginal dryads, or invoke primeval silence in the depth of sylvan wilds, with hymns inspired by the ecstasy and attuned to the large utterance of the elder gods of song. Compared with her other attainments, America's poetry is backward, stunted, unshapen. It is, comparatively, a lisping speech. Its stars are many in number, but pale in lustre; not *much* differing from one another in glory, and altogether comprising a sort of milky way, with a *soupçon* of water in it; whereof the constellated members, though forever singing as they shine, have not yet caught the rolling music of the spheres. American poetry is not of its mother earth, earthy. It is rather of the Old World, worldly.

Imitation is, in effect, the vice of transatlantic verse; the very head and front of its offending. Not yet has it learned to walk alone on the steep of Parnassus, bold as is the national mien, and firm as is its step, on the level of this work-day world. Again and again we hear the complaint, that American poets give us back our own coin, thinned and deteriorated by the transit — "as if America had not the ore of song in all her rivers, and a mint of her own in every mountain, she

does little more for the service of the muse than melt down our English gold and recast it in British forms." Again and again we hear it charged on the American bard, that he is a dealer rather than a producer; an echo rather than a voice; a shadow rather than a reality; that what he exports he can hardly be said to grow; that he has no faith in his native muses; that Europe is the Mecca of his poetical superstition — England the Jerusalem of his imaginative worship; and that when, at length, the harp is taken down from the trees where for centuries it has hung tuneless, it is but to sing the old songs of his poetical Zion in a strange land. "How is it," asks an eloquent critic, "that America's children, who wear the new costume of their condition with an ostentation so preposterous, put on the old threadbare garments of the past whenever they sit down to the lyre? While the prosaic American is acting poetry without knowing it, building up new cities in a night, as the poet in the old time reared his fabrics, the bard, his brother, is haunting the ruins of the European past. The transatlantic muse is an exile, as much as in the days of the pilgrim fathers. Her aspect is that of an emigrant, who has found no settlement; her talk that of one who 'fain would be hame to her ain countrie.' In a word, all things that creep on the face of the earth have gone up with the American to his new ark of refuge, and naturalized themselves there; but again and again the dove is sent forth to bring in the olive-branch of song from a strange land." This indictment is confirmed by America herself. Says one of her shrewdest sons to his loving brethren,

The most of you (this is what strikes all beholders)
Have a mental and physical stoop in the shoulders;
Though you ought to be free as the winds and the waves,
You've the gait and the manners of runaway slaves;
Though you brag of your New World, you don't
half believe in it,
And as much of the Old as is possible weave in it.
You steal Englishmen's books and think Englishmen's thought,
With their salt on her tail the wild eagle is caught;
Your literature suits its each whisper and motion
To what will be thought of it over the ocean.

Emerson, again, utters his aspirations for a day when his country's long apprenticeship to the literature of other lands shall draw to a close; when the millions who are there rushing into life shall find they can no longer feed on the mere remains of foreign harvests; when poetry shall revive and lead in a new age. And so with almost every literary "power" among his countrymen. Nowhere is the charge, such as it is, ignored — by grand or petty jury.

Now, imitation in poetry is *ipso facto* excommunication from the inner circle of the ecclesia of song. It strips the imitator of his priestly vestments. It cuts off the candidate from first-class honors. The world declines to recognize a revised edition of Homer's "Achilles," or a modernized version of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," or a corrected proof of Milton's "Satan." Imitation in such cases implies either the feebleness of self-distrust, or the boldness of piracy, and, either way, pronounces its own doom.

Has America, then, no poets? We are not sophistic enough to set about proving a negation of *that* sort. But if it be asked, "Has she any great poets?" then we, who love America much, but truth more—who like to read Bryant and Longfellow, but not in forgetfulness of Shakespeare and Milton—then we venture to answer, "Surely not." Here again we are not called upon to prove a negative. Let the New York Dante appear; let the Boston Chaucer arise; let the Charles-town Wordsworth come forth—each in the spirit and power, not merely in the mantle, of the respective bards—and forthwith the oracles of criticism are dumb, only to find new speech wherein to welcome the new comers. Understand what you may by the perhaps indefinite expression "great poets," we simply imply that America has not yet produced an "Iliad," or a "Divine Comedy," or a "Jerusalem Delivered;" not yet a "Prometheus Bound," or a "Macbeth," a "Faery Queene," or a "Paradise Lost;" not yet, to approach more debatable ground, a "Marmion," or a "Child Harold," an "Excursion," or a "Gertrude of Wyoming." We will add, however, that in the matter of living poets, we have anything but a crushing majority of merit. And doubtless the day will dawn—it may be soon—when the American imagination shall prove its creative power. And her first great poet—one of her living prophets hath prophesied it—will take his inspiration "from those very themes and objects from which, in her young and imitative time, the transatlantic muse seeks to escape. He will teach truth by American parable. The wisdom which is of all time, and of every land, will be presented by him in the especial form and striking aspects which she has chosen for herself in the country wherein he sings." America's future will have its poetry "uttered," as her past has its poetry "unexpressed"—

For though no poet *then* she had to glorify her fame,
Her deeds were poems, that could light dead words
with living flame.

The time has been when Richard Henry Dana was regarded as America's brightest orb of song. And there are probably still

those who claim for him this bright particular star-shine. His verses are distinguished by meditative calmness, religious aspirations, and manly simplicity. This simplicity, indeed, trenches on the bald and barren, and has been called morbid in its character. His diction is often common-place and prosaic, but occasionally indulges in abrupt, and often spasmodic, intervals of "strong endeavor." Sometimes unruffled and musical, it is at others rasping, rugged, grating, to "ears polite." That Mr. Dana specifically and of set purpose imitates any one particular bard, we do not believe; whatever of the imitative feebleness just referred to may attach to his poems, is there rather implicitly, and by "spontaneous generation" (if *that* may be said of anything imitative). His tendency, however, is to the reflective stand-point of Wordsworth and Coleridge; and his doctrines of idealism and super-sensual insight, now widely and earnestly affirmed, and often exaggerated, at Boston and other nests of the singing birds, were once scouted as heretical by haters of paradox, and by *cui bono* men of letters.

For his prose writings as well as his verse, a permanent place is assured to him, by Griswold, in the literature of America. As a prose writer (though malicious detractors may affect to see nothing *but* prose in him) he is almost wholly unknown in England. His "Paul Felton" and "Tom Thornton" have been heard of; *voilà tout*. Yet his doings in romance, politics and criticism, have been considerable, though far from successful in a pecuniary sense;—his son's graphic narrative of "Two Years before the Mast" has had a run to which he is quite a stranger. It is nearly forty years since he began his contributions to the *North American Review*, in the editorship of which he afterwards took part. It was in this journal that he excited the opposition of the "Queen Anne's Men" and reigning arbiters in poetical criticism, by his eulogy of the Lake poets. He "thought poetry was something more than a recreation; that it was something superinduced upon the realities of life; he believed the ideal and the spiritual might be as real as the visible and the tangible; thought there were truths beyond the understanding and the senses, and not to be reached by ratiocination."* In a periodical of his own, called the *Idle Man*, he published his novel of "Tom Thornton," which an able reviewer has pronounced "interesting, and written in a style of earnestness which holds truth paramount even to taste, and refuses to adorn vice with a veil of beauty." This periodical ceased with the first volume, which did not pay its expenses, owing, it is said, to the absence of laws of protective copyright;

* Griswold.

and to this "cause defective" is attributed Mr. Dana's discouragement from the literary enterprises which otherwise he would have engaged in. However, by the testimony of Mr. Flint, the *Idle Man* has become as established a classic in the United States as the "Sketch Book" itself. To become a classic, by the way, is presumably identical with being "put on the shelf," which is a phrase with a Janus face. Few are the libraries where the classics don't want dusting. They are not, by popular interpretation, synonymous with what Charles Lamb called "readable books" — a title recently assumed by a London series, which thus, in its every advertisement, hints unutterable things as to the unreadability of rival issues.

Although evidently predisposed to poetry of a meditative cast, and of soothing "all serene" purpose, Mr. Dana's longest and best known effort is in quite a different key, and adventures the treatment of a dramatic theme, with "striking effects," in a suitably rapid and exciting manner. "The Buccaneer" is a legend connected with an island on the New England coast — the oral tradition itself being "added to," and "diminished from," by the poet, according to the supposed exigencies of his art. A murder at sea by a pirate, Matthew Lee by name, and a preternatural process of retribution, are the theme. The distinctive feature in the adjustment of the just recompense of reward is the introduction of the White Horse, which was cast overboard after its mistress, and whose spectre is the agent of final suffering and penal woe to the reprobate seaman. A fear, half ribald jest, half shrinking apprehension, lest, by some wild miracle, the white steed should find utterance to reveal bloody secrets, just as in old, old times the diviner's ass had the sudden faculty of speech, constrains Lee to hurl him to the waves alive, and bid him ride them as he may. Then and there, the cry of the struggling brute is appalling to the ruffians on deck, as they watch his wrestlings with the yeasty waters — now sinking, now roaring upwards — "then drifts away; but through the night they hear far off that dreadful cry." To blot out the last vestige of crime, the ship itself is burnt; and the desperadoes settle down on the solitary island "of craggy rock and sandy bay," to enjoy the "much fine gold" for which they have sold ship, business, conscience, and peace. They try to drown reflection in jovial riot:

Mat lords it now throughout the isle :
His hand falls heavier than before.
All dread alike his frown or smile ; —
None come within his door,
Save those who dipped their hands in blood with him ;
Save those who laughed to see the white horse swim.

The anniversary of the crime comes round : the guilty revellers keep high holiday. But at midnight there is a strange vision seen, at midnight a strange cry heard ; across the dark waters flits a ship in flames, riding upright and still, shedding a wild and lurid light around her, scaring the sea-birds from their nests, and making them dart and wheel with deafening screams — while above the wave uprises, ghastly white, a horse's head. "There on the sea, he stands — the Spectre-Horse! He moves, he gains the sands," and onward speeds, his ghostly sides streaming with a cold blue light, his path shining like a swift ship's wake ; onward speeds, till he reaches Lee's blasted threshold, and with neigh that seems the living tramp of hell, summons the pirate to mount and away ! But the hour of final vengeance is not yet come, and though Lee mounts the spirit-steed and is borne whither he would not, and sees into ocean depths where lie the sleeping dead, done to death by him ; yet with the morning he is again quit of the apparition, and left to brood on his sins, and await the last scene of all — standing on the cliff beneath the sun's broad fierce blaze, but himself "as stiff and cold as one that's dead" — lost in a dreamy trouble "of some wild horror past, and coming woes." Misery withers the castiff's existence for another year ; and again the burning ship is seen, and the white steed visits him, and gives warning that the next visit shall be the last. Punctual and inexorable visitant ! he comes in his season, and in vain Lee flings and writhes in wild despair ; "the spirit corse holds him by fearful spell ;" a mystic fire

Illumes the sea around their track —
The curling comb, and dark steel wave ;
There, yet, sits Lee the spectre's back —
Gone ! gone ! and none to save !
They're seen no more ; the night has shut them in.
May Heaven have pity on thee, man of sin !

The earth has washed away its stain ;
The sealed-up sky is breaking forth,
Mustering its glorious hosts again,
From the far south and north ;
The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.
— O, whither on its waters rideth Lee ?

The legend is a *telling* one. And Mr. Dana has told it impressively. But in the hands of a more devoted romanticist it would have told much better. It is here a somewhat hard and bald composition — not unfrequently obscure from compression and elliptical treatment. The metre selected, too, requires for success a delicate and varied mastery of musical rhythm on the part of the poet, and some familiarity with its character on that of the reader. Some stanzas are excellent — others curt and rugged to a degree. Judging by the rest of his poems, Mr. Dana was out of his element in this stern fancy-piece of

legendary lore ; and certainly, had we read the others first, we should have been surprised by the imaginative power he *has* brought to bear on a superstition of piracy and blood, involving the use of machinery from the spirit-world.

The brief introduction to the tragedy is quite in his happiest style, and breathes a melodious tranquillity aptly chosen, by contrast to the advent agitation of struggling passion and savage discord. We see, in a few picturesque lines, a lonely island, all in silence but for ocean's roar, and the fitful cry, heard through sparkling foam, of the shrill sea-bird : —

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently —
How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

There are not many verses equal to that in the "Buccaneer" — not many figures so suggestive as that of the silent rocking of the black duck on the gentle cradle of an untroubled sea.

The "Changes of Home" is, as the subject demands, meditative and pathetic. The poet revisits the scene of boyhood, and is smitten to his poet's soul by the revolution and decay and innovation it reveals ; or rather, by the revolution and decay he discovers in himself, while outward aspects, so far as Nature is concerned, continue much as they were. He meets one, who, like the pastor in the "Excursion," informs him of the chronicles of the village. There are many touching passages — as this : —

To pass the doors where I had welcomed been,
And none but unknown voices hear within ;
Strange, wondering faces at those windows see,
Once lightly tapped, and then a nod for me ! —
To walk full cities, and yet feel alone —
From day to day to listen to the moan
Of mourning trees — 't was sadder here unknown.

A tale of love and bereavement and madness is the mainstay of this poem, and is very feelingly narrated — "soon 't is told — simple though sad ; no mystery to unfold, save that one great, dread mystery, the mind." Sentiment and diction are both pleasing in these verses.

The poem entitled "Factitious Life" is founded on Wordsworth's protest, that the world is too much with us, our hearts given away, our powers wasted. But there is more life and heat and meaning in that memorable sonnet of Rydal's bard, than in this protracted effort of didactic philosophy. The satire is so-so ; the humor not very genial ; the poetry perilously akin to prose, albeit so anti-prosaic and anti-utilitarian in its purpose. That purpose is indeed high and praiseworthy ; nor do

we object, as the author seems to have apprehended, to his commencing in a comparatively trifling vein, and falling gradually into the serious, and at last resting "in that which should be the home of all our thoughts, the religious." The protest is against reducing man's soul to the limits of the conventional, cramping his mind by rules of etiquette, substituting respectability for virtue — "to keep in with the world your only end, and with the world to censure or defend" — it is against a modish existence, where singularity alone is sin, where manners rather than heart are the subject of education, where the simple way of right is lost, and curious expedients substituted for truth. And the aspiration is for a return of the fresh, inartificial time, in the now dim past, when

Free and ever varying played the heart ;
Great Nature schooled it ; life was not an art ;
And as the bosom heaved, so wrought the mind ;
The thought put forth in act ; and, unconfined,
The whole man *lived* his feelings.

A like spirit animates the lines called "Thoughts on the Soul" — the text being, that it exceeds man's thoughts to think how high God hath raised man — the "practical improvement," that man should cast off his slough, and send forth his spirit to expatiate in "immortal light, and life for evermore." We are earnestly reminded that, linked with the Immortal, immortality begins e'en here — the soul once given, as a solemn trust to man, there ne'er will come a date to its tremendous energies, but ever shall it be taking fresh life, starting fresh for future toil,

And on shall go, forever, ever, on,
Changing, all down its course, each thing to one
With its immortal nature.

More popular, and charged with more than one home-thrust at the feelings, are the lines called "The Husband's and the Wife's Grave." There folded in deep stillness, in all the nearness of the narrow tomb, lie the partners in life and death —

Yet feel they not each other's presence now.
Dread fellowship ! — together, yet alone.

"The Dying Raven" was Mr. Dana's earliest production in verse — appearing in 1825, in the *New York Review*, then under Bryant's editorship — and a fine memorial it is, tender and true, of a sympathetic nature, which has a reverent faith in the truth that He who made us, made also and loveth all. We watch the poor doomed bird, gasping its life out, where the grass makes a soft couch, and blooming boughs (needlessly kind) spread a tent above ; we hear its mate calling to the white, piled clouds, and asking for the missed and forlorn one. That airy call

Thou 'lt bear no longer ; 'neath sun-lighted clouds,
 With beating wings, or steady poise aslant,
 Wilt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws
 Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of
 death
 Are on thee.

From Him who heareth the raven's cry for food comes the inspiration of this elegy.

A "Fragment of an Epistle," composed in octosyllabic verse, is an attempt to escape not only what Byron calls the fatal facility, but what the author calls the fatal monotony, of that metre. There is little else to characterize it. "A Clump of Daisies" shows dim and diminutive beside the same object in other poets one might name. "Chantrey's Washington" has little of the massive power of either the statesman or the sculptor involved in its memorial verse. "The Moss supplicateth for the Poet," as for one who leaves, oftentimes, the haunting flowers and open sky, to woo the moss by shady brook, with voice low and soft and sad as the brook itself, and because the moss is of lowly frame, and more constant than the flower, and because it is

— Kind to old decay, and wraps it softly round
 in green,
 On naked root, and trunk of gray, spreading a
 garniture and screen.

"The Pleasure Boat" goes tilting pleasantly on its way, to a soft breeze and musical murmur of accompaniment. And such, with the "Spirit of the Pilgrims" and a few lyrics, comprise, so far as we are informed, the lays of the minstrel whom we have thus inadequately but impartially, "when found, made a note of."

From the *Athenæum*.

LUDWIG TIECK.

FROM Berlin tidings have come of the death in that city, on the morning of the 28th ult., of Ludwig Tieck—one of the few survivors of a past age of German literature, and not the least of those who made it illustrious. He was born in Berlin, on the 31st of May, 1773; so that a few days only were wanting to complete his full measure of fourscore years. Within this wide period, however, he may be said to have commanded a narrower space of life, whether for mere bodily uses or for mental production, than has been enjoyed by many who have gone sooner to the grave. Severe physical suffering—from gout, the attacks of which began as early as 1806—encroached on the best part of his existence from that period onward—and for many years before its close had reduced him to a nearly helpless state. The mind, indeed, was still alive and elastic in intervals of respite; but continued exertion of any kind was baffled by

recurring distress and debility;—so that his declining age has been mainly a scene of passive subjection to pain—borne with an equanimity and composure that have justly been called heroic. Under such circumstances, the friends of the veteran poet may rejoice that the hour of his release from this long trial has at length arrived.

This is hardly the time for any detailed review of the literary career of Tieck, nor for anticipations of the exact place which may hereafter be assigned to him among the great writers of his day. It is true that in one sense posterity had already begun for Tieck while he still continued among the living; and there are considerable features of his poetic character, and of his influence on the time, the effect of which is already consummated. From these, as from other circumstances of his career, the eminence of Tieck's place in the literary annals of his country—as chief leader in an important though ephemeral movement—may be certainly predicted. Of the fate of his works as a living possession for readers in ages yet to come, it would be less safe to prophesy so much.

The romantic school, in which Tieck appears both as the virtual founder and the chief illustrator, was rather the natural product of a peculiar and morbid state of things on minds of a certain sensitive and fanciful temper, than itself founded in Poetic Nature. Impatience of the torpid condition and mean aims of society around them—the want of a true popular ground in real life wherein their spiritual energies could take root—easily led the young men of genius, of whom Tieck was foremost, to seek a sphere for their exercise in reveries of sentiment, in dreams of old chivalry or legendary fictions, in what seemed earnest and picturesque in the Church of the Middle Ages as well as in the simplicities of early devotional Art. Such are among the main themes of this Poetic School—which appear with seducing effect, and in various forms of treatment, in Tieck's pages, in place of that heart-felt veracity which alone gives force and endurance to poetic creations. They are, as Tieck himself has somewhere said, dream-shadows of things and feelings—often gracious, tender, and affecting—sometimes, in another phase of their development, delightfully freakish, sparkling with quaint irony, or revelling in the broadest humor. But the stuff of which they are made, the moods of thought which they express, are altogether visionary, fleeting and unreal. They leave no distinct traces on the mind;—in form, they are constantly tending towards the vaguest confusion of styles; in effect, they are essentially retrograde and unproductive.

The backward course which this school has run, in the land of its birth, has not only already proved how little an arbitrary system like

this can do for healthy poetic culture ; it has also shown how soon it is compelled to descend to earth in search of a basis in something that may, at least, wear a show of substance, and to what base and perverse ends this attempt may speedily be turned. Long before the close of his career, Tieck himself saw his literary offspring astray in blind ways, which his superior mind and ripened thought entirely disallowed ; — and hereupon, indeed, he seems to have determined upon a new poetic course, not only leading straight away from the direct absurdity and secondary abuse which had grown upon the romantic basis which he had formerly laid, but also diverging widely enough from his own earlier literary practice. In this change, which began with the publication of his novels in 1821, the desire to obtain a substantial historic ground for poetic composition is strikingly significant ; and it is impossible to say to what further results it might not have led one so able and so mature in training as Tieck then was, had not sickness thwarted this promising development.

It must be observed, that with Tieck, even in his youngest days, romantic abnegation of matter of fact, and the assertion of unbounded liberty both in the form and in the matter of composition, were at all events no idle pleas, advanced, as they have often been elsewhere, to cover the defect of thorough schooling, or to excuse *dilettante* indolence. With the fruits of early study at his command, he was at all times of his life diligent and studious of fresh acquisitions. In the field of European literature he was versed as few other men have been ; with something of an especial preference for Spanish and English. His love for the latter, as shown by his many excellent labors on our old dramatists, as well as in the translation of Shakespeare, give him especial claims to this country.

His splendid library, which was sold a few years back, was an evidence of judgment as well as of good-fortune in the collection of literary treasures, while it showed the wide range of his pursuits. The circumstances which caused the dispersion, as we have heard them stated, are such as must have raised the poet in the esteem of all who knew them — while they lamented, for his sake, the effects of so generous a sacrifice of his best companions.

JACKSON'S EPITAPH ON HIS WIFE. — The Richmond Enquirer says a lady in the west has been kind enough to send us a copy of Andrew Jackson's epitaph on his wife. It is known to have been his own composition, yet, although it has been read by hundreds on her tomb in Tennessee, it has never appeared in print before. This singular inscription reads thus : —

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jack-

son, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d of December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow-creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods. To the poor she was a benefactress ; to the rich she was an example ; to the wretched a comforter ; to the prosperous an ornament ; her pity went hand in hand with her benevolence ; and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transplant her to the bosom of her God."

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FINGER NAILS. — According to European fashion, they should be of an oval figure, transparent, without specks or ridges of any kind ; the semilunar fold, or white half-circle, should be fully developed, and the pellicle, or cuticle which forms the configuration around the root of the nails, thin and well defined, and, when properly arranged, should represent as nearly as possible the shape of a half-filbert. The proper arrangement of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers ; they should not be allowed to grow too long, as it is difficult to keep them clean ; nor too short, as it allows the ends of the fingers to become flattened and enlarged by being pressed upwards against the nails, and gives them a clumsy appearance. The epidermis, which forms the semicircle around, and adheres to the nail, requires particular attention, as it is frequently dragged on with its growth, drawing the skin below the nail so tense as to cause it to crack and separate into what are called agnails. This is easily remedied by carefully separating the skin from the nail by a blunt, half-round instrument. Many persons are in the habit of continually cutting this pellicle, in consequence of which it becomes exceedingly irregular, and often injurious to the growth of the nail. They also frequently pick under the nails with a pin, penknife, or the point of sharp scissors, with the intention of keeping them clean, by doing which they often loosen them, and occasion considerable injury. The nails should be cleansed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular skin should not be cut away, but only loosened, without touching the quick, the fingers being afterwards dipped in tepid water, and the skin pushed back with a towel. This method, which should be practised daily, will keep the nails of a proper shape, prevent agnails, and the pellicles from thickening or becoming rugged. When the nails are naturally rugged or ill-formed, the longitudinal ridges or fibres should be scraped and rubbed with lemon, afterwards rinsed in water, and well dried with the towel ; but if the nails are very thin, no benefit will be derived by scraping ; on the contrary, it might cause them to split. If the nails grow more to one side than the other, they should be cut in such a manner as to make the point come as near as possible in the centre of the end of the finger. — *Duracher.*

NEW BOOKS.

We have received the following books :

The Last Leaf from Sunny-Side. This is advertised by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, in Nos. 463 and 472 of the Living Age.

A Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery. By Spencer Thomson, M. D., L. R. C. S., Edinburgh. First American, from the latest London, edition. Revised, with additions, by Henry H. Smith, M. D., Surgeon to St. Joseph's Hospital, Philadelphia. Advertised by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., in Nos. 465, 467, 469, 471.

Spiritual Vampirism; The History of Ethereal Softdown, and her Friends of the "New Light," By C. W. Webber. See advertisement by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, in Nos. 465, 467, 469, 471.

A Pilgrimage to Palestine, by Dr. J. V. C. Smith. This is a work of original thought, and is written from personal observation, daily recorded. It is advertised in No. 466, by Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

A Nation Dead, without a Written History. Traditions of De-Coo-Dah and Antiquarian Researches. This work is advertised by Thayer, Bridgman & Fanning, New York, in No. 470. It contains many engraved illustrations, and much material for history.

The Spirit Humbug Exposed. By Professor Mattison, New York. This work, published by Messrs. Mason Brothers, New York, is highly commended by many good judges. See advertisement in No. 471.

The Bible in the Counting-House; a Course of Lectures to Merchants. By H. A. Boardman, D. D. Advertised by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, in Nos. 471, 472, 473. We should be very glad to read this book, or any other from Dr. Boardman, if we could stop. But we are like the dog in the fable, who could only lap as he ran.

Songs in the Night; or, Hymns for the Sick and Suffering. This is a collection of Poems by various authors, with an Introduction by the Rev. A. C. Thompson. Revised edition. It is well recommended by good authority. See advertisement, by S. K. Whipple & Co., Boston, in our No. 472.

Dissertation on Musical Taste. By Thomas Hastings. Mr. Hastings has for many years been successfully engaged in various practical measures for cultivating Musical Taste, and extending the practice of Music. The work is advertised by Messrs. Mason Brothers, New York, in No. 472.

Marie de Berniere; The Maroon; Maize in Milk. By W. Gilmore Sims. Advertised by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia, in No. 472.

Epitome of Greek and Roman Mythology, with Explanatory Notes and a Vocabulary. By John S. Hart, LL. D., Principal of the High School, Philadelphia. Carefully and handsomely published by Lippincott, Grambo and Co., Phil.

History of Massachusetts, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By W. H. Carpenter. This is one of a series of Cabinet Histories, published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

Travels in Egypt and Palestine. By J. Thomas, M. D. A very pretty duodecimo, containing some interesting discoveries of antiquity. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

Farquell's French Course is advertised, with high recommendations, by Newman & Ivison, New York, in No. 471 Living Age.

The Life of Dr. Chalmers. This duodecimo volume is an abridgment, by the Rev. James C. Moffat, M. A., Professor in Princeton College, of Dr. Hannas' large work. It is published in Cincinnati by Morse, Anderson, Wilstack & Keys.

Father Brighthopes; or, An Old Clergyman's Vacation. By Paul Creighton. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament. A series of Sermons preached in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn. By Frederick Denison Maurice, of King's College, London. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

Child's Matins and Vespers. By A. Mother. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

Early Buds. By Lydia M. Reno. It is not very high praise to speak of the typographical beauty, only, of a collection of original poems. But we know no more, and are so much pleased by the uncommon beauty of this volume, that we cannot but speak of it. Published by James Munroe & Co., Boston.

Babylon and Nineveh. Layard's Second Expedition. Abridged from the larger work. Former reviews in the Living Age have made our readers well acquainted with this book, now published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.

The New Rome; or, The United States of the World. By Theodore Poesche and Charles Goepp. G. P. Putnam & Co.

Echoes of a Belle; or, A Voice from the Past. By Ben Shadow. G. P. Putnam & Co.

A Review of the Spiritual Manifestations. By the Rev. Charles Beecher. G. P. Putnam & Co.

Journal of an African Cruiser. By Horatio Bridge, U. S. N. Edited by Nathaniel Hawthorne. G. P. Putnam & Co.

Carlottina and the Sanfedisti; or, A Night with the Jesuits at Rome. By Edmund Farrere. John S. Taylor, New York. Said to be a vigorous attack upon the Jesuits.

Clouds and Sunshine. By the author of *Musings of an Invalid*, &c. John S. Taylor, New York.

Coleridge's Works, Vol. 5. Here is the fifth volume of a beautiful edition of the complete works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by Professor Shedd. It is to be in seven volumes. It is published by Messrs. Harpers; and we don't doubt that they regularly sent us the four preceding volumes, and many other books which never have reached us. Nevertheless, it is indispensable to every well selected library.

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From Chambers' Journal.

THE PLANTING.

A PARABLE.

I said to my little son, who was watching, with tears, a tree he had planted: "Let it alone; it will grow while you are sleeping!"

"PLANT it safe, thou little child;
Then cease watching and cease weeping:
Thou hast done thy utmost part;
Leave it, with a quiet heart;
It will grow while thou art sleeping."

"But, O father!" says the child,
With a troubled face close creeping—
"How can I but think and grieve,
When the fierce winds come at eve,
And snows beat—and I lie sleeping?"

"I have loved my linden so!
In each leaf seen future floweret;
Watched it day by day with prayers,
Guarded it with pains and cares,
Lest the canker should devour it."

"O, good father!" says the child,
"If I come in summer's shining,
And my linden-tree be dead—
How the sun will scorch my head,
Where I sit forlorn and pining!"

"Rather let me evermore,
Through this winter-time watch keeping,
Bear the cold, and storms, and frost,
That my treasure be not lost—
Ay, bear aught!—but idle sleeping."

Sternly said the father then:
"Who art thou, child, vainly grieving?
Canst thou send the balmy dews,
Or the rich sap interfuse,
That one leaf shall burst to living?"

CCCLXXV. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 49

"Canst thou bid the heavens restrain
Natural tempests for thy praying?
Canst thou bend one tender shoot?
Stay the growth of one frail root?
Keep one blossom from decaying?"

"If it live and bloom all fair,
Will it praise thee for its blooming?
If it die, will any plaints
Reach thee, as with kings and saints
Drops it to an equal tombing?"

"Plant it—consecrate with prayers.
It is safe 'neath His sky's folding
Who the whole earth compasses,
Whether we watch more or less—
His large eye all things beholding."

"If He need a goodly tree
For the shelter of the nations,
He will make it grow; if not,
Never yet His love forgot
Human tears, and faith, and patience."

"Leave thy treasure in His hand—
Cease all watching and all weeping.
Years hence, men its shade may crave,
When its mighty branches wave
Beautiful—above thy sleeping!"

If his hope, tear-sown, that child
Garnered safe with joyful reaping,
Know I not: yet, unawares,
Oft this truth gleams through my prayers:
"It will grow while thou art sleeping!"

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE THOUGHT.

'T was not that sordid cares perplexed him,
'T was not satiety or spleen:
'T was one eternal thought that fixed him—
The thought of what he might have been:

The thought that virtue might have led him
In his youth o'er holy ground,
And love's early vows have made him
Pure as music's trancing sound :

The thought that knowledge might have placed
him
On the height of truth sublime,
Where low vice had ne'er debased him,
Outcast in a sensual clime :

The thought that tuneful inspiration
Might have lived in lofty lays,
And a poet's aspiration
Won the wreath of laurelled praise.

Like a distant, trembling river
To the ear at midnight brought,
So his tide of life forever
Trembles with the eternal thought.

Like a wailing ghost, respited
Scenes of youth to wander o'er,
All that might have life delighted,
Lies a wreck on Ganges' shore.

INDIANUS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

1815 AND 1853.

WHEN war by the great battle closed,
Gave England laurels won with pain,
Our rulers, glad to quit the strife,
Returned, in hope, to peace again.

Then the nation hailed with rapture
The dawning of a brighter day,
The star of conquest sank and paled,
When Reason's power assumed the sway.

Again improvement, long delayed,
Swiftly progressed through Mind's domain,
Neath calmer skies, with broad sails spread,
Our ships of commerce ploughed the main.

The giant heart of England poured
Her life-blood through her farthest veins,
To distant climes unknown in yore,
Through Afrio's wilds, o'er India's plains.

Then the oak of British science,
By Bacon planted long ago,
Broad branches bore among the stars,
And strong roots sank in earth below.

Then days of science were like years
In the old chronicles of time,
Then years grew large, as ages past,
In rich results—in works sublime.

Loud rang the hammer in the shed,
Swift through the loom the shuttle plied,
O'er iron roads our steam steeds ran,
Like thought th' electric courier hied.

Then fair Religion, calm and mild,
The true conservator of the world,
Glowed with immortal youth, and smiled
O'er War's dread standard, once more furled.

On all the Sun of Freedom shone,
Kindling the hearts of labor's throng ;
Advancing Art was 'compained
By Genius, Poetry, and Song.

But now the comet's meteor glare
Returns from journeyings afar,
Sweeps on the sight, and shows again
The long-forgotten form of war.

Well, be it so, what we have gained
We shall not tamely, calmly lose,
If fight we must, then—to the death,
Though war we may not freely choose.

Whate'er betide, the end is sure,
There lives on earth that cannot die,
Great Heaven will give, as in old times,
To Truth and Freedom—Victory.

From Household Words.

HUSH !

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves ;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen ! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass ;
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest ;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead !

REASONS FOR A SINGER'S COLD. — "What is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sort of SIMS REEVIAN apology had been made for a popular singer. "Oh ! it's easily accounted for," answered his stall neighbor ; "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it's no wonder he so often catches cold." — *Punch*.

From Chambers' Repository.

HENRY ARNAUD AND THE WALDENSES.

THE return of the Waldensian exiles to their native valleys, to which they fought their way under the guidance of their pastor and general, Henry Arnaud, in 1689, is one of the most remarkable and romantic events in modern history. It will be found fully to deserve the few pages here devoted to an account of it; but before beginning with the actual incidents of their fighting-journey, which were minutely recorded day by day, it may be as well to give a sketch of the circumstances which opened this curious chapter in the romance of history. The Waldenses, or Vaudois, are supposed to have received their name from *vallis*, or valley, owing to the extremely secluded and peculiar character of the three valleys in which they lived as a community, separated by immense mountains from the rest of the world. In the general map of Europe, the position of these valleys will be best described by saying, that they lie in the slopes of the great range called the Pennine Alps, on the side which stretches towards Italy. This great barrier separates them from Western and Northern Europe; but they are also secluded even from the rest of Italy, as their districts are only approachable by narrow openings, as it were, between subsidiary ranges of hills. These, in other parts of the world, would be called great mountain-ranges; but here they are only the lateral spurs or offshoots of the vast central Alpine chain. The district, generally speaking, is bounded on the sides by Mount Viso and the Col de Sestrières; and the three main valleys of which it consists are Lucerna or Luzern, Perosa or Prouse, and San Martino or St. Martin. Considerable confusion is sometimes created in the reader's mind by the names in this district, as elsewhere throughout the Piedmontese part of Italy, being sometimes given in Italian, and sometimes in French. Though situated within the sunny territory of Italy, these valleys have the characteristics rather of a northern than a southern clime, and nourished a hardy race, such as Goldsmith describes on the other side of the Alps:—

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

The poet's description does not, however, apply very accurately where he says—

No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel—the soldier and his sword.

The inhabitants of a land producing nothing else, could only subsist by robbery. In fact, however, the lowest ranges of these valleys are generally stripes of flat, soft, alluvial soil, almost unmatched in richness. Their owners consider every yard of the earth's surface so valuable here, that they grudge even what is necessary for the narrowest pathways; and the stranger feels that he must pick his way carefully, to avoid injury to the rich crop. It will be clear, that, from the nature of the country, no class of men could well be more isolated from their neighbors than the cultivators of these pastures. The richness and narrowness of the alluvial stripes kept them in the pursuit of their living within a narrow compass; and the great mountain barriers, by which they were nearly surrounded, prevented them from paying unnecessary visits to their neighbors. Dr. Johnson almost describes such a place as the valleys of the Waldenses in his romance of *Rasselas*, where he isolates his hero from the world. It was not unnatural, then, that in such places old opinions and traditions would remain longer unchanged than in the more open parts of Europe.

It is well known to all readers of history that, from an early period, these Waldenses professed a religious creed and observances differing from those of the surrounding nations, and especially of their neighbors, the Italians. Since they thus differed from the practice of the Pope's immediate dominions, of course their religion was distinguished from that of the Church of Rome. It has been identified—even as it existed at a very early time—with the Protestant opinions of later days. It was thus very natural to suppose, as the religious rites of the Waldenses were simple, and they had from time immemorial differed from those of Rome, that they were a relic of the primitive church, preserved, as it were, within the wall of mountains, and showing to after-ages what that church had really been before the ecclesiastics acquired their pomp and power. This is not a place for the investigation of the question as to whether such views are well founded. It will readily be understood, however, that this simple people, differing in religious tenets from powerful nations and ambitious monarchs, were not allowed to entertain their peculiar views in tranquillity. In fact, it is too well known in history, that from generation to generation they were oppressed and persecuted. One of the latest and most signal attacks made on them was the cause of the adventurous history we have now to relate.

After the powerful intervention of Oliver Cromwell on the behalf of the Waldenses, seconded by the good-wishes of other European potentates, they appeared to be entering upon a career of peace and independence..

This lasted for some years; but in 1685 they were, with too much justice, alarmed when Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had been passed for the toleration of the French Protestants. The many fugitives who on that occasion were dispersed throughout Europe, carried the melancholy news of the growing despotism of the great French monarch. It soon became clear, that he would exert his power against a small body like the Waldenses, who assailed his pride by giving sympathy and protection to his fugitive subjects so close to his own dominions. Many threatening hints were made to the Duke of Savoy on the subject. He was told that he must either compel his subjects to conform to the Church of Rome, or drive them out of their valleys. At last he was informed, that if he would not set himself heartily to this task, the King of France would do it himself with 14,000 men, and would then consider the territory a conquest, and take possession of it.

Urged by this threat, which imported no less than a partition of his territory, the duke gave the Waldenses the alternative of submitting, or being driven forth by an armed force. This was not, however, destined to be easily accomplished. The men of the valleys gave an uncompromising refusal to the proposal, and prepared for resistance. In their many series of persecutions, they had acquired a capacity for warfare, which descended from generation to generation; and their swords were the terror of the enemy wherever they appeared. They set at effectual defiance the feeble efforts of the ducal monarch of Savoy; and he required to call in the assistance of the French troops. At that period, owing to the stiff and uniform system of campaigning which had been adopted, regular troops never met the warlike mountaineers, especially on their own rough and dangerous ground, without suffering severely. The Waldenses, acting on the defensive, beat off their foes on both sides—the French on the one, and their Savoyard neighbors on the other: their successes were remarkable; and, carried away by the preternatural fervor which seems ever to have possessed them, they followed up their victories with ruthless determination, instead of seeking, by moderation, to secure for themselves terms of accommodation.

A very strange and unaccountable result, however, followed these victories, and the use so made of them. All at once, as if driven by some fatality, the Waldenses, in the moment of victory, and when they had by no means shown themselves to be clement conquerors, threw down their arms, and made an entire submission. To account for this singular incident, it has been said that they acted under a secret promise of pardon and

protection, which was basely broken; and the solution seems to be a probable one, although it is proper to say, that no sufficient evidence of the fact has been adduced. They were committed to prison in great multitudes; but it is impossible to believe, what their own authorities relate, that more than two thirds of their grown men perished in dungeons. Many certainly did so; and the number of the captives was much thinned, ere a resolution was taken to release them and send them out of the country.

This resolution was adopted in consequence of the remonstrances of the Protestant cantons, and their offer to provide for the unfortunate Waldenses. In 1687, these set out to join their kind neighbors, to the number, it is said, of 3000. To reach their destination, it was necessary to cross the great chain of the Alps, where a few passes only, and these proverbially formidable, occur at distances of many miles. The fugitives, unacquainted with the route, should have had guides and a plentiful supply of provisions—but they had neither; and the hardships they suffered would have exterminated them, if they had not possessed mountain constitutions. Leaving behind them the great mass of glaciers and precipices, over which Mont Blanc reigns supreme, they descended along the lovely valleys, reminding them of their homes, which slope towards the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva. Here, exhausted, attenuated, and ragged—like spectres rather than living beings—they met a warm reception from their sympathizing friends. They were now dispersed chiefly among the towns and villages of the canton of Bern, and were gradually introduced to the means of gaining a livelihood.

But mountaineers seem to have ever a strong yearning after their native valleys, which, in peculiar circumstances, becomes an ungovernable passion. The feeling might have been less ardent had they been removed to some great distance from their early homes, and seen nothing to recall them. But every bright day, as they looked southwards, they saw, clear against the sky, as if they were in reality close at hand, the range of snowy summits among which their beloved valleys nestled; they could see even the commencement of that slope downwards from the smooth white summit, the end of which rested on their own green pastures. The sight seems to have excited them beyond endurance, and they resolved, at all hazards, to return. Their first attempt was discovered and defeated. Their second was not more successful as to immediate results, but the preparations made for it were of service afterwards. Three of their number had been sent to examine the passes among the mountains, to ascertain which could be crossed

with least risk of detection, and to lay down a plan of operations for the whole body. At that time there was much less habitual wandering from place to place, in any class of the community, than at present. Gentlemen did not make tours of pleasure, and common people did not go about seeking work. In fact, the latter class were in general slaves, who dared not leave the fields to which they were attached or restricted. Besides the liability of being questioned and examined at every city-gate, the bridges had each a warden, living in a tower, whose duty it was to look after all suspicious wanderers. Commerce was the only legitimate excuse for travelling; and those who could not prove that they were merchants, were generally presumed, when found away from their places of residence, to be robbers or political spies. The three messengers or spies of the Waldenses had thus to proceed with extreme caution. They succeeded in reaching the valleys, and acquiring a knowledge of the safest routes through which an expedition might penetrate secretly towards them. They were not, however, fortunate in their return. They were found in a wild district of the Tarentaise, and arrested by the authorities as robbers. Some sheets of paper were found in their possession, whence it was inferred that they might be political spies; and the sheets were held to the fire, in the idea that this would bring out writing in sympathetic ink, but without success. They stated that they were dealers in lace, and had come to that district, where they knew it was made in abundance, to make purchases. This was not a very fortunate venture. An agent was employed to offer them lace for sale, and they at once agreed to give him twice what the article was worth — a liberality which was by no means appreciated. They persisted, however, in their story; and one of them, who had actually been a pedler in Languedoc, proved satisfactorily to a brother of the *ellwand* that he was a true man, and obtained his testimony in their favor. They were ultimately released, and went to their brethren with the information they had collected. The body at large resolved to make the venture, and managed secretly to collect hard-baked bread for their subsistence, and make other arrangements.

The route they proposed to take was a very formidable one. They were to creep by night-journeys from their several places of abode, dispersed among different cantons, to Bex, as a general place of rendezvous; and thence passing the Rhône at the neighboring bridge of St. Maurice, they were to cross the great St. Bernard — a perilous route, even to those who have every appliance of the traveller, and are not afraid of pursuit. The plan, however, was nipped in the bud. Some of the Wal-

denses, who had taken service in the garrison of Geneva, deserting to take part in the adventure, created suspicion, and their motions were watched. A powerful guard was placed at the bridge of St. Maurice, to dispute their passage. In fact, their friends of the Protestant cantons, although readily affording them a hospitable retreat, were extremely anxious not to be committed by any line of conduct they might pursue calculated to offend the neighboring states. They would rather be at the expense of supporting the exiles among themselves, than be suspected of encouraging them in an aggressive movement. Hence, they not only let it be known to the Piedmontese government that there were suspicious movements among the Waldenses, but traced their proceedings, and persuaded them to abandon their project. About 700 of them found themselves on the way to the bridge, with the unpleasant certainty that it could not be crossed. Being near the town of Aigle, the bailiff, or chief-magistrate, assembled them in the church, and preached to them an exhortation to patience. He chose the text, "Fear not little flock;" and told them that they had but to be patient, and abide the right time, for they were predestined to return to their beloved valleys. This kind magistrate gave them 200 crowns to enable them to return to the places they had left. In their own account of the affair afterwards, they contrasted his conduct with that of the town of Vevay, which not only refused to admit them within its walls, but to allow them to purchase provisions. A courageous and zealous widow of that town, however, at much risk, went forth to them, and gave them comfort and aid. They tell us, that afterwards, when the rest of Vevay was burned down, this widow's house was spared in the general conflagration; and of course, after the fashion of those times, it was impossible to avoid connecting the one circumstance with the other.

The failure of this attempt brought additional gloom over the prospects of the wanderers. The very success with which they had conducted it so far, in making their arrangements, and in marching silently to a common centre, showed how formidable they could make themselves. The Duke of Savoy greatly increased the frontier forces, to intercept them in any future adventure. But, what promised to be more calamitous, their friends of the Protestant cantons were strongly urged to abandon their cause, and were even told that unless they did so they must stand under an accusation of having connived at their late attempt. The authorities of the cantons felt that, in the conduct of the Waldenses, they had a sufficiently good excuse for compliance with these demands. They assumed the tone of persons who had been

injured by the reckless conduct of the refugees whom they had hospitably received; and orders were issued that they should no longer have a shelter so near their native mountains. The Waldenses marched in a body through the town of Bern; and the interesting spectacle of so many exiles again wandering in search of a home, drew tears from the spectators, and gave them, at least, the consolation of knowing that they did not depart without the sympathy of the people who were obliged to cast them forth. They went first to the cantons of Zurich and Schaffhausen—the parts of Switzerland most distant from Savoy. When there, however, it was intimated to them that they were only to have a temporary asylum, and must seek a permanent resting-place elsewhere. They looked to the neighboring dukedom of Würtemberg, where the soil and method of cultivation in some measure resembled those of their own valleys; but though the duke treated them with consideration, he was afraid to make arrangements for the settlement of so large a body. Meanwhile, their Swiss neighbors, from hints and intimations, proceeded to specific measures for getting rid of them. An arrangement was made for their reception as permanent settlers in the distant state of Brandenburg, where they would be too far from their native valleys to be troublesome. Some of their number went as a deputation to inspect the country, but brought back an unfavorable account of it. While it contained no lofty mountains like those among which they had been reared, there was the more substantial disadvantage, that the soil was uniformly of a sterile character, and contained none of the rich patches of alluvium which they were accustomed to cultivate. The habits of the people, the method of agriculture, and many other characteristics of the country, were so displeasing to them, that they sternly refused the overture. It cannot be surprising that this fastidiousness laid them open to a charge of caprice. The exile who seeks a resting-place to be provided by the charity of his neighbor, should be content with the fate he finds awarded to others of his species. The Waldenses, however, were not philosophers, nor did they know the world; they were full of prejudices, and predilections, with which it was in vain to argue. The Swiss clergy preached against their unreasonableness from the pulpits; and all classes, partly by persuasion, and partly by threats and churlishness, tried to make them adopt the plan arranged for their settlement, but for a long time in vain. At length, a colony of 800 agreed to depart for Brandenburg; and were thus separated from their brethren.

Those who remained were for the most part received into the Palatinate and Würtemberg, where they obtained privileges and

grants of land. In fact, in these territories, lately desolated by war, their industrious moral habits, and their knowledge of agriculture, made them valuable citizens. It now seemed as if their troubles were at an end. One detachment was settled in distant Brandenburg—the others, though nearer their old homes, were too far dispersed to join in any common movement. Again, however, the calamities of war drove them forth. The progress of the French arms threatened an immediate sweep of the Palatinate and its neighborhood by the insatiable enemies of the Waldenses. They were obliged to leave the grain they had sown to be reaped by other sickles, take what they could carry on their backs, and again seek an asylum wherever they might find a friendly door opened to them. They could find none but among the Swiss, with whom they had in a manner quarrelled. It was not caprice, however, but dire necessity, which now actuated them; and the generous Swiss forgot their cause of complaint, and received the friendless wanderers open-armed as before. The Waldenses afterwards said that the approach of the French was providential, as it drove them to have recourse to the step in which they were so signally successful.

It must be mentioned that in the mean time their movements attracted the attention of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. It was the great policy of that monarch to use every practical means for checking the aggrandizement of France; and throughout the whole of his busy life he never omitted any opportunity, great or small, which held out a hope of contributing to this end. He liked the firmness of the Waldenses, and thought it would be useful to the cause he had at heart, if their separate existence could be preserved as near as might be to their native place, which lay in that south-eastern direction in which French aggrandizement was pressing. He sent them a considerable sum of money; and it was probably through his influence that they obtained similar pecuniary aid from England. They sent deputies to the prince, who recommended them to keep in a compact body. They had been for a short time settled as a component part of the Swiss population, when the news of the British Revolution of 1688, which had elevated their friend to the throne of a great empire, rung joyfully in their ears. They ascertained also that the Duke of Savoy had removed the frontier army, established to prevent their return, if they should attempt it. New explorers, too, sent to repeat the former inquiries, brought them more distinct information about the passes. It was then they said one to another, "Let us return to our valleys;" and a simultaneous feeling seemed to possess them, that there only

were they to find rest for the sole of their foot.

It is now time, however, to give some account of the remarkable leader under whose guidance the scattered Waldenses were concentrated and organized, and who conducted them through the adventurous campaign to be presently described. This leader was Henry Arnaud, one of their clergymen. It would not be easy to decide at the present day how far he was a skilful and faithful pastor, or to discover the extent of his learning as a divine. Of one thing, however, he has left us unquestionable evidence, and that is, of his skill and daring as a military leader. The most trustworthy authorities say that he was born at La Tour, in Savoy, in the year 1641. If so, he must have been in his forty-ninth year when he commanded the expedition. Inquiries have naturally been made as to the early history of so remarkable a man, but without success. It is not known at what time he became one of the pastors of the Waldenses. It is believed, and indeed seems almost certain, that he had some military training before he undertook his expedition; and it has been said that he was a soldier under William III. while he was Prince of Orange—a circumstance probable, but not authenticated. The history we have now to tell of the return of the wanderers is, in a manner, from Arnaud's own lips. The curious old French work known to book-collectors as the *Glorieuse Rentrée*—the Glorious Return of the Waldenses to their Valleys—is generally attributed to him. The title-page, indeed, bears his name, apparently as author; but it is said by some critics that this is an erroneous interpretation, and that it is merely meant to intimate that the return or march, of which the book gives an account, was conducted by Arnaud. We need not take any part in this inquiry. It may be sufficient to state that we believe Arnaud wrote the substance of the book, while it seems likely that it was touched and edited by some other person. It is thus, somewhat after the example of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, a history of its author's own exploits; and it has all the truthfulness of its prototype, and more. In fact, Arnaud's heroic merits are not told by himself—they are only to be inferred. His *Glorieuse Rentrée* is faithfully devoted to a history of the endurance and heroism of the ordinary followers, whether we call them army or congregation; and it is only from the compact order in which they proceeded, their constant state of preparation for the strange difficulties of the route, and the skill with which they fought their enemies, that we become aware of the great capacity of their commander—a capacity which was afterwards discovered

by the discernment of Marlborough, and became serviceable in the most memorable of his battles.

The first object to be accomplished was the general assemblage of those who were to participate in the expedition, at some place well suited for making a sudden movement. There were several conditions necessary for such a spot. It must be on the way to Savoy—it must be a place where they could be easily concealed—and yet it must be in the midst of population, that they might obtain provisions without becoming too conspicuous. The selected spot was near the town of Nyon, on the north bank of the Lake of Geneva, and about twenty miles south of Lausanne. There, at the period of the Revolution of 1688, a dense forest existed, in which above 1000 people could conceal themselves, gathering their supplies from the fruitful country around, without exciting a degree of attention which, by arousing the suspicion of the representatives of the despotic powers, might be fatal to their project. Of course, it was quite well known to the neighbors in the canton of Vaud that the Waldenses, whose history was so strange and romantic, were lurking in the wood of Nyon. The news spread, indeed, so far among the Swiss, that many of them sailed across the Lake of Geneva to see the adventurers—a circumstance which, as we shall presently see, was of great importance. But their proceedings were not watched solely by friends. A young gentleman named Prangin, who had but lately acquired an estate in the canton, heard of the strange gathering of men in the forest, and, anxious to gratify his curiosity, he penetrated its recesses till he saw them engaged in their devotions, with Arnaud officiating as their clergyman. The young man posted to Geneva, to inform the French resident there of what he had seen; and the resident, who apparently knew much better how to account for the gathering and their forest devotions than his inexperienced informant, sent a despatch to Lyon for troops. The Waldenses, who were under skilful guidance, and had excellent information, heard of this step of the French resident, and knew that it would have formidable consequences. In their wrath, they compared the young gentleman to Judas, though, as he was no follower of theirs, the reproach was inapplicable. But they wisely considered that they had more serious business before them than calling names, and they resolved immediately to commence the enterprise for which they were assembled.

They embarked on the night of Friday, the 10th of August, 1689, on the Lake of Geneva. In doing so they were as fortunate as they were audacious. Some boats they had hired or impressed, but these were not nearly suffi-

cient for their purpose. The vessels, however, of the people, who, led by curiosity from the other side of the lake, had come to inquire about the mysterious strangers in the forest of Nyon, were at hand, and were seized for the purpose of the expedition. They considered this success, as well as many other wonderful circumstances in their career, to be proofs of a special Providence working in their favor. The marvellous successes they afterwards achieved seem, indeed, to have been in some measure the result of such belief; but their assemblage in the wood of Nyon, with the other skillful arrangements for their embarkation, may be safely attributed to the military sagacity of Arnaud, aided by the funds placed at his disposal by King William. In fact, the assemblage was not a complete one; for about one hundred and fifty of the exiles, who were upon their march from some of the more distant spots occupied by the refugees, were seized at the instance of the representative of Spain or of France, and marched as prisoners to Turin. Nor was the movement of the little fleet of boats across the lake quite complete. Some boatmen, who were hired or impressed, escaped, and prevented a part of the body from joining their comrades. The whole number who landed were thus considerably short of 1000.

On his arrival at the other side of the lake Arnaud converted himself at once from the pastor into the general. To complete the change, he took the feudal-sounding name of Latour, from the place of his birth. He placed sentinels or detachments at the spots near the landing-places from which any dangerous surprise might seem probable. He then proceeded to arrange and officer his little army according to the military rules of the day. It consisted of three main bodies — van-guard, centre, and rear-guard — and was formed into nineteen companies, provided with separate captains. The object now to be accomplished was to march onwards through routes so unfrequented that the army might be liable to meet no greater force than it could with prudence encounter. On the main routes there were great fortifications and abundant troops. A compromise had thus to be made between the natural difficulties of the route and the dangers from the enemy. Had they been peaceful travellers they would have proceeded up the Valley of the Rhône, and crossed by the St. Bernard, accomplishing the journey through a single great pass. They found it necessary, however, to take the less frequented route by the banks of the Arve towards Salanches. It is now well known as the approach to Chamouni. But neither were the picturesque glories of this valley then known to the world, nor had it been discovered that the vast mountain-range, which overshadows it, is crowned by the loftiest summit in Eu-

rope. The scanty inhabitants of the remote valley of Chamouni, of course, knew the vastness and the dangerous character of the mountains around them; but so far as the rest of the world was concerned, they were no better known than the recesses of the Rocky Mountains in America. Thus the districts now swarming with tourists, would be solitary enough at the time of Arnaud's march. In passing, however, through the lower country that leads to the mountains, the little army had to cross much rich and fruitful soil, with here and there feudal castles and fortified towns. The country, in all probability, except that it is now more crowded with travellers, has undergone little change since that day. It contained, perhaps, the same luxurious gardens, full of apple and plum trees and spreading vines; altogether, the small towns of to-day, still surrounded by their primitive fortifications, have a hoary appearance, which carries their date much further back than even the days of Arnaud. The scenery is beautiful; the rich garden-fields sometimes leading to the base of huge perpendicular limestone cliffs, from which waterfalls, of great height, but of small bulk, leap into the air, and reach the ground in scattered showers, dispersing clouds of dew, tinted with ever varying rainbows. But although they passed in the middle of August, when the tourist finds these beauties all in their highest perfection, it may be easily believed that the little band had too many important matters in view to devote their thoughts to the scenery.

In the first day's march they reached the bridge of Marigni. The feudal gentry and the peasantry, as they passed, looked at them with astonishment. One of the former, seeing that they were peasants, and not under any feudal banner, rode up to the head of the column, and haughtily told them to throw down their arms. They laughed at him, and seized him as a hostage. As they proceeded a little further on, they were met by some gentlemen at the head of a band of armed peasants. Seeing only the van-guard of the Waldenses, they thought themselves a sufficient force to offer resistance; but when the centre came up, they discovered their mistake, and desired to retreat. The peasants were permitted to do so, but their leaders were seized as hostages, and compelled to march in front of the army. They thus, from the first, adopted the singular and bold policy which afterwards guided their movements — that of keeping always within their power several hostages of importance, whose safety would be compromised by any attempt to interrupt them. With calculating forethought, they used the power thus obtained to facilitate their progress. They told these hostages, facetiously, that they were only required to accompany the army, to testify to its orderly

conduct and its honesty in paying for everything taken. They did not leave this, however, to be attested afterwards, but made their hostages assist at the moment in spreading the desired impression. Thus having caught one man, as we have seen, of great local importance on their first day's march, they made him write a letter, exaggerating their numbers, and testifying to their moderation. This was sent on in advance, and contained the following passage:—

"These people have arrived here, amounting to 2000. They have requested us to go along with them, that we may certify our opinion of their conduct, which, we are able to assure you, is perfectly reasonable. They give compensation for everything they take, and desire only to have a free passage. We therefore entreat you not to sound the tocsins or beat the drums; and to dismiss any men who may be under arms."

Next morning, which was Sunday, they reached, about ten o'clock, the ancient town of Cluses, the capital of Faucigny, just then beginning to acquire its reputation for making the works of watches. The inhabitants were warlike, and, by the grant of ancient privileges, were feudally attached to the House of Savoy. They manned their walls, and showed themselves resolved to defend their town, and dispute the passage. Situated as it is in the narrow gorge of the Arve, where the spurs of the Alps shoot out, it was impossible to pass through the valley without traversing the town. Not being possessed of cannon, it was impossible that the expedition should take the well-fortified place by assault. But here the influence of their system of hostages was brought to bear. It was given out, that, if a peaceful passage through the town were denied, these hostages would be put to death; and men under the powerful impulses which influenced these Waldenses would, beyond a doubt, have been as good as their word. One of the hostages, named De Fova, sent a message, begging that the town would comply with the demand, pathetically representing their own danger, and testifying to the peaceful and moderate conduct of the Waldenses when not meddled with. Three gentlemen came out to treat with the army, which, according to its usual practice, took possession of two of them as desirable hostages, and allowed the third to return to the town, accompanied by one of its own officers. This officer was asked to show the order of march for the corps according to the practice in regular armies; but he haughtily answered, that the Waldenses carried it on the points of their swords. The permission to pass through the town was now granted. Arnaud posted his own sentinels at the gate of exit, to prevent treachery, and while the people lined the main street on either side, the little

army defiled through. When they came out at the further extremity, a young gentleman of the district, called La Rochette, courteously asked the officers to dine with him. They were not dining-men, but they contrived to extract hospitality from him on a more extended scale. Keeping him in conversation till they had advanced some distance beyond the town, they took him into custody, and told him he could only obtain his freedom on condition of a cask of wine and five hundred-weights of bread being sent to the army within half an hour. Young La Rochette wrote to his father, and the demand was immediately complied with. Arnaud says he gave ample compensation for what he thus obtained, but of course the amount would be of his own fixing.

The position of the little troop was now extremely critical. Though still among the inhabited districts, through which there was every risk that information of their expedition would be carried onwards, they were now entering narrow defiles where a petty force well arranged could annihilate them. Through the bottom of the valley rushes the deep, unfordable Arve, that glacier torrent which issues full-born from the very bosom of Mont Blanc. Swollen with recent rain, it sometimes overflowed the narrow road, which ran at the foot of lofty precipices, sometimes overhanging it. The great anxiety of the leader, at this juncture, was to intercept any possible warning to the next town, Sallanches, which might have the effect of drawing out an intercepting party. They saw some children running in the direction of Sallanches, and, fearing that the errand might be to give information, they turned the urchins back. They discovered that a servant in the employment of one of their hostages had insinuated himself among their ranks; and having searched him, they found letters addressed to the chief persons of Sallanches, desiring them to attack the expedition in front, while the citizens of Cluses fell upon it in the rear.

Having taken possession of one or two more hostages, they came to a critical part of the march—the approach to Sallanches. Here they must cross a fortified bridge, with or without a permission. Their hostages had now reached the considerable number of twenty; all men of importance in the district. The army was divided into platoons, to force the bridge, and in the centre of one of them, kept in reserve, stood the hostages. Six of the principal persons of the place approached to parley, and, according to the established practice, were seized. Two of them, however, were sent back, to offer the citizens half an hour to make up their minds. It was again intimated that the hostages would be put to death, and they were prompted to urge strongly their desperate condition, by the ap-

pearance of 600 men turning out to guard the bridge. Matters now grew serious. If an actual conflict occurred, the hostages would be slain beyond a doubt. Arnaud and his men were beginning to have a confidence in their predestined success, and treated all opposition with scorn. An incident in which the chief showed, by his own account, somewhat questionable morality, now occurred. Two friars came to say, that if the hostages already in custody were given up, two eminent men of the city would be given in their stead. Arnaud avows that he encouraged the proposition, not with the least intention of giving up their valuable body of hostages, but that he might seduce the two eminent men of the city into his ranks, and take possession of them. When they made their appearance, they were at once detected, by the quick-sighted Arnaud, not to be by any means men of condition, but very humble citizens, one of them not having succeeded in concealing the indications of his occupation as a miller. Arnaud, while glorying in the cleverness of the much deeper trick which he himself designed to play, expressed himself in terms of the highest indignation at the treachery and dishonesty of this act. In his wrath, he resolved to seize the friars, to make the hostages up to the expected value. These brothers becoming alarmed at the state of affairs, took to their heels, and an amusing scene was afforded by their pursuit and capture. These were the most valuable hostages they had yet caught; for when any of the Savoyard peasantry offered resistance, the friars, threatened with instant death if any violence were committed, prayed most lustily that the expedition might be allowed to proceed in safety. The troops now marched forward. No attempt was made to hold the bridge, but the armed citizens of Sallanches being drawn up on either side of the road, the Waldenses marched between them. They proceeded onwards to a village called Cablan, where they slept, after a fatiguing day's march.

They had now passed the open and more populous country, and had to encounter the new dangers of the passes of the Alps; dangers such as modern travellers can only faintly conceive, by supposing themselves under the necessity of climbing the precipices, instead of following the paths out through them. On the lower slopes of these mountains the traveller at this day passes in clusters the *châlets*, or cottages, of those who keep cows and goats. Their strange blackness makes them look like so many hearse, or like the pictures one sees of a South-sea *maori*. The roofs stretch over the walls, like great black bonnets, and huge stones are fastened on them, to prevent them from being carried off by the mountain tempests. Some of the beams of these buildings bear old quaint inscriptions, and they have in general so an-

tique an air, that one might imagine them to be the same that witnessed the passage of Arnaud and his band. Coming to some of these *châlets*, the fatigued adventurers refreshed themselves with milk and cheese, for which, their historian vouches, they would have paid, had they found any one authorized to receive the money. The first very high ground they had to pass was the Haute-Luce; and this being covered with mist at the time, they maintained that it was so for the purpose of concealing their route from their enemies, and they bore the cold and the danger to which it exposed them with heroism. The pass was at that time without any track, and could only be threaded by the aid of an experienced guide. A carriage-road over it was recently projected, for the convenience of tourists — who have here many fine views of Mont Blanc and the surrounding scenery — and this has perhaps ere now been finished. The guide they first obtained blundered, wandered in the mist; and they then sent a detachment to bring up some peasants to act in that capacity. They, too, adopted circuitous paths, and their good faith seemed questionable. Arnaud, however, who never hesitated at a strong measure, assured them that if they did not act fairly, he would at once hang them. After having, with great fatigue and risk, passed the ridge of the hill, they came to a narrow upland valley, where, darkness descending, they had to pass the night in the cold and rain. There stood in the valley a few shepherds' huts, and, having only the choice of seeking their scanty shelter, or pulling them down for firewood, and sleeping in the open air, they chose the latter.* The valleys here are extremely narrow; and they thus look so deep, that it might be thought it were scarcely possible for the sun to reach them. One pities the scanty population whose lot is cast in such a place. The tourists who penetrate thither are the young, strong, and adventurous; for it generally demands a considerable amount of exertion to get at them. But the adventure is extremely interesting, since it brings one in a few hours to the two extremes, as it were, of human existence; warmth, verdure, plum-trees loaded with fruit, vines, and handsome, comfortable inns, are left behind, and in a few hours the adventurer is among stones and ice, a cold, misty, stormy sky, and a people little further advanced in civilization and enjoyment than the inhabitants of Kamtschatka. The people of the valleys have im-

* The hamlet is called, in the *Rentrée*, St. Nicholas de Verose; but Mr. Broekedon, the author of the *Passes of the Alps*, who traced the journey of the Waldenses, post by post, says there is precisely such a desolate valley near the pass, but that St. Nicholas de Verose is a pleasantly-situated town further down the valley.

proved with the general civilization of Europe; those of the upper glens or alps are probably, unless where the district is much frequented by tourists, little different from what they were in the days of Arnaud.

The journey of the adventurers on the fourth day lay over another difficult pass, which has received the name of the Col du Bon Homme, or Pass of the Good Man, from a benevolent person who built a refuge there for belated travellers. This pass is well known to tourists of the present day. As it has always been somewhat conspicuous as one of the secondary passages through the Alps, the Waldenses expected to be attacked before they left it. In fact, they saw a line of rude mountain-forts, which had been built for the very purpose of opposing their return; but the government, ceasing to expect such an attempt, had some time previously withdrawn the troops. The Waldenses, however, trusting to their destiny, advanced to storm them; and they seem, indeed, to have been rather disappointed at finding only empty walls. As they descended towards the valleys, lying between two severed chains of the Alps, they saw a band of armed peasants prepared to resist them. The place had several small villages; and as their approach was rumored, every steeple sent forth an alarm-peal. They found a bridge over the Isere barricaded with trees and beams, and preparations made for resistance. The resolute aspect of the little army, however, intimidated the people, and they removed the obstruction with all haste. Here the expedition made an addition to their stock of hostages, in the persons of two priests. The seignior of the Valley of Isere, knowing their desire to get possession of people of his class, put spurs to his horse, and narrowly escaped. This practice of seizing hostages had indeed become a subject of jocularly with those who suffered from it. The hostages used to say to Arnaud, when they saw a person of apparent consequence: "There, now, is a fine bird for your cage." On their fifth day, the army performed a feat in the kidnapping department which looks somewhat harsh. In the little town of St. Foy they received a warm and hospitable reception, the people expressing admiration of their courage and perseverance. Some of the neighboring gentry asked the wanderers to sojourn for awhile among them, to recruit their strength. Many of the soldiers were desirous of yielding to this tempting offer; but Arnaud, so far from permitting a halt, seized the hospitable individuals as hostages, saying, he had no doubt their proffered kindness covered some wicked plot. Arriving on the sixth day at the little town of Tignes, they remembered that here their spies had suffered the detention and annoyance already mentioned. They named a certain sum of money, which they

said had been taken from the spies, demanding repayment; and it was not for the inhabitants to deny the accuracy of the charge. On receiving the sum, the invaders made a selection from the principal citizens, and conferred on two priests and an advocate the distinction of being transferred to their cage. They next proceeded to Bessans, where they described the conduct of the inhabitants as so insulting, that they were absolutely forced, for the vindication of their honor, to carry off some mules, the curé, the chamberlain, and six other persons. On the seventh day, they ascended the well-known pass of Mont Cenis, now traversed by one of Napoleon's magnificent roads, but then only boasting a mule-track, if it could be said to have a path at all. Before ascending the mountain, the Waldenses took much credit for dismissing one of their clerical hostages, who was so old and fat that it would have been extremely difficult to drag him up the ascent. The traveller of the present day associates Mont Cenis with some great fortifications, an easy ascent, grand views, and a capital inn. "The lake," says Mr. Brockedon, in his *Passes of the Alps*, "is celebrated for the delicious trout which it yields; and not only with these are the travellers on the Cenis abundantly provided, but with excellent wines, bread, and meat; and the intercourse with the plains of Piedmont is so constant, that fruits, fresh and delicious, are found at the inn. Game, too, in season is rarely wanting to the traveller's repast on the Cenis; particularly in August, when great quantities of grouse are taken on the surrounding mountains."

Even at that time, however, being a frontier pass between Savoy on the one hand, and France and Switzerland on the other, there was a post or guard-house at Mont Cenis; and the expedition, therefore, might expect to be attacked, or, at all events, to have news of their march sent onward through the country. To prevent the latter misfortune, they sent forward a detachment, who seized all the horses at the post. Returning, they met a train of mules carrying baggage, of which the party took possession. This was found to be the baggage of Cardinal Angelo Ranuzzi, papal legate to France, who was on his return to Rome. Arnaud boasted that he compelled the party to restore the seizure — all but a watch, of curious construction, which was somehow lost sight of. But they retained something else of a far more valuable character — the cardinal's private papers, which one is not able to believe were kept through mere inadvertence. These opened up many state secrets, which no doubt could be turned to account by Arnaud or his patron, William III. The loss to the cardinal was very serious; it is said that the publication of some matters found in these papers

prevented him from being raised to the papedom; and he soon afterwards died, lamenting with his latest breath the loss of his papers. It was at this part of their journey, when they were in a manner in sight of home, that the wanderers were subject to the greatest dangers and hardships. In these high regions, snow-storms often occur, even in the month of August. These are an object of the deepest solicitude to the traveller, for they not only overwhelm him in the fearful whirl of icy particles driven before the wind, but immediately obliterate his path, covering everything—rocks, glaciers, and morasses—with one uniform deep veil of white. The expedition does not appear to have actually encountered one of these hurricanes or *tourmentes*, as they are termed, but they found the ground covered with the fresh snow which had been left by a storm just over; and, either from design or inability to find the path so obscured, their guide led them astray. A portion of the band, overcome with fatigue, fell back, and spent a fearful night among the woods which border the ascent. The rest arrived in the valley, and were able to recruit themselves by the side of some camp-fires.

They had now travelled for eight days, and, without firing a shot, or meeting with serious resistance, almost reached their destination. Their hardships from the ruggedness and difficulty of the country might be said to be over, while those from the enemy had yet to begin. They took the direction of Chaumont, above Jura, and learning that the peasants, aided by a French force, were trying to make the narrow Valley of the Jailion impassable, by rolling stones down the bank, the van-guard was ordered to advance. They sent forward one of their captains, accompanied by two of their priest-hostages, to negotiate. Here they were paid somewhat in their own coin, for the priests made their escape, and the captain was seized and bound. It was impossible to storm this pass, and the only method of gaining their end, was to climb the rugged side of the hill, and outflank the enemy. They accomplished this difficult operation under the cover of their marksmen; but the fatigue was so dreadful to the hostages, who were compelled to scramble on, that some of them prayed to be put to death. When the main band halted, after this affair, and made a muster, they found their number greatly weakened, from losses by death and capture.

As they approached the Toulriers, an offshoot where they had an ascent to make, they found 200 men drawn up, as if to dispute the passage. Their commandant, however, said, that if the Waldenses would take a route higher up the hill, and would not insist on forcing a passage through his post, he would not go out of his way to molest

them. They observed, however, on adopting this arrangement, that the troops crept after them, and from various hints which they received, suspected that they were to be attacked in front and rear. The place chosen for an attempt effectually and conclusively to defeat their enterprise, was the bridge over the Dora, in the Valley of Salabertrand. When they had come within a mile and a half of this point, they counted thirty-six camp-fires, and saw that they must prepare to meet a formidable force. In fact, if we may believe the Waldensian statement, there were placed to defend the bridge 2500 picked French troops, well entrenched; while they themselves, reduced to some 600 or 700 men, were exhausted with fatigue and privation. They were received by a general fusillade, which passed almost harmless, from Arnaud ordering his men to fall on their faces. It is impossible to obtain a more distinct impression of what followed, than that the Waldenses, rushing on, gained an immediate advantage over the enemy, and, after two hours of hard fighting, obtained a complete victory, with the loss of only thirteen men. There was a fearful slaughter, not only during the contest, but afterwards. When they were tired with killing, and it appeared that the enemy were either slain or fled, a discovery was made that some of them had mixed themselves up with the victors. Those who did so must have been peasants, not French soldiers, otherwise their uniform would have betrayed them. It was determined to give these refugees no quarter. The password of the day was "Angrogna," but the strangers had not picked it up correctly, and generally to the *qui vive* they answered something like "Grogne." The effect of any imperfection in the pronunciation was always fatal, and in this manner 200 were killed. One would have thought that the policy of this small body, surrounded by a host of enemies, who must, in the end, be able to overwhelm them, would have been one of mercy and generosity to the vanquished, as founding a claim of reasonable treatment for themselves. But their victory at Salabertrand was but the commencement of a career of remorseless cruelty. They saw in it the direct interposition of Providence, and believed themselves, like the Jews of old, in the special hands of the Almighty, who was sending them with the sword to lay on and spare not—to smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. It is a sad thing to remark, how often this ferocious spirit appears to have overtaken men who professed to be struggling for Christian liberty. The apologists of the Waldenses have said that they had no means of keeping prisoners, and that it was necessary to put every enemy they met to death, to prevent the news of their approach from being carried forward. But if such a necessity were any

justification of these savage slaughters, it had no foundation in fact. Though they slew all who fell into their power, they could not kill all who saw them, and the news of their march must have spread all the more rapidly and alarmingly from the cruelties with which it was accompanied.

This battle produced to the victors an immense booty, the most valuable part of which was a supply of arms and ammunition far beyond their requirements. Thirteen chests were broken up; and the hardy mountaineers, whose wardrobes were, it may well be believed, attenuated enough, now paraded in French military finery. But they were not to be tempted, according to the general practice of peasant victors, to submit themselves to easy luxury, and enjoy their spoil. Their commander appears to have allowed them no rest. That night they left the battle-field, and climbed the hill of Sci, which hangs over it, by moonlight. Many of them dropped down in the way from fatigue; but when the sun rose next morning, which was Sunday, the main body from the top of the hill looked almost down into the valleys which they had been so ardently struggling to regain. The time and place well suiting, a great thanksgiving was held, and the little army performed its religious services, as it fought and marched, under the leadership of the warlike pastor. When they descended into the valleys beyond, they found themselves in a mixed population, partly Roman Catholic, and partly their own Protestant brethren. The priests of the former fled, and hid themselves — a prudent resolution; for the Waldenses, flushed with victory, were not to be safely encountered. They complained that their brethren received them with much more caution and less cordial hospitality than they had expected; but they were only in what had been originally a thin outskirts of the Protestant population, which had, owing to late events, relapsed in a great measure into Catholicism. Next day, they had but a short evening-journey, having rested during the greater part of the forenoon. When they reached the foot of the Col du Pis, they found it occupied by a body of Savoyard troops, who, on their approach, took to flight, for they had now established for themselves a reputation of terror. Eight of the Savoyard guard afterwards approached too close to the adventurers, and were seized. They were told to pray before being shot; and the historian of the enterprise remarks that they did not seem to know how to do so — probably they were overcome with confusion at their stern and sudden doom. Next day, forty-six soldiers were seized, and shot on the bridge of the Balsille. The adventurers now found it necessary, however, to be cautious and discriminating in their executions, lest they should kill any of their own people.

They allowed some to escape, whose faith was dubious, to avoid this risk; but they seem always to have put Roman Catholics to death, having a special enmity against those of them who had renounced their own faith. They did not admit the claims of sex to mercy, and near the convent of Angrogna, shot two peasant women. On Wednesday, the 23th of August, the twelfth day of their strange march, they entered one of their own valleys at Pralis. Here they found a Catholic church, which had been built since their expulsion, and burned it; but they had the satisfaction of finding their old parish church still standing. They removed the altar and other furniture of the Roman Catholic service, and sung the seventy-fourth Psalm. Arnaud raised for himself at the door a pulpit, from which he could be heard both from within and from without, and preached to his enthusiastic army from the 120th Psalm: "Many a time have they fought against me from my youth up."

Thus, by a succession of events, which appeared in their own eyes miraculous, the little band had fought their way to what they counted their own possessions in the very heart of a hostile country. The whole continent of Europe, indeed, with the exception of the Swiss cantons and distant Holland, might be counted their enemies. Seeming to deem themselves totally irresponsible to man, they had shown no compunction or conciliation, but had acted like a force of overwhelming strength when its passions are let loose on a powerless enemy. With such a hoard of vengeance laid up in store against them, it was hopeless to attempt to escape. In no history have we any account of men who seem in the position of being more certainly doomed to destruction, than the handful who had thus forced themselves into the midst of their enemies. Nor, even if they should succeed for awhile in defending themselves in rugged, inaccessible places from the vast forces which France and Savoy would pour upon them, could they be the nearer a solution of their difficulty. Their project was, to live in peace again in their valleys with their wives and children, enjoying their own religion. Nothing could seem more hopeless than the accomplishment of this end through the methods adopted by them. We hear nothing of the existing position of the widows and children — they must have been left behind, living on the bounty of those Swiss who had so hospitably entertained their husbands and fathers. Men, and these of the hardest and most fearless nature, could alone march in the expedition. But if they had expected any better fate than that of leaving their blood in their beloved valleys, they must have looked forward to the necessity of bringing their families after them; and to accomplish this,

they must have fought so successfully as to be in the condition of demanding an honorable peace. What was the actual event, we shall presently see; but on their coming to the successful termination of their frightful march, nothing could seem more hopeless than their position. They seemed, however, never to view it in this common-sense light. They had a predestinarian light of their own, through which they saw their fate, and they fought on like men actually expecting to conquer with the edge of the sword a quiet settlement in the heart of their enemies. On the thirteenth day of their campaign, they saw a body of Savoyard soldiers posted advantageously on the Col du Julier. The advanced posts called out to the Waldenses: "Come on, limbs of the devil! We are three thousand strong!" This was probably a great exaggeration; but it was all one to these children of destiny how many the enemy were. On they rushed — the soldiers abandoned their posts, and retreated. There was the usual slaughter of prisoners, and again a rich booty fell into the hands of the victors. They lost in this affair just one man, commemorated by name as Joshua Mundon of Luzern. The retreating enemy took refuge partly in the convent of Villar, partly in the town of Bobi. The latter post was seized by assault; the soldiers who did not escape were put to death; and the inhabitants, wisely dreading such masters, left their property behind them, and fled. At the commencement of their career the Waldenses had been very moderate and just in their treatment of property; but now a total change had come over them, and they pillaged the town with the expertness and avidity of practised soldiers. Though the shooting of the prisoners was always deemed a good act, and was done by regulation, the pillage was not thus sanctioned. Arnaud and his immediate staff, however devoted they may have been to the religious opinions of their brethren, knew that correct discipline was a paramount necessity in such a force. Like all remarkable commanders, he showed his capacity for meeting the enemy by his ability to overcome the lawless propensities of his own followers. He saw in the sack of Bobi that they were becoming licentious from success and abundance of booty, and he appointed a new rule of discipline, which was sanctioned by an oath. The Waldenses took this oath with all the stern enthusiasm of their character. It required that none of them, who might be worsted in straggling parties, should treat with their enemies of the French or Piedmontese government without the concurrence of the rest; all should act together, and none were to buy safety, or any other advantage, at the cost or risk of their brethren. In this oath, they swore to be entirely obedient to their officers, putting at their disposal all

prisoners and plunder. They agreed, under heavy penalties, to abstain from riding or searching the dead, wounded, or prisoners, whether during battle or afterwards, leaving the task to selected and accountable officers. The officers had two different duties characteristically imposed on them: the one to see that all the men under them were well appointed in arms and ammunition; the other, to suppress every symptom of blasphemy or profanity. One is reminded in this of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, with their correct discipline and equally systematic devotion; and it is worth remembering, that it was through the vigorous and commanding councils of Cromwell that this little body of Waldenses was allowed to retain its existence. They seem to have adhered to the traditions of their mighty friend. The oath concluded with a solemn engagement to rescue the brethren from the cruel Babylon, and reestablish the Saviour's kingdom — striving for that end unto death.

The journal of their proceedings still goes on with the same regularity, but it does not possess the same interest as when they advanced day by day nearer to their destination. It is for some time a chronicle of skirmishes and common-place military incidents, with little variety. The very success of the Waldensian band becomes irksome. They never meet an enemy, but to be victorious; and yet, until the singular climax of their history arrives, they never seem nearer to the secure rest they are in search of. In this somewhat monotonous routine, however, some incidents are characteristic and amusing. The propensity for taking hostages still remained. On one occasion, however, it was adapted to a very serviceable purpose. Two of their number, who had some medical skill, having been lost at an early period of the expedition, they felt extremely the want of medical assistance for their sick and wounded, and set about remedying the deficiency in their usual abrupt and practical manner. In fact, they stole a surgeon from the enemy! The poor man, knowing well the fate of so many who had fallen into the hands of these fighting zealots, was naturally in great alarm; but they soon put him at his ease, and made him feel that he was far too valuable a person to be hastily destroyed.

Another incident in their desultory operations at this period is curious. In a slight skirmish, where a detachment had to meet on a road a superior number of the enemy, they kept themselves under cover by rolling casks before them. In a wine-country, these of course were abundant; and it is not difficult to suppose that, in a petty skirmish, where there was no cannon, they might form a sort of movable fortification.

A kind of exceptional incident in this war

was the siege of Villar, the convent to which a portion of the Savoyard troops had retreated. It was strong, and not to be easily stormed. The garrison, however, was known to be short of provisions; and the Waldenses, whose feats in general were accomplished by headlong valor, varied their system by trying a blockade. And thus, in the midst of an enemy's country, and with the finest troops in the world at no great distance, and likely every moment to sweep them away as with a whirlwind, they set deliberately about that operation which is only conducted by great armies, conscious of security in their own overwhelming strength, and patient accordingly. Two or three efforts were made to raise the siege — always baffled by the vigilant and fortunate Waldenses. When attempts were made to throw provisions into the monastery, they were of course seized; and very welcome they were, for the besiegers were subject to privations worse even than those of the besieged; we hear of their feeding on bruised chestnuts and on apples, in extremely small quantities. Yet they seem never to have lost heart or confidence; and the escape of the garrison of the monastery, who had seemed to be delivered into their hands, was a worse mortification to them than their privations. In their extremities of need, however, the most unaccountable accidents supplied their wants. At one time they stumble on a mule laden with provisions; at another, a cask of wine is found on the road, abandoned by its guardians, terrified by their approach. Such were their capricious supplies, appearing to their eyes as if laid down for their use, like manna, by the direct interposition of Providence. They still, however, were sadly attenuated, from the want of regular provisions; and if they had had the slightest fear that the arm of flesh could injure them, they must have been startled by the fact that there they were, about 600 men, with the armies of France and Savoy closing round them. They reconnoitred a strong fort at Perrier, with a garrison of 150 men, and took credit for their abstinent prudence in not attempting to storm it. It was on the 7th of September, or the twenty-second day of their campaign, that they abandoned this enterprise; two days later, they achieved a most gratifying and profitable capture: it consisted of 180 sheep; and they ate their mutton with the greater relish, that it belonged to two rich inhabitants of their valleys, who had deserted their faith. The sheep were obtained by special marauding expeditions, which seem to have really had at heart the punishment of the apostates, as much as the supply of food for the famishing troops.

From this time until the latter end of October, when the few who survived occupied

the fortress of the Balsille — of the siege of which we shall presently have to give an account — the little scattered force seemed each day and hour on the verge of annihilation, yet alternating this state with extraordinary victories and successes of all kinds. On the day when a fair was held in the town of Perouse, the assembled peasants were startled by a party of the Waldenses rushing into the midst of them, with a group of prisoners whom they had just captured in one of their skirmishes. Finding that two of these were renegades of the deepest dye — having, indeed, served as guides to their enemy, the Marquis de Parelle — they resolved to make them the victims of a remarkable tragedy for the benefit of the surrounding rustics. A gibbet being erected, one of these prisoners was compelled to hang the other, and was then himself shot. It is not surprising that, as the narrative states, the market-people got alarmed, and scampered home to their cottages.

It has been mentioned that the three principal valleys or straths of the Waldenses were St. Martin, Luzern, and La Perouse, territories extremely fertile and valuable. Until repossessed of them the exiles had not accomplished the object of their campaign; but how was it possible that this could be accomplished? Although it might be possible to hold the fastnesses of the mountains against the French and Savoyard armies — which now, according to the Waldensian accounts, amounted to 22,000 men — was it to be dreamed of that they could occupy an indefensible and fruitful country in the face of such a force? Events, however, tended again, in the midst of their dangers and calamities, to make them believe themselves a chosen people destined for success. The Marquis de Parelle having, towards the end of autumn, thought fit to concentrate his forces in the Valley of Perouse, left that of St. Martin so open, that the Waldenses, scanty as were their numbers, took possession of it. They now drafted off a portion of their force to act as flying detachments among the surrounding rocks; and these hardy marksmen had become so expert in guerilla warfare, that they rendered the valley for weeks inaccessible to the occasional bodies of the enemy's troops sent against them, and gained many signal victories. Thus a portion of them were kept in literally peaceful possession of this fruitful valley for a whole month. Of course, the value of such a brief possession depended very much on the particular month to which it extended. In winter, or in seed-time, it would have been of small advantage; but it was the choice month of the year — the harvest month. The peaceful detachment occupied themselves with untiring energy in reaping the harvest of corn, grapes, apples, and nuts, with which the valley was rich, and

the produce was removed to the recesses of the mountains with corresponding celerity.

When they had finished their labors, there appeared on the heights above the village of Rodoret a French force, with which it was vain to contend, and the occupants of the fruitful valley were again wanderers. They retreated silently by night, however, and managed to leave behind them considerable field-works, and a general appearance as if the place was occupied, and likely to be bitterly defended; a state of circumstances well calculated to make all who had had experience of their obstinacy halt before attacking them. The Marquis de Parelle was so deliberate in his operations, that they were far away, and beyond all immediate traces, ere he detected their absence. When he approached, gradually and cautiously, the formidable camp, he found there abundance of provisions, and the vestiges of luxurious living; it looked as if the feasters had just left it, but they were far away in storm and darkness.

The long nights had now set in, and the cold of winter was advancing into those lofty regions, bringing to the adventurers new perils and hardships. Their escape from the Valley of St. Martin was one of the most wonderful in their career. They had to pass in utter darkness through a wild country of precipice, torrent, and snow. Their guides wore a sort of cape of pure white linen, that their motions might be distinguishable in the darkness; and for a considerable distance, on more than one occasion, all had to creep on their hands and knees.

It was clear that the guerilla warfare among the rocks and forests could not be carried out in winter, and that the occupation of any of the valleys was hopeless. How, then, were the diminished troops — they now amounted to only 400 — to find quarters? At an early period of the campaign their vigilant leader had directed his attention to a post which seems to have been traditionally known as a natural fortification. It was a conical rocky mountain, called the Balsille, standing near the modern fortress of Fenestrelle, which guards the approach to Piedmont, and is thus near the road to Pignerol by the Col de Sestriers, sometimes used by travellers between France and Italy. By an admirable feat of generalship, Arnaud concentrated his poor scattered forces on this spot; and through the carelessness of the multitudinous enemy, this operation, now of vital necessity to the indomitable remnant, was accomplished with hardly any casualties.

Here they fortified themselves systematically and very ingeniously, making such arrangements as showed it to be evidently their design to hold out to the last, and die, if needful, at their posts. To make for their winter accommodation dwelling-places proof

against cannon and musket shot, they cut them like caverns into the side of the mountain. They dug trenches, and made corresponding embankments, seventeen in all, to be defended one after the other, so that the enemy would have to gain them in succession before being masters of the rock. This was the kind of fortification adopted by the early European nations, as we may distinctly see from the many hill-forts still remaining. They were generally erected on conical, regular-shaped hills, where there were few inequalities to enable an enemy to approach under cover; and the Balsille was of the same character, although vastly more lofty and precipitous than the eminences on which such remains are generally found. They had store-rooms for provisions, and an outwork to protect them in ravaging the country. There was an old mill within their line of defences, but the under-stone had been removed. One of them, however, remembered where it was hidden some years before, and they were thus enabled conveniently to grind their grain. The two armies, French and Piedmontese, seem to have early resigned the idea of attacking this fortalice until the ensuing spring; and after an inspection and attack on the outposts, they drew off, telling the garrison to expect them at Easter. The commanders, however, were much provoked at finding themselves unable to protect their friends from the marauding excursions of the holders of the Balsille. These were carried on very systematically, and were the means of effectually virtualising the garrison. They made their arrangements so judiciously and cautiously, that they always alighted where they were least expected; and, like the Highland rieurs of old, had the grain or the animals removed to their stronghold before the enemy could collect their forces to intercept them. They attributed it to a providential intervention, that an early winter had overtaken the grain still in some upland fields; so that when the snow thawed in spring, they found it not utterly destroyed, and more accessible than if it had been stored away. Besides their arrangements for procuring provision, they seem also to have preserved a well-organized correspondence with their friends. They received many letters, the tendency of which generally was an attempt to convince them of the hopelessness of their struggle; but they had a trust in their destiny, and would not yield, though in some of these communications they were promised quarter.

On the 17th of April, terms of surrender were proposed to them directly by the Marquis de Parelle, and a council of war was held to deliberate on them. Their answer was respectful, yet firm. They thanked the marquis for his considerate humanity and evident desire to spare them. They stated;

that, as subjects of the Duke of Savoy, they had been in possession of their estates in the valleys from time immemorial, having inherited them from remote ancestors. They had been punctual in paying all the feudal rents and taxes; they had never been turbulent, but, on the contrary, had assisted the government in the preservation of order. In other respects, they had been obedient to the laws, and free from crime. In these circumstances, they judged it grossly unjust and cruel, that, at the desire of foreigners, they should be driven from their inheritance. That they should take arms to recover what they had lost, was but natural; and they said the only way to avoid bloodshed, was to allow them to return to their own in peace. The document was not at all in the tone of hopeless rebels suing for mercy: it seemed, indeed, to evince a full reliance on their ability to make good their point; and their opponents had not time to recover from the surprise occasioned by its manner, when a sally was made by a body of the Balsille garrison, who pushed as far as St. Germain, sweeping all before them, and returning with a valuable booty, after having killed upwards of 100 of the enemy. The garrison was beginning to suffer from a short allowance; and many of them were reduced to extreme debility, when this timely raid provided them with abundance of beef and nourishing soup, and enabled them to recruit their strength. But such an act of course tended to revive the indignation of the enemy. On the last day of April, the acuteness of the Waldensian commanders enabled them to see that there was some movement going on among the latter. In fact, they were creeping slowly round the Balsille, and so cautiously, that, although they were obliged to sleep on the snow, they lit no fires, lest their movement should be discovered.

There was one point from which the Balsille was supposed to be particularly liable to attack; it was a ravine entering deep in its side, and capable of affording cover to an enemy. There Arnaud had raised his most formidable works, consisting in a great measure of barriers made of felled trees, with large stones above them, while on either side there were heaps of stones piled on the edge of the ravine, to be hurled on an attacking enemy. Suddenly, but not without the vigilant garrison being prepared, 500 daimounted dragoons seemed, as it were, to rise from the earth, and make for the barriers. They reached only the extremity of the first, and in vain attempted to pull it down. They were thus at one extremity of the trees, laid lengthwise, while the garrison were at the other. These, almost completely protected, opened a murderous fire on the assailants; and when they were thus thrown into confusion, made a desperate sally, and swept them away. Of

the 500, they assert that not twenty returned, and that they themselves did not lose a man. Two were made prisoners; and they were shot in attempting their escape. They, however, seized another and more important prisoner, Monsieur de Parat, the leader of the attack, whom they had the rare good sense not to put to death. He was severely wounded, however, and required the attendance of a surgeon. Now, it happened that the garrison also wanted such a person, for they had just lost the one they had formerly kidnapped; and they gave every assistance to De Parat's efforts. The plan of communication was by a letter stuck in a cleft stick in a convenient place between the two forces. The surgeon came and was taken possession of like his predecessor. The Waldenses in this affair obtained possession of papers of importance, which explained the nature of the operations to be conducted against them, and put them on their guard. But the French troops, astounded by their reception, retired for some time within their own lines, to devise a more effective system of attack. They were, meanwhile, disheartened by a wild storm of snow which overtook them in the mountains, subjecting them to all the horrors already mentioned as incidents of these Alpine hurricanes.

On the 10th of May, however, the wary garrison argued, from faint but sure symptoms, that the enemy were returning to the attack. This time it was not to be an assault, but a regular siege. Five different camps were formed round the Balsille, while great field-works were raised with turf and woollacks, and planted with heavy cannon. All the accessible ground was covered with marksmen; and it was remarked that one of the garrison could not show his hat above their own works, but it was immediately hit. The works were brought so near that the besiegers could address the besieged with a speaking-trumpet. Knowing how desperate they were, and that an officer of importance was in their hands, the French now offered them terms, which, in appearance at least, were extremely liberal. They were to receive passports, and each one a gratuity of 500 louis. But whether fearing treachery, or still trusting to their destiny, they refused the terms. Nor were they so completely beset but that they were able to accomplish some of their characteristic feats. They marked the manner in which provisions were sent to the besiegers; and one day, making a rush on the convoy, they cut it to pieces, and secured the provisions. Still, however, it was clear, to all human appearance, that the devoted garrison were coming daily nearer to their doom. Cannon had been planted so as to command the ravine where the abortive attempt had been made, and the 14th of May

was fixed for a general and conclusive attack.

On that day the battery was opened on the defences, and the mounds so industriously raised speedily powdered down under the effect of a cannonade. The Waldenses had to abandon the lower, and pass to the higher defences. In this passage, their enemies expected that the hot fire playing on the Balsille would exterminate them. But here took place one of those events which made the refugees deem themselves the selected objects of divine intervention. They were shielded in their retreat by a fog which hid them from the enemy. It prompts a smile to find that they give up their claim to sagacity in seizing the moment of the fog for accomplishing their retreat, and would rather have it thought that the fog was specially sent to aid it. They were now hard-pressed, and they showed that fatalist ferocity which overtakes men of their kind in such circumstances, by putting their wounded prisoner, De Parat, to death. Thus did they seem, in what might be counted their last act of power, to give a precedent for their own fate.

Looking from the height to which they had now ascended, over the preparations of the enemy, they saw a chain of watchfires that seemed to surround their fortified mountain, and make a daylight all round its base. One of the captains of the Waldenses, however, whose name was Paulat, intimately acquainted with the ground, said there was still a cleft of the rock left unguarded, except by its own precipitous and dangerous nature, through which he declared he could pass undetected, along with any good cragsmen who would run the risk. The project was at once adopted by the whole garrison, for the night had come on in a gloom suitable for its fulfilment, and the whole period from the beginning of darkness to the dawn was before them. They took off their shoes, and were silently guided by Paulat, sometimes having to climb and descend walls of rock, at other times sliding down steep smooth banks. They passed so near the enemy's pickets, that the slightest blunder would have sacrificed them. A petty incident, indeed, showed them in a formidable shape the extremity of their danger. One of them had in his possession a kettle; why he should have been so burdened, it is difficult to imagine. Falling from his grasp, as he scrambled on hands and knees, it fell over the edge of a precipice into the gulf below with a clattering sound, which kettles are wont to make. A sentinel, put instantly on the alert, gave his *qui vive*, to which the kettle made no answer. Endeavors to hear or see anything in the quarter whence the sound came, gave him no indication of human presence there, and indeed the incident seems to have diverted atten-

tion from the higher spot where the refugees stood.

Next morning a successful attack was made on the fortifications of the Balsille, all broken as they were by cannon; but the birds had flown, and the nest was found deserted and cold. Looking from the height they had gained, some far-sighted soldier of the French force pointed out the string of dark figures, several miles off, cutting steps for themselves on the frozen snow of the Guignevert. Though they had weathered the winter in their fortress, and spring had revisited them, yet it was impossible that this handful of men could resist the fate of extermination from the large Piedmontese and still larger French force. A pursuit was immediately commenced; but they had gained some distance, and were rapid in their motions. On the 17th, their track was found; they were overtaken in the direction of Angrogna by a small detachment, which attacked them somewhat rashly, and was defeated with slaughter. This, however, was only a provocation to more signal vengeance. The occurrence took place on a Saturday. Next day they might perhaps expect to be let alone; but on Monday their doom was sealed. So, at least, would bystanders have deemed; but there was at hand a deliverance for them of the most strange and unexpected character.

On Sunday the outposts of the Waldenses found approaching their camp, in peaceful security, two Piedmontese gentlemen named Parander and Bertin. They announced the astounding intelligence, that the Duke of Savoy was now the enemy of France, having joined the allies, and that he desired the aid of the faithful and valorous Waldenses in his armies. They were now on their own ground, under the command of their own monarch; and the French force was an invading army, which they were to assist in driving forth. It has been thought, indeed, that the reason why Louis XIV. sent so many troops against this handful of Waldenses was, that, doubting the faith of the Duke of Savoy, he desired to have a considerable force in that prince's territories; and perhaps, if this was his object, he might not be so eager to accomplish the avowed project which formed an excuse for their being there — the suppression of the Waldenses — as their historian may have supposed.

After some little delay and anxiety, everything was arranged. Arnaud received instructions to garrison, with his faithful followers, Bobi and Villar, and the captives taken from them and confined in the Piedmontese prisons were restored. In the contest which ensued, the Waldensian troops bore a gallant part; and once when, in the reverses of war, the duke had to flee before an advancing enemy, he found refuge among those faithful inhabit-

ants of the valleys whom he had so sternly pursued.

The writer of a romance would stop where his heroes are brought to the good fortune they so well merit; but historical truth must add another fact, showing that the behests of Providence had not shaped for the wanderers the romantic conclusion to their adventures which they themselves believed to be their destiny. Year after year, from the warlike services they performed, and the deference paid to them by the King of Britain, and other Protestant powers, the position of the Waldenses was becoming consolidated, and their privileges enlarged. Numbers of their body, who had long been dispersed in distant regions, found their way back to the homes of their ancestors. Nay, further, French Protestants intermarried with them, and became citizens of their Protestant communities, so that they were ever becoming more numerous and powerful.

But this apparent consolidation of strength was but a preparation for subsequent misfortunes. In July, 1696, the Duke of Savoy detached himself from his allies, and rejoined France. This was the immediate commencement of operations, professedly for keeping the Waldenses from propagating their principles throughout the French dominions. In the treaty there was a provision to this effect:—"His royal highness [the Duke of Savoy] shall prohibit, under pain of corporal punishment, the inhabitants of the Valley of Luzern, known under the name of Vaudois, from having any religious communication with the subjects of his most Christian majesty; nor shall his royal highness permit, henceforth, the subjects of the King of France to establish themselves in any manner in the said valleys; nor allow any preacher subject to him to set foot on the French territory; nor permit the worship calling itself Reformed, in the territories which have been ceded to him." These territories, spoken of as ceded, embraced, indeed, part of the country inhabited by the Waldenses; so that, while they had to dismiss all their lately-enrolled brethren who had come from France, and to avoid all communication with that country, they were compelled to narrow the limits of their territory. An edict was issued on the 1st of July, 1698, for carrying out the treaty. It required all French Protestants to quit the Piedmontese dominions in two months, under pain of death. It shows how extensively these communities had been supplied by immigrants from France, that of their thirteen pastors in 1698, seven required, under this edict, to remove from the country.

About 2000 persons found themselves more or less affected by these restrictions, and made up their minds to emigrate. They set off in seven bands, under their pastors. The Duke of Savoy professed to pay their travelling ex-

penses; but it appears that the sum awarded by him fell far short of what was necessary, and again the wanderers were thrown on the untiring kindness of their friends in Geneva and the Protestant cantons, among whom they sojourned during the winter of 1698. In the mean time Arnaud, with some other delegates, went to arrange for their reception in Würtemberg. They did not now go forth, as before, hopeless, unknown exiles. They had made, by their valor, a diplomatic position among European nations. Arnaud spoke in the powerful name of the courts of England and Holland, from which he had obtained for his people considerable pecuniary assistance. They were received at last into the principality, having assigned to them certain waste lands in the bailiwicks of Maulbronn and Leonberg, with special privileges and immunities. Within four years afterwards, a large body again moved off from Piedmont to join their friends. These consisted chiefly of those descendants of the old Waldenses who most tenaciously adhered to their native country, and were only driven from it by feeling the insuperable character of the pressure brought against them. They were received in the district of Heilbronn, near that occupied by the previous colony, but more Italian in its character, being more clear of forest, and affording better growth to the vine and mulberry. This second colony named their new valleys after those they had left; and their Italian character, far more distinct than in the mixed colony which preceded them, is said to be noticeable at the present day.

The great difficulty in properly settling these immigrants, appears to have arisen from a notion that their religion was exceptional from that of the great Protestant communions; and much pains appear to have been taken to satisfy the authorities that they were virtually Calvinists. Among the special privileges conceded to them, however, there was one which sounds strange, as a condition demanded by Protestants. It was, that their pastors and deacons should be exempt from disclosing in courts of justice secrets committed to them under the seal of confession, unless when involving high treason.

But the reader asks: What has become of the priestly general of the glorious return? His subsequent history is a brief one. Arnaud had tempting offers of military command made to him by King William, and from several other quarters; but he preferred the service of that Master whose kingdom is not of this world, and went with his flock. He officiated for them as pastor in a small rude church in the town of Schömberg, where he died in 1721. There the fane in which he served, and a monument to his memory, are still piously preserved by the descendants of his people.

From the British Quarterly Review.

EUROPE, POPERY, AMERICA.

THE hour of darkness for Europe has not passed away. Might is still in the place of right. The Juggernaut of despotism moves on as heretofore, and its victims—its involuntary victims—are crushed and destroyed beneath its wheels by hundreds and by thousands, day by day, as heretofore.

But times make men, and men are made for times. The genius—the military and political genius—to wield the forces now everywhere waiting for it, will come. This is the great want, and what an age wants, it comes in its time to possess. Providence has its analogies, and its analogies are laws.

In the mean while, our English statesmen have their flatteries to dispense to the oppressors, and their libels to sling at the oppressed—are ashamed that refugees should show themselves patriots, not ashamed that their persecutors should show themselves tyrants—can frown on the madness which breaks forth under the endurance of wrong, and then turn, full of smiles, towards the power which generates the madness, by inflicting the wrong.

The words of the leader of our Lower House, to a certain priest-ridden duke, were manly and hopeful. But the spirit which gave England her freedom, is not the spirit of our cabinets or senates. It is in our people, it is rarely found in those who should be their leaders—least of all in that class of our traffickers, who, to “get gain,” can descend to play the sycophant in the presence of arbitrary power, however perjured or bloodstained; and can congratulate a nation, in the sight of all Europe, on the good condition of its markets, as realized at no greater cost than the loss of its liberties.

The season of despotic rule is naturally the season of papal encroachment. Had the recent aggression in this country taken place under our Plantagenets, the tools of the Foreign Priest engaged in it would have been liable to imprisonment, confiscation, and exile. Had the papal letter addressed to the French clergy within the last few weeks, been addressed to that body a hundred years ago, the Bourbon would instantly have suppressed it, as an invasion of the prerogatives of the crown, and of the liberties of the Gallican church. While the present league between the sword and the crozier shall last, no man can say what may not be attempted, nor what may not be submitted to. The worst things ever professed are now professed again; and we see not why the worst things ever done may not be done again. If England and America could be put

out of the way, nothing can be clearer than that the two forms of despotism would divide Christendom between them.

DANCE OF DEATH. — Aqua-ardiente and dulces were handed round; while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, consisting of a light framework, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well-made wax-figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock; the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her, and invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child—no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbors at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully; and my neighbor, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me, and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and caces commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!—*Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World.*

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN ERSKINE'S CRUISE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC.*

THE scene of Captain Erskine's cruise is those groups of islands and single islets in the Western Pacific which extend from the Navigators Islands in longitude 170 degrees West to New Caledonia in 165° East, and which may rank among the most interesting and little known regions directly accessible by sea. The genius of Cook recorded their natural and social traits with a discriminating sagacity, which even now excites the admiration of those who follow in his track. Since Cook's day not much has been done to extend his observations, beyond Mariner's account of the Tonga or Friendly Islands. Navigators have touched at many of the places, missionaries have settled or attempted to settle at them, and traders between Sydney and China have frequented the most interesting portion of the whole—the region which forms the easterly extreme of Australasia, consisting of new Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, and the new Hebrides. The results, however, have not corresponded with the apparent opportunities. From the traders, indeed, we were not likely to learn much; they were as corrupt, as bloody, and for all purposes of philosophical observation as ignorant, as the savages they visited and slaughtered. The missionaries, with some rare exceptions, were deficient in native penetration and largeness of mind, while their primary object naturally gave a color to everything they saw, and as naturally predominated in their narratives. Some of them, however, have left valuable pictures of the mental state of the *natural man*, though theology may be more conspicuous than philosophy. Either want of time or of taste has rendered many of the navigators less discriminating, and perhaps less impartial than might be wished. It has been reserved for Captain Erskine to exhibit the fullest and most interesting account of these islands since the great circumnavigator first described them. The object of the voyage and the change of circumstances may be noted as advantages in Captain Erskine's favor; but opportunities are useless to those who cannot use them.

The cruise was one of the first of its kind; being intended as a sort of judicial circuit. Owing in part to the cupidity and treachery of the islanders, but a good deal more to the unprincipled and brutal character of whalers and other traders in these seas, the massacre

of savages and sailors has gone on among the islands, especially among those that form the frontier lands of Australasia. The visits of ships of war to these places have hitherto been casual. Captain Erskine's was a regular cruise for the purpose of observation and judiciary objects; and seems to be the beginning of an annual series, which, efficiently carried out, will be beneficial both to knowledge and humanity. The greater groups visited by Captain Erskine in his voyage of 1849 (for he made a second in 1850), were the Navigators, Friendly, Feejee, and Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, and some of the New Hebrides. A careful study of the works of his predecessors had made him familiar with the history and characteristics of the peoples, so far as they could be ascertained from books. The size and equipment of his frigate, the absence of trading pursuits, and his position as a queen's officer (for none are better judges of character than many of these savages), gave him great advantages in point of prestige; his own bearing, equally removed from undue familiarity and from the hauteur of the service, and, above all, his reasonable sense of justice, appear to have made a favorable personal impression upon the native chiefs. Every commander who visits the less frequented islands of the Pacific has opportunities of observation in plenty if he can benefit by them. The confidence inspired by a man whom the savage feels he can trust, gives greater opportunities by more freely eliciting his traits.

The opinion formed by Captain Erskine of the moral capability of the worst islanders whom he encountered is more favorable than that of many other navigators; if they were properly treated, he sees in them the germ of goodness. As regards their actual vices, especially their bloodiness, cruelty, and cannibalism, his picture is darker than that of most other men. With that instinctive judgment of character which they possess, they have quickly seen that Europeans hold cannibalism in abhorrence, and have denied or softened the circumstances of the practice. The residence of the missionaries and other white men amongst them has enabled more information to be acquired about the real facts of the case. If truly reported—and there appears no reason for doubt—a dinner of human flesh in some of the islands seems as common a thing as game in Europe; and the more unsophisticated justify the practice on the plea of the want of the larger animals which Europeans have got. In the interior even of the Feejee Islands, and on state occasions, there are regular sacrificial feasts. Like other national customs, man-eating exists without injury to individual character beyond the range of its own effects. Navindi, one of the mildest-mannered and most respect-

* Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, including the Feejees and others inhabited by the Polynesian Negro Races, in her Majesty's Ship *Havannah*. By John Elphinstone Erskine, Capt. R.N. With Maps and Plates. Published by Murray.

able of the Feejeean chiefs, not very long before Captain Erskine's arrival went out to procure victims, as they ran short for the ceremony, and by means of a skilful ambush kidnapped fourteen women. Their cruelty, as indifferent as that of ignorant children towards animals, is horrible as described. Superstitious usage is at the bottom of much of their barbarism, though sometimes it may save life.

The former Queen of Rewa, whose husband had been put to death during the war, was pointed out to us at a neighboring house; she was a half-sister to Thakombau, and had escaped the usual death awarded to widows, in consequence of there being present no chief of higher rank than herself to perform the duty of strangulation, which cannot be executed in such a case by an inferior. This woman, now of middle age and very corpulent, bore marks nevertheless of the former beauty for which she was celebrated, and which may be judged of from the likeness introduced into Captain Wilke's narrative. Evidence of the extraordinary bloodthirsty character of this people's institutions met us at every step. Having pointed out to Mr. Calvert, when on the hill, two blocks of stone which had been hewn into rude pillars by apparently an European workman, nearly overgrown with grass, he besought me earnestly to take no notice of them; adding, afterwards, that they were intended for a monument or mausoleum to the memory of Tanoa's father, but that their erection, if ever it should take place, would most certainly be accompanied by the sacrifice of at least two human victims, it being considered necessary that in works of such a nature, or even in the construction of the house of a ruling chief, a man should be buried alive at the foot of each post, to insure the stability of the edifice.

Thakombau, alluded to in the above extract, is the most powerful chief in the Feejee Islands; a man of magnificent presence, great resolution, and natural sagacity. There are freethinkers among the upper classes even at Feejee, and Thakombau is known "frequently to deride and reprobate many points of his people's faith as mere delusions." Policy or habit has prevented him from adopting Christianity, though he tolerates the missionaries, and he continues the practice of cannibalism; in fact, it was by his orders that Navindi carried off the ladies. After receiving Captain Erskine, and committing the great impropriety (according to Feejeean ideas) of interrupting a speech, when it touched too closely on cannibalism, he accompanied his guest on board the frigate.

After he had dined, the chiefs, observing some pistols in the boat, and always pleased to see the practice of arms of any description, proposed firing at a mark to pass the time. Having thrown overboard some of our empty bottles for the purpose, I had much to do to save my specimens of Feejeean pottery from Navindi,

who could not understand why we should throw away articles which appeared to him of great value, when such common utensils as those he had given to me were at hand. In spite of our efforts to keep ourselves awake, we were all heartily tired before we reached the ship at eleven o'clock. Our Feejeean friends were astonished at her size, the effect of which was increased by the starlight, and on mounting the side seemed for a moment to lose their self-possession, crouching under the bulwark, apparently afraid to advance further. Having been informed, in answer to their anxious inquiries, that every person in the ship had been ordered to treat them as friends, they became reassured, and descended to the cabin, where mats were prepared for their beds, and a space screened in for their occupation. Their curiosity getting the better of their fears, they proceeded on a cruise about the main deck before repairing to their mats; whence I heard them at intervals during the night discussing the wonders they had seen, and no doubt speculating on what was forthcoming on the morrow.

16th August. — Captain Jenner, who slept in one of the side-cabins, was awake this morning by the awful-looking visage of Thakombau, who had begun early to gratify his curiosity by exploring all the corners of the ship, gazing intently upon him as he lay in his cot. Some of the officers' peajackets, which had been inadvertently handed from the barge into my cabin, had afforded him and Navindi the opportunity of appearing in what they evidently considered full dress, although the heat of the morning caused them to look very uncomfortable, and, soon after breakfast, to lay their adopted clothing aside.

In the forenoon we went to quarters, having previously laid out a target (a hammock, with the figure of a man painted on it) against the face of a conspicuous rock on the beach, at a distance from the ship of 800 yards. Thakombau was evidently in great anxiety until the firing began, although he tried to conceal it; and, when he saw the smallness of the target, expressed some incredulity as to the possibility of our striking such a mark. I furnished him with a spy-glass, and placed him on the bowsprit, where he was not incommoded by the smoke, Navindi, Tui Levuka, and one or two of the latter's followers being also present. Either the first or second shot struck the figure on the head; and, our men being in beautiful practice, scarcely one missed the rock, and a very few rounds were sufficient to knock the target to pieces, which was replaced by one or two others in quick succession. Even the short time necessary for this was too much for Thakombau's impatience, who had now worked himself up into a state of high excitement; and he begged us not to wait, pointing out, first, a man on the beach, and afterwards a canoe with several persons in her, as more worthy our expenditure of ammunition than the inanimate objects we had chosen; evidently considering that his permission would be quite sufficient to satisfy our consciences, and surprised at our scruples. One or two shells, which burst with great precision, concluded the exhi-

bition, which had greatly astonished all the chiefs. Thakombau, approaching Mr. Calvert said, "This indeed makes me tremble; I feel no longer secure. Should I offend these people, they have to bring their ship to Bau, where, having found me out with their long spy-glasses, my head would fall at the first shot!" Notwithstanding these professed fears, he was most pressing in his entreaties that I would take the ship to Bau; being desirous, doubtless, of exhibiting his powerful allies to his formidable neighbors of Viti Levu.

At the request of Thakombau I took him on shore to the rock against which our target had been placed, to examine the effects of the shot. Large fragments had been knocked off, and were lying on the beach; some of the shot having been broken in pieces, and others, which we dug out, having buried themselves for several feet into the earth, which filled the fissures. He inspected these with a "chuck, chuck" of astonishment; which was increased by an old man bringing, a few hours later, a 68-pound shot, which, having glanced along the top of the rock, had fallen into the ditch of the "kolo," or native village, about a mile distant by the beach, where he had been employed in digging his taro. The old fellow made no complaint, although he must have narrowly escaped with his life.

At dinner-time the chiefs seemed to have lost their appetites; which was explained by the fact of their having already dined in both the gun-room and the midshipmen's birth, feeling, as they told some of the officers, more at their ease among the young people than at their chief's table. They, however, behaved very well, affecting to praise our cookery and style of living; and we afterwards made them several presents in return for those received at Bau. Thakombau seemed somewhat disappointed that I had no arms or ammunition to supply him with; but ample amends were made by Captain Jenner's gift of a laced scarlet coat and epaulettes, the full uniform of an officer of the guards, which exceeded in magnificence anything he had ever seen before, and was put on with great satisfaction. Navindi was gratified at the same time with a scarlet hunting-coat; and Tui Levuka, who had made great friends with all the officers, especially with the midshipmen, and had received from them many articles of clothing, had also a present of a few trifles allotted to him.

Notwithstanding the highly polished manners of the Feejee chiefs, their strict attention to etiquette, and the high rank of Thakombau, he forgot himself before his departure, under strong temptation.

After Mr. Calvert's departure I became anxious to get rid of my visitors, who seemed by no means disposed to leave me at leisure. It was intimated to them accordingly by Simpson, whom I had engaged to accompany us as pilot to Nandi and Bau, that as I was going on shore to look at some timber which our people were employed in felling (having been bought by Mr. Hannant from Tui Levuka), I was desirous of wishing

them farewell. A parting request for a bottle of brandy was delicately hinted on the part of Navindi; which I granted on condition of its not being opened on board, where they had already been fully entertained; and we took leave, with many mute professions of friendship.

On my return to the ship an hour or two afterwards, I was therefore not a little surprised at the scene which presented itself on entering the cabin. On an arm-chair, with his naked feet resting on another, sat Thakombau, in the guardman's coat; his turban, which had now been worn for three days without change, dirty and disordered; whilst a self-satisfied leer on his bold features proclaimed that the brandy-bottle, which stood uncorked on the table, had been too great a temptation to withstand. On the deck, at his feet, sat, each with tumbler in hand, his boon companions, Navindi and Tui Levuka, in the finest clothes they had acquired on board; the group irresistibly reminding one of that described in *Rob Roy* as encountered by Mr. Osbaldistone and Bailie Jarvie at the clachan of Aberfoil. I pretended to take no notice of the party; which probably hastened their departure in rather an unceremonious manner; Navindi, after corking up the remainder of the brandy, following Thakombau over the quarter of the ship into his canoe; where, seated in a chair (the only one he possesses, and tabued for his use), we saw the chief, after they had shoved off, still dressed in uniform, employed in attending the sheet—a duty always performed by the principal personage on board, but which I should have hardly thought him in a fit state to undertake.

The halo of romance which hangs over the Papuan Archipelago, if New Caledonia and the New Hebrides are included in the name, seems likely to be dissipated on further intimacy. The scenery, as beheld from the ship or from a distance, was often bold or beautiful; but the soil does not appear to be fertile, the climate is not healthy, and the inhabitants have all the vices of the western Polynesians without their strength of character or the variety and advance of their social condition. This is a picture from New Caledonia:—

We were very civilly received by Basset and his brother; who had both visited Sydney and spoke a little English, the former sufficiently well to maintain a conversation tolerably without the aid of an interpreter. He willingly agreed to our proposal to accompany us for a few miles up the river, where he informed us he had another house, which he would be happy to show us; and as we had not much time to spare, we started immediately, to profit by his invitation. Although the weather was not favorable, each turn of the river discovered new beauties, neat, trimly-kept houses, standing often in very beautiful situations on its banks, with well-constructed landing-places, and a few trees placed in regular order on what appeared to be mown lawns. In one or two places I observed a human

skull on the top of a pole planted in a provision-ground; and was assured by Basset that they were the heads of friends preserved as a memento. As the chief, however, looked somewhat confused on giving me this explanation, I was induced to make further inquiry; and found they were the heads of persons, generally women, who had been caught in the act of breaking the "tabu," which, for the purpose of encouraging other cultivation, is periodically placed on the cocoa-nuts. From all we see, it is evident that this part of the country is not generally fertile; but a degree of pains seems to be taken in its cultivation that I never expected to see among savages. The face of the hills above the river is covered with rectangular fields, surrounded by channels for irrigation, which, as far as can be seen from below, is conducted on a careful and scientific system, levels being carried from the streams, which at this season of the year afterwards flow into the river at intervals of a quarter of a mile.

Appended to Captain Erskine's narrative is an account of the Feejeans by a seaman of the name of Jackson, who resided among them for two years. He was employed by the captain as interpreter, and at his wish wrote down in his intervals of leisure an account of his experiences among that people. Jackson appears to have been of a respectable yeoman's family in Sussex, with more education than belongs to the generality of common sailors. His narrative is curious, minute, and exhibitiv of the daily life of the people. It has also an autobiographical interest, as showing the strange variety of scenes the European adventurers or deserters go through in the South Sea.

We will quote from this part one passage describing a burial alive. A young man was ailing; he had lost his appetite, and fearing to be reproached by the Feejee beauties for being a skeleton — shame being an unendurable emotion — resolved to be buried alive. Jackson tried to dissuade him from the sacrifice in vain, and the scene now to be described followed: —

A FEEJEE LIVING INTERMENT.

By this time all his relations had collected round the door. His father had a kind of wooden spade to dig the grave with, his mother had a new suit of tapa, his sister some vermilion and a whale's tooth, as an introduction to the great god of Rage-Rage. He arose, took up his bed and walked, not for life but for death, his father, mother, and sister following after, with several other distant relations, whom I accompanied. I noticed that they seemed to follow him something in the same way that they follow a corpse in Europe to the grave (that is, as far as relationship and acquaintance are concerned), but, instead of lamenting, they were, if not rejoicing, acting and chattering in a very unconcerned way. At last we reached a place where several graves could be seen, and a spot was soon selected by

the man who was to be buried. — The old man, his father, began digging his grave, while his mother assisted her son in putting on a new tapa, and the girl (his sister) was besmearing him with vermilion and lamp-black, so as to send him decent into the invisible world, he (the victim) delivering messages that were to be taken by his sister to people then absent. His father then announced to him and the rest that the grave was completed, and asked him, in rather a surly tone, if he was not ready by this time. The mother then *nosed* him, and likewise the sister. He said, before I die I should like a drink of water. His father made a surly remark, and said, as he ran to fetch it in a leaf doubled up, "You have been a considerable trouble during your life, and it appears that you are going to trouble us equally at your death." The father returned with the water, which the son drank off, and then looked up into a tree covered with tough vines, saying he should prefer being strangled with a vine to being smothered in the grave. His father became excessively angry, and, spreading the mat at the bottom of the grave, told the son to die "*faka tamaka*" (like a man), when he stepped into the grave, which was not more than four feet deep, and lay down on his back with the whale's tooth in his hands, which were clasped across his belly. The spare sides of the mats were lapped over him so as to prevent the earth from getting to his body, and then about a foot of earth was shovelled in upon him as quickly as possible. His father stamped it immediately down solid, and called out in a loud voice, "*Sa tiko, sa tiko*" (You are stopping there, you are stopping there), meaning "Good by, Good by." The son answered with a very audible grunt, and then about two feet more earth were shovelled in and stamped as before by the loving father, and *Sa tiko* called out again, which was answered by another grunt, but much fainter. The grave was then completely filled up, when, for curiosity's sake, I said myself, *Sa tiko*, but no answer was given, although I fancied or really did see the earth crack a little on the top of the grave. The father and mother then turned back to back on the middle of the grave, and, having dropped some kind of leaves from their hands, walked away in opposite directions towards a running stream of water hard by, where they and all the rest washed themselves, and made me wash myself, and then we returned to the town, where there was a feast prepared. As soon as the feast was over (it being then dark), began the dance and uproar which are always carried on either at natural or violent deaths. All classes then give themselves up to excess, especially at unnatural deaths of this sort, and create all manner of uproar by means of large bamboos, trumpet-shells, &c., which will contribute to the general noise which is considered requisite to drive the spirit away and deter him from desiring to dwell or even hover about his late residence.

THEY cannot be on the best terms with God who are always quarrelling with mankind.

PART IV. — CHAPTER XIII.

If Lady Lee had been that exceedingly disagreeable character, a perfect pattern of a woman, so often met with in the pages of romance, so seldom, fortunately, in real life, I need hardly say these portions of her history would never have been chronicled. She had a vast number of charming little womanly failings — would give way to pique, vanity, prejudice — was liable to be influenced by all manner of unreasonable reasons, such as rank high in the feminine code of logic, though they could not stand for a moment against Archbishop Whately — was petulant, sometimes wilful, and perhaps capable of bestowing affection without first inquiring whether the object was deserving of it, being quite as likely to be influenced by her taste as her judgment. So I would warn those readers who, with their tastes depraved by a long course of didactic fiction, expect to find her, perhaps, a model for the Widows of England, that she has none of those pernicious excellences which would qualify her for the honor. Any of those approved and respectable heroines who so often refrigerate the reader with visions of unattainable merit, and make him shudder at the idea of the possibility of taking such a bundle of virtues to his bosom, would have found her full of blemishes. Dear Lady Lee! like England, with all thy faults I love thee still — neither of you are the worse for a little uncertainty of atmosphere. Yet how should I have been forced to nip and prune thee, and cocker thee up, hadst thou been that responsible being, the heroine of a tale with a moral; but, thank Heaven! mine has none that I know of. Moral, God bless you, sir, I've none to tell! And I'm not sorry for it, either — though I observe that writers, now-a-days, think so much of their moral, that, when they have not sufficient leisure or art to embody it, they tack on an essay to the beginning or end of a chapter, for fear they should miss their aim — where it looks like a red elbow or horny toe protruding through the finery that clothes the rest of the design. For this reason many devoted novel-readers have begun to taste fiction of late with a mixture of longing and distrust — from the same cause which makes us, for many years previous to adolescence, suspect a latent dose in every spoonful of pleasant insidious raspberry jam.

Lady Lee had sorrowed sincerely for Sir Joseph. She was affectionate by nature; and the baronet had been so dotingly, so reverentially fond of her, and had displayed his fondness in so many acts of generosity and thoughtfulness, that she must have been both hard-hearted and ungrateful to have speedily forgotten him, whereas she was far from being either.

But since her marriage she had undergone a great change — superficially at least. She no longer showed the bright enthusiasm, the repressed hopefulness, that had characterized her of yore. Jumping too quickly, as ladies sometimes do, at a conclusion, she had long ago settled it in her own mind that, having failed to realize in her husband the hero of her imagination, that ideal personage must be an absurd nonentity, to be banished forever from the precincts of her thoughts. In her early widowhood she mourned for Sir Joseph in a calm religious way, and took to going to church many times a-week, bought up all the sermons that she saw advertised for publication (doing horrible violence to her taste by persisting in perusing them), and became a Lady Bountiful to the villagers. Then she dropped down gently from religion to science, and studied chemistry, geology, and botany, though none very deeply; — shuddered over the *Vestiges of Creation*, revered Hugh Miller, and pretended to admire Doctor Paley, whose *Natural Theology* she found entirely convincing on points of which she had never entertained any doubt. In fact, she knew quite as much about science as, some people think, a woman need or ought — enough to give her a new interest in the world she lived in, and to enable her to talk agreeably, though superficially, on the subjects of her studies. She did n't think much for herself on these subjects — few women do, perhaps; and when they do, they had better have let it alone in nine cases out of ten — (no offence, ladies!) — but she was quite capable of appreciating and appropriating the best thoughts of others. Thus she had gone on accumulating ideas and knowledge, which gave solidity to her more exclusively feminine accomplishments, and had qualified herself for being amiable companionable. There was something extremely piquant in hearing the same voice that had just charmed you with the brilliant delivery of a difficult song, or the exquisite grace of a simple one, discourse most excellent music on the Old Red Sandstone and primary formations. But shortly before the opening of our story she had abated in zeal for these matters; she had become rather indolent, and given to speculate on why she was born, and what was her business in this world, and the like improving themes, customary with dissatisfied philosophers. If I might venture to guess at the cause of this dissatisfaction, I pronounce it to be the emptiness of her heart. All sorts of loving capabilities, fit to make an inexhaustible paradise for a lover worthy of them, were running to waste, and caused her daily amusements to sound hollow to the ear of her fancy.

But it must have been her own fault, you will say, when I tell you she had had lovers enough since Sir Joseph's death. There was

Sir Christopher Clumber, also a baronet and a widower, who, keeping his eye on her, and suffering a decent time to elapse before he made his proposals, then urged them in a calm, dogged, confident way, that seemed to defy even the bare idea of refusal; — meeting with which, he could never be persuaded of her being in earnest in her rejection of him, but persisted for many years in considering it a mistake. Then there was an ancient *roué* of a nobleman, who saw her accidentally as he passed through Doddington, and whose capacity for admiration, at least, still survived — this lover lived three weeks at the hotel, and procured an introduction, and two or three interviews with her ladyship, after the last of which he suddenly ordered post-horses and departed, notwithstanding he was threatened with gout. And there was a rich manufacturer of the neighborhood, who resolved to indemnify himself for the sacrifices he had so long offered up on the altar of trade by a little domestic felicity with the woman of his choice; but the choice falling, unfortunately for him, on Lady Lee, who would not listen to him, he thenceforth bestowed his undivided energies on the less romantic pursuit that had hitherto engrossed them, and grew disgustingly rich.

These rude attempts upon her heart, instead of making the task of opening it any easier, only damaged the lock. She became almost misanthropic — was prepared to think ill of mankind in general, like a female Timon, and could be severely epigrammatic on matrimony. She began to fancy herself *blasée*, and spoke of herself to Orelia and Rosa as if she were an old and experienced matron, who had discovered that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and, while unconsciously brimful of romance and sentiment, she affected to look on life with as little sense of its poetry as a free-trader. She languidly continued her dabbings in science — read a good deal in general literature, under the guidance of a discriminating friend who shall appear presently — and took charge of Julius' education, which was accordingly conducted after a desultory fashion, moral and intellectual; for she sometimes let him have his head, sometimes suddenly took him up short in the curb, in a way that, joined to the spoiling he got from the other two, might have gone far to ruin him, had he not been a little fellow of an extremely good and generous temper.

And here, by the by, this mention of the other two reminds me that I have a couple of young ladies in the narrative whose presence is as yet unaccounted for; and as critics are often a sort of people who would by no means permit young females, however charming, to stray unprotected, and without character and pedigree duly attested, about the

precincts of a story, we will have a little explanation on that head forthwith, Mr. Critic.

Orelia Payne had been a great friend of Lady Lee's, in the latter's maiden days, and their acquaintance chanced in this way; Near the parsonage-house of Mr. Broome, Hester's father, stood an ornamented cottage, with very pretty grounds surrounding it. It had been the property of a majestic old lady, who dwelt therein in great state; and after the old lady's death, it continued to be kept in good preservation.

To the garden and conservatory, both well filled, Hester, who had taken it into her head to study botany, frequently went, during the time the house was unoccupied after the old lady's decease. Rumors there were of a new possessor, and of orders being sent to keep everything in trim; but no occupant arrived for some time, and Hester attained such supremacy, that no alteration was made in any of the horticultural arrangements without her concurrence.

About a year after the death of the majestic old lady, a young lady, her god-daughter and heiress — selected for those united honors, perhaps, because she was a majestic young lady — came to live at the cottage. Hester, ignorant of the arrival of the new possessor, continued her visits, greatly to the improvement and instruction of the head-gardener; for she knew more about botany than he, though his salary was about double that of some curates. When Orelia (for she was the new possessor) heard from him that a young lady who understood plants particularly well was in the habit of coming there, she experienced a desire similar to that which George III. felt when he visited that Doctor Johnson was a frequent visitor to the royal library, and, like that monarch, gave orders that she might be apprized of the next advent of the illustrious stranger.

So Hester, poking about among some newly-arrived orchids, heard a rustling of female garments behind her, and, turning, found herself face to face with Orelia. The latter held a book open in her hand, and on her head was a straw hat, such as young ladies do not often appear in beyond the precincts of their own private territories — so that Hester had no difficulty in guessing that the handsome girl, with her eye and face of the falcon type, and a figure straight and elastic as steel — who looked twenty, though only seventeen — was a resident in the house, and might perhaps think her an intruder. No fear of that, however. Orelia read in Hester's beautiful, high-bred face, and large, soft-shadowed, hazel eyes, the promise of what she principally wanted to make her comfortable and happy in her new abode — viz., a companion. Walking straight towards

her, and unheeding the overthrow of a couple of exotics, pots and all, which stood in her line of march, she said in a steady tone, as if to an old acquaintance whom she had long expected, "I'm so glad you're come. I've been waiting in for you all the morning."

In about a week from this, they were all but inseparable. Orelia's only other companion was an elderly governess, who never attempted to dispute her will, and, therefore, like some other docile rulers whom the world has seen, would seem to have enjoyed a title rather at variance with facts. On Saturdays her father, a rich banker (not, however, of the firm of *Smith, Payne, and Smith*), used to come down to spend Sunday with her, going back on Monday morning. If, by any chance the two girls did not meet early in the morning, you would be pretty sure, if you happened to be traversing the road between the parsonage and Orelia's cottage, either to meet Hester posting to the latter, or Orelia rushing in the direction of the former; and sometimes, actuated by this common impulse, they met half-way between the two mansions. They read the same books, and talked them over together; they told each other their thoughts — (luckily they had some to tell, which is not invariably the case on these occasions, as I am informed) — in fact, they were fast friends. And, though ascetic and malevolent old bachelors (fellows who have been jilted, probably, and have a spite against the sex) do say, that female friendships springing up thus rapidly, and cemented with passages from Byron, Moore, and Madame de Staël, are sometimes rather fanciful than sincere, and are apt to fall to decay with marvellous celerity, yet this was an honorable instance of the stability of female alliances; it continued during the period of Lady Lee's married life, and, since her widowhood, Orelia had been a frequent visitor at the Heronry.

Her ladyship's acquaintance with Rosa was of more recent date; and as the account of its origin involves the introduction of a new character in our story, we shall discuss it in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Not very far from the Heronry — perhaps half a mile from the gates — stood the little village of Lanscote. This was not the village described in a former chapter as in view from the windows of the house, but was situated on the hither side of the river. A trim but somewhat steep lane, descending shadily between high banks, led to it. Looking through a long vista of overhanging hawthorn, the wayfarer saw before him, just at the point where a sharp turn would bring him in sight of the village, the white gate of the parsonage. Arriving at this gate, and standing in the

cross-road, the view suddenly expanded; — on each side stretched a perspective of four or five miles, while, beyond the parsonage, the prospect was closed by the foliage of trees clothing the steep bank of the farther side of the river.

Here dwelt Josiah Young, curate of Lanscote, and here he had dwelt for two or three years previously. Some time before the opening of our story, it had occurred to him that the presence of his sister Rosa, who had been, when he last saw her, a merry school-girl, but was now grown into a young lady of near eighteen, would agreeably enliven his solitude. He pondered the idea of procuring a visit from her for some time, and at length resolved to broach the project to his housekeeper, Jennifer Greene.

If the Reverend Josiah had possessed the slightest turn for diplomacy, he would never have done anything of the sort, but would have locked the idea securely in his own breast till it was ripe for execution. Jennifer Greene was by no means the sort of housekeeper likely to regard the establishment of young ladies in the household with a favorable eye. She was a widow, about thirty, trim, neat, black-eyed, sharp of look and voice, and as fond of power as Lord John Russell. As she stood on the other side of the breakfast-table, with the tea-caddy in her hand, measuring out, according to custom, the number of spoonfuls required for the curate's breakfast, he began to feel the impracticability of his project dawning on him. Up to that moment, it had seemed to him a simple, matter-of-fact sort of thing, easy of arrangement, and sure of her concurrence; but now, as, sitting in his easy-chair, he glanced nervously over his book at her closed lips — firmly closed as they always were, as if to keep in a retort struggling to burst out before it was required — he really wanted words to begin. It suddenly seemed to him a favor he had no right to expect, and he felt that Jennifer would be justified in the outburst that would be sure to follow. The curate was a nervous man. He experienced a sort of guilty sensation, as he often did when preferring requests to the despotic Jennifer — such as he had felt lately when he thought of asking her to change his dinner-hour to a more convenient one, but could not make up his mind to it. He half resolved to express himself on the present subject in a note, which he could leave behind, after departing on feigned urgent business for a day or two. While he was thus considering, the housekeeper, having finished measuring the tea, put the caddy on the table.

"You could not make it convenient to spend the day somewhere to-morrow, Mr. Young?"

"To-morrow, Mrs. Greene. Why so?"

"I want," said the housekeeper, "to

clean up the house. This carpet must come up, and —"

"Would n't brushing it do?" suggested the curate, glancing at the lanes of books, which, having overflowed the pair of book-cases that stood in two niches of the apartment, were now meandering in labyrinthine confusion over the floor — ponderous tomes; ancient volumes, solidly bound and solidly written; and modern works, lighter in structure, certainly, on the outside at least — all wandering, side by side, over chairs, tables, and window-seats; for the curate was an insatiate and insatiable reader. "Would n't brushing it do?"

"No, it would n't sir," said Jennifer, shortly. "There's heaps of dust" (pretending to cough) "in this carpet, only it's kept down by the books. There's nothing so bad as books for hoarding the dust; and wherever there's dust there's spiders — and where there's spiders there's cobwebs" (glancing sternly at a thread of gossamer swaying from the ceiling, that would have escaped a less vigilant eye, as she propounded this entomological axiom). "And there's the spare bed-room's getting quite mouldy — if it is n't aired, I would n't be the next person to sleep in it — not for fifty pound —"

"We must see to that," said the curate, "for it may be wanted."

"Sir!" said Jennifer, inquiringly.

"I was thinking," said the curate, stammering with nervousness, "I was thinking — that is — I have n't seen my sister for a long time," Mrs. Greene.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Greene.

"And — and — I've been thinking of asking her to come and see me; and of course she'd have to sleep in the spare bed-room, Mrs. Greene."

Jennifer's side was towards him, and, as she tossed up her head now, her sharp eyes glanced sideways on his face, so that the right one looked at him across the point of her nose.

"O, sir!" said Jennifer. "Very good, sir!"

That was all. The curate did not know how she looked as she departed, for he did not dare to glance at her; but he remarked that her step was rather quick, and the door made a good deal of noise in closing.

"Dear me," said he, drawing his chair to the table, and pouring out the tea, "I feel quite relieved. Really it is very good of Mrs. Greene to be so accommodating."

The curate went on devouring his book and his toast, unsuspectingly, in this deceitful calm. He had finished a chapter of the former, and was buttering a second round of the latter, when the door was again opened, and Jennifer entered.

"There, sir," said she, flinging down on the table a bunch of keys; "there, sir, you'll find everything correct to the last pin."

"Mrs. Greene!" said the astonished curate: "dear me, what's the matter!"

"Three years come June I've lived here," continued Jennifer, gazing at a point in the wall over the curate's head, and keeping time to her words with her foot on the floor, "and if anybody can say there's been so much as a pin wasted, let 'em say it. I've toiled and moiled, high and low, up stairs and down, like any slave — I've been a good servant to you, sir."

"Excellent, my dear Mrs. Greene!" said the curate, who suddenly began to believe Jennifer the pink and pattern of all housekeepers, and himself an ingrate and a tyrant — "invaluable, Mrs. Green — who says otherwise!"

"I've been a good servant to you, sir," continued Jennifer, "and would have so been, as was my duty and pleasure, but for spies being set over me."

"Spies!" said Mr. Young; "bless me, who talked of spies!"

"Yes, spies!" continued Jennifer, pressing her hands very tightly on her bosom, and nodding at the wall, with inflated nostrils. "They may be called sisters, or they may be called visitors, but there's only one name for them. And my mind's made up."

"But, my dear Mrs. Greene! surely it's very natural that I should wish to see my sister," said the Reverend Josiah, apologetically, "and she need n't interfere with you — she would n't wish to, I'm sure."

"Would n't she? O, sir, you may think so, perhaps, in the innocence of your heart; but you don't know 'em. It's one thing to look after gentlemen, and another thing to be looked after by ladies. I have n't refused the many good situations I might have had, to be overlooked now — and so, sir, as I said, my mind's made up, and — and?" — (here a cloudiness about the eyes betokened a coming shower, while the tapping on the floor was louder than ever) — "and I hope you'll get somebody to" (sob, sob) — "please, please you" (sniff, sniff) — "better than me."

Mr. Young sighed, and was troubled. Perhaps (he thought) he had been very wrong to speak about it. Housekeepers had their feelings and points of honor like other folks, and were entitled to have them indulged. The idea of her really going away and leaving him to look out for a fresh housekeeper, who did n't know his ways, and would give him no end of trouble, was not to be entertained for a moment — so he decided to relinquish his project, and go home for a week instead; and applying himself to soothe the wounded prejudices of Jennifer, prevailed upon her, as a great favor, to resume the seals of office, in consideration of his submission.

We are all of us henpecked — husbands by their wives, bachelors by housekeepers, wash-

erwomen, and other females with whom they come in contact; none of us can plume ourselves upon the intact perfection of our plumage, for the marks of the pecker are over us all; and the Reverend Josiah Young, with his neck quite denuded, and his tail-leathers sorely bedraggled, cowered like a plucked capon in the presence of his housekeeper, who began to wear a comb and crow like a cock.

Immediately after his defeat, the Reverend Josiah, hastily concluding a breakfast for which he had no appetite left, lit his pipe and went out into his garden.

Every flower there was a personal friend of his—he knew, not only the history of its race, but the biography of the individual. To this lonely, silent man the woods and lanes and fields opened their hearts, and became great storehouses of interest. Primroses spoke to him when they came out in the spring; harebells chimed an audible music; the moss and the heath and the fern disclosed to him their hidden virtues. The tinted ornaments of the earth were not more lavish of their sweetness to the roving bee, than to this plain, black-coated, white-crowned curate.

I say plain, for, open as was the curate's soul to forms of grace and sounds of harmony, his person was not remarkable for beauty—he was rather plain than otherwise, with light, very light hair and eyebrows, and his pale pink complexion inclined to run into small excrescences about the nose, cheeks, and chin. Ah! to think that the fairest minds sometimes elude the observer behind warts and pimples! Had I the management of the world, the curate should have a skin of satin, and a halo like an angel.

So he walked carefully through the paths of his little garden, stooping to take each flower between his two first fingers, and upturn its face to his, while the sun, glancing through his light, frizzly hair, made it look like hay. And, sometimes espying a caterpillar, earwig, or other bandit and free companion, mutilating his favorites, he would pour on the felonious insect clouds of tobacco smoke till it became insensible, and, carefully transferring it in a state of coma to a leaf, would convey it beyond the boundary of his garden. A paddock across the road was the convict establishment, and was quite a preserve of banished vermin and reptiles.

He was gazing fondly on the countenance of a blue anemone near the gate, when a very gentle tap or poke on the shoulder from the point of a parasol caused him to start and turn round—Lady Lee smiled at him over the palisades, and the image of the anemone faded from his mind. With his pale pinkness of complexion become celestial rosy red (for, like all nervous, studious men, the curate

had a sad trick of blushing), he hastened to open the gate, and she and Julius entered, while the white pointer crouched outside in the sun.

"How I envy you your interest in your flowers! If I could read the book of the earth like you, I would be content to turn a sort of philosophic nun, and consecrate myself to its worship," said her ladyship.

"So would men lose one of *their* objects of worship," said the curate, gallantly; but he spoiled the compliment by hesitating in its delivery.

"Your interest seems always so fresh," she continued, not heeding his speech. "You seem to turn to each object as unweariedly as if it were your first glance—the bloom is renewed for you, while I—"

"While you find novelty in perpetual diversity," said the curate. "It shows your mind to be many-sided, your sympathies wide."

"No," said Lady Lee, dropping on the stone seat at the gate, and poking absently in the flower-bed with the point of her parasol: "it shows me fickle, unstable, unsatisfied. I am occupied for the time; but in the intervals I sit listlessly, and hear the earth creaking wearily on its axle."

The curate gazed at her with wonderful sympathy; he absolutely winked with earnestness. "Ah," he said, "could I but have the happiness of knowing how to fill up these chinks of fancied weariness—for fancied it must be, since to be wearied of yourself seems an impossibility" (this he muttered to himself)—"I could be content indeed."

"And have you not done great things for me?" said she. "I don't know any one to whom I owe so much. It is you who have directed my studies and widened my views. Before, I was a desultory devourer of books, reading much but meditating little; walking through the world like a peasant girl at a fair, wondering and ignorant. You have led me within the portals of those fairy lands of science where you walk at your ease, and where I might follow, but for an indolence and apathy which I have spirit enough to regret, but not to conquer."

"Perhaps I could wish you a little more zealous in your pursuit of knowledge," rejoined the curate; "your powers of observing and judging are too rare to be allowed to rust; and yet I don't know whether there is n't something more engaging to the fancy in your present mode of straying only among the flowers and avoiding the dust of these pursuits. To saunter is more feminine and graceful than to plod."

"Flatterer!" said her ladyship, shaking her parasol at him; "you certainly have the art of putting me in better humor with myself; whether by your words or example, I

don't know. Bless me, July!" she said, jumping up from the bench and looking at her watch, "we must be off. We are going to visit some people in the village, July and I." One would no longer have known her bright face for the clouded, listless one of a moment before — the remembrance of her weariness had vanished. But the curate was not so versatile, and he stuck to his subject.

"I was in hopes," said he, "that I should shortly have given you a new subject of interest — my sister Rosa, of whom you have heard me speak — but I am vexed to find she can't come to me."

"And why not?" asked Lady Lee.

The curate was rather ashamed to confess the obstacle, but, by skillful cross-examination, her ladyship elicited that Jennifer was the opposing party.

"Wretched woman!" said Lady Lee to herself, apostrophizing the offending Jennifer; but presently a thought seemed to strike her. "What is Rosa's address?" inquired she; "I must write to her, and say how sorry I am she can't come; and so we may become acquainted, at least on paper." And having obtained the address, she bid the curate good morning, smiling, and departed.

A few days afterwards he got a note desiring his presence at the Heronry. Before he had well entered the hall a pair of arms were cast round him —

"I'm come, Josiah," whispered Rosa to her astonished brother, "to stay with Lady Lee, and I'm to visit you every day."

Thus it was that Rosa Young became domiciled at the Heronry, and, henceforth, the curate's visits there were made on a more familiar footing.

Hitherto his admiration and friendship for Lady Lee had been of a very respectful kind; and not even her frank and sisterly treatment of him had been able to diminish the awe with which her beauty, refinement, and a certain loftiness that mingled even with her frankness, inspired him. She had been a holiday figure in his imagination, to have contemplated which too often and too familiarly would have appeared, to the curate's mind, a kind of unholy revelry.

But Rosa's presence now formed a connecting link between them. That "things which are familiar with the same thing are familiar with one another," is an axiom as true as any in Euclid. Not that I mean to insinuate, however, that because both the curate and Lady Lee were in the habit of occasionally kissing Rosa, they ever kissed each other. I should be truly sorry to stain my pages with the chronicling of any such enormity, which would deservedly call down on my devoted head the wrath of all the aged and exemplary female critics in England (old ladies, as I judge from internal evidence, being the authors

of four fifths of the most profound criticism of the day); and I have quite enough to do, as it is, to avoid treading on the corns of those estimable persons. No, no; all I mean to say is, that Lady Lee, when seeing Rosa skipping round the curate, putting a neater bow on his white cravat, brushing the dust off his coat, and calling him Josiah, would sometimes, in a half-inadvertent way, call him Josiah also; for, indeed, it was not easy to be ceremonious with him. And the curate's heart would thereupon give a lively jump of delight, sending his blood leaping not only into his face, but right up to the crown of his head, and filling his soul and his eyes with a wonderful gratitude and complacency; inspiring him, at the same time, with such an ardor to make some return for this delightful familiarity, that he would have been charmed to rush off at a moment's notice to the extremities of the earth to fetch her pocket-handkerchief. But no such sacrifices were required at his hands; and the calling of him by his Christian name grew more frequent, till "Mr. Young" was almost banished from the precincts of their conversation; and, when the appellation did creep in, it caused him to feel a kind of mild and sorrowful resentment.

Then, what could be more charming than to sit with them in the spacious library, with its hollow carved ceiling, its deep bay-windows with the diamond panes, its velvet-covered easy-chairs, and shelves filled with books, many of them of his own selection; and there to expound to them some botanical or geological theory or system, or read aloud from some author whom they had hitherto been unacquainted with, either from his being so very ancient or so very new. And a new and hitherto unsuspected peculiarity began to develop itself in the curate — he became extremely cunning, and, under pretence of giving brotherly advice to Rosa, would direct all sorts of moral and didactic batteries upon Lady Lee. For the benefit of the latter, too, though under the same pretence, he would advance sentiments and opinions on intimate and confidential subjects, all having remote reference to her ladyship; but whenever she expressed her dissent from any of these, he would immediately abandon them, and shamelessly go over, with the utmost facility, to her side of the question.

He showed a great deal of art, too, in the gradual approaches he made towards calling her Hester. If she had been simply Miss Lee, he would have seen his way clearly enough; for he might first have called her Miss Hester, and then gradually have dropt the former prefix. Now, to convert Lady Lee into Hester was no such easy process. But Rosa, by her ladyship's own desire, always addressed her by her Christian name; and when she said to her brother, "Josiah, Hester says so and so,"

the curate would repeat after her, "O, Hester says so and so, does she?" and then would tremulously and furtively glance at her ladyship, to see how she took it; and, finding this pass, as a matter of course, he grew bolder; and when Rosa said, "Hester and I are going to work," he would say, "Well, if Hester and you are going to work, I'll read to you;" which devices he considered as the climax of human ingenuity and tact.

Instead, too, of any longer keeping the image of Lady Lee under a glass-case, as it were, only indulging himself occasionally with the contemplation of it, it now began to intrude itself between him and his flowers, to take shape, and ascend in the smoke of his meerschaum — nay, to cause the pages of the very sermon he was writing for delivery on the ensuing Sunday to grow dim and confused beneath the celestial radiance; totally obliterating, perhaps, some eloquent paragraph he had just composed on the vanity of all human affections. And then, waking up, he would wave away the vision impatiently, take a fresh dip of ink, square his elbows resolutely, and write, "Thirdly, my Christian friends, let us consider —" and, sinking back in his chair, the poor curate would consider nothing more to the purpose than how Lady Lee had looked or spoken when he last saw her. And he carried on with her, while alone in his elbow-chair at the parsonage, more imaginary conversations than ever Walter Savage Landor wrote, and would thirst for the next visit, that this airy eloquence of his might take actual sound, and receive audible replies. And he used to be so brilliant, so lively, so irresistible, in argument, in these ideal interviews, that he would sometimes, at the conclusion of a real one, wonder why he should depart with a sense of having acquitted himself in a manner so inferior to his thought.

Let no impatient lover, sighing like furnace, and burning like one, taking no note of time, and wishing it annihilated till the moment shall come to give him all he wishes — let none such imagine that the curate's passion made him anxious or unhappy. Study and reading and philosophy had made his life so full before, that no empty hours were left wherein to originate those ardent hopes that give a man no peace till they are smothered in possession. So far as mere beauty affected him, the curate might have been chaplain to a seraglio, without ever falling in love with the fairest Georgian of them all. He would have simply admired her, as he did one of those gorgeous beetles or painted butterflies with which his hat and pockets overflowed after a morning walk. He would never have gone an inch out of his way to look for an object of worship. But how could he help falling in love, poor, unsuspecting Josiah, when love lay directly in his accustomed paths!

And never did captive dwell more contentedly at the bottom of his pitfall. A new and bright element had been introduced into a busy, peaceful life, lending it a fresh charm, but producing no violent displacement of the habitual trains of thought. And the curate was so happy, that, if these pleasant relations had continued just as they were, without growing either more or less intimate, he could have passed on thus, even to old age, without a murmur. And his life, thus gently rippled, was flowing on shadily and pleasantly, when its placid surface was further broken by the reappearance of an old acquaintance of his (though a new one to the reader), as occurred in the following manner.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a wet evening — cold, though in June, and more comfortless than a stormy winter twilight, when the idea of the cheerful fire illuminating the inner world of home is pleasant to the drenched and shivering victim of weather. The curate was returning from a visit to an invalid in the village; his black trousers, saturated with the moisture of the long, rank herbage, mostly fern and dock-leaves, that fringed the lane, stuck closely as gaiters to his ankles, while his umbrella rattled again with the showers of drops it shook down in its passage underneath the hawthorn bushes. There was a little pool in the latch of the garden-gate as he put his forefinger in it: the white palings gleaming wetly in the gloom; the garden itself was drenched and dismal; and the window of his sitting-room, which, in a winter's evening, glowed out on his returning figure like the portal of a brighter world, looked black and sullen as a cave. "I'll have a fire," said the curate, "if Mrs. Greene has no objection; and I'll have some tea; and I'll finish the other volume of that capital book." The curate was a great sensualist in his way.

Forgetting to scrape his shoes before entering, and sticking his wet umbrella upright against the wall, from the ferrule of which forthwith meandered a dark, sluggish stream along the passage (both high crimes and misdemeanors in the Jenniferian code), he rubbed up his hair, and entered his sitting-room. He was groping his way to the bell, to order a fire to be lit, when he saw a tall, dark figure standing in the shadow of the window-curtains. The curate at first thought it an optical delusion, and waved his hand towards it, in order to dispel the vision; but his fingers encountered the lapel of a veritable coat. "A robber!" thought the curate, and instantly grappled the intruder. "Who are you, sir! and what are you doing in my house?" queries which the mysterious person responded to by grappling him in return, and forcibly causing him to seat himself in his

easy-chair. The curate, however, still resisted valiantly, till his antagonist, who had been struggling, not only with him, but with a laugh that threatened to become uproarious, suddenly quitted his hold, giving hearty vent to his merriment.

"I should know that voice," said the curate; "who on earth is it?" The sound had conjured up a vision of the curate's youth.

Just then Mrs. Greene entered with the candles. The light showed the figure of a tall man, in undress cavalry uniform, with a handsome face and a light mustache, beneath which his teeth gleamed whitely in his mirth. He held out his hand to the curate. "The same old boy," said he, "as ever — the same old Josey."

The curate, with his head thrust inquiringly forward, his mouth open, stared in his face, and dubiously took his hand. "Not Fane," he said — "not Durham Fane?" The other nodded, smiling.

The curate instantly tightening the grip of his right hand, seized Fane's arm above the elbow with his left, and worked at him as if the house had sprung a leak, and his visitor were the pump on which he depended for safety.

"Not forgotten, Durham! — never forgotten in all the long years since we were companions! — always remembered as my earliest friend. I may almost say my only one; for I have never had one of the kind since. And where have you come from? and what are you doing with that mustache? — and how did you find me out? Have you had any dinner?"

"Ha, ha! — the same muddle-headed old boy as ever, with his ideas, called suddenly in from wool-gathering, pouring forth in breathless disorder," said Fane. "First, Josey, I come from Doddington, where my troop is quartered at present. I had been out for an afternoon ride, when, struck by the appearance of your parsonage, I asked a girl who was passing whose it was! — more for the sake of speaking to the article, who was pretty, Josey, than because I cared to know. 'The Reverend Josiah Young!' — the name electrified me — it was threatening rain; so I tied my horse to the gate (from whence he has since been transferred to the stable) and entered. A glance round the room, and at the backs of the books, would have assured me who was the inhabitant, even without the autograph on the fly-leaves. Burton — Gilbert White — Camden — Evelyn — Jeremy Taylor — Kenelm Digby — the antiquated brotherhood would have been sorely incomplete without old Josey Young, the most old-fashioned of the fraternity, to consort with them. So I sat here patiently, while the rains descended and the winds came, waiting till you should make yourself manifest."

"Not altered, Fane, in speech or spirit," said the curate smiling — "the same irreverent fun on the surface — the same strong sense and kindness, doubtless, underneath. We'll have such a glorious evening — for you won't leave me, I'm sure. Mrs. Greene! Mrs. Greene!" (Enter Jennifer.) "My friend here is going to stay the evening — he has had no dinner — could n't you, that is, would it trouble you much to — a beefsteak, you know, or something of that sort, and some of your excellent mashed potatoes — and a bottle of beer — and I'll just have my tea at the same time."

The countenance of Jennifer was gloomy in the extreme; under-done steak and half-mashed potatoes were written thereon very legibly, to the despairing glance of the curate, who knew that she didn't like to be put out of her way by *impromptu* visitors. Fane stepped forward.

"Excellent Miss Greene," he said, "don't mind what my hospitable friend says. Some bread and butter, cut by your own fair hands — some tea, such as you administer to him — are all I shall trouble you for. I know, my pretty Miss Greene, what a bachelor's household is."

Mrs. Greene's feelings were touched — she liked being called Miss Greene, because it made her think she looked young. She liked the politeness of the handsome officer — she liked his consideration for a bachelor's house-keeping, while she felt a pride in her own resources. She smiled and curtsied pleasantly as she withdrew. Fane sent a shot after her.

"What a handsome housekeeper you've got, Josey! What does the bishop say, you sly dog!"

"Is Mrs. Greene handsome?" said Josiah. "I really never noticed her looks."

Fane laughed. "Now, if anybody but you had said that," said he, clapping the curate on the shoulder, "were he the most venerable of archdeacons, or an archbishop, I should have thought him an arch-humbler. But I believe you, Josey. You were always a virtuous old boy, by nature and habit as well as principle; and I'll be sworn you don't even know the color of your housekeeper's eyes."

"And now answer me, thou naughty varlet," said the curate, drawing his chair to the fire; "what hast thou been doing these ten years?"

"We soldiers, Josey," replied Fane, "spend our time pretty much as Satan spends his, according to the Book of Job — in passing to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down on it."

"Can't you let Job alone, and answer for yourself?" returned Josiah. "I trust your life only resembles Satan's in a perambulatory point of view. And how does it suit you? Is it what you could wish? Have you read much?"

—you used to be a great reader. Have you seen a great deal of the world? Has it prospered with you?"

"Why, yes," said Fane; "in the ordinary sense I have been prosperous. Health—promotion rapid enough—pleasant, though seldom quite congenial, associates—a stirring Indian campaign, out of which I came sound in wind and limb—and, for the rest, a soldiering, sporting, love-making life, with snatches of better things. Such has been the tenor of my course. Judge you of its congeniality."

"Not satisfactory, Durham—not what I had prefigured for you. Though, as a boy, you were impetuous, impatient, impulsive"—

"In fact, everything that was impish," said Fane.

"Yet I knew there was ballast enough to steady the vessel. But I fear the good ship has been drifting aimlessly."

"Too true," said Fane—"too true. But my prospects have changed. Three years ago I was serving in India, exemplifying how happy the soldier is who lives on his pay, when I unexpectedly received a communication from my mother's eldest brother. This old gentleman had never forgiven my mother for marrying my father, a poor subaltern, nor exchanged word or letter with her to the day of her death. I had consequently nothing to expect from him, especially as he had adopted my cousin, Langley Levitt, and was bringing him up as his heir. But Langley, by some acts of disobedience and extravagance, had mortally offended him, and was cast adrift without a penny. My uncle now offered me the vacant place in his affections, and proposed an immediate exchange to a regiment at home. 'Twas a grand offer for such a poor devil as me. I was sick of India, and gladly consented. The old gentleman behaved very liberally—got me an exchange to a cavalry regiment, and gives me a handsome allowance. So here I do now walk before thee, Josey, captain of dragoons, and heir-apparent to some thousands per annum, on condition of good behavior."

"I'm delighted at your good fortune, Durham," said the curate, getting up to pat his friend on the shoulder. "But the poor cousin—what became of him?"

"Nobody knows," replied Fane. "I have caused diligent inquiry to be made for him—secretly, for my uncle won't hear his name mentioned—but without success. From all I can hear, he is chargeable with nothing worse than imprudence, though my uncle did once hint at something of a darker nature. I believe he was a general favorite; but I never saw him."

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathetic curate. "You must find him, Durham, and take care of him. But has this change of

life been for the better? Has your prosperity brought any clear prospect of worthy occupation with it?"

"Was ever such an atrocious kill-joy!—as if it were not enough occupation for an unfortunate mendicant like me to revel in the glories of his new position, and go pleasantly to the devil. But no, Josey; my conscience has smitten me for leading such a useless life, and I said so to my uncle. I told him I had looked on long enough at the world, and wished to play a part in it. 'You want to leave dragooning?' said he. 'I do,' said I. 'Marry,' said he, in his usual laconic fashion. 'Whom?' asked I. 'Anybody that's respectable,' was the avuncular rejoinder. 'What atrocious hypocrisy!' thought I; 'I'll expose it immediately.' 'What d'ye think, sir, of Miss Podder?' I said—'pretty, agreeable, and with the prospect of a grand cotton concern as her heritage.' 'Rascal!' thundered my uncle, going as near the verge of apoplexy as an elderly gentleman with safety can—'how dare you mention the infernal cotton-spinning name?' 'Miss Standish,' I suggested—'good breed—regular church-and-state family.' 'She hasn't a second idea,' said my uncle, 'and I wouldn't have you marry a fool, Durham.' 'The only other eligible person I can think of,' said I, 'is our neighbor, Miss Kindersley.' 'Would you marry a death's-head?' thundered my relative (and the lady is somewhat gaunt and grim, Josey), 'or do you think I wish to see my niece-in-law grin at me?' The upshot was, that as nothing was to be found near home, I was to try my fortune elsewhere. Married or not, at the end of a year I exchange life military for life bucolic; but I hardly dare show my nose at home without a wife. Do you know anybody, Josey, that would suit me?"

Why did the curate redden at the question? Was it that he did know somebody to the purpose? And if so, why not name her? Poor Josiah! a spark of jealousy shot sharply along that simple, honest heart, as he thought how well Durham Fane would match with Lady Lee.

Before he had time to grapple with the thought, or to reply, a rattling as of plates, knives and forks, in the passage, was heard; and presently a savory odor preceded Jennifer into the room. A tender steak, done to a turn, a well made omelet, and a little pyramid of mashed potatoes, of a charming shade of brown, appeared on the snow-white cloth, with a bottle of beer standing sentinel over the whole. The curate's heart was filled with gratitude to Jennifer.

"Bad policy, Miss Greene," said Fane, drawing a chair toward the well-spread tray, "to make my dinner so inviting. I shall be coming too often."

"Really, Durham, I don't know what spell you've cast over Mrs. Greene," said Josiah, as she retired simpering primly. "She is really in a charming humor."

It did the curate good to mark the affectionate ardor with which Fane threw himself on the steak. He hovered round his guest, plying him with pepper, ketchup, a browner portion of potato—uncorked his beer and poured it foaming creamily into the tumbler—drew the loaf and butter more within his reach—put a fire-screen before him, and then, somewhat inconsistently, poked up the fire; after which, he sat down opposite him, smiling in the intervals of sipping his tea.

"And how has the time passed with you, Josey?" inquired Fane, looking up from his plate; "doubtless, as of yore, in a state of dreamy activity. I always considered yours the most wonderful case of somnambulism ever known. You eat, drink, and walk about like other men, while your mind dwells forever in pleasant dream-lands. I would lay a wager that you do not now see me in my true light, as a very ordinary mortal dropt in unexpectedly on an old friend, but as an Orestes brought by good spirits to rejoin his Pylades. Life and its incidents were always to you, in reality, what they are to other men only in the illusions of memory or of hope. And I would lay another wager, Josey, that if thou shouldst get thee a wife, she, to ordinary eyes a mere chronicle of small beer, and a mender of cotton stockings, will be, in yours, a peerless and perfect dame, more than half angel, even though she should waddle before thee with no more waist than a soda-water bottle, and with chins all the way down to her stomach."

"Do you think I have that faculty?" said the curate, thoughtfully. "Why, it never struck me—perhaps I have, though—perhaps I have. But I don't remember ever forming a very lofty opinion, such as you mention, of any woman, except one—and she deserves it. Anybody would say so. You will say so yourself when you see her."

"No, Josey, no. I lack the vision and the faculty divine. I am as much over-critical as you are the reverse; and it has enabled me to walk scathless through the hosts of sirens and Circes that beset a man in the earlier stages of his pilgrimage. Why, most reverend and simple Josey, you, with one half my temptations, would have been hopelessly wedded years since to some remorseless female, who, with no more sympathy with your pursuits than my horse, would have invaded your sacred leisure and beloved ease at the head of a troop of imps, whom you would secretly have hated all the worse because you believed yourself their father. And for this lady without peer that you speak of—why, 't is ten to one, Josey, that I find her some

dowdy, or perchance some stupid lay figure which your warm imagination has"—

"Durham!" said the curate, seriously—"Durham!"

"Why, Josey, a thousand pardons," said Fane, looking up and pausing with a piece of steak on his lifted fork. "Why, the old boy looks as grave as a judge—the sort of look you used to assume, Josey, when I played tricks on our revered head-master at the old vicarage school. But I will look at her, Josey, through your spectacles, and, whatever may be my secret thoughts of this piece of Eve's flesh, I will say naught except in praise of her; nay, more, without seeing her, I pronounce her"—

"Say nothing till you have seen her, Durham," interposed the curate, "and then say just what you honestly think."

"But you have roused my curiosity, Josey. Who or what is she? What is her name among men?"

"She is called Lady Lee," said the curate; "and her Christian name is Hester."

"Lady Lee!" repeated Fane—"then she is married, eh! and you are admiring your neighbor's wife, most virtuous Josey!"

"No," said the curate; "she's a widow."

"A widow!" cried Fane. "Why, there you have shivered to pieces at a word all the high imaginations with which I was laboring to come up to your description. There are two sorts of widows—one, fat, contented, red-faced, looking out for prey among mankind with the calmness of a proficient in the art of man-stealing—the other, wizened, sharp-nosed, querulous, and mighty prolific, as a train of ugly little copies of the dear departed bear witness. Which does her ladyship belong to, Josey?"

"I'll talk to you on the subject when you're in a better frame of mind," said the curate.

"But, seriously now, Josey, and in sober truth, would there not be something truly formidable in the idea of marrying a widow? To step, not merely into a dead man's shoe but to put your head in his very nightcap to have a ghost for a rival—to have by comparisons drawn between yourself and apparition—to find that her taste inclines towards dark men (the complexion of deceased having been of a fine deep brown while yours is of angelic fairness)—to know that, when you keep her waiting for dinner or venture to be drowsy when she wants to be lively, she is thinking of a dear first husband who never committed these crimes. Josey! do not all these sentiment-defying considerations lurk within the close-circled circle of a widow's-cap?"

While delivering these remarks, Fane, too busy with his knife and fork to notice that they caused the curate to fidget nervously,

in his chair. At the conclusion of them the latter hastened to change the subject, taking advantage of the allusion Fane had made to their school-days to talk of those vanished times with wonderful zest and glee.

At length, after prolonged and youth-restoring review of past times, Fane rose, looking at his watch. "Josey, I must be off."

"Not at all," said the curate, starting hastily from his chair; "you must stay here to-night. Don't you hear the rain?"

"But 't will put you out of your way," urged Fane.

"Not in the least — not in the least," said the hospitable curate. He had been revolving in his mind the chances of Jennifer permitting the sanctuary of the spare room to be profaned, and had resolved not to run the risk of giving her a distaste for Fane at this, his first visit, by taxing her amiability too much, as that might render his future ones unpleasant. Therefore the curate had arranged that Fane should occupy his own bed, that he should himself sleep on the sofa, and that Mrs. Greene need not know anything about it.

So, when they had talked their fill, the curate took a candle to show him the way. But first they went out to the stable, where Fane, with his own hands, groomed his charger, fed him (for Josiah, though he had no horse of his own, was always prepared to entertain the steeds upon which his brother clergymen came to visit him), and littered him down, Josiah holding the candle. Then they proceeded up-stairs, at the top of which Josiah halted, and cautioning his friend to step lightly that he might not awake Mrs. Greene, whose door he would pass, whispered "Good night," and, watching him disappear and shut the door of the chamber, descended softly to his sitting-room, where, taking off his coat and shoes, he slumbered peacefully on the sofa, with his best surplice and a green baize tablecloth for bed-clothes.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Jennifer entered the next morning, to glance her sharp eyes round the sitting-room and direct the labors of the housemaid (a young villager, whom she kept in a state of complete subjection), she was startled at seeing her master extended on the sofa, slumbering, as aforesaid, peacefully beneath the surplice and the tablecloth — for the curate, rendered restless by the many thoughts which the presence of his friend had conjured up, lay tossing long after midnight, and had failed to wake so early as he designed in order to evade detection. Jennifer drew herself up and looked at him with austere surprise; but presently guessing the true state of the case, she turned to her young assistant, who stood behind her with broom and duster, and commanded her to go softly into the curate's bed-room and bring her

word who was sleeping there. Presently the maid returned, saying it was the strange officer, and Jennifer's features relaxed into a stern smile as she thought of the supremacy she had established over the curate, driving him to adopt such devices in his own house. Sweet is the evidence of our own power — far sweeter to natures such as Jennifer's than proofs of affection. And, sending the maid elsewhere, she closed the door softly and went away.

But even that soft closing of the door roused the curate. He opened his eyes, looked for a moment wonderingly about him, and then, recalling the event of the evening, he sat up on the sofa, rubbed his eyes, and stole gently out from under the shelter of his ecclesiastical bed-clothes. Congratulating himself on the perfect success of his manœuvre, he arranged the table-cloth on the table, put by his surplice where he had found it, shook and thumped the sofa cushions to remove the traces of his occupancy, and, throwing his coat and waistcoat across his arm, stole gently out into the passage, intending to finish his toilet in his own room before waking his friend, and to instruct him to feign that he, Fane, had dropt in to breakfast after having slept elsewhere. But these machinations were dissolved into thin air at the sight of Jennifer, who confronted him in the lobby. The curate started like a guilty thing surprised, stared, and then said feebly, "Good morning, Mrs. Greene."

"I'm afraid, sir, you've not slept comfortably," said Jennifer; "but I must say 't was your own fault, Mr. Young. Wasn't there the spare room for your friend, if you had only let me know?"

The curate was overpowered by Jennifer's goodness, and murmured something about "not wishing to give her trouble."

"And pray, sir, when did I complain of trouble when I could make you or your friends comfortable?" asked Jennifer, reproachfully. "Would the captain like tea or coffee for breakfast, sir! — or there's chocolate, if he would prefer it?"

"Anything, anything you like, my good Mrs. Greene — my friend's not particular," said the curate, quite embarrassed with his gratitude, and running hastily up-stairs.

This condescension to meet the curate's wishes was a great stroke of policy on the part of Jennifer. She felt that it was of no use to strain the reins too tightly without an object, and that an occasional relaxation of them might better answer her ends — for ends, and very definite ones, Jennifer had, even from the first day of her establishment at Lanscote Parsonage. She had soon perceived the curate to be as helpless, as she phrased it, as a child, in his domestic concerns — and who could manage them better than she? And, having established this fact, she had once absented

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herself on a visit's leave, for the purpose of peaceful blue of the sky unless it peers in
letting the curate feel how necessary she was streaks through thunder-clouds. But the key
to his comfort, and, on returning, had the of my taste is pitched lower, and I find in
satisfaction of hearing him confess that every- then, says — (by the by, where did such a villain
thing had come wrong in her absence. Then, as Iago come by that delicious phrase, Dur-
was not a good-looking — was not her fair- ham!) And if I did find my pursuits staling
ily respectable? And if she had lowered her- by custom, why, a slight fillip, such as the
ily before, in consequence of reduced circum- presence of an old friend, suffices to restore
selves, by marrying a small ship-master, their lustre. To-day the garden looks al-
why, that was all the more reason she should most gaudy, Durham."

do better next time. And, in fact, the ship-
master having been disposed of, by drowning,
some years before, Jennifer, in her innermost
heart, cherished the design of supplying his
place with the curate. And what was there,
she thought, so unlikely in it! Their relation
would be but little altered by such a step —
in fact, she should care even better for his in-
terests then than now — and so Jennifer, with
the patience of a sharp, calculating, cat-like
nature, set herself deliberately to watch for
the unsuspecting, unwary curate.
Excellent was the breakfast to which the
curate and his friend sat smilingly down that
morning — so excellent that Fane could not
help eulogizing it.

"Why, Josey," he said, "what a precious
old sensualist you must have grown since we
parted! Not content with bread and toast, you
must have hot rolls too — and (shade of Api-
cius!), as if marmalade were not sufficient, here
are two sorts of jam — and this trout is superb,
and so is the coffee — Josey, I must really
borrow Mrs. Greene for a short time — won't
you lend her to me, you clerical gourmand?"
And the curate, submitting cheerfully to the
charge of gourmandizing (which was, how-
ever, quite unmerited, for he did not often get
such breakfasts), smiled gratefully on Jennifer,
who, in her smartest cap, was pouring out the
coffee with an air of prim satisfaction.

"I enjoy this wonderfully," said Fane, as
he sat after breakfast on a wooden seat fixed
against the hedge that bounded the curate's
garden, having a canopy of lilacs and labur-
nums, while around were thickly scattered
yellow wall-flowers, with a bee feeding on the
red heart of each, and humming as it fed,
mingled with many a balsam, and stocks
purple and white — "I enjoy this wonder-
fully," said Fane, looking up from a great vol-
ume that lay on his lap, and addressing the
curate, who, pipe in mouth, was bending
among his flowers; — "more than you, Josey,
for this is your daily life, and familiarity with
these pleasant sights and sounds and scents
must have bred a certain indifference towards
them. But hours like these steal in enchant-
ingly in the intervals of a busy or a struggling
life, such as mine has mostly been, and as I
hope it will be."

"You are mistaken," said the curate.

"You are one of those who love strong con-
trasts, and can scarcely appreciate even the

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

"You're a good, simple old boy, Josey,"
said Fane, "and I've half a mind to envy
you. There are two classes in the world who
seem to me to come nearer happiness than
any others — gardeners and painters. Both
are brought into incessant contact with the
wonders, the glory, and the variety of nature,
and are thus secure against satiety. Both
are engaged in a struggle, not with their fel-
lows (which leads to emulations envyings,
and the rest that you wot of, Josey), but
with the secrets of the outer world — and
both receive sufficient encouragement to lead
them onward in infinite search. Lastly, Josey,
both find perpetual rewards in the sympathy
and pleasure which their success excites in
others. And, therefore, could I but discern
in myself any artist-power of expression, I
would turn my sabre-tasche into a palette, fill
my holsters with camel-hair brushes, and
(leaving gardening out the question, because
it would make my back ache, and is, more-
over, of the earth, earthy) devote myself to
placing on canvas the essence of something
now lying unthought of in nature's treasury.
Thus might one give the world assurance of a
man who could listen to its din without wish-
ing to join in the struggle or the shouting."

"A little momentary enthusiasm, excited
by present peaceful enjoyment, Durham,"
said the curate, smiling. "You are meant
to cast a broad and general glance upon the
world, not to peer microscopically into its
minuter, though still infinite wonders. Trust
me, Durham, you would never learn to hang
your morrow's expectations, as I do, on the
unfolding of a bud, or the breaking of a germ
through the soil."

"Long may you continue to flourish in
your paradise," said his friend. "It only
wants one thing to complete it — such as I
now see coming down the road, sending rays
before her, as Dante says of his advancing
angel, like the morning star. An Eve, Josey,
approaches, in a fringed parasol and straw
bonnet — and, by Jove, she's coming in at
the gate!"

The curate, somewhat short-sighted as he
was, recognized the celestial apparition before
it lifted the latch — he always knew Lady
Lee a long way off. In his haste to greet
her he made a spring over the central flower
bed, instead of going round it, and, over

estimating his agility, decapitated two gorgeous tulips. Her ladyship, however, displayed none of this haste, waiting patiently with the open gate in her hand to admit Julius, who had overshot the goal in breathless pursuit of a butterfly.

"I am so glad you have come this morning!" said the curate (as if his illuminated countenance and eager haste did not sufficiently express this). "I am so glad you have come, for there is an old friend of mine here whom I should like you to know."

To say the truth, Lady Lee's face did not assume any appearance of warm interest in this friend, nor of great anxiety to make his acquaintance. In fact, when the curate had occasionally before introduced her to friends of his, whom he had warmly eulogized, her quick-sighted ladyship had perceived in a moment that they owed their merits principally, if not altogether, to the curate's imagination acting through his warm heart, being, in fact, the merest stupid respectabilities imaginable. So she walked with the curate amid the flower-beds towards the bench where Fane was seated, in full expectation of finding there some clerical gentleman clothed inside and out in dinginess, and whose talk was of tithes.

Accordingly she lifted her eyes somewhat languidly as Fane rose at her approach; but they immediately opened into an expression of interest on encountering the glance of the earnest, thoughtful, intelligent pair that met them. Certainly, there was nothing of the personage she had prefigured in the tall, well-made form, clad in a handsome uniform, that bent towards her as the curate named "his friend, Captain Fane."

Fane, too, finding that he was in the presence of the peerless dame who had illuminated the curate's conversation the night before, and knowing from old experience that Josiah's swans often appeared merely geese to the public eye, did not feel his curiosity much excited till he caught that after-glance of hers, contrasting so flatteringly with her first indifferent, somewhat supercilious look, as to appear like an involuntary compliment.

The curate stood by, watching the interview, and gently rubbing his hands as he glanced from one to the other. He had always thought each of them handsome — but they looked handsomer than they ever had before, to his eyes, as they stood opposite to each other, their faces reflecting interest. And then a strong sense of his own personal identity flashed suddenly on him, as if he could stand apart from the group and see himself making the third in it, with his plain face and form, his ungraceful attitude, and his dingy dress, contrasting strongly with the grace, easy strength, and picturesque attire

of his friend. The curate was little accustomed to think about his own appearance, and could not account for the sudden access of egotism.

"Come, don't be ceremonious; shake hands," said the curate. "I'm sure you'll be friends."

Fane held out his hand — "He should think the better of himself, henceforth, for Josiah's prophecy." A sensation, as of guilt to be atoned for, came over him as he looked at Lady Lee, and thought of his blasphemy about widows on the previous night.

Now Lady Lee's second glance had satisfied her of the truth of a suspicion which the first had communicated to her mind — viz., that she had seen Captain Fane before. He was, however, quickest in remembering where, because she had, on the occasion of their meeting, been attired very much as at present, whereas his uniform made a difference sufficient to puzzle one who had only seen him in shooting-jacket and wide-awake hat. Presently, however, she recognized the hero of the adventure at the stepping-stones — the more easily, perhaps, because his face had once or twice risen uncalled for to her mental eye during the interval; and, remembering the mode in which he had got her out of her difficulty, she very ungratefully intrenched herself in a double allowance of reserve and coldness. So she merely put the tips of her fingers in his extended hand, and turned to the curate.

"She and Juley," she said, "were taking their morning walk, and she had looked in to say that there was an arrival at the Heronry very interesting to the curate — a packet of new books, which he must come and inspect, and which Rosa was now unpacking." This was one of her ladyship's methods of obliging the curate, for, knowing that his slender income was entirely inadequate to appease his literary voracity, she used to order regularly all the most expensive works connected with his pursuits, though she never looked into the half of them herself.

The curate's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands vigorously in anticipation. "Now we shall see the great illustrated Ornithology," said he; "glorious! glorious! they say the drawings are like life."

"And that's exactly what they ought to resemble," said Fane, who had seated himself again on the bench with his book open on his knees. "Always take care, Josey, that in your ardor as a naturalist you don't lose sight of nature. For, do but listen now to a passage I had just lighted on in old Gilbert White." And he read as follows — "Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination that the poets have personified her, and in their hands she has been the occasion of many a beautiful fiction. Nor need the grav-

est man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since" (mark you, Josey), "since it may become the subject of philosophical or mathematical inquiries." "Strange now," went on Fane, "that to this old gentleman, a lover of nature, it should appear that nature was made for science, not science for nature; that he should fancy his partiality for having his imagination stirred by echo needed a scientific excuse!"

"But that was only his printed and published opinion," said Lady Lee, who listened with interest. "Trust me, his private one was very different, and, often when shouting like a schoolboy to wake an echo, the idea that pleased him was neither mathematical nor philosophical, but poetical—that of an invisible inhabitant of the solitude."

"Good!" said the curate, rubbing his hands exultingly. "Ah, you shall find no boy's play here, Durham! But the truth is, that naturalists are sometimes matter-of-fact people, incapable of seeing a double meaning in the great book they study, and in talking to them we must use their language. White was writing to some utilitarian friend, who could better understand his sympathy with science than with nature. And if—"

The curate paused abruptly, for he became aware that Jennifer was standing at a little distance from him, with an expression primer even than usual, and holding his surplice thrown over her arm. "What is it, Mrs. Greene?"

"There's a couple that was to have been married at ten, sir—and now it's half-past—the clerk's come to say that they're waiting," answered Jennifer.

"Bless me!" cried the curate, "I had forgotten all about it; quick, good Mrs. Greene" (as Jennifer helped him on with the surplice,

looking all the time as resentful as if it were her wedding that was delayed). "You see what you have to answer for, between you," said he, hastening through the garden, out of the gate, and down the road, with his surplice streaming behind him as if he were the bearer of a flag of truce.

"It's one body's work to look after him," said Jennifer, as she reentered the house.

"Come, Juley," said Lady Lee, finding herself left alone with the captain, bowing to whom she took her departure.

Fane looked at his watch, and, finding his presence would shortly be required on parade, went to the stable, saddled his horse, and walked down the road, leading him by the bridle. And as his homeward road was the same as Lady Lee's, and as he walked faster than she and Julius, he, in the natural course of things, overtook them, and slackened his pace to theirs, and the subject of the conversation he then opened was one in which they had common interest—their friend the curate. Presently Julius, becoming clamorous for a ride, was lifted into the saddle. There was no such thing as preserving a cold demeanor to one so frank, easy, and clever as Fane—and her ladyship found herself gradually forgetting the origin of their acquaintance, conversing with him nearly as freely as with the curate; and she felt almost sorry when they halted at the lodge-gate of the Heronry, and Julius being with some trifling resistance dismounted, Fane got into the saddle, took his leave, and they separated. After riding a short distance, he turned and looked back. Lady Lee, too, was looking back, perhaps after Julius, for, immediately calling to the boy to come along and not be troublesome, she walked onward to the house, and the trees hid her from his sight.

From the Ladies' Companion.

CHARISSA.

I WILL not say her azure eyes are bright
As stars, and deeper than the skies above
But that they're holy with an inward light
Of charity and love!

I will not say her voice is thrilling sweet
As mermaid's music, soft as summer airs;
But that by squalid beds, with balm replete,
'Tis heard in low-breathed prayers.

I will not say her little hands are fair
As twin white-rosebuds—flakes of falling
snow;
But that they feed the hungry oft, and bear
Solace to want and woe.

I will not say her tiny feet are small
As fairies', tripping on the moonlit hill;
But that they're swift to come at Sorrow's call,
And peace attends them still.

STANZAS.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words—as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face with scorn,
Put thou the shadows from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport—the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call—
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges wildest roll—
Light, when thou else wert blind!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!—We regret that we are compelled to announce to you—at least to such of you as have fallen into the snare of authorship—that, for six months at least, it will be impossible for us to notice any of your lucubrations. Our rule is positive, and will admit of no exceptions. Even the dear little angel who, along with her duodecimo, has transmitted us such a touchingly confidential confession of her poetical impulses, must remain absent from felicity awhile. We are resolved, for a certain space of time, to devote ourselves entirely to spiritual reading. We have taken down from their shelves Delrio, Wierus, and Reginald Scot; and refreshed our memory with King James on Demonology. If any friend or well-wisher of ours possesses a rare treatise on witchcraft, he will confer a special favor by sending it to us immediately, and we pledge ourselves not to return it. Is there a Sexton Club anywhere in England? If so, we should like to be made an honorary member. We trust that, in the face of the awful statistics lately produced, we may not be misunderstood; nevertheless, we must own that, for the present, we are decidedly addicted to spirits.

Mr. Spicer, whom we really hold to be a fellow of infinite fancy, commences his introductory chapter thus: "If one may judge from present indications, before the following notes can be published an apology will have become due to many readers, for deeming it necessary to explain the general features of that singular subject to which they principally refer." Not at all, our dear Spicer. No apology whatever is due. Until we received your book, we knew no more about the manifestations you speak of, than the amusements of the high priest of Timbuctoo. We feel greatly indebted to you for the information we have received; but the old virtue seems to have departed from this portion of the globe. At one time we were really eminent for witches; the Queen of Elphen has visited us bodily since Spenser was laid in the grave; and before emigration became general, second-sight was as common in Skye and Benbecula as the measles. The days are not very remote when every farm-steading could show its brownie. But, somehow or other, we seem to have forfeited these inestimable privileges. We can't get up, in Scotland, a well-authenticated ghost more than once in twenty years; and as for the intermediate fry—fairies,

ouphs, etcetera, they seem to have entirely disappeared. We regret to chronicle the fact; but, on inquiry, it appears that the oldest inhabitant of the most aqueous parish in the Highlands cannot charge his memory with having seen a water-kelpie!

Why this should be we really cannot comprehend. For ourselves, individually, we can say honestly, that we have cultivated with all our might spiritual impressions. We have assisted at *séances of clairvoyants*—seers who professed to be able to read writing through the medium of a mill-stone, but we never were fortunate enough to hear their professions realized. Very lately we were told that an eminent Hawicker possessed the art of uttering divine poesy in his magnetic sleep—we heard him; and were thankful that the turf covered the mortal remains of Willison Glass. Credulous as an infant, we only want to see a manifestation, but we cannot find one. An inspired *femme de chambre* is paraded; but she is soon found guilty of imposture; and the place she occupied knows her no more. We entreat for enlightenment from Clackmannan, but do not get it; we write to Dornoch, and receive no answer. The truth must out in naked terms—We want a Warlock! Observe—we give no guarantee against the ultimate application of the tar-barrel; but suffering for truth is praiseworthy. Our national pride revolts at the idea that America should in modern times unveil the unseen world, to which we have a prescriptive right. We shall insist upon having decided "rappings" in Edinburgh as well as in New York, else we must hold that we are scurvily treated by the shades of our departed friends.

But we must not trifle with the curiosity of our readers, who are doubtless anxious to know what all this is about. We shall tell them as concisely as we can, using Spicer as our spiritual guide-book.

The village of Hydesville, township of Arcadia, Wayne county, New York, was the first place in which spiritual manifestations appeared. In the month of March, 1848, the family of a certain Mr. John D. Fox was disturbed by mysterious noises, such as rappings, tappings, knocks, and shuffling of the furniture, which could not be accounted for on the hypothesis of natural agency. This was not pleasant; but use reconciles us to almost anything, and in a short time the daughters began to reciprocate. Here, at the outset, we are struck by the remarkable similarity of the Foxian narrative to the story of Wesley's kobold, with which probably our readers are acquainted. A few experiments enabled the parties to open a distinct communication, and the method is remarkably simple. Spicer tells us, "that, in this spirit-language, an affirmative is conveyed by a single rap (though

* Sights and Sounds, the Mystery of the Day; comprising an entire History of the American "Spirit" Manifestations. By Henry Spicer, Esq. London, 1855.

perhaps emphasized by more), a negative by silence. Five raps demand the alphabet, and that may be called over *viva voce*, or else in a printed form laid upon a table, and the finger or a pencil slowly passed along it; when, on arriving at the required letter, a rap is heard; the querist then recommences, until words and sentences are spelled out — upon the accuracy or intelligence displayed in which, depends, in a great degree, the amount of faith popularly accorded to these manifestations." These, however, are but the rudiments of the spiritual education — which, orthodoxly enough, commences with the alphabet. We shall presently see that, since 1848, a higher state of intelligence has been achieved. Armed with this key, Mrs. Fox, who appears to be a woman of a decidedly inquiring turn, succeeded in eliciting from the spirit the following information. That the number of the years of his fleshly pilgrimage had been thirty-one; that his name was Charles Rayn; that he had been murdered in that house, and buried in the cellar; and that the murderer was alive. Then came the results — "There was some digging in the cellar on Saturday night. *They dug until they came to water, and then gave it up.*" Highly satisfactory this! Now, who was Charles Rayn? We are sorry to say that Mr. Spicer gives us no information on that point. He appears to have been as much a phantom in the flesh as in the spirit — though the date of his apotheosis could not have been very remote, for his children were said to be still alive, as also his murderer.

We are told that "the high character and respectability of this family (the Foxes) did not, nevertheless, protect them from certain unpleasant results of these manifestations. Immense excitement was created in the neighborhood, and considerable prejudice, extending even to threats of violence, existed against them." Now we cannot, for the life of us, comprehend what was the cause of the excitement. Had the previous existence of Charles Rayn been ascertained, and his body found in the cellar, there might have been excitement enough; but nothing of the kind appeared. The prejudice — though we should have given the feeling quite a different name — is intelligible without explanation.

The Fox family, it would appear, was peculiarly beloved by the spirits; for two of the ladies having removed to Rochester, New York, the rappings followed them thither; and a third, Catherine, who seems to have been the Cassandra of the party, was similarly accompanied to Auburn. In short, they were *media*, or particularly favored persons in whose presence only the spirits will deign to make themselves audible. *Media* are now very common. Mr. Spicer says, "It is calculated that there are, at the present moment, not less than thirty thousand recognized *media* practising in

various parts of the United States. A friend, who writes under date of July 17 (we presume 1852), assures me that in the city of Philadelphia alone may be found no fewer than three hundred magnetic circles, holding regular meetings, and receiving communications." If the facetious Spicer is not hoaxing us, we trust Mr. Thackeray will keep his eyes and ears open, and regale us, on his return, with an account of the invisible world.

We now begin to understand what Coleridge meant by his powerful picture of "woman wailing for her demon lover." It is not at all a bad thing to be upon terms of familiarity with a spirit. If not quite so handy as the imps of the old magicians were — for they could serve up banquets in a trice, and produce the rarest fruits in the heart of winter — your acute American sprite can contrive to send the dollars in the way of his mistress. Here is an advertisement: "MRS. FISH AND THE MISSES FOX. An error crept into our notice of these ladies, as published in our last issue, concerning their locality. Our readers will please observe that they are at No. 78 West Twenty-Sixth Street. Strangers can be entertained on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, from 3 to 5 o'clock; also on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock." The charge seems to us moderate — only a dollar per head. What a blow it would be to these ladies, should their spiritual admirers desert them!

We are concerned to say that some little doubt was thrown upon the authenticity of the Fish and Fox performances by the revelations of a certain Mrs. Norman Culver, described as "a connection by marriage of the Fox family." Perhaps it may be worth while to insert her declaration: —

Catherine wanted some one to help her (make the rappings), and said that if I would become a *medium*, she would explain it all to me. She said that, when my cousin consulted the spirits, I must sit next to her, and touch her arm when the right letter was called. I did so, and was able to answer nearly all the questions correctly. After I had helped her in this way a few times, she revealed to me the secret. The raps are produced with the toes. All the toes are used. After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap; she said that she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found that heating my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier.

Catherine told me how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet. She said the reason why they asked people to write down several names on paper, and then point to them till the

spirit rapped at the right one, was to give them a chance to watch the countenance and motions of the person, and that in that way they could nearly always guess right. She also explained how they held down and moved tables. She told me that all I should have to do to make the raps heard on the table would be to put my foot against the bottom of the table when I rapped, and that, when I wished to make the raps sound distant on the wall, I must make them louder, and direct my own eyes earnestly to the spot where I wished them to be heard. She said, if I could put my foot against the bottom of the door, the raps would be heard on the top of the door. Catherine told me that when the committee held their ankles in Rochester, the Dutch servant-girl rapped with her knuckles under the floor from the cellar. The girl was instructed to rap whenever she heard their voices calling the spirits. Catherine also showed me how they made the signs of sawing and planing boards. When I was at Rochester, last January, Margaretta told me that, when people insisted on seeing her feet and toes, she could produce a few raps with her knees and ankles.

If, after this express and circumstantial declaration on the part of a connection of the Foxes, and without refutation of its falsity, it is really the case, as Mr. Spicer alleges, that their exhibitions are attended "by the *élite* of the city of New York, including several eminent judges and divines," we are forced to conclude that there is no bottom to the stomach of American credulity, and we begin to understand the secret of the success of Barnum. It is, to our apprehension, an uncommonly ugly story, and we really should like to know what steps were taken in consequence. Mrs. Culver stated that she was taught by the fair Catherine to make the rapping—was that tested? The Fox family, in vindication of themselves, were bound to have challenged her forthwith to exhibit her toes, and to have snapped them in the approved manner. Mr. Spicer has a natural reluctance to involve himself in the feminine quarrel; but, as he has undertaken to be the spiritual historian, he feels himself obliged to give some opinion. Here it is. "It is distressing to be compelled to arbitrate between two ladies of station and character, on a simple question of—who has fibbed? But some decision must be arrived at, and I give it at once as *mine*, that Mrs. Culver's statement *was, in the main, true*; Catherine Fox's, on which it was founded, *in the main false*." By this, we presume, he means that Miss Fox intended to humbug Mrs. Culver. A more damning hypothesis than this we cannot imagine. How does the case stand in that light? A girl, in the alleged possession of a miraculous faculty, not only states, to a female relative, that the whole thing is an imposture, but *explains the nature of the process, and teaches her to perform the tricks of the trade!* "After nearly a

week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce the raps perfectly!" Very odd that the ghosts' confidant should have the knack of producing sounds exactly similar to those which indicated their spiritual presence! And why did the little Sapphira criminate herself? The motive is perfectly obvious, and is assigned—"she wanted some one to help her." Mr. Spicer does not seem to understand the immense importance of this point upon the whole ghostly question. With the Foxes the spirit theory originated—with them the rappings commenced. Now, if it turns out that these rappings are the result of a trick, and that one of the family has confessed to the imposture and divulged the secret, down goes the whole edifice. It does not matter what has taken place afterwards; if the originators of the idea are impostors, so must all be who have followed after them.

Ten years ago it would have appeared absurd to approach the subject; but, since then, the case has altered. The phenomena of animal magnetism have unsettled the minds, and, we fear, perverted the religious faith of thousands, both in the Old World and the New. We have been deluged by itinerant Cagliostro's of all colors, exhibiting their powers for payment, on the platform; and as, in matters of this sort, novelty is everything, and one conjurer can only maintain his reputation by keeping ahead of another, falsehood and fraud have been brought in to supplement what was wanting. That a magnetic operator can exercise an extraordinary influence on the nervous system of a suitable patient, and even control his volition, must be admitted. Such a power, marvellous as it is, is nevertheless not miraculous, for it is produced, say the magnetists, by the operation of a subtle agent upon the nerves, which again influence the brain. It is somnambulism produced by artificial means. Somnambulism is by no means an unusual phenomenon. A person in that state, while walking in sleep, answers readily to interrogatories; and his fancy follows the suggestion of the speaker, so that he may be made to believe that he is roaming through the ruins of Memphis, when, in reality, he is wandering in his own bed-room. That is just the audible expression of a dream; and in it there is nothing hostile to nature. But at the very next step the limit is passed. Preternatural powers are now claimed, and it is alleged that the spiritual eye can discern real objects at distances and through media which the natural eye could not reach. This is *clairvoyance*—which we, not without examination, believe to be a most rank and filthy imposture.

It is very significant that the most usual, and, we have no doubt, the most profitable

branch of the *clairvoyant* trade, is that of describing diseases in the human frame. A patient is brought into the presence of the *clairvoyant*, who forthwith proceeds to give a diagnosis of the complaint, and a description of its seat, in terms which are certainly oracular. We have more than once heard a dialogue like the following—the interlocutors being the operator and the possessed one, of course confederates. “D’ye see that man?” —“Ay, I see him.” “Is he weel?” —“Far frae it!” “What’s the matter wi’ him?” —“The matter wi’ him! d’ye no see yon?” —“No; but what is’t ye see?” —“It’s that, ye ken—the thing there! Lord save us, how it’s loupin’! It’s a red thing, and a’ wrang thegither.” “Ay, is’t a red thing?” —“Just that.” “Will it get better?” —“I dinna ken; there’s something coming out o’t that’s no right. The man’s no weel ava!” “Can ye tell onything to mak him better?” —“Ay, there’s a thing he might tak, but I dinna mind the name o’t.” “What is’t, Davie, man? Think again!” —“Oo, it’s a pouther!” “A powder, is it! and what’s the color o’t?” —“It’s whiles ae color and whiles anither; ye can pit it in your mouth gin ye like!” “What kind o’ a taste has it?” —“It’s no nice.” “If he were to take it, wad it cure him?” —“If it did him nae gude, it wad do him nae harm!” Nor has it ever been our fortune to hear a more distinct opinion enunciated by a sleeping Esculapius.

As vivisection is out of the question, this branch of the craft may be pursued with perfect safety. But there is another more ticklish—that is, the description of distinct objects. In that, there is almost invariably such a sketch of ordinary furniture as prevails in every dwelling-house, and will apply to all. We never yet have heard of a properly authenticated instance of clairvoyance being exercised beyond the immediate locality—we mean such an instance as could put the possession, or rather the existence of such a power, beyond question—and that is, undoubtedly, the turning point of the whole controversy. During the last two years, when the mysterious fate of Sir John Franklin exercised such an influence over the public mind—as will indeed continue for years to come—the *clairvoyants* made many contradictory revelations. One saw him imbedded in ice far beyond Wellington straits—another beheld him captive among the rude tribes east of Siberia. But the singular thing was this; that no two unconnected *clairvoyants* agreed in their description. Some of them must have been liars, either wilfully or unconsciously; because it was impossible that the contradictory visions could be reconciled. We have no objection to adopt the hypothesis which corresponds with our idea

of magnetic power, that in these cases the so-called said *clairvoyant* merely followed the ideas of the operator; but, in that view, *clairvoyance* receives its death-blow. If it exists at all, it must exist independent of the impressions of the operator.

As regards seraphic visions, we are constrained to say that we hold them as purely blasphemous. Some miserable creature, far below the average of the human race in organization and intellect, presumes to carry messages from the supernal spheres, and to assume a greater power of vision than St. Stephen, when, at the moment of his martyrdom—but not till then—he saw the heavens opened. What awe can now invest the divine apocalypse of John, when, by a simple process, you can throw a serving-wench asleep, and extract from her far more specific details than were vouchsafed to the translated pen of the beloved apostle? We ask those who are Christians, and who yet are inclined to yield to this frightful delusion—which, after all their common sense should disdain—whether they do not consider themselves as guilty of most awful presumption in pursuing such inquiries? Granting that, by some inexplicable means, such revelations can be given; not such knowledge expressly forbidden in the one Book, which is the rule of all revelation. We can afford to smile at the folly of the belief, but we cannot excuse the impiety of their practice. They are made the dupes of knaves, while they are favored with spiritist revelations through means which the divine word has denounced.

The supporters of *clairvoyance* have a peculiar logic of their own. They maintain that failures, however numerous, are to be reckoned as no proofs against them; but that a single case of success is to be considered a triumph. Mr. Spicer puts the matter thus: “It is too much the fashion among curs inquirers to overlook the importance of what is done, in the failure of what is *not*. This is not fair. If you place twenty sealed letters on the table, with a different line written on each, and the ‘spirits,’ after failing in the first nineteen, read the twentieth, surely wonder in respect to that success is as great as the mode of compassing it as unaccountable as though nineteen failures had not preceded it.”

Now, is this view, as applied to clairvoyance, correct? We apprehend it is entirely fallacious. Let us take Mr. Spicer’s case. An operator brings a patient into the so-called clairvoyant state. A sealed letter is laid on the table before him, and he is asked to see it; he replies in the affirmative. Then asked if he can read its contents, he answers, “Yes.” He is then desired to read it, and he reads something which is therein written. Is that not proof, an

cisive proof, against clairvoyance? The letter is before the patient; and if he says that he *cannot* read its contents, then it may, with perfect propriety, be maintained that he has not attained that state of lucidity which would enable him to perform such a feat. But if he says that he *can* read it, and proceeds to enunciate something which is *not* in the letter, then he disproves *clairvoyance*. What he sees, or says that he sees, is not the thing that is there; therefore, he is either altogether an impostor, or is laboring under a mental hallucination which is equally fatal to his pretensions. It will not do to say that here or there a successful result has been achieved. Guessing may do much, and trickery more; but nothing can be received as a fact which relies on exceptions, not on rules. We have seen the experiment tried with closed boxes. The patient invariably professed to see what was within, but, very curiously, he never gave the object its proper name. It was something either long, or broad, or round, or square, or queer, or yellow; but *what* it was he never would tell, though he professed to see it distinctly; and he only made one response which a liberal imagination could in any way reconcile with the reality. Yet he said that he saw. Saw what? Not the articles that were in the boxes, if he saw anything, but very different objects. Is *that* nothing against the lucid faculty? Why, the most stolid and stupid clodhopper in ancient times would have despised the spawwife only one of whose predictions out of twenty proved ultimately true.

What with ghost-illuminations, magnetic crystals, magical-glass globes, and such-like rubbish, which might aptly figure in a catalogue of the household furniture of the late lamented Cornelius Agrippa, many men, calling themselves philosophers, seem to have taken leave of their senses. We have gone back to the old trash of King James' witchcraft. Nothing is so absurd as to render it unworthy of credence — nay, the absurder it is, the more eagerly is it paraded as a truth. We have no wish to see the field of investigation limited — where an express limit has not been assigned by the highest authority — but it amazes us that men of science do not see the mischief which their credulity causes. Some scoundrelly miscreant professes to have a familiar spirit. He is not sent to the treadmill as a client and impostor, as he ought to be, but is visited by learned doctors and grave inquirers, whose attention makes his fortune. The public are told that So-and-so, an eminent philosopher, has inquired into the matter, and is greatly puzzled — cannot, in fact, make up his mind — rather inclines, than otherwise, to believe that Adoniram Pumpkins is in communication with a familiar spirit — and the acute Adoniram immediately adver-

tises a *séance*, at five shillings a head, and reaps a harvest from the gulls. Now, there has been a great deal said about *clairvoyance*, but the practical test remains unsolved. A gentleman of the very highest distinction in the scientific world — one whose medical reputation is more than European, and who adorns the university to which he belongs — has offered a large sum of money if any *clairvoyant* can read a line of Shakspeare which he has written out and deposited in a sealed box. The challenge has now been given for a long time, yet the attempt never has been made. *Clairvoyants* have described royal relics as built up in walls, *somewhere*, and have even favored us with drawings of them, but they cannot produce them. However, we ought not to be in a hurry. It would by no means amaze us if the specified relics came to light; for there is such a thing as indicating a treasure, "by aid of the spirits," after the manner of Dousterswivel, and then discovering it. Joe Smith, the Mahomet of the Mormons, was a profound philosopher. He calculated, not on the common sense, but on the amazing credulity of mankind, and actually succeeded in founding a new religion. Let us do justice to Joe. He was not a whit more absurd nor profane than many educated men in this country who ought to know better. But he was much cleverer, for he duped others, whilst they are the egregious dupes.

Surely no simpler test than that we have alluded to can be proposed. Countless *clairvoyants* profess to do far more wonderful things every day — well, let them read the line. They say their vision penetrates over sea and land — space is nothing to them — they can bring you news from the antipodes in a trice; can tell you the address of a letter in the pocket of a laborer at the diggings. Why cannot they read the simpler and easier task of a single line in a box at home? Just because the whole thing is a tissue of unmitigated humbug; and the countenance of such pretensions will hereafter be regarded as a serious stigma upon the intellectual character of the age.

But we must return to Spicer and his spirits. The *modus operandi* is quite simple. The party assemble round a table, at the head of which sits the *medium*, priest or priestess as the case may be. There is no kind of invocation used. The spirits enter the room invisibly of their own accord, in a free-and-easy way, and each announces his arrival by a rap. Then the alphabet is produced; but as the process of calling out the letters is rather tedious, a child's alphabet-box is employed, and a pencil is moved along the literal line. When it touches the proper letter there is another rap, and the answer to any proposed query is thus spelled out.

This is a very dreary kind of exhibition,

and was evidently felt to be such even by the enthusiastic Spicer; but it is a little enlivened by gymnastics. If spiritual knuckles can produce sound, why should not spiritual muscles induce motion? The one is as reasonable as the other; and accordingly it is common to request the spirits to move the table. The following is Mr. Spicer's account of the phenomena which he witnessed:—

It was next proposed that proof should be afforded of the power possessed by the spirits to move substances; and they were requested to exercise it upon the table. Every one drew a little apart, in such a manner that none of the sitters' legs should approach it, and, so far as could be observed, this condition was most honorably fulfilled. In a moment or two, the table, like Birnam Wood, "began to move;" and if my astonishment and discomfiture did not equal that of the deluded thane, it was because petticoats are redundant, and it was impossible not to feel how completely it was at the discretion of any zealous little foot to assist the spirits in the performance of this manœuvre.

"Move the tables, indeed!" you say; "why, a spirit might as well be expected to draw a cork!" Our dear sir, these spirits can do more wonderful things than draw corks—they can imbibe with considerable gusto. Death makes no difference in the national taste; and we presume an American spirit would still indicate its preference for a mint-julep, or a brandy cock-tail, over weaker compounds. Your German ghost, with fine Teutonic inflexibility, sticks steadily to its beer. What think you of the following well-authenticated instance? "Kern had engaged Hahn's servant—a man of about forty years of age, and of entire singleness of character—to stay with him. One night, as Kern lay in his bed, and this man was standing near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement, he beheld a jug of beer, which stood on a table in the room, at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted, and emptied as by some one drinking, whilst John, the servant, exclaimed in terrified surprise, 'Lord—it swallows!' The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor!"

Who need marvel after this at the mysterious manner in which tea and sugar sometimes disappear, and the mirific diminishment of the contents of the brandy bottle? How many excellent and blameless servants must have been discharged, with their characters slightly tainted, on account of the appetite of the spirits! Yet, after all, this German was not an exorbitantly thirsty soul—he seems to have been contented with a modest

quencher. A Highland ghost, now, would have made wild work with the *agua vite*; and the departed of Glasgow must surely be chargeable with some share of that frightful consumption of alcohol, which has made our western capital so notorious.

"But the tables were moved!" Yes, and the beer vanished; and, for a charge of a couple of shillings, M. Robin will show you fifty feats more marvellous and inexplicable. But this is nothing to what has occurred. The house of the Rev. Dr. Eliakim Phelps was taken possession of by a whole regiment of spirits, who had a decided turn for the fine arts. "The furniture of the lower rooms lay scattered in the utmost confusion in every direction. After hastily restoring some kind of order, the family proceeded to the upper rooms, in hopes of discovering some clue to the authors of these strange doings. A most extraordinary scene presented itself! A number of figures—probably eight or ten—constructed with great skill by means of various articles of wearing apparel and bed-room furniture, were found in the middle of the room in a kneeling attitude, each having before an open Bible! After exhausting their wonder and conjectures, excited by this extraordinary spectacle, the family closed up the phantom-chamber, as it was thenceforth called, leaving the dumb kneeling circle as they were found; and the doctor himself took possession of the key. In spite of this precaution, however, some strange addition was daily made to the phantom group, without a possibility of tracing the hand at work upon it." W. Phelps, junior, a boy about eleven, was pining to go to church, his boots and were suddenly missing! That is not together an unexampled phenomenon. How some one was barbarous enough to drag another pair of Bluchers and a caubeen; these also miraculously vanished. They only discovered, "after a long search"—we presume, until the doctor had reached the peroration of his sermon. It is odd that spirits who thus practically protested against the doctor's oratory, should have selected his house as the theatre of their malicious pranks. For long months peace was a stranger to the dwelling of the Phelps. The furniture came locomotive, and walked about of its accord, just as if the chairs and table been studying Washington Irving's tale of the Bold Dragoon. There was an awful singing of glass. "I have seen," writes vexed-at-heart Eliakim, "objects, such as brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, snuffers, which, but a few moments before, I knew to be at rest, fly against the glass and dash to pieces, when it was utterly impossible to determine the direction in which they moved, though visible power could have caused their mo-

But for the production of the Bibles, we should say that this was a case for exorcism and holy water. But can anything be more preposterous than this! The laws of nature are suspended, the spirits of the dead return — all for what! To rattle Dr. Phelps' furniture about, and to pitch the snuffers through his windows! There is usually some kind of poise between cause and effect. We can understand how, in the words of Horatio —

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,

— for natural portents are not inappropriate to the violent death of a hero. But were the gates of Tartarus opened, that the windows of Phelps might be broken! A more bairnly set of hobgoblins than clustered round the Reverend Eliakim it is impossible to conceive; and we are of opinion that they might, without much trouble, have been decoyed into the interior of an emptied sugar-barrel.

After all, Beelzebub is but a poor imitator. He was but trying, beneath the roof-tree of Dr. Phelps, to reproduce phenomena which were played off at Woodstock, upon the occasion of the visit of the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1649, with infinitely greater effect. Had the ghost of Funny Joe Collins, the contriver of the Woodstock phantasmagoria, been amongst the number of the Phelpsian visitants, he would have made every one in the neighborhood roar, like Trinculo, with terror! Contrast the pointless idiocy of the American demonstrations, with the fine, bold, masterly performances of Collins.

October 30. — Something walked into the chamber, treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently upon the floor, and so bruised it that it was spoiled. Vast quantities of glass were now thrown about the room, and vast numbers of great stones and horses' bones were thrown in. These were all found in the morning, and the floors, beds, and walls were all much damaged by the violence they were thrown in.

November 1. — Candles were placed in all parts of the room, and a great fire made. At midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed all over the room and about the beds; and had not their honors called in Giles and his fellows, the house had assuredly been burnt. An hour after the candles went out, as usual, the clack of many cannons was heard, and many pailfuls of green, stinking water were thrown on their honors in bed; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads torn and broken; the windows were now all really broken, and the whole neighborhood alarmed with the noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were so frightened at the dismal thundering, that they fled for fear and left their ferrets behind them.

One of their honors this night spoke, and in the name of God asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so? No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the doorway between the two chambers, to see what passed; and, as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff of the candle, to scrape it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword; but he had scarce got it out, when he perceived another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at last prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pommel, that he fell down for dead with the blow.

Now, we call that a respectable style of apparition — place, time, and motive being all in perfect keeping; and the design and execution alike creditable to the artist. Had Joe Collins kept his own council, the Woodstock case would have been the Iliad of the spiritual manifestations, for there is a pith and purpose about it which makes us scorn the drivelling of the Yankee ghosts. But he was too much tickled with the delight of the joke to conceal his agency; and consequently he is not quoted by the historians of the invisible world.

From Phelps we pass to Judge Edmonds. This dignitary, it seems, was formerly an unbeliever, but had gradually altered his views. The following is an account of what occurred at a spiritual meeting at the house of a Mr. Partridge. In the list of those said to have been present, we find "Mrs Fox and her daughters."

Rappings were heard, and a communication from the "spirits" requested the company to play upon a piano in the room. This was done, the raps beating accurate time to the measure. Mr. Gordon, who was a *medium*, was thrown into a magnetic sleep, during which he gave utterance to some remarks directed against the too ready yielding to sister superstitions with those which, in past ages, obstructed the advance of gospel light — (we omit the remainder of the sentence as blasphemous).

While this was proceeding, sounds were occasionally heard on the door and sides of the apartment aloof from any person, as loud as could be produced by a violent "pounding" with a man's fist. The table at which Mr. Partridge was employed in taking notes, was several times moved from its place; and a chair, which stood outside of the circle, and several feet distant from any one present, was moved up to the circle, and back again, placed on its side, &c. These, however, were the usual phenomena, and of such frequent occurrence that they excited but little interest.

We pause to make a moral reflection. You

see, dear reader, how common everything becomes by use. We warrant now, that if, on walking into your drawing-room, you were to find the chairs chasing one another, the tables staggering under the influence of intoxication, and the sofas frantically curvetting, you would feel not a little amazed. These things, however, the philosophic American treats with intense disdain; and, we doubt not, gives the footstool an admonitory kick, as it playfully attempts to jump into the coal-scuttle. But to resume our quotation:—

In the present case they proved to be but the prologue to demonstrations of a most astounding character, and such as, I am fully aware, will tax to the utmost the faith of the uninitiated in the veracity of those upon whose concurrent testimony these facts were subsequently made public.

At the stage of the proceedings last alluded to, it was proposed by *some one* to darken the room, in order to try whether the lights and sparkles, known frequently to accompany the manifestations in former instances, would be perceptible. It was accordingly done, and the lights were observed, at different times and in different parts of the room—sometimes resembling phosphorescent flames, sometimes forming luminous clouds moving about, sometimes like glistening stars, crystals, or diamonds. Physical demonstrations increased in variety and force, and continued for three hours, “during which,” says Mr. Partridge, “*the judge seemed to be in the possession of the spirits.*” Many things occurred to him which he mentioned that he alone could be conscious of; though we could perceive that something extraordinary was going on with and around him. Many things, however, also occurred, which all could witness.

The card-table before mentioned began to move with violent force from one side of our circle (which was large) to the other, rocking, and rising up and coming down; and, finally, the leaf was shut up, the cover turned round to its place, the table was gently turned upside down, and laid at our feet. In this situation, myself and others took hold of it, and ascertained its position; and, after a short interval, it was turned up, the leaf opened, and the table placed as before. A chair, which stood outside of our circle, and several feet from any one, was suddenly moved up to the circle and back, rocked, and finally, with great rapidity, conveyed from one end of the room to the other, winding its way among the people who sat there without touching them, and yet at times passing with fearful rapidity within an inch or two of our persons. . . . A pocket-handkerchief was taken from the judge's pocket, and tied into many knots and put back again; a table-brush was taken from the shelf, and put into the hands of several persons successively, and taken out again, and their hair brushed with it!!!

O, Partridge, Partridge!—for we are led to understand that the foregoing is your account, not that of Henry Spicer, Esq.—

what manner of man thou art, or what is thy calling, we know not, and we never may know; but this we will say for thee, that thou art a consummate master of bathos! Why wert thou not content with the crystals, and diamonds, and phosphorescence and coruscations? These might have won the hearts of young believers; but who can figure Ariel tying knots upon the handkerchief, or what stomach revolts not at the apparition of that beastly brush?

We shall, however, be told not to scoff, but to reason; and there are one or two points in the preceding narrative which we think it right to notice. We assume this to be, in substance, the narrative of Mr. Partridge, who was present, and that he remains uncontradicted by any others who were there. So be it. That is a broad assumption, but we do not wish to stand upon trifles. In the first place, after a preliminary rapping, such as constantly occurred when Miss Catherine Fox was present, music was demanded by the spirits. That may be a peculiar and favorite taste of theirs, for anything we know to the contrary; it is enough for us that natural sounds were required, to allow the development of the non-natural. In this we observe a strong family likeness to legerdemain exhibitions, which seldom go on smoothly unless the attention of the audience is distracted. Next, Mr. Gordon, a *medium*, drops into a magnetic sleep, and makes use of expressions from which, we sincerely hope, his waking sense would revolt. An inspired chair jumps about without any obvious reason, but no one pays attention to it; and the next notable occurrence is, that “some one” proposes to darken the room. We should like to know who made that proposition! If it was Mr. Partridge, it is deeply to be regretted that his modesty has kept him in the back-ground; it is always well, in matters like this, to be specific. The room was darkened accordingly, “to try whether the lights or sparkles” would appear. And it seems that they did appear. *But to whom?* The gifted narrator does not tell us who observed the lights. Is he recounting his own impression, or that of the whole company? On a late grand occasion, about which there could be no dispute—the eclipse of the sun—our scientific men were not at one about the color and shape of certain rays or flames which were thought to issue from the verge of the solar disc, towards the moment of obscuration. The spiritual phenomena, being more recondite, and certainly less generally understood than those which are purely natural, require more exactitude in the telling. Who saw those crystals, diamonds, phosphorescence, &c.? Was it Partridge only—or did the Foxes likewise see them—or were they visible to the rest of the company? On these very essen-

tial points we are left utterly in the dark — as utterly as Judge Edmonds, who, with a halo of glory around him, “seemed to be in the possession of the spirits!” As Mr. Partridge cannot tell us what occurred to the judge, we shall not be inquisitive to know. Many things may have occurred to him. Had we been in his place, it would have occurred to us that a slight supper, not unaccompanied by some mildly diluted spirits, might be salubrious after such a *séance*; though, with a modesty equal to his, we should have abstained from hinting our desire. No doubt “something extraordinary was going on with and around him.” Gentlemen’s handkerchiefs do not usually emerge from their pockets from an innate desire of being tied into knots; and surely it would be a great satisfaction for the judge to know what spirit took that liberty with his movables.

However, the room being darkened, the furniture began to race about at a speed or “fearful rapidity” which no article seems to have attained when the candles were lighted. It was all the difference between a mild sideling and the fanaticism of a Highland reel. In the day-time your chair might deceive you, jerking back as you confidently surrendered your nether man to it; and you might be greeted with a spiritual guffaw, and a general rapping indicative of the delight which the ghosts received from your hurt upon the *os coccygis*. But, dows the glim, and there is the very devil to pay. Tables are turned upside down, the room being so dark that their position can only be ascertained by touch. An arm-chair conceives that it is a steam-engine, and whisks recklessly by. We remember, in days long past, having played at blind-man’s-buff in a darkened room, and we at once recognize the truth of the American phenomena. How the furniture did use to go about! You thought you were catching a nymph, and a screen came slap in your face, eliciting diamonds and coruscations more brilliant than any which Rundell and Bridge could exhibit. An ancestral chair by the fire-place became, on these occasions, a perfect demon. It would have been easier to stand the shock of Cœur-de-Lion, than the tilt of that venerable mahogany. But then we were not magicians. Granting that we occasionally caught a spirit, a very slight shriek was elicited, and the “rappings” were decidedly few. In sober earnestness, we beg to observe that this “manifestation” is by far the most suspicious of any which has yet been cited; and that — though dignified by the presence of a judge, “in the possession of the spirits” — we cannot by any means accept it as conclusive of the ghostly power. We make no imputation against any one. Mr. Partridge is as

much a shade to us as the spirit who, he presumes, impelled his arm-chair. Fleshly or disembodied, they may be excellent fellows both; but our belief in them is just the same which we repose in the shade of Katterfelto.

It is, however, no joke to be “in the possession of the spirits,” for they are apt to play strange pranks with those who surrender themselves to their power. It is not pleasant to be whisked up to the roof, and suspended from it like a gigantic spider, after the manner of Ilervio Nano, the original Gnome-fly. Nevertheless, an eyewitness has stated that Mr. Daniel D. Hume, a *medium*, was placed in this singular position.

Suddenly, and without any expectation on the part of the company, the *medium*, Mr. Hume, was taken up in the air! I had hold of his hand at the time, and I felt of his feet; they were lifted a foot from the floor! He palpitated from head to foot with the contending emotions of joy and fear which choked his utterance. Again and again he was taken from the floor, and the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hands and head came in gentle contact. I felt the distance from the soles of his boots to the floor, and it was nearly three feet. Others touched his feet to satisfy themselves.

We confess that we would have given a trifle to have seen the palpitating *medium* sprawling in the air! We presume this settles the question about the suspension of Mahomet’s coffin; for no stanch Mussulman ghost would grudge the labor of upholding it. The experiment, however, has been attempted before. Manlius, the friend of Melancthon, tells us in his *Collectanea* — “I was acquainted with a certain person, called Faust of Kundling, a small town in Wirtemberg. He was a Cracovian Scholasticus, and read lectures on magic in the university there. He was a great Rambler, and possessed many secrets. At Venice, wishing to amuse the populace, he boasted that he would fly up to heaven. *The devil accordingly wafted him up a certain height*, but dashed him down again in such a plight that he lay half dead on the ground.” We insert this extract from the writings of a very learned man, by way of warning to the American experimentalists. Johanna Southcote, if we mistake not, expected to be “taken up;” and her Scottish imitator, Luckie Buchan, actually stood tiptoe on the top of a hill in Dumfriesshire, vainly soliciting a soar. Daniel has transcended Johanna — Hume has risen beyond Buchan.

But is it not possible that some of these phenomena may be attributable to natural agencies, such as magnetism, electricity, &c., though their operation is not yet understood? That is a very fair question; and we, who

detest dogmatism almost as thoroughly as deception, have no objection to answer it. Our experience of the past warrants us in concluding that there are many natural agencies with which we are imperfectly acquainted. Among the most important of these is electricity, whether it emanates from animated or inanimate objects; and no man, we think, is entitled to deny the genuineness of alleged phenomena, on account of their singularity or startling nature, so long as they can be attributed to a natural source. Thus, if it were alleged that, through the operation of magnetism, luminous points or sparkles were made to appear in a darkened room, we should not be justified in sneering at the statement, simply because it is contrary to our own experience. Nay, we shall go even further. It is not impossible, though certainly improbable, that an object, such as a table, may be so impregnated and surcharged with electricity, as to be moved, without visible power, from its place. But to tell us that handkerchiefs can spontaneously tie themselves into knots, and hair-brushes rush of their own accord to people's heads, is a direct insult to the understanding, and is indeed admitted to be so by the illuminati. They are obliged to have recourse to spirits; and not hypothetically to account for some wonderful phenomenon, but directly, from positive revelations vouchsafed to themselves. Now with this, science has nothing at all to do. They are asserting, not natural, but supernatural agencies; and these we utterly deny. Let it be observed that we do not express a disbelief in reported results, solely because the spiritualists choose to refer them to preternatural causes. It is possible that a table might move, or lights be exhibited, without spiritual intervention; but these men have cut the ground from beneath their own feet. They do not argue that these phenomena *may* have been produced by spiritual intervention, but they declare that they *were* so produced; and, with singular audacity, they have undertaken to prove that position. The reader, who has hitherto been introduced to "rappings," locomotive furniture, self-acting hair-brushes, and tortuous handkerchiefs, must now prepare himself for something stronger. We recommend him to take a caulker, by way of fortifying himself for the revelation.

THE SPIRITS CAN MAKE THEMSELVES VISIBLE! Yes — indeed they can; and, what is more, they can sign their names. Here is the statement as to the latter fact: —

At one of a series of meetings (hereafter more particularly described), convened for the purpose of "spiritual intercourse," at the residence of Mr. Charles Partridge, New York, the subject of Kossuth's "mission" was referred to, and

(whether from a desire to know how far "material aid" might be safely accorded, or from idle curiosity as to the missing crown of Hungary) pressed somewhat eagerly upon the notice of the spirits. The latter, however, cut all questions short, by addressing the medium, Mr. Edward P. Fowler, thus —

"Edward, place a paper on your table, and we will write a sentiment upon this matter, and subscribe it with our names. You will then sign it also."

The result reported was as follows: —

In accordance with the above directions, Edward placed a paper on his table, in his sleeping-room, which was duly written upon in the course of the night, and signed by forty-three spirits. It was subsequently signed by the members of the circle; but, owing to the omission of the history, and the irregular mode of affixing the signatures of the members, the spirits made the following communication at the succeeding regular meeting — "Burn that, and we will write upon another."

Accordingly, the first paper was destroyed, and a parchment was procured, and placed on Edward's table, on his retiring for the night. On the morning of the 23d of December, when the medium rose, he found the sentiment, "Peace, but not without freedom," and the signatures inscribed on the parchment.

At the meeting of the circle held on the 25th of December, Dr. Hall asked the spirits whether each spirit executed his or her own name, as they occurred on the parchment, when the spirits answered emphatically — "Yes!"

We hope that document will be preserved with as much care as the original Declaration of Independence. It ought to be; for who do you think signed it among others? Why — BENJAMIN FRANKLIN! Don't be surprised, dear reader — we shall get to Washington by and by. Edward B. Fowler, it would appear, is a remarkably gifted seer — quite a Joe Smith in his way — and Franklin, or rather the spirit of that illustrious man, requested him to get a book, and note down very particularly his experiences. Charles Partridge, who was present, inspired by a natural jealousy of the preference shown to the Fowler, inquired — rather impertinently, as we think — whether, if he had been in the room, he could have seen what Edward saw? The reader must understand that, by this time, the spirits had vouchsafed to appear as carnalities to Fowler. Franklin's reply conveys a dignified and proper rebuke. "Your sphere would not have permitted us to present ourselves even to Edward." The Partridge was caught in his own snare — a victim to the Fowler. It so happened, however, that the latter had mentioned the apparition of the queer little man in his room on the previous evening, and another of the party requested to know what name he bore in the flesh.

Franklin courteously replied, "The small man was Hahnemann." We wonder whether any deceased allopathist is permitted to walk.

No; we protest that it is no hoax of ours. Spicer may be hoaxing us, for, as we said before, he is a funny and facetious fellow, but we quote accurately from his volume. Now, then, putting aside the appearances, which are simply harmless, especially as they are confined to Fowler, let us seriously consider the inconveniences of *post-mortem* signature. We never heard of such a thing before, except in the case of Sir Robert Redguntlet, and his receipt went hissing like a squib up the chimney. Another judge, of the name of Gray, is stated to have signed a document expressive of his belief in the genuineness of the spiritual subscriptions. In that case, we congratulate the forgers of New York. One thing is quite evident, that they may now counterfeit with impunity the handwriting of any deceased party. For some years to come, it is improbable that spirits will be admitted to the witness-box, or required to take an oath; and, supposing it to be established that spirits can write, it is difficult to imagine how a defence, resting on the authenticity of the signature, could be repelled. Suppose a man dies in the act of executing a will, and, five minutes afterwards, his spirit "raps" for two witnesses, and signs the deed in their presence, will it be good in law? Why not? There is the signature, and nobody else made it; and it would be hard to maintain that the spirit could not remedy the infirmity of the dying hand. There is a splendid prospect open for collectors of autographs. Letters from the dead will soon become as plentiful as strawberries — nay, we greatly fear that they will tread upon the heels of the living. Washington is at it again. Would you like to hear him!

O, ye men of intelligence! Be ye warned that this doctrine of spiritual intercourse will spread and overleap all opposition. Be patient, examine, investigate — try all things by the un-failing laws of nature and reason. Be not easily turned from your course — let "onward and upward" be your watchword. All will be well if you persevere. Have charity; love your opposers; forbear; seek to enlighten them. O! be forgiving; you are progressing.

It is very well for Washington to ask us to be patient; but what patience can stand such frightful drivel! Why, the man — we beg pardon — ghost, has forgot the significance of language, for it is rank nonsense in a spirit, holding spiritual intercourse, to call that communication a doctrine. Can it be that spirits, like men, are liable to intellectual decay? It is an awful idea; but, from the foregoing specimen, it is evident that Washington is entitled to the privileges of the Fogie Club.

CCCLXXV. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 52

Would you like a touch of Jefferson by way of relief? Here goes: —

The anniversary of America's birth is now being observed by millions of happy people, who enjoy the greatest blessings of any earthly nation. These blessings were won by a thorough and impartial investigation of the various theories of government, one of which was carried out in practice by a class of men who were not afraid of truth. In all its affairs (the government) it is as near the intended of God as its founders could, at that time, adopt, and at the same time consolidate the States. But, with all its blessings, it was not perfect; nor is it yet, and probably never will be. The Union, as it is, is worth preserving, and I pray my countrymen will not destroy it, for as sure as they do, civil war and carnage will assuredly follow. *Better permit one evil than to destroy all that is good.*

Perhaps the reader will be better able to appreciate the truly Roman stoicism of the last sentence, when we remind him that the children of Jefferson were, after his death, publicly sold for slaves in the market of New Orleans. In the midst of ineffable glory, the spirit of Jefferson yet approves of the human traffic!

We hope these specimens will suffice — for we really have not space to notice the posthumous writings of Calvin and Fenelon, who, along with others of less celebrity, have deigned to communicate their spiritual musings to the American ear. In truth, this is a very serious revelation for authors. What would become of the living novelists were a new series of the Waverley tales to be spiritually communicated? Are they safe against Cervantes and Boccaccio? Not at all. Spirits are proficient in all languages; and the new style both of Calvin and Fenelon is sonorous with the Yankee twang. It is really too bad that the bread is to be taken out of our mouths by deceased authors, who can have no claim to copyright. Protection, they tell us, is dead. Alas! the grave itself is now no protection. We appeal to the reading public. Do they really want more of N. P. Willis? If they do, it is no use repeating the Oriental wish that he may live for a thousand years; for, according to the new method, he may write till the world is in flames. We remember reading, some years ago, in one of the periodicals, a rather impertinent paper, in which the popular authors of the day were represented as embarking on a perilous aerial voyage; and when one of them, whom we are glad to know is still fresh and lively, was represented as having met with a fatal accident, the sole moan made by the survivors was expressed in the emphatic words — "Well! that's one serial done for at all events!" But, if these American revelations be true, living authors will shortly be worse off than Macbeth — there will not be a corner

for them at the table. We shall be obliged to hire spiritual braves to make away with the shades of our predecessors. Has any man a literary rival? If so, his course is clear — let him settle on him an annuity. His business is to retain him as long as possible in the flesh; not to allow him to go out as an active and under-selling spirit. For ourselves, we defy competition; but we tremble to think what might be the fate of the poor lads who write for the *Edinburgh Review*, should the defunct contributors take a fancy to enliven the Blue and Yellow! Not that Mackintosh would make much sensation. Allowing for spiritual improvement, he would remain as heavy as a sack of turnips; but, in the present state of the hotch-potch, Sydney Smith, spiritualized, would be a most valuable adjunct. We shall allow no political feelings to sway us. We utterly and entirely protest against posthumous productions of the defunct. Since we began this article we have been approached upon the spiritual side, and the bait was certainly a tempting one. It was neither more nor less than an offer from the spirit of Ossian of a dictation of his real poems as they ought to appear in the Saxon garb. We are always averse to betray confidence, even though it comes through spirits; and therefore we turn to Spicer for posthumous poetry, believing that Ossian will "rap," when we allude to him, if we are guilty of any dishonor.

Indefatigable during his life, Southey is still hard at work; though we are rather surprised to find him selecting American confidants. We abstain from quoting his poem, solely on account of the subject, which is personal and painful, relating to the mental malady that darkened his latter years. Shelley, we are sorry to observe, has lost much of his power of rhythm since he became a shade. Indeed, his lines will not scan; and his words have no meaning. It is evident that the spirit who dictated the following lines is inadequate to the composition of such a poem as the *Sensitive Plant*: —

Here am I blest! My mind can sweep o'er all
Of beauty, and drink in a freedom
That on earth I was denied. Earth's sons,
With souls of clay, would have despoiled me;
They made me what I was — they made me doubt;
But here, they have no power to mar my soul,
For to my luminous spirit is revealed
What once was dim and shadowy on earth.
Ah! Immortality, thy bliss — and still
'T was I who doubted thee!

Friend, listen why:
I saw the wrongs in Church and State, and I, too,
Saw a power to right them, and to make
An Eden's garden smiling here;
But others scorned, and wished not to right
Those wrongs I saw, for they were false,
Yet feigning to be true!

In justice to the poet, we ought to state our

belief that the fault here lay with the *medium*, who has blundered the verse, and deserves to have his ears cropped. More pitiable doggerel cannot be conceived; and it is disgusting to think that Shelley's ghost was not allowed the opportunity of a revise. We lament to say that Edgar A. Poe, the author of "The Raven," is still spirituously addicted; and that his shade composes under the influence of intoxication. Mrs. Lydia Tenney, of Georgetown, Massachusetts, a noted *medium* — by the way, it is worth remarking that a person of the name of Tenney signed a certificate of the truth of the Fox demonstrations — lately communicated to a magnetic circle a message and poem from the deceased bard. It is not easy to decide whether they flavor most of peach-brandy or of ether.

Listen to me, and I will tell you of beautiful things — of thoughts both wild and tender — both soothing and tumultuous, which dwell in a human heart. A question which has moved the minds of millions is, What is the end and aim of imagination? — for what was it implanted in the human organization? What was my own? but a vortex rushing within itself, upon whose brink I could seem to stand and see *what was being swallowed* and reproduced — thorns, jagged rocks, beautiful flowers — all in the whirl of this ceaseless current merged.

O, the dark, the awful chasm!
O, the fearful spirit spasm!
Wrought by unrestrained passion
In my heart.
Fancies joyous, but alluring;
Love pure, but unending,
From time to time securing
Each a part.

Then embraced by seraph bands —
Drawn by tender, loving hands —
From those treacherous, hateful sands
Of despair.
How my soul was waked to gladness,
And cast off the deadening sadness,
And the soul-devouring madness
Writhing there!

May we be caught up and suspended from the ceiling, like Daniel D. Hume, if we stand this any longer! These Transatlantic ghosts are superlative idiots; let us try whether we cannot elicit something better from a native apparition. For the last quarter of an hour there has been an incessant rapping on our table — there is an odor of usquebau in the apartment, and we hear the droning of a spiritual baggage. The shade of old Ossian awaits us! At the corner of the street there stands a first-rate *medium*, Dugald Macvurich by name, and he also is of the race of the bards. Him we entice, by the promise of a bottle of whiskey and a quarter of a pound of pigtail, into our study; and having explained to him our wishes, which he readily comprehends — for his father's sister's husband's cousin had

the gift of the second-sight, and it may therefore be said to be in the family — we give him a single dram, by way of composing draught, and patiently await the result. Dugald pechs. That, though a familiar magnetic symptom, may be accounted for naturally, the spirit being considerably above proof. But now a fine agitation convulses his furrowed features. His hair begins to bristle, and his legs are jerked as if he were executing a strathspey! There can be no doubt of it now — he is fully possessed by the ancient Caledonian muse. Starting to his feet, he catches up a pair of bellows, which, inserted beneath his left arm, makes no contemptible substitute for the bagpipe; and, marching round the apartment, he delivers the following magnificent fragment, which we hope will silence forever the puny piping of the Yankee spirits: —

MACTAVISH AND THE QUEEN OF PHAERIE.

A HIGHLAND BALLAD.

Communicated by the Shade of Ossian.

I will sing you songs
To make your heart-strings tingle;
They were made by me,
Ossian, son of Fingal,
In honor of a chief,
Called Forquhard Mhor Mactavish;
To whom the females were
Of their attentions lavish.

Half-way up the glen,
Near the springs of Aven,
Where the black-cock builds,
As also does the raven —
There his henchman, Ian,
Found him on the heather,
With his flask of spirits
Emptied altogether!

Such a thing as this
Was indeed uncommon,
For the chief could drink
With any son of woman;
And it did appear
To his henchman, Ian,
That some wondrous sight
The chieftain had been seeing.

Water on his face
His foster-brother spluttered,
And a prayer or two
To good Saint Fillan uttered;
Till Mactavish gave
Signs of animation,
And could undertake
The task of his narration.

First his nose he fed
With a pinch of sneeshan,
Then he thus remarked,
"I have seen a vision!
I shall tell you all,
That you may judge the fitness
Of the things whereof
I have been the witness.

"I had not consumed
More than half a gallon,
With Rory Oig M'Craw,
And Angus, son of Allan;

And was walking home
In this same position,
When my eyes beheld
A beauteous apparition.

"From a tuft of rushes
Rose a splendid figure,
About a salmon's height,
Perhaps a little bigger.
She was dressed in green,
Her arms were rather hairy,
And I knew at once
It was the Queen of Phaerie!"

At this point, owing to an unlucky accident, the recitation terminated. A large chair, originally from Dunstaffnage, became greatly excited by the strain; and, after attempting to dance a jig, rushed furiously across the room, and came in violent contact with Macvurich's shins. The inspired *medium* went down like a nine-pin, nor could we again bring him to the scratch. That he was under spiritual influence, however, there can be no doubt; indeed, he muttered something, though incoherently, about "the spirits" — employing, to denote them, the Gaelic synonyme of *Ferintosh*. It is to be hoped that, on some future occasion, the shade of Ossian will condescend to dictate the remainder of this delectable poem.

Will any one dare to doubt the authenticity of this "communication?" We are quite prepared to argue that point, and to prove its possibility from antecedents. Homer, a much older poet than Ossian, was called up by the magician Faust, and we have it, on the authority of Marlowe, that he was compelled to improvise.

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Enon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistopheles?

We are ready, at all events, to make our affidavit that the Ossianic fragment is quite as genuine as the American spiritual minstrelsy.

Well, dear reader, what do you say to all this? Are you a convert to the spiritual manifestations, or do you still remain incredulous? We have positively nothing more to say — we have simply expounded Spicer. He is a believer, though less from anything he has seen (the spirits not being active in his presence) than from what he has heard. It may, however, occur to you, as it occurs to us, that it is somewhat strange that this spiritual intercourse should have been so long deferred. Possibly St. Anthony was not tempted by demons, but simply haunted by ghosts; possibly Luther mistook the nature of his annoying interruptions, and was precipitate in shying the ink-bottle at what he imagined to be the head of Sathanas, when he ought to have produced the alphabet, and endeavored

to ascertain whether his visitor was not the shade of some early reformer. But Anthony and Luther, knowing the Bible, had, both of them, a horror of familiar spirits. And, upon the whole, we think you cannot do better than follow their example. When we find an introduction to the inhabitants of the invisible world charged, according to the tariff of the Fish and Fox tribe, at one dollar per head, we cannot avoid forming a most contemptible opinion of the spirits who thus officiate upon hire. And as to the alleged readiness of the spirits to appear, we greatly doubt that. It is wholly in opposition both to inspiration and vulgar tradition. The spirit of Samuel, when evoked by the Witch of Endor, complained that he was disquieted. Ghosts are said in later times to have appeared, and to have haunted dwellings; but, whenever addressed, they have supplicated as a boon that they might be laid at rest. The new theory is quite otherwise. Your disembodied spirit has not only the *entrée* to every circle, but it enjoys the amusements exceedingly — plays, in fact, the first fiddle — and the dead jackass has the advantage of figuring as a living lion.

But we shall not conclude in so light a strain. In dealing with the details laid before us, so utterly ludicrous of their kind, it was impossible to avoid banter; but the prevalence of such a delusion — if it really be so prevalent — is most deeply and sincerely to be deplored. It is the worst and rankest form of infidelity which has ever been promulgated. It is utterly opposed to the Christian tenets, for it implies there is no judgment hereafter. A miserable debauchee like Poe, who had lived without the thought of a Redeemer, dies; and straightway, through a *medium*, announces himself to be in glory. Blasphemy must be common and congenial in the United States, before any one, capable of perpetrating a stanza, would venture upon such an experiment. But impostors stick at nothing. With the dollar per head in their view, they will produce any kind of phantasmagoria; and enact, on a small scale, the same kind of swindle which was practised at the *Eleusinian* mysteries.

Keep your mind easy, dear reader! You are not, one whit, more likely to be disturbed by ghosts than your father or grandfathers were — and you may set them thoroughly at defiance. Comport yourself well, and you may be assured that neither your shaving-brush nor razor will spontaneously smash the window — go to church regularly, and we shall give our guarantee against your being affixed to the ceiling. Be easy on the score of your furniture, until you observe it to be inconveniently locomotive; in which case, no doubt, you will be able to dispose of it to some railway company. And, above all things, despise humbug, and do not follow in

the wake of men who are called, or call themselves, philosophers. Many scientific men, in matters of reasoning, are asses; and it is a mercy that it is so, since otherwise, through their crude conceits, they would destroy the equilibrium of the material world.

Humbug, and deliberate imposture, are the mildest terms we can apply to the American “spiritual manifestations,” and with that expression of opinion we dismiss the subject.

[As long as belief in the “spiritual manifestations” was confined to the class of persons who do not believe in the Bible, it seemed natural enough. Unbelievers in Revelation are proverbially credulous. But now that this belief has gone farther, it enables us to understand the possibility that educated and intelligent people could really believe in the follies of witchcraft many years ago. The “Nineteenth Century” people are as ready to deceive themselves as the people of the Seventeenth were.]

Let us make one suggestion: The miracles of the Church of Rome are better proved than any of these manifestations. More people have witnessed them, and testified to them. Why do the present believers set them aside? Can they hereafter venture to call that church *superstitious*? We do not see how they can resist the alleged miracles which go to establish the divine authority of that Church. — *Ed. Living Age.*

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS. — Erasmus, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough; the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry; and the floors covered with rushes, which were not changed for months. The dogs and cats had free access to the eating-rooms, and fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer-vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given in York by the nobility in 1600, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of this supper will give us a good idea of what was then thought magnificent; it consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sausages to a huge pudding in a bag, which served for a chariot. — *The Silent Revolution.*

From the Times.

THE BEECHER STOWE DEMONSTRATION.

It has been the fate of all the great epics that their moral has not been very discernible, or at least, so separable from the story, and so dependent on the caprice of the reader, that we are at liberty to admire to our heart's content without drawing any inference whatever. The *Iliad* was construed by subsequent ages to prove an inveterate grudge between Europe and Asia, which nothing could expiate but the conquest of the latter by the former in the person of Alexander. The *Æneid* was written to prove the divine mission and descent of Augustus, and the eternal destinies of Rome. The *Lusiad* taught the right of Portugal to the East, and the leading feature of the *Paradise Lost* is a very earthly representation of Heaven and the Divine mysteries. On these great precedents, we do not scruple to admire Uncle Tom as warmly as Lord Shaftesbury, or Lord Carlisle, or any gentleman or lady at Stafford-house, without surrendering the right of private judgment as to the political doctrine of the story. We will do all fitting homage to Mrs. Stowe, as a novelist beyond compare, at least in the living generation; but when it comes to the tremendous question how we are to deal with three millions born and bred in slavery and in the most intimate servile intermixture with a free people—still more, when it comes to the question how we, another people—a rival nation and a rejected mother country—are to interfere—we must beg to consult those high political considerations which find little place in novels, and are particularly distasteful to the warm hearts of fair writers and readers. We take the liberty, therefore, of regarding Mrs. Stowe quite distinctly from the meeting at Exeter-hall on Whit-Monday—quite distinctly from the reverend gentlemen and professors assembled on that occasion—distinctly from the resolutions then adopted—and even distinctly from herself, so far as she has been compelled to commit herself to any definite proposal for the abolition of slavery. But even while we write we remember that Mrs. Stowe could not possibly agree with the very first resolution carried unanimously. If we remember right, she has emphatically repudiated any such doctrine as that "the principle of immediate and unconditional emancipation is the only one that is consistent with the rights of the slave and the duty of the master." She does not think it the right of anybody, however deserving, however miserable, to be utterly ruined, which would be the case of the Carolina slave suddenly emancipated; nor does she think it the duty of any man, however responsible, to ruin his dependents, as the slave-owners certainly would do if they gave in to this plan. Mrs.

Stowe would prepare the slave for freedom, and give him meanwhile the benefit of Christian usages and laws; and so little is she prepared to see the whole three millions emancipated, that when she has got only one of the three millions, and him a very superior specimen, free from the yoke, and on British soil, her only resource is to send him to Liberia, where we will venture to say he will not go.

Accustomed as Mrs. Stowe must be at home to idle exhibitions of barren zeal, to indignation meetings that burn like stubble and leave nothing behind, and all other forms of plausible folly, she must have been pained, not to say disgusted, with the frantic impotence of the Exeter Hall abolitionists. They rose as she entered the room and received her with more than loyalty. She deserves it, and we honor their enthusiasm. They repeated their homage at her departure. But what was really done meanwhile? What was said that could by any means help the poor slave and resolve this fearful enigma? Absolutely nothing. Lord Shaftesbury spoke as he is too apt to speak when he has discovered what he thinks a religious principle. He spoke as if he had never read of slaves in the Bible—as if slaves had not been therein told to remain content with their lot—as if compulsory service was incompatible with social laws or moral obligations; and as if three millions of slaves could be safely emancipated by a single vote of the American Congress, or any State Legislature, any more than all the infants in the Union could be as summarily invested with the rights of full age. Indeed, he did not altogether blink the adverse testimony of the Bible, but he disposed of that testimony by the summary expedient of declaring that all who rested on it were of the synagogue of Satan. This is rather a loose way of talking when it comes to a question of doctrine, and to numerous texts with a definite meaning. Let us beg to suggest to Lord Shaftesbury that, invaluable as his labors are in the work of social and material reforms, he would do well to take counsel of some learned minister before he resigns the texts of Scripture to the synagogue of Satan. Indeed, he has not done even Mrs. Stowe that justice out of Scripture which she has a right to expect. The Lord, he says, will sell this Sisera, that is, the anti-abolitionists, into the hands of a woman—viz., Mrs. Stowe. Now, we protest, on the behalf of Mrs. Stowe, that she is not the woman into whose hands the Lord has sold the anti-abolitionists. She is the Deborah of this question; the judge, the prophetess, the inspired songstress. The craven-hearted Barak would not give chase to Sisera and his chariots of iron, unless Deborah might be allowed to go with him; so, to punish him, the victory was to be utterly inglorious, at least to him;

a woman was to invite Sisera into her tent, receive him with pretended hospitality, and kill him in his sleep; but in which respect Mrs. Stowe is like Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, except that she has hit the right nail on the head, Lord Shaftesbury himself would be puzzled to say.

Good advice, it is commonly said, is the cheapest currency in the world, except bad advice, which is cheaper still, and impossible advice, which is the cheapest of all. Our anti-slavery people advise the Americans to emancipate all the slaves at once, as we did the slaves in our West India Islands, though even that was not quite at once. We believe the advice to be about as impracticable as if we were to recommend the negroes to wash themselves white, or to change places with their masters forthwith on the receipt of our letters. It cannot, however, be denied that the Americans are paying us off in our own coin, for we never heard more impracticable advice, if it means anything at all, than what Professor Stowe liberally presented to the meeting at Exeter Hall. The advice is, that the people of England are to use free cotton, and they are to get the cotton grown free by the importation of Chinese laborers into the United States, who will work, the professor says, for sixpence a day. In the first place, how are we to discriminate between two bales of cotton from New York — which was picked by Cassy and Uncle Tom, and which by Chinamen? Then, who are to import the latter? It would be very imprudent philanthropy in the English, to carry a set of poor, ignorant creatures across the whole globe into the heart of an independent nation, particularly jealous of our interference — a nation, too, the states of which are not less jealous one of another. What if the slave states find the Chinamen exceedingly disagreeable people, and were to declare them all slaves or expel them? It is found impossible to import Chinese laborers into our own sugar islands without a great deal of suffering and hardship. If it is anybody's place to import them into the United States, it falls rather to those who will have some sort of voice in their disposal for the future. No man of common prudence will ever undertake a charge which he will not be allowed to discharge, according to the dictates of his own discretion. We will say, however, plainly, that we respect Professor Stowe; we respect all who fairly attempt to grapple with the practical difficulties of the question. The more we ask what is to be done, and the more answers are recorded, the nearer and more likely we seem to exhaust the subject at last. We think, ourselves, that nothing is to be done except gradually to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and to extend to them the first rights

of humanity. We have always protested against the separation of husband and wife in our workhouses at home, and we cannot do less than protest against the separation of slave couples. The same analogy holds of mother and child, up to a certain age. The slave ought certainly to have some protection, more than he now has, against excessive punishment, for, without *some* power of punishment left to the master, there can be no slavery at all, and we are rather for its mitigation than its immediate abolition. As to mere animal comforts, amusement, instruction, secular and religious, we suspect the American slave is quite as well off in these respects as the English laborer — at least, if Mrs. Stowe is to be trusted. But these are remedies which, so far from being advocated or facilitated by our anti-slavery agitation, are only rendered more and more impracticable. We have on this point the express word of Professor Stowe, who says that in his own early days black children were admitted into the same schools as white. If it is not so now, it is not owing to the progress of the cotton cultivation, but to the excessive bitterness provoked by the abolitionists, and the increasing difficulty of dealing with free persons of color. Like many other people in the world's great comedy of errors, the abolitionists must retrace their steps and eat a little humble pie. They must give up — indeed, Mrs. Stowe herself does give up — immediate and certain abolition, and return to the safer and less offensive plan of gradual amelioration. Let them put it in the power of every slave to purchase his own freedom, or have it purchased for him, at a not exorbitant price; and thus prepare them for that state of liberty which so few men born free know how to use properly.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

Oh, Titmarsh, Thackeray, or De La Pluche,
 Jeames, Chawls, or dear, delightful Mr. Brown,
 Wielding the author's pen or artist's brush,
 Or lecturing in some provincial town;
 All hail! King Satirist without a crown,
 But still of shillings fortunately flush,
 And able quite to "go it with a rush" —
 (Don't treat this pretty sonnet with a frown),
 If, in your tour from Boston to the South,
 From Athens to Boeotia, you should see
 Some "swells" and "snobs" of very high degree,
 Have mercy on them; let your fearful mouth
 Not crunch them, like so many luckless snails,
 O lion with a large supply of tales!

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

COLONEL BAXTER'S nuptials! We — the whole regiment — turned out in full-dress to witness their celebration. Even Mrs. Brill went to the expense of a white satin slip and a bonnet trimmed with orange-blossoms for the occasion. (Brill had been appointed Brigade-Major of the Division.) The colonel looked about forty years of age. The bride was certainly a very pretty girl. Major Green gave her away. I wished Mrs. Brill had stayed at home; for her mind was always running on matters of business, and she made me laugh in the church, close to the altar, by saying seriously, in a whisper — "She'll come nicely on the fund, cornet, as a colonel's widow, if anything happens to old Baxter. It's a fraud! He ought to be ashamed of himself! I wish the old woman's ghost could walk in just now, and see what was the use of her saving and pinching as she did. This young woman will spend it all, you know. I should like to catch Brill making such a fool of himself, after I'm dead and gone, and ducks and drakes of all I have scraped together. When I'm dying, I'll burn every bit of Company's paper, or tear it into little bits, and throw it into the chicken broth I shall call for on purpose; and then, if Brill likes to marry again, let him. It will be quite optional."

"Hush!" said I. "The parson is looking at you."

"Well, let him look, the pasty-faced man," said Mrs. Brill. "I think he might have put on a clean what-you-may-call-it — surplus" — (she meant surplice) — "although it is a dirty business he is engaged in — marrying an old painted man to a mere child. There were we pitying old Baxter not long ago, when the old lady died; and now you see there are all the cornets envying him. The world is full of hypocrisy and humbug. What can that young girl care about that old thing? It is not in human nature. She wants to be Mrs. Colonel Baxter, and have a carriage-and-pair, and all the rest of it."

"So long as ye both shall live," said the clergyman, concluding the vow.

"I will," said the colonel.

"I will!" echoed Mrs. Brill in a loud whisper. "Why, his three-score-and-ten is up already — so that his promissory note is overdue before he makes it."

I could contain myself no longer. I tittered aloud. My wife, who was leaning on my arm, gave me a look expressive of extreme disgust; but it did not reduce me to gravity. On the contrary, it provoked me to titter loudly again.

"For richer and poorer." When the old colonel came to these words, Mrs. Brill whis-

pered to me, "He'll be poorer pretty soon, I warrant you. — Give thee my troth!" she repeated after the colonel. "Bring her on the fund, and give her a pension! I say it's a fraud!"

"With this ring I thee wed," old Baxter feebly repeated after the clergyman.

"With this fiddlestick!" whispered Mrs. Brill, carrying on her commentary loud enough for me to hear her. "I have no patience with an old man who paints his cheeks, and dyes his hair, and comes to church clothed in such abominable falsehood."

"Yea, and thou shalt see thy children's children," said the minister.

"Children's children, indeed! Now, the very idea," said Mrs. Brill.

"You had better leave the church, Robert," whispered my wife, "if you cannot behave better."

Mrs. Brill heard her, and replied, "He had better stay where he is. You wouldn't have him cry, would you?"

"Hush!" said I, in an agony of fear lest Mrs. Brill should come to words with my wife, and interrupt the ceremony.

"Spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." When the minister came to these words Mrs. Brill was very indignant.

"Spot or wrinkle!" she repeated. "He has filled up all the wrinkles with white paint and putty! I could pick it out with a penknife! The old man is a walking fraud! I've no patience with him; and I will say so at the breakfast. Brill is on the staff, and can no longer be bullied by any ragamuffin of a commanding officer."

My wife, when we came out of church, begged of me not to sit near Mrs. Brill at the breakfast. But of what avail was my promise, since Mrs. Brill was determined to sit next to me!

"Robert, there is room for you here," said my wife, when we were about to be seated, and she pointed to a vacant chair. Mrs. Brill observed her look, and said, "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Wetherby. Although bolting, they say, is catching when it gets into a regiment, don't suppose I'd be so weak as to go off with the cornet. Brill is on the staff."

Sophy roared with laughter; and so did every one who heard Mrs. Brill's remark.

"Have you congratulated the colonel?" I inquired of Mrs. Brill.

"No," said she; "and I don't intend. I am not an impostor and hypocrite, like some other ladies whom I could mention." (She looked at my wife.) "I always speak my feelings. An honest man's the noblest work of God — and so's a woman."

I filled Mrs. Brill's glass several times with champagne, and the beverage appeared to

improve her temper. I trod upon her toe by accident, and she looked blandly in my face, and said —

“Don't flirt with me, cornet, before your wife, or you'll be making her unhappy, poor thing; and she's not a bad creature, though she looks a wretched dawdle, and has no more idea of housekeeping than a blacking-brush has. It was unfortunate that she chummed with Mrs. Fifeleigh, for her character is compromised by it, poor thing. Don't flirt with me here, cornet. Brill, too, has got his bleary eyes on us.” — *The Wetherbys*.

From Chambers' Journal.

SCOTTISH DRUNKENNESS.

THE House of Commons recently granted to Mr. Hume a return of the number of persons apprehended for being drunk and guilty of disorderly conduct, in the streets of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, respectively, for a series of years, up to the close of 1851. Taking the last year embraced in this curious return, it appears that the number of persons drunk and disorderly picked up in London (or more properly, the whole metropolis), was 24,203, the population being 2,526,693 — or about 1 in 106; in Edinburgh, with a population of 166,000, the number was 2794 — or about 1 in 60; while in Glasgow, with a population of 333,657, the number was 14,870 — or 1 in 22. In other words, Glasgow seems to be three times more given to intoxication than Edinburgh, and five times more drunken than London!

These statistics have led to some altercation. Instead of simply adopting the facts, and making the best of them, certain journalists of Glasgow have attempted to explain away the apparent drunkenness of their city, and to fasten a quarrel on the *Scotsman* newspaper for having drawn attention to the subject. All these wranglings are profitless. That Glasgow is distinguished for its intemperance, is a misfortune to be looked distinctly in the face; and whether other cities are a little less given to the same vice, is of no importance, one way or other. Each city has the duty of caring in a peculiar manner for itself; and, on this ground, what the Glasgow authorities have to do, is, to consider by what prudent means the great reproach can be removed from amongst them. Having always felt a warm interest in Glasgow — looking, indeed, on its rapid rise, its great energy, and its wealth, as something marvellous and to be proud of, in a country which was so poor and backward as Scotland was a century ago — we cannot be supposed to

refer to the present subject in an invidious spirit. Our object would be to aid in curing a great evil, of which all have occasion to be ashamed.

It has been remarked in favor of the western capital, that its population is substantially different from that of Edinburgh and London; but when we take the similar city of Manchester, where it appears, from a newspaper report, that the annual captures of drunk and disorderly persons by the police are only 523, or *one in six hundred*, we see that this forms no sound defence.

The comparative drunkenness of both Edinburgh and Glasgow, in contrast with southern cities, appears to us a subject eminently worthy of consideration and inquiry. It cannot be pretended that the means of education, or of impressing the religious and moral feelings, are wanting in either city. It is indeed said that these are most abundant in the more drunken city. How comes it that, while the external life and professions of so many are decent, there are at the same time so many who are given up to a shameful career of intemperance? It shows a sad want of what we would call moral coherence and unity in these populations, raising the idea that there must now be vast numbers of people in our large towns who are not reached by any of the existing means of discipline, or rather, may be said to stand in antagonism to all such appliances. These are unhealthy traits of our social state, and we hope they will receive attention, with a view to some remedial measure, instead of being sheltered from public discussion.

Since the above was in type, some revised statistics have appeared, by which it would seem that the manner in which the cases of drunkenness coming under the cognizance of the police of Edinburgh and Glasgow have been recorded, leaves some reason for doubt as to which of the two cities occupies the least favorable position. But the matter in its whole aspect remains pretty much as it was, and in any point of view is deserving of the enlightened consideration which we have craved for it.

German Lyrics. By Charles T. Brooks. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Boston. — These are the best publishers in the country for *Poets*. It is enough to recommend a volume of poetry to the attention of the public, that it comes from their house. This contains translations in verse from Anastasius Grün; Rückert; Uhland; Freiligrath; Wilhelm Müller; Langbein; Chamisso; Gellert; Seidt; Kerner; Nathusius; Geibel; Platen; Lenau; Würkeat; Claudius; and a miscellaneous list.

W. H. C. 1877

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